



1926

you to remember of you
and what you have done
I hope, for
forgotten



The Boulder

Volume Three

Nineteen Hundred Twenty-six



Published by

The Junior Classes of Houghton College and Seminary

Houghton, New York

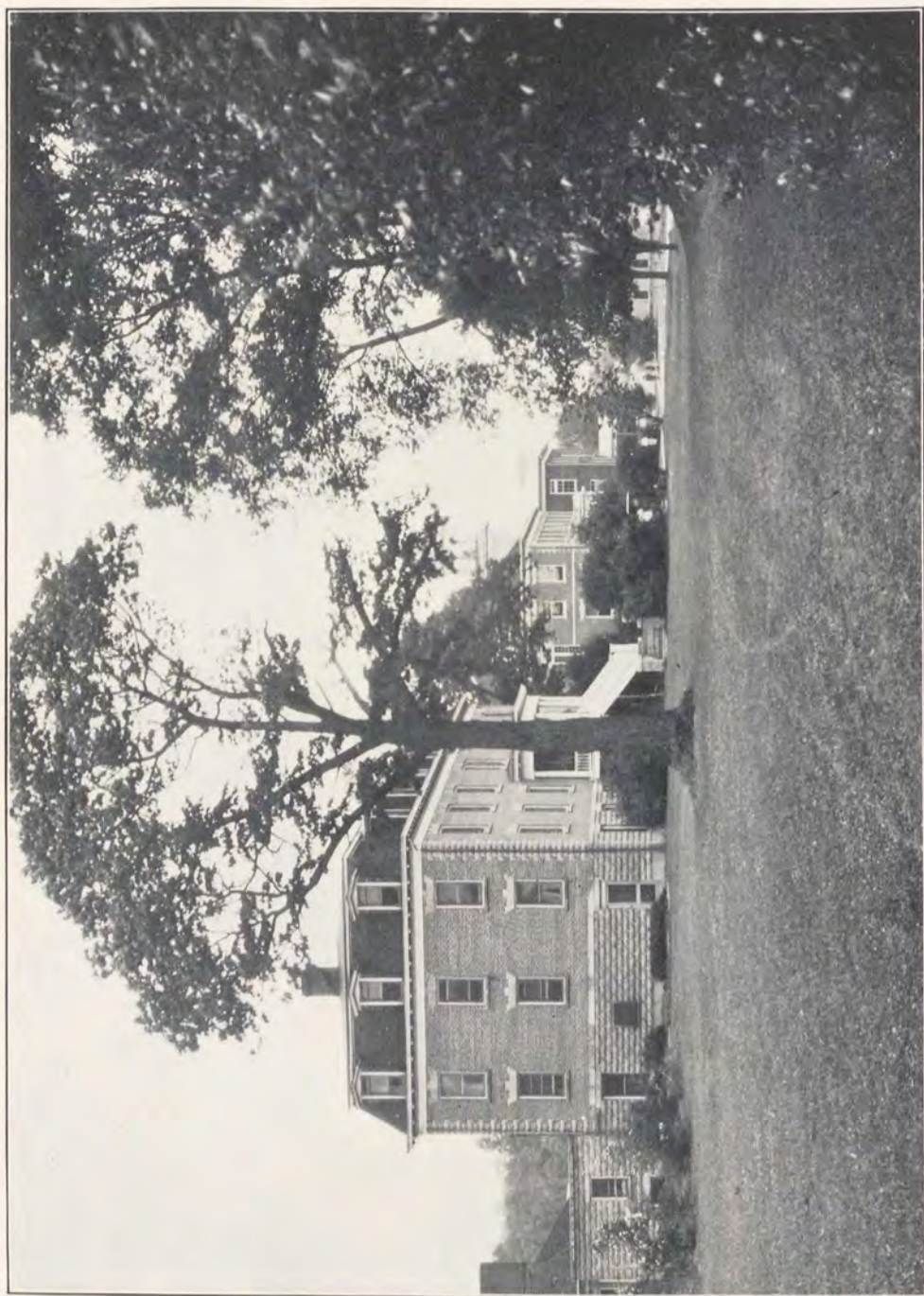
To
Mrs. Philinda S. Bowen
 Principal of Houghton Seminary

Whose interests have been intimately connected and identified with those of this institution—first, as a teacher in the early days of the Old Seminary on the other hill; then, as wife of a Connectional Agent of the Wesleyan Methodist Denomination, who believed wholeheartedly in the educational work of the church, and as long as he lived, supported it loyally during a period when Houghton was the only school; next, as mother of boys who received their education at Houghton and have since brought honor to their Alma Mater in their chosen fields; and finally as maternal mentor of other mothers' boys and girls for many student generations, a progressive educator and capable executive who has developed the high-school department to an enviable state of efficiency and prestige, and wise counselor and spiritual guide, inspiring respect and love, and awakening latent ideals and aspirations in her students: whose outstanding characteristics and perfect poise and gracious mien, gentle humor and benignant wisdom, patient moderation mingled with decisive initiative, rare insight and depth of personality, unfailing sweetness and strength of character, together with the gift of sympathetic understanding and unassuming friendliness, and a sublime faith in youth and its possibilities which is at the same time the cause and the effect of her own perennial spirit of youth: and whose life demonstrates the eloquence not of words but of deeds, the heroism of consecrated daily service, the potency of prayer and personal piety, the grandeur of simple faith and self-abnegation, and the beauty of a noble, serene spirit,

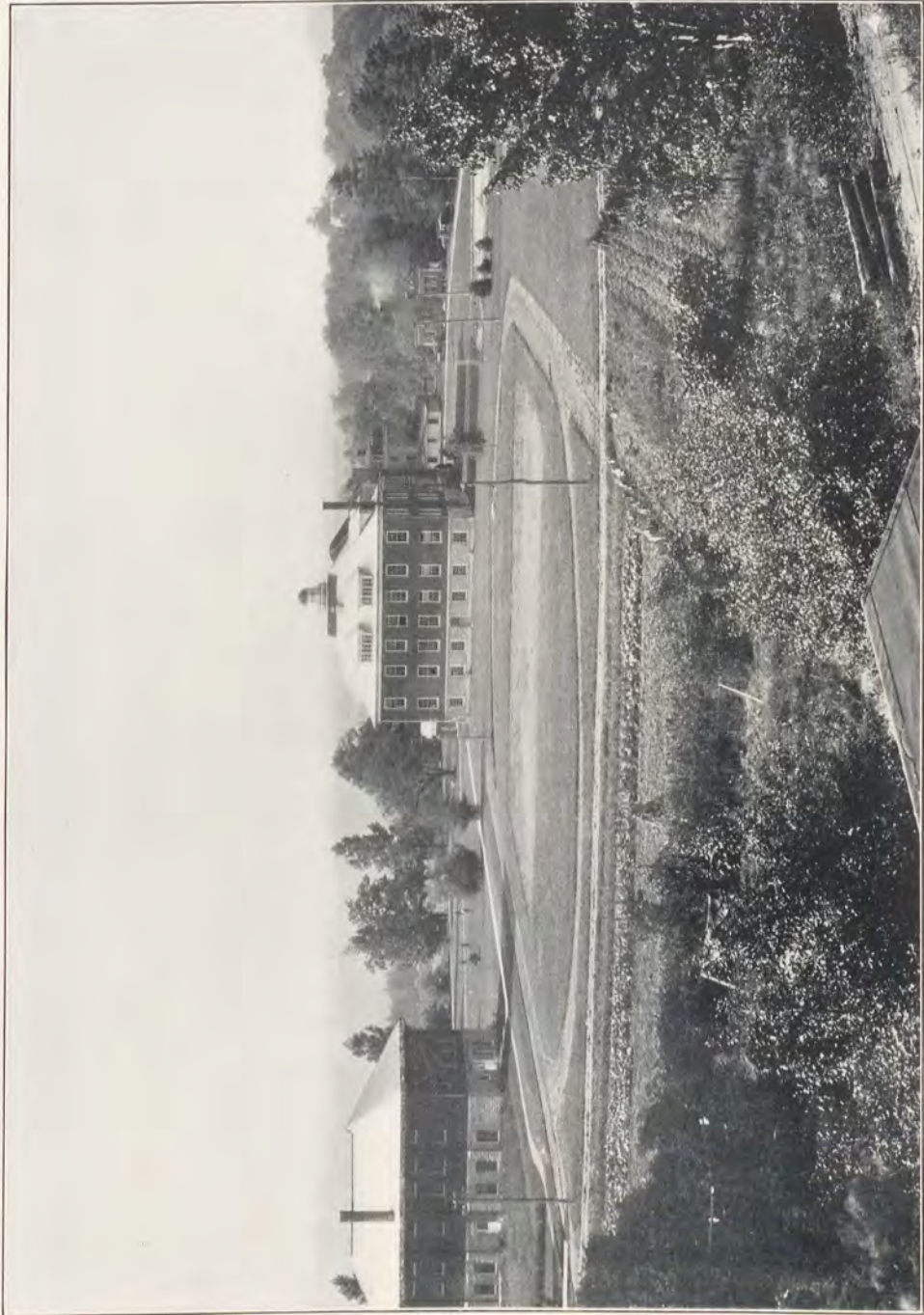
This third Year Book of Houghton College and Seminary,
 which because of her presence and influence become
 doubly "Alma Mater," is respectfully and
 affectionately dedicated.



PHILINDA S. BOWEN



View from Point



Bird's-eye View of Campus



Lovers' Lane



The Way to the Spring



Scenes We Love



Senior Parade



Gaoyadeo Hall



O.L. Knox



PRESIDENT JAMES S. LUCKEY, A.M., Pd.M.



LELAND J. BOARDMAN, Ph.D.

Houghton Seminary, Oberlin College, Cornell University

Physics

"He is a man of honor, of noble and generous nature."

RAY W. HAZLETT, A.M.

Houghton Seminary, Oberlin College

English Literature

"He who is of firm will molds the world to himself."

W. LAVAY FANCHER, A.M.

Dean of College

Houghton Seminary, Oberlin College, University of Chicago

Economics

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, the hand to execute."

PIERCE E. WOOLSEY, A.M.

Houghton Seminary, Ohio Wesleyan University

Latin, French

"He steals himself into a man's favor, and escapes a great deal of discovery; but when you find him out, you love him ever after."

H. LEROY FANCHER, A.M.

Houghton Seminary, Oberlin College, Cornell University

Greek, German

"He wears a truer crown than any wreath that man can weave him."



RAYMOND E. DOUGLAS, B.S.

Hillsdale College

Biological Science

*"Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."*

RACHEL DAVISON, A.B.

Houghton College

Mathematics

*"Few hearts like hers with virtue warmed,
Few hearts with knowledge so informed."*

CLAUDE A. RIES, A.B.

Houghton Seminary, Asbury College

Hebrew and Biblical Literature

*"To be faithful, noble, and true,
And to do with my might
What my hands find to do."*

LOIS RISHELL, B.L.I.

Emerson College

Oratory

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

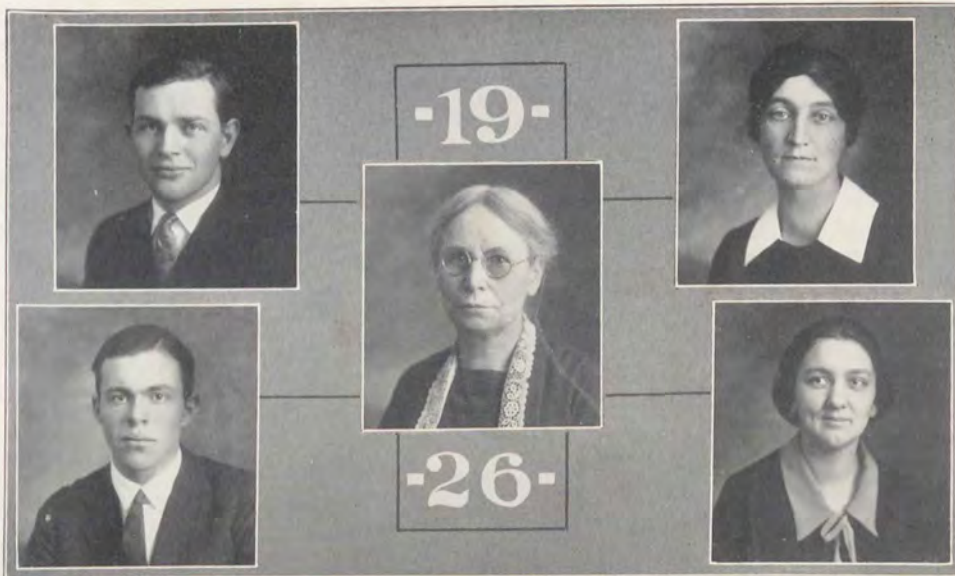
FRANK H. WRIGHT, A.B.

Houghton Seminary, Oberlin College

Dean of Theology, Dean of Men

Philosophy and History

*"I can do all things through Christ who
strengtheneth me."*



ALLEN BAKER, A.B.

Houghton College
French, Mathematics

"I dare do all that may become a man."

ALICE J. HAMPE, A.B.

Northern Pacific Evangelistic Institute, Houghton College

Dean of Women

Bible

"The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim, kneeling."

PHILINDA S. BOWEN

Principal of High School

Geneseo Normal

Latin

"God's noblest handiwork; a woman perfected."

J. MAXWELL MOLYNEAUX, A.B.

Houghton Seminary, Oberlin College

Chemistry

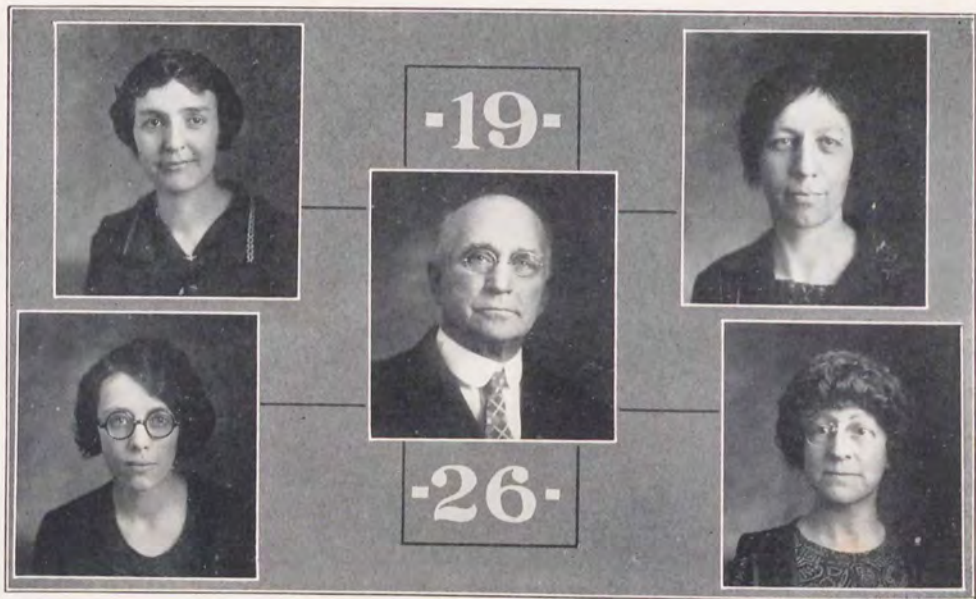
"Mind is a great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered."

FRIEDA A. GILLETTE, A.B.

University of Rochester

History, English

*"To be needed in other human lives—
Is there anything greater or more beautiful in life?"*



CRYSTAL L. RORK
Houghton College, Cornell University
Science, German

"Like sunshine, shedding beauty where it falls."

BESS M. FANCHER
Houghton Seminary, Geneseo Normal
History, Mathematics

*"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."*

CHARLES B. WHITAKER
Bonebrake Theological Seminary
Theology

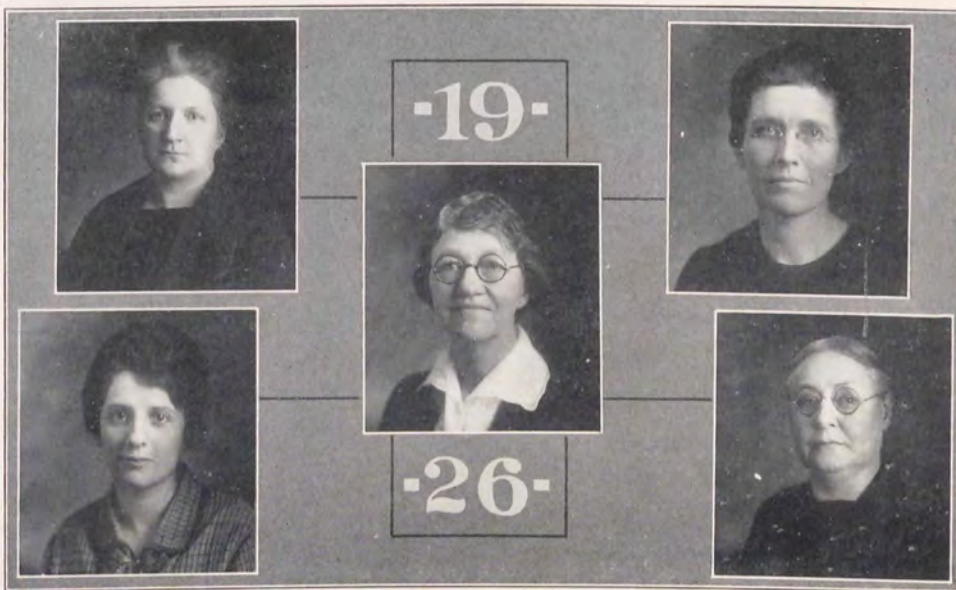
*"Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and reluctant soul,
Nor hastening to nor turning from the goal."*

RUTH V. MILLER, B.M.
Syracuse University
Vocal, Piano

*"Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach
And which a master-hand alone can reach."*

ELLA M. HILLPOT
New England Conservatory
Piano

"So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure."



A. LOIS WELLS

Plattsburg Normal

Mathematics, English

*"No offering of my own I have,
Nor works of faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for me."*

LOIS B. SMITH

Ohio Wesleyan College, Cornell University

Drawing, English

*"Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all dowers."*

CAROLINE A. BAKER

Librarian

*"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."*

ESTHER B. JOHNSON

Study Hall Attendant

*"Those who bring sunshine into the lives of
others cannot keep it from themselves."*

BERTHA A. GRANGE

Matron of Girls' Dormitory

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."*

Houghton College Song

When the eastern sun is sinking
Toward the crimson west,
Thoughts of thee, fond Alma Mater,
Fill our loyal breast.

Chorus

Houghton, Houghton, now and e'er
May thy name be dear,
Ever on through life to conquer
And our hearts to cheer.

Honored lives for thee have fallen,
Hearts that broke and bled,
Have been wrung thy cause to prosper
And thy light to shed.

Other schools may claim their thousands,
We're a smaller band,
But for God and righteousness we
Take a noble stand.

Soon from out our halls of learning
All must take our leave,
But thy memory still we'll cherish;
To thy precepts cleave.

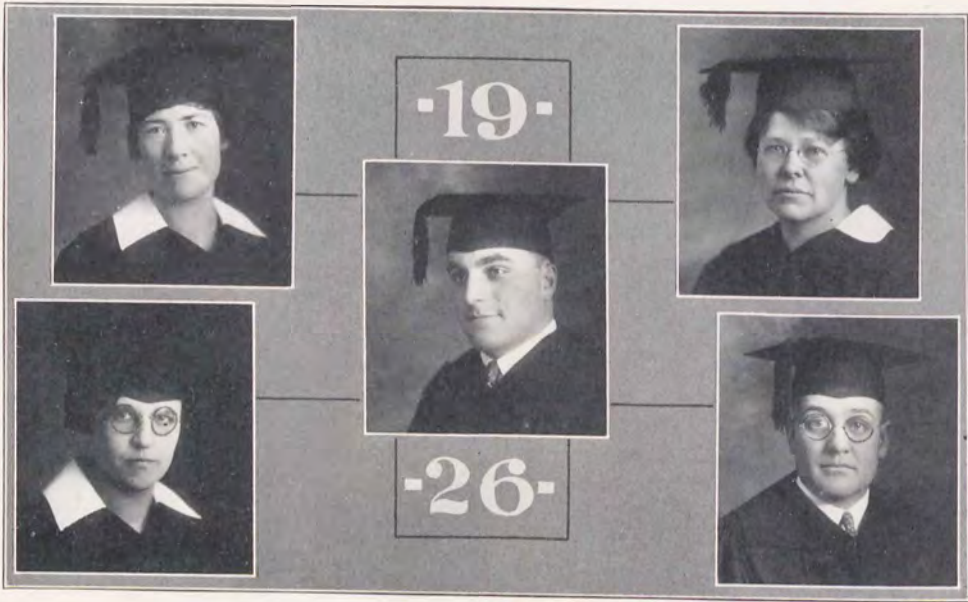
When o'er earth thy fame has risen,
Like the morning light,
'T will but rise the earth to gladden,
And dispel the night.

Last Chorus

Houghton dear, Houghton cheer, one and all;
Let us pray that we,
All her sons, be firm and loyal
Till eternity.

—E. M. Hall





LOUISA JANE GIFFORD
Vice-President

Major—English Literature

Class President, 3; Debate Team, 3; BOULDER Staff, 3; Student Pastor, 4.

*"Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard tasks to do and loads to lift."*

FIDELIA WARBURTON
Secretary

Major—Modern Language

Secretary College Student Body, 4.

*"A scholar upon whom you can depend;
She's persevering, patient, loyal to the end."*

FRANK O. HENSHAW
President

Major—Economics

Gold Captain, 4; Gold Basketball, Baseball, Tennis, Field, 1, 2, 3, 4; BOULDER Staff, 3; Harmonizers, 2, 3, 4.

*"The elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man'."*

EDITH LAPHAM
Treasurer

Major—Mathematics

Star Staff, 2; BOULDER Staff, 3; Class Treasurer, 3.

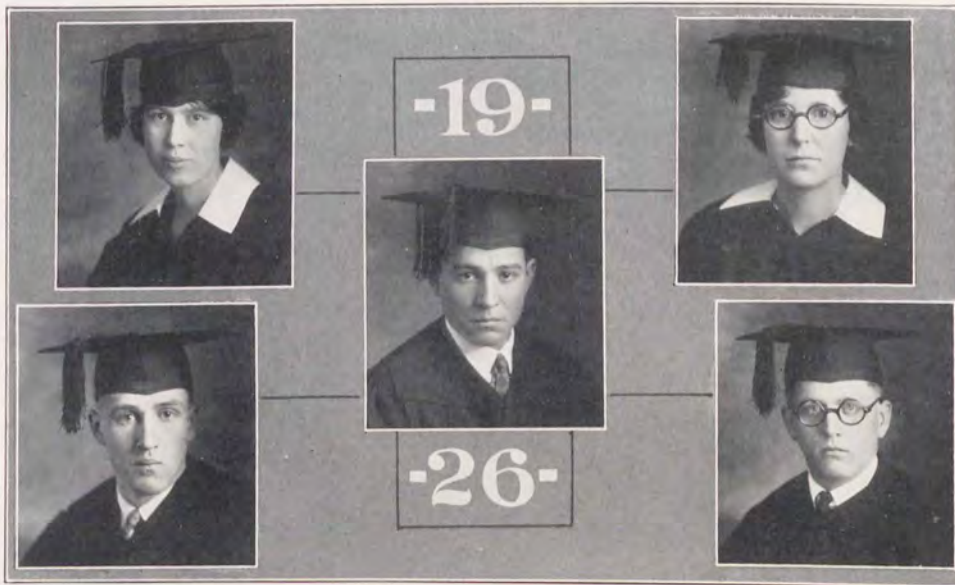
*"If you devote your time to study, you will avoid
all the irksomeness of this life."*

CHARLES L. WHITE

Major—English Literature

President Junior Class; President Athletic Association; Student Instructor; BOULDER Staff, 3.

"And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared."



FRANCES HAZLETT
Major—English Literature
Athenian; Purple.

"Impossible? I trample upon impossibilities."

HARRIETT BURGIE
Major—Mathematics
School Teacher.

"A healthful hunger for a great idea is the beauty and blessedness of life."

CLARENCE FLINT
Major—History
Gold Basketball, 3, 4; Gold Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4.

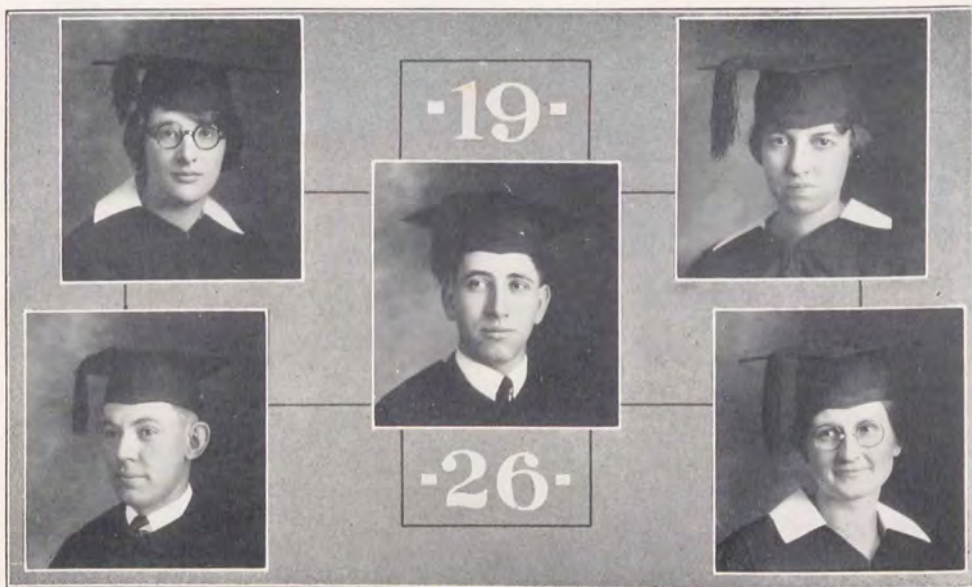
*"A place in the ranks awaits you—
Each man has some part to play."*

FREDERIC M. HOWLAND
Major—History
Gold Captain, 2; Gold Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4;
Gold Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Field and Track.

*"The world's no better if we worry,
Life's no longer if we hurry."*

ALFRED F. JOHNSON
Major—History
Athenian; Purple; Laboratory Assistant in
Chemistry, 1.

*"A little laughter is a great force in human
relationship."*



GENEVIEVE LILLY

Major—Biological Science

Athenian; Gold.

*"Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings."*

DOROTHY MEADE

Major—English Literature

Athenian; Gold; Star Staff; Student Volunteer.

*"Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Savior."*

CLAIR E. CARY

Major—Mathematics

President Class, 2; President College Student
Body, 4; Debate Team, 3; BOULDER Staff, 3;
Star Staff Editor, 4.

*"I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament."*

JOHN HIGGINS

Major—History

Treasurer Senior Y. M. W. B., 1, 2; Treasurer
Alumni Association of H. W. M. S., 2, 3, 4.

"A steady man is he, dependable."

ZOLA FANCHER

Major—Economics

Athenian; Gold.

*"I pray Thee, O God, to make me beautiful
within."*

Class of '26

Not as the sun rises above the mountain tops to shed its glories across the purpled main, nor as the charge of some light brigade, came we upon the scene four years ago. Neither have we spent these brief years in Houghton's halls with any brilliant show of genius or spectacular accomplishment. But may it be rightly said of us that we have filled a necessary place in the life of our Alma Mater, and that we have filled it well.

As every link is essential to the continuity of the chain, and its quality determinant of the strength, so has the Class of '26 contributed to the preservation and character of our college. The glories and uniqueness of the position of the first class to be graduated from our school does not detract from our significance and opportunity as the second class. Our gratitude is sincere to those who thus preceded us and who established precedents and policies whereby we have profited. We have had our peculiar problems which we have had to meet. Their solution we hope will be a benefit to those who come after. But as the Class of '25 had not solved all the problems, neither have we.

The history of the class is the history of the individuals composing it. Probably more than any other class might we be characterized as an aggregate of individual personalities. A diversity of interests and aptitudes has given us a record of individual accomplishments rather than class distinction. Yet, our love for our school and its ideals has been so shared by us that we have found a common meeting-place in our friendships that has contributed to our unity as a class and that, we believe, has helped us to meet successfully every emergency in our school life.

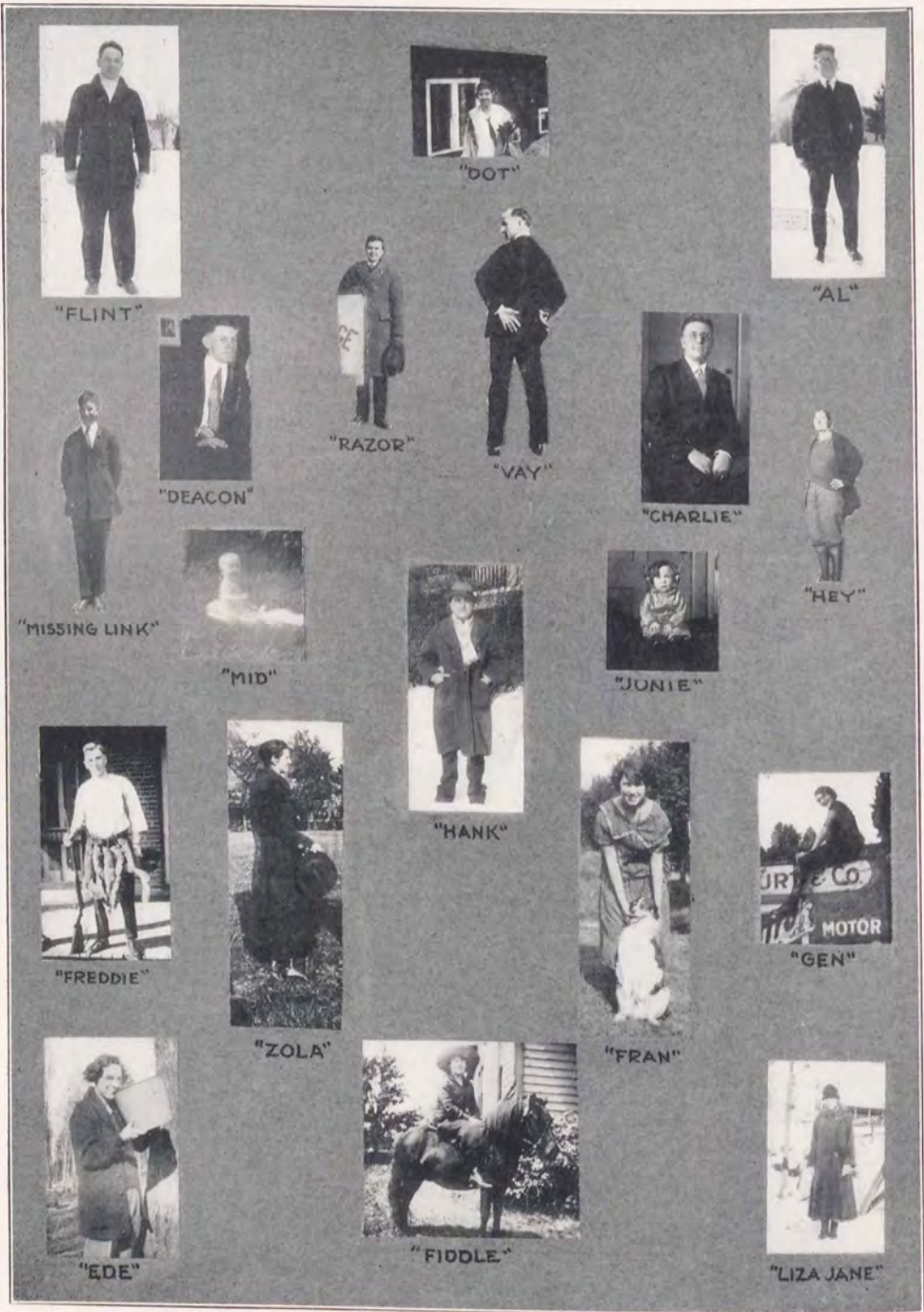
In the course of our four years, members of our class have participated and distinguished themselves in every activity of our school. Among us are found individual stars in athletics, winners in literary contests, veterans of the debate squad, members of musical organizations, a student volunteer, and ministers of the Gospel. Scholasticism has been a prized ideal of the class, and the record attained is one worthy of recognition.

There are fifteen members of the Senior Class. As in last year's class we come from the environs of Houghton, from distant parts of New York, from Pennsylvania, and from the Pacific Coast. As a distinctive member of the class we are glad to have Mr. White, the physical director of the College and Seminary. Mrs. White shares the interests of the class as an honorary member. Two other honorary members, Professors Fancher and Hazlett, are also matrimonially connected with members of the class—Mrs. Zola Fancher and Mrs. Frances Hazlett, respectively. Motherhood and scholasticism have been the combined duties nobly maintained by these two members. A total of seven children are the possessions of proud parents in our class.

With faces set toward the future, we march ahead to that commencement of true worth-while accomplishment. It is our firm conviction that, in the words of our motto, "A place in the ranks awaits us." Some expect to find their places as teachers, others as ministers, and others as business men.

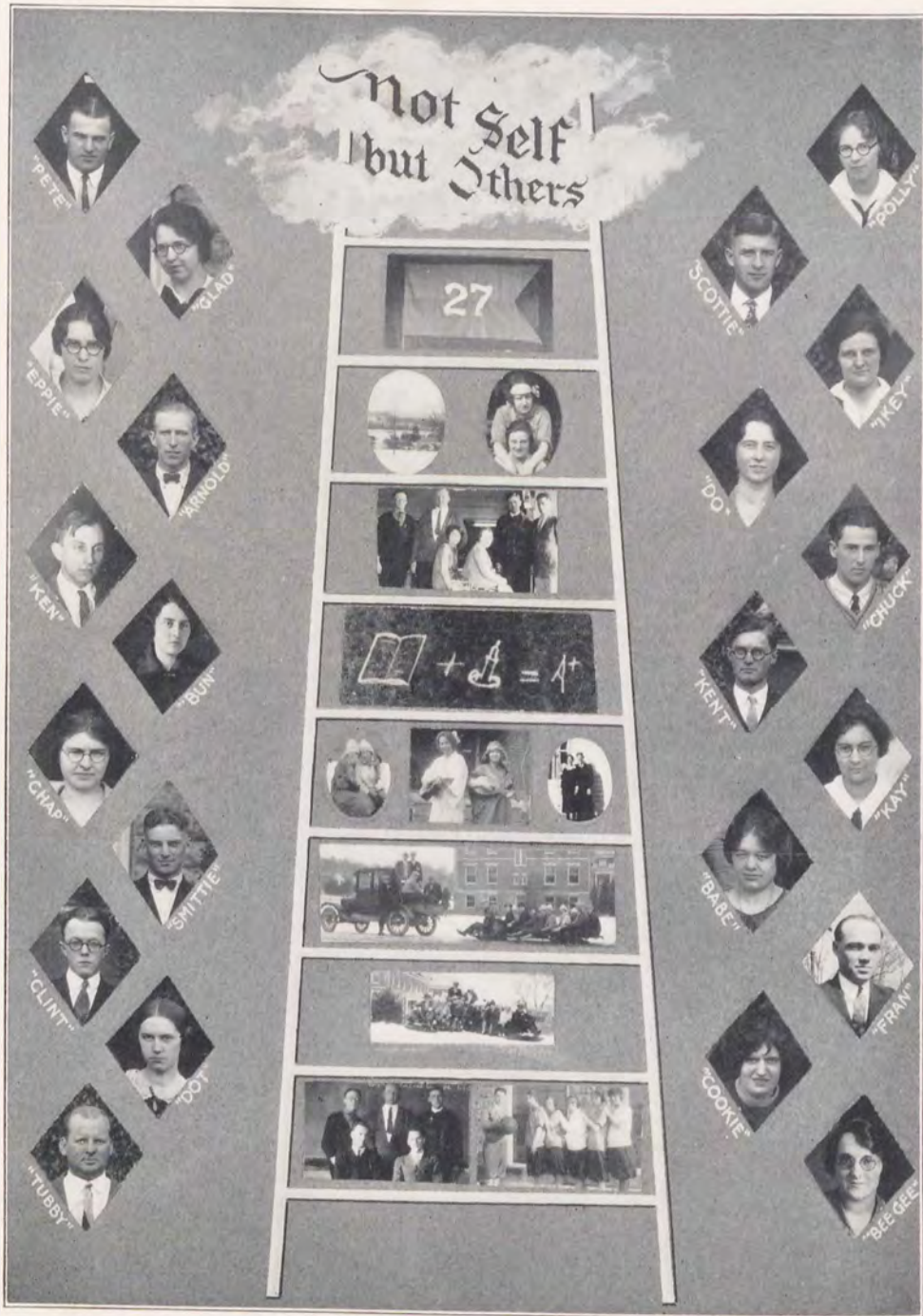
With mingled emotions of joy in accomplishment and of sadness of farewell, we each to ourselves must say in parting:

"Round the cape, of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the *need* of a world of men for me."





PROUD SENIORS



The Junior Class

To be of service we desire;
It isn't fame we would acquire;
We'll strive to aid our needy brothers;
Our motto, then, "Nor self, but others."

"To be at home in all lands and ages; to count nature a familiar acquaintance, and art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library, and to feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among the men of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasm and co-operate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christians—this is the offer of the college for the best four years of your life." This is precisely what is offered us by our Alma Mater through whose halls we, as Juniors, have been privileged to walk the first three years in which Houghton has existed as a chartered college.

We do not care to burden our friends with an extended dissertation, but let a few words of explanation suffice for those who may care to read. Realizing that quality always stands higher than quantity, we would not boast of our membership, although in numbers we are twenty-one. But when it comes to loyalty, there's not a Junior who would slip into the row of slackers, whether that loyalty be toward the class or our school as a whole. To show loyalty, a certain degree of enthusiasm and pep is surely necessary. But where is the man who will say that the Juniors lack pep? For the benefit of the few doubters there may be, allow us to pull back the curtain, thus revealing to you some of the activities of the past year which helped to make the path of the Juniors a pleasant one. If you were present at the Bedford Gym on Friday night, the fourth of December, you surely have not forgotten the impression which you received when a band of young hopefuls with crests of Crimson and Gold crepe paper (oh no, not red and yellow) ambulated around the gym floor, and at last gave you to understand that they were Juniors. Then came the Junior versus Frosh game, with the honors at last carried off by the former. Maybe there wasn't any pep or class spirit evident that night. Just what did you term it, then?

Furthermore, in Chapel, on the following Tuesday, we Juniors in a body marched to the platform and at the same time discarded our red and yellow caps (I mean Crimson and Gold). Did you say you thought at first that they were our class colors? But you soon found out differently, when you saw our large Rose and Silver Banner with the words, "Not for self, but for others," firmly fastened on the wall. Then came our program which was the first class program given in the past year. If further proof of vivacity in the Junior Class is necessary, see Professor Woolsey or his wife, who so royally entertained us at a Hallowe'en Party at their home.

It might not be necessary to mention the fact, but we are not at all ashamed of the scholastic standard maintained by the Junior Class, as a whole. We are coming to realize more and more the value of an education as a preparation for various fields of service. We realize, on the other hand, that education consists not solely of the learning obtained from books. Thus, in the personnel of the College Orchestra we find some of our Junior members, while in athletics our class plays a very important role.

Of course, all these activities help to build up character, but we as a Junior Class are fully convinced that we could not well get along without our class prayer meetings. We are sure that the help we have received from these meetings will better enable us, in the days that are before us, to be of service to God and man; and this, after all, is the goal for which we are striving.



*Top Row—Davies, Fero, C. Williams, Douglass, Houghton, Jones, Sloan, H. Bain, Moore
Middle Row—Elzey, Baker, Van Dusen, Mosher, Davidson, Jassimides, Burleigh, Duggan, Christy
Bottom Row—Albro, Davis, Horton, R. Crouch, V. Hussey, Linquest, Tucker, V. Crouch, H. Kellogg*

The Sophomore Class

Having thus far pursued our college career with brilliant, gleaming success, having crashed into higher education with a will to do and a spirit of achievement, and having safely endured that year of proverbial "greenness"—that period of gruesome testing which often uncovers secret characteristics that were better unknown—we, as the Sophomore Class, are tranquilly yet obviously advancing, endeavoring with all our power to fill the position to which we have been assigned.

Despite the fact that our representatives are found in every phase of college activity; despite the stable truth that the ranks of almost every college organization are partially if not wholly led by Sophomore chieftains, this is not essentially our boast, although it is a statement of which we may justly be proud. But the true worth of man is not always depicted by great works. Therefore, since character is the mirror in which fame is reflected, we, as a class, are constantly striving to hold high the principles of our college, and to emanate them to the world at large.

Nevertheless, it must not be understood that our college life is entirely taken up with studious pursuits and philosophical indulgences, for we are one of the most merry, jovial, fun-loving groups in our institution, every ready for a good, wholesome time; always willing to participate in sportsmanlike affairs. Although our social activities have not been numerous, we have made the most of our opportunities, and have had a very pleasant school year together.

As a united, compact body, striving ever for the right, we fondly anticipate the remainder of our school days, and hope that we may become a blessing to mankind.



Standing—Carpenter, French, Densmore, Hess, Ake, Jones, Safford, Lane, F. Long, W. Bain, Knox, Sallberg, Haynes, McClintock, Broughton, L. Baker, J. Williams, Paddock, Yetter, Saunders, R. Long, Clegg, R. Williams, R. Molno, Stevenson, Secord, Hogg, Miller, Cole, James, Dyer, Turner, Roth, Brown, Greene, Carl
Sitting—Snyder, E. Molno, Anderson, L. Fox, M. Fox, Taylor, Mattoon

The Freshman Class

There entered the halls of Houghton College, in the fall of 1925, a group of young people who have been a factor that cannot be ignored. We refer to the "Freshies." There is an enrollment of fifty-two members in the class, and we are glad that we have been able to contribute something to the school's success in the different phases of her activities.

In the realm of athletics, we have given two captains—one to the Purple boys and the other to the Gold girls; also a goodly number of the participants in the basketball series were from the Freshman Class. We have talent along other lines of sport that are yet untried but which will be proved in the coming spring.

Six of our members belong to the Houghton Harmonizers, three are Student Body officers, and four are contributing their part to the success of the *Star*.

In the intellectual field we are not ashamed of our achievements. Five of our number hold New York State scholarships, four of the six winners in the literary contest were from our ranks, and we also have representatives on the College Honor Roll.

While we are grateful for advancement along secular lines, we are gratified at our record in spiritual things. Seventy per cent of our members have taken their stand for Christ. A Freshman prayer meeting was instituted early in the first semester; this has been a decided success and a blessing to all who attend.

We were the first class in school to obtain our class distinction, "green lids." These caps caused much comment, "wise and otherwise," from the upperclassmen.

Our most important class function was the Hallowe'en Party held on the camp ground, and it will always be a bright spot in our memory of the Freshman year in college.

Everything considered, we believe that this has been the very best year that we have ever spent in school. In conclusion we say:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these, 'Never a—Frosh—again!'"

The Boulder



Theological

How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed; and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard; and how shall they hear without a preacher?

Rom. 10: 14.



JOHN MANN
President

*"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!"*

JOSEPHINE RICKARD

*"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."*

DOROTHY MEADE

*"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."*

ARCHIBALD KING

*"Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land."*



Top Row—Horton, Edwards, Enty, R. Stark
Middle Row—Van Wormer, Young, L. Roth, P. Stark, Reese, Gates
Bottom Row—Mann, V. Roth, Boyd, Rickard, King, Frost, Lutz

Our School of Theology

"To you from falling hands we throw the torch;
Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith. . . ."

"If ye break faith." Institutions of higher learning all over the country have disregarded the intentions of their Godly founders and are today substituting improved scientific guesses for the assurance of divine wisdom. Such institutions are hotbeds of unbelief, skepticism, and worldliness. Their graduates—trained men and women—who should be lifting the world from sordid hopelessness to a vision of its possibilities in the economy of God, are themselves helplessly entangled in worldly ways and worldly thoughts.

A Faculty consecrated to the whole will of God, together with the earnest prayers of men and women who know the way to the throne of grace, has kept Houghton School of Theology solid on the fundamentals of the Christian religion as revealed in the inspired Word of God, and as interpreted by the great founders of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

The School of Theology this year has been stronger than ever before in at least two respects. It numbers a larger registration, and the courses distinctively theological have been augmented by a course in Bible which offers for one semester an introduction to the Pauline Epistles, and for the other a study of prophecy with special emphasis on the Second Coming of Christ. This was in addition to three other courses in Bible, two of which gave college credit. A full three-year theological course at Houghton is the equivalent of at least two years of college work. Besides, shorter courses are offered for different types of Christian work.

The department itself consists of nineteen members—eleven of whom are candidates for the ministry, two for the foreign mission field, one for home missions, one for evangelism, one for personal evangelism, and one for Christian teaching. Two are as yet uncertain as to the work which God would desire them to do. The department graduates four of its members this year—four young people having the truth of the glorious Gospel inculcated in their minds. If these young people are true to the teaching they have received, they will not break faith.



REV. J. R. PITT

There's a church in the town by the roadway,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my school day
As the little white church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning
To list to the clear-ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
Oh, come to the church in the dell!

Relation of Houghton Church and Houghton College

Fond memories cluster around the events of our college days. Teachers and schoolmates continue to influence our lives long after we separate and go our various ways, and school halls and campus become almost shrines.

For Houghton students there is no place connected with their school days more sacred than the little white church at the foot of the hill. While it is a Wesleyan church so far as denominational and conference relations are concerned, nevertheless to the students it is their church and to the citizens it is their church without respect to color, sex, or sect. It occupies this unique place because it is the one church in the village and ministers to all.

But what would be the church without the pastor? For years we have had the great privilege of hearing, every Sabbath in church and on Thursday in chapel, the message from one of God's noblemen. The Rev. J. R. Pitt is a man with a large heart, and the influence of his life and words in moulding the character of young life is beyond computation. The manner of our pastor is so reserved and his sermons are so deep, that at times we may feel that we cannot get in close touch with him, but we know that his blood is red, his heart is tender, and he has a great father love for boys and girls that yearns to spend and be spent to help them.

All this means that Houghton College and Houghton Church are very vitally connected. Houghton Church is the College Church and the Pastor of Houghton Church is the Pastor of Houghton College. Many students make the great decision to give the Lord Jesus Christ the rightful place in their lives in response to the searching truth delivered from her pulpit and many others are led into the deeper things of the spiritual life. All Christian students are most cordially invited to make this their church home while residing in Houghton either by uniting in full membership or by uniting as associate members, the latter relationship being open to those who still retain their membership in other churches.

And thus it is seen that the church and the school are practically one. The great purpose of both is to help young people to find themselves and then to prepare them for the great work to which they are called.

—JAMES S. LUCKEY





ALFRED KRECKMAN
President

*"Music religious heat inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity."*



HARRIET STORMS
Treasurer

*"An outward and visible sign of an inward and
spiritual grace."*



HAZEL LUPTON
Secretary

*"Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the
heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth
fruit in the action."*



Music Department

The Music Department of Houghton College and Seminary has been considered a minor department in the past, owing to the small number of students pursuing the regular scheduled courses in the piano and voice departments. The number registered in the music department this year is about the same, but there is an increase in the number pursuing theoretical work. At the present time there are approximately eighty students enrolled, the larger number of which are piano students. Although not all are studying with the purpose of graduating, this year we have a Junior Class of three members, and three Seniors completing the piano course, one of whom is also graduating from the voice department.

The benefits derived from this course are enjoyed not only by the music pupils but also by the rest of the school and the public as well. During the year, several programs such as the Library Benefit Concert and the May Festival are rendered largely by the Music Department.

Comparatively few people fully realize the benefits that are derived from music, nor conceive of the large part that music plays in the human life; consequently, their regard for music is somewhat potential. Nevertheless, the lives that have been enriched by "the spirit of celestial music that floats great argosies of soft, melodious notes down the high octaves to their port and goal—the human soul," are not few in number.

"Music is a requisite of time and eternity. It renders a service that nothing else can. It reaches into the deep stores of life and brings forth more of the potential selfhood. It warms the heart, clears the head, strengthens the arm, and gladdens the feet. It kindles the altar, sanctifies the fireside, and opens the treasure chest of human life. It lightens every sorrow and heightens every joy. Its enchantment increases with nearness and familiar recognition, and it widens in wonder as we seek to comprehend it. It came to us out of a primeval past, and goes ever on into a fathomless future. Every step of human progress has brought music closer into daily life; and the universal dream of immortality cherishes the hope that unceasing music shall fill the vast forever."

Since music holds such an important place in our social and religious life, why should we not be trained to meet its demands?



The Oratory Department

A group of distinguished authors met in Boston to share what they considered their best productions. One read his masterpiece in a squeaky voice, another too rapidly, and another without proper enunciation. Nearly all, in fact, were unable so to sound forth the great conceptions of their own minds that those who listened could begin to comprehend the import of their messages. The study of oratory is designed to equip a man with the ability to present either his own thoughts or those of others in a pleasing, artistic, clear, convincing, powerful manner. That a spoken message may be more effective than a written one is a matter of common observation. This is so (the messages being of equal value) when the speaker has learned how to control his instruments of expression so that they accomplish the bidding of his intellect and emotion.

It is very easy to get the idea that only Lyceum orators and preachers need to know the principles of this subject. This is very far from the truth. Every one who speaks needs to know how to speak not only correctly but also effectively. This is one of the reasons why we have a Department of Oratory at Houghton. We desire not only that our graduates shall be equipped with minds thoroughly trained, with principles which will help raise to higher standards their spheres of influence but also that they shall have the possibility of expression to assist them in "putting across" this knowledge and these ideals.

About sixty-five students are pursuing the study of oratory this year. Among the number are some who have real talent in the oratorical field. In co-operation with the Music Department, two splendid concerts were given this year—the Library Concert in February, and the annual May Festival during that month. A number of Special Chapel programs were also given and several private recitals.

PREPARATORY





ELSIE BACON, *Vice-President*

"Abe"

"The two noblest things are sweetness and light."

Sweet and winsome, Elsie quietly draws friends to her. She is a good basketball player and is on the Purple team.

FLORENCE FISH, *Secretary*

"Fishie"

"She strives daily for that which is pure, wholesome, and noble."

Humbly she has been heard to say, "The place where no one else wishes to go is the field of service that I desire." We rejoice to see our "Fishie" receive the honor of valedictorian.

RUTH ROCKWELL, *President*

"Little Egypt"

*"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."*

Ruth has successfully guided our class over the most important years of its history. We wonder why they call her "Little Egypt." Perhaps in those sparkling eyes we might find the answer.

PHILIP LOWRY, *Treasurer*

"Flip"

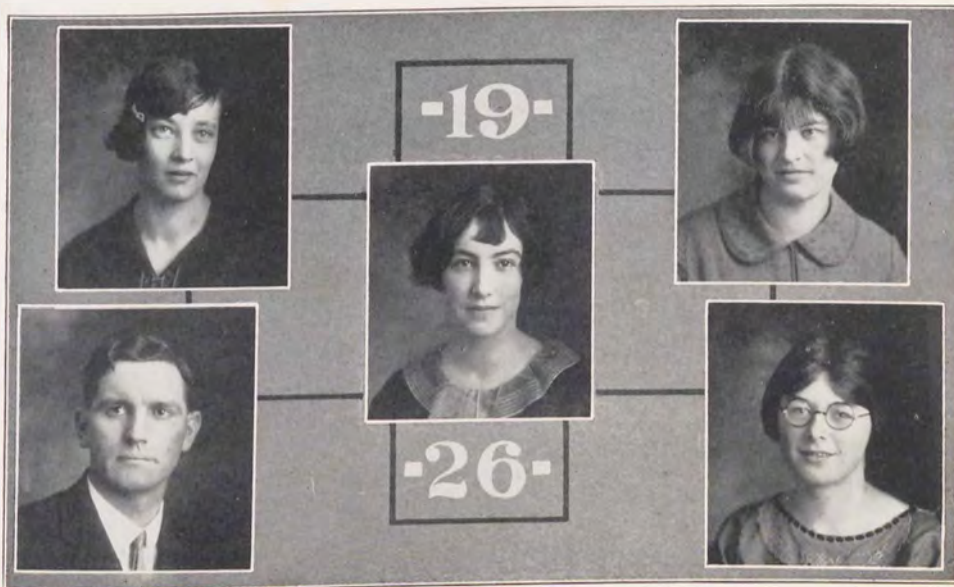
"There is nothing at all in life except what we put there."

"Flip" has learned how to make his difficulties serve as opportunities. We are expecting great things from him in the future.

ALTON CRONK

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Alton is our salutatorian and has graduated from the piano department. Who does not welcome his smiling face and jovial words?



MAXINE WILKLOW

"Max"

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

When you come to know this quiet maiden, you will find her a lasting friend.

EILEEN LOFTIS

"Queen"

*"Queen" rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Queen lily and rose in one."*

"Queen" is our veteran guard on the Purple basketball team. She attacks her lessons with a will and still finds time to develop friendships.

ESTHER HALL

"Bobbie"

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

She enjoys nothing more than God's great out-of-doors and its attractions, nor can she understand those who prefer their books.

HOWARD BURNHAM

"Burnham"

"Honest labor wears a lovely crown."

He is one who makes successful "strikes" in the game of life as well as on the baseball diamond.

ALICE SONNLEITNER

"Sunny"

*"A look and smile for all,
How lonesome we'll be without you next fall."*

True to her name, Alice spreads sunshine wherever she goes. Principle molds her character, makes her strong and dependable.

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-26-

FLORENCE SNIDER

"Whose ornament is a meek and quiet spirit."

Like a magnet she draws to her the little tots. Faithfulness awarded her third place in honors.

ALICE DAVIS

"Onward and upward, look and smile and pray; live day by day."

Alice has proved to us that "perseverance wins the race." Many times she has favored us with her readings, which we all enjoy.

GERALD BURR

"Burr"

"There is nothing impossible to him who will try."

He is a lover of nature, and unlike his namesake, a loyal and steadfast youth.

HUBERT HAMILTON

"Hamilton"

"The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise high with the occasion."

He just came among us this year, but he has already proved his worth as a student, a good sport, and a devoted Christian, upon whom we may depend.

AGNES LAPHAM

"Peg"

"To give happiness is to deserve happiness."

"Peg" was Captain of the Purple girls in her Junior year. She is a leader in school activities and is successful in whatever she undertakes.

JEAN ELDRIDGE

"Sheba"

"Oh! sweet is life when youth is in the blood."

Jean is not only an all-round athlete, but also a good student and a friendly classmate.

Senior Class

Class Motto: "NOT TWILIGHT, BUT DAWN"

Class Flower: LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY

Class Colors: GREEN AND WHITE

At last we have closed our text books, taken our final Regents examinations, and said good-bye to our friends, for we have come to the sunset of our high-school days. Each one is proud of the diploma that he has received, not because of the value of the diploma itself but because of the achievement it represents—the successful completion of a high-school course.

During these years we have been learning how to think, reason, judge, concentrate, and study. All of this training will be of priceless value to us as we enter college halls or the University of Life. Besides, to many of us has come a marvelous change of heart, which was the result of Godly lives, earnest prayers, and the presence of God in Houghton.

Now as we leave the happy life at Houghton Seminary, some things will stand out prominently in our memories. We shall remember, perhaps first of all, the friends we have made—classmates whose hearts we have come to understand, whose dreams and ambitions we have shared. The lives of these friends and of our beloved teachers will be an influence and an inspiration to us as we recall them.

Naturally, when we remember our teachers and friends, we shall remember the social activities which our class enjoyed together as one big family. We shall not forget the hike to Caneadea Gorge when Dorothea was still with us to enter into our sport and to climb the banks and to wade the stream; nor the attic party and the nut hike; the banquet we gave to the Seniors when we were Juniors; nor later the banquet given to us as Seniors by the Juniors; nor indeed our Junior-Senior Party at which we learned that Florence Fish was valedictorian, and Alton Cronk, salutatorian of our class. Besides, we can never forget the concert—the first Senior Concert to be given in Houghton. How we dreamed and planned a whole year for this concert before the reality took place April 16, 1926.

These glimpses into our past school days only reaffirm to us the fact that we have reached the sunset of our high-school life. The sunset fades and we have reached "not twilight, but dawn" of a greater and fuller life for us all.



Top Row—Leasure, B. Wells, F. Wells, Wescott, L. Fancher, C. Molyneaux
Middle Row—Strapp, Cooper, Williams, Phillips, E. Roth, Crandall
Bottom Row—R. Folger, A. Folger, H. Fero, Kreckman, E. Lupton, E. English, Estabrook

Junior Class

ALFRED KRECKMAN
HOMER FERRO
ETHLYN LUPTON
ALICE FOLGER

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Class Motto: "FOR GOD AND HUMANITY"
Class Flower: HELIOTROPE
Class Colors: HELIOTROPE AND GREEN

The first few weeks of the school year, the Juniors busied themselves with studies. Then we decided it was time to get together and arouse a little enthusiasm, which was not at all difficult to do. Our first social event was a Hallowe'en Party, the location of which was unknown to all except the committee in charge. We met at the home of Mrs. Bowen, and after an eventful parade through backyards and the school barn, we reached our destination—one of the high-school science rooms which was fittingly decorated. An enjoyable evening followed, during which games and pranks were played, stories told, and refreshments served. Mrs. Mitchell, our "Class Mother," was present and acted as "chap."

We are a thrifty class. Our novel way of raising funds through candy sales has proved successful and quite satisfactory.

We are glad to say that the Juniors are not only fond of good times but are fond of their studies as well. We believe we have a right to claim some real intellectual genius in our group of twenty-two.

For some reason or other, we seem to be honored in that we possess special ability and talent. Some of the high-school's best athletes are members of the Junior Class. Elmer Roth, Homer Fero, Russell Cronk, and Alice Folger have won laurels in this line. Alfred Kreckman and Donald Ferguson are members of the Houghton Harmonizers. The former is graduating from the Piano Department this year. We have in our ranks some Christian young people who are earnestly preparing for their life's work. We hope to send forth some future preachers, teachers, and a missionary.

We believe we have acted wisely in selecting for our motto, "For God and Humanity." It is our purpose to so prepare ourselves that we may occupy positions of real service to mankind.

"Our Class!

Here's that she always may be in the right!
Here's that her standard may ever be white!
Here's that whatever our future may be,
Steady, and fearlessly Godlike may be—
Our Class!"



Top Row—M. Perry, T. Cronk, Wright, H. Flint, Hauser, Robinson, Damon, Albright
 Middle Row—Sherman, Walter, Chamberlain, Thayer
 Bottom Row—Ricker, Weldon, C. Molno, J. Wells, R. Cronk, Ackerman, B. Wells, Chattaway

Sophomore Class

THEOS CRONK
 ELIZABETH CHAMBERLAIN
 MARGARET ACKERMAN
 MISS FANCHER

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer
Class Mother

Class Motto: "POST PROELIUM PRAEMIUM"

Class Flower: WHITE CARNATION

Class Colors: ORCHID AND WHITE

The year of '25-'26 will be remembered by the members of the Sophomore Class, by our friends, and by our teachers, as a very well-spent year.

Our class of twelve members, though small, is not dead. We have surely enjoyed this year's activities, and we hope that each of our number will return to be a Junior next year, and bring a new member to our school.

The Sophomores organized late in the first semester. Some time after, we chose our colors and motto. The motto is not only encouraging but also one of which we shall not soon tire. "Post Proelium Praemium", meaning "after the battle, the reward," is going to be our motto through high school.

The personnel of this class includes a nurse, athletes in both basketball and field and track, as well as musicians, such as violinists and pianists. Each member is loyal, full of fun, and willing to do his part. This spirit is especially shown at the social functions. One of our activities was a Halloween Party. We met at a house in town where we had dinner at 6:30. After that we played games until 9:30, when Miss Fancher said that we had better adjourn. The sleigh ride was another event which we shall not soon forget. After a jolly ride to Fillmore and back, we had lunch at the dining hall. Both of these evenings were enjoyed by all.

We are a jolly bunch—this class of ours—
 With all the sports and happy hours.
 Orchid and White our colors, gay,
 We'll be proud of every day.
 We'll show the Class of '29
 They must step lively if they keep time,
 For we expect to improve our gait—
 This peppy Class of '28.



Top Row—Spencer, Hardison, Britting, Woodhouse, Cross, Coy, M. Young
 Second Row—Mattoon, Fancher, Dibble, Williams, Adams, Shoemaker, Benson
 Third Row—G. McCarty, Sprague, C. McCarty, Wilklow, English, Clark, Sonleitner, Smith, Leroy
 Sitting—Cott, Loftis, Smiley, Lapham, Lupton, Lucas

Freshman Class

ELSIE CHIND	President
DEWEERD LUPTON	Vice-President
CLIFFORD MIX	Secretary and Treasurer

Class Colors: CRIMSON AND WHITE

Class Motto: QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY

The Freshman Class of 1926 is very unusual, as you can determine from the motto it has chosen, "Quality, not Quantity."

We have thirty-five active boys and girls in our class preparing for different vocations of life. We have some real musical talent, for some can play the piano, others have good voices, and one can play the saxophone. Besides, we have a stenographer and several athletes, two of whom played in the basketball series on the Gold side.

Because we have so many studious members, our interests have been centered upon our studies, and very little time has been found for play. However, we had a Hallowe'en Party with Miss Gillette, our class mother, as "chap"; and there some of the real abilities of the Freshmen were revealed in the stories told, the poems given, and the musical numbers rendered.

As important as other things may seem, our class believes in putting "first things first." A large number of our members are Christians, and we are sure that your hearts would rejoice if you could visit our high-school prayer meeting every Monday evening and hear the prayers ascend the Throne of Grace.

ATHLETICS





Officers:—Steese, White, M. Fox, H. Bain, Scott

Athletics

Athletics and development go hand in hand. The well-rounded college man or woman cannot afford to miss the intellectual as well as the physical development which is to be derived from athletics. The intellectual element is becoming more and more pronounced as the athletic field advances. The scientific methods of training and the stress placed on exactness in every detail would seem to prove that the great strides in the organized games is along the intellectual more than the physical. Correct co-ordination between mind and body, striving to give quick, clear-cut decisions, followed instantly by decisive and pointed action, is the athlete's reward after months of constant training. Sheer strength wins little in present-day sports. If a man possesses a physically-perfect body, only, he must strive to bring his mind into perfect harmony with it to become normal. If a man has a great mind, he must train his body to act as the mind directs. If he has both, he must train both together to be a leader in athletics. But in the present athletic world, the man with the great mind and the body below normal holds an equal, if not better, chance in athletics than the man with the great physique and less power of mind and will.

Just so do we find the athletics of our College and Seminary developing. Each year of basketball brings it more into the realm of the science of the game. Complicated plays of perfect team work displace the individual star, and the dribble-and-shoot system. In baseball, we find that the men who hit safely for the highest average are the most valuable men—the men who use what vitality they possess to the best advantage. In tennis, we find that accurate placements are replacing hard drives as much more

effective in either winning the point or putting the opponent at a disadvantage of position. In track and field, we find our sprinters knocking off one fifth of seconds by their methods of starting and in their final sprints across the line. Throughout our whole regime of sports, the scientific element is becoming more and more important.

As a matter of fact, our whole athletic organization, in which all co-operate in the general supervision through the Athletic Association and then compete through the Purple and Gold sides, tends to favor rapid development of improved tactics and more thorough intellectual co-ordination of action in order that the evenly-matched teams can secure some advantage over their opponents. Just so this year when the Gold boys met the Purple boys in basketball. They had worked out a machine whereby they were able to compete at a decided advantage, not so much because they exceeded in material as in the nature of their organization and tactics. No less prominent were the Purple girls in their decided defeat of their opponents. They were thoroughly organized, and through perfect team work and skill, rather than through strength, they won easily. The other sports have not yet been played off, but it is most probable that greater ability and perfection will be shown in baseball this year than ever before. Both sides have acquired formidable assets to their teams, and although many brilliant players have been lost through graduation, the prospects for the coming season are promising. Tennis also will be bolstered up with new recruits to make the old stars hustle to hold their crowns. Graduation has robbed us of some of our best track and field men—men who hold many of Houghton's records and medals. However, with the intense training and careful analysis of the finer points, such as the starting, perfection of stride, and finish in dashes and track events; the take-off and landing in the jumps; and the correct form in the field events to insure no loss of energy in the putting of the shot; or as the discus leaves the brawny hand of its hurler to soar through space; it is right to expect that many of the present records are in danger of being broken this year.

We are proud of the way in which our school is growing. This naturally has an exhilarating and broadening effect on our athletics. This is especially true, since the athletics are largely in control of the Athletic Association, which depends entirely on the number of students in school and the percentage who are members of the association. This association directs, organizes, and finances, the greater part of the athletics, and not too much can be said concerning the fine work of its officers in carrying on the duties which make the whole system a success. President Paul Steese has been an officer of the association for several years and proves himself a very capable leader and organizer.

Perhaps the Physical Director is the next force directed in the interest of our athletics. Here we add a few lines to give voice to a sincere appreciation of the splendid work which our present Physical Director, Mr. Charles L. White, has done, not only for the specific sports but for our entire athletic organization. It is needless to say that when Mr. White graduates, this June, the school will lose a great booster of clean sportsmanship. Mr. White spent his first two years of college here and was an ardent participant in the sports of the school. He played basketball, baseball, and proved valuable in track and field events. He won his large letter and other honors from the school. When the question of a more satisfactory method of organized games within the school came up, he was one of the originators of our present Purple and Gold systems, which has given us the high grade of athletics we have had and do now enjoy. He left school after his second year and taught for a few years. He returned to become our Physical Director, and to complete his college course. Since his return he has proved himself to be one of the best referees Houghton has ever had and has worked with the Faculty in an earnest effort to improve the present system. Certainly, when Mr. White accepts his degree this June, we cannot help but feel the loss of his powerful personality in our every sport—but his influence and the result of his efforts shall live as long as athletics exist in Houghton.



LOWELL FOX

The Purple men saw fit to elect "Foxy," a Freshman, to lead their side. "Foxy" stars in every branch of athletics in which Houghton indulges. His congeniality and capable qualities of leadership make him popular with the Purple and Gold followers alike. He holds the distinction of being the first Freshman elected as captain of either side.

Motto

"The ability to start is worthless without the ability to finish."

IONE DRISCAL

"Ikey," the Purple girls' captain, is an excellent sportsman, always playing the game hard and fair. Everyone will admit that the Purple showed good judgment in selecting such a capable leader, and especially for selecting a captain from the ranks of the Class of '27.

MOTTO

"Clean life, clean sportsmanship, clean scholarship."

ERMA ANDERSON

"Erm," the Freshman captain of the Gold girls, is one of Houghton's best athletes. For this reason she was chosen captain. Erma has been in the ranks of the Gold for several years. She has successfully participated in every branch of girls' athletics; and as her reward, she was chosen captain for the year.

Motto

"You're never licked until you give up."

FRANK O. HENSHAW

Again the Gold men saw fit to seek for their leader a member of the Senior Class. "Hank" is a first-class, all-around athlete and a true sportsman. Surely, the Gold made no mistake in their choice. It is to the regret of all that he must leave us this year.

Motto

"The strength of a team is determined by the mind that rules it."

GOLD BASKETBALL TEAM



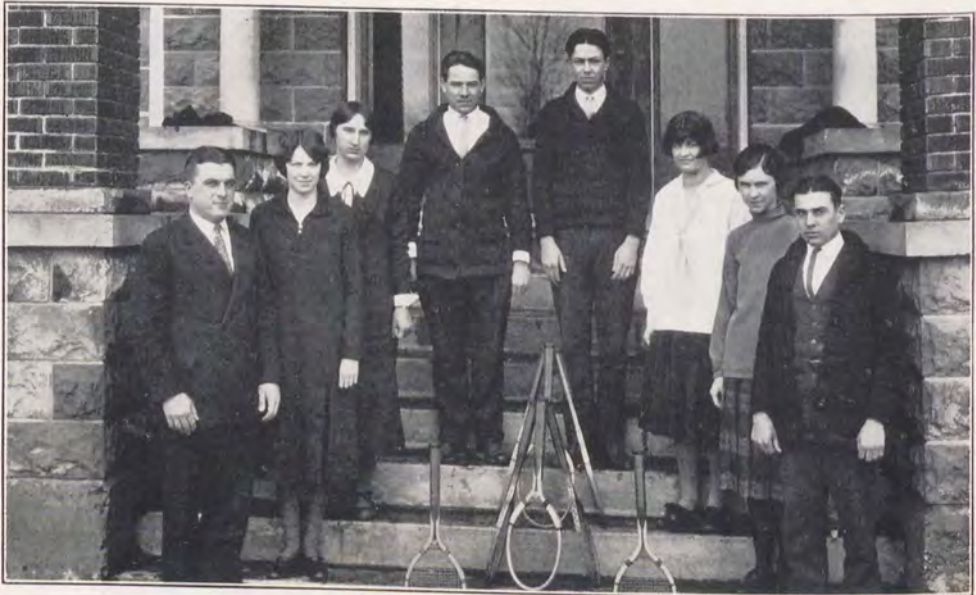
Coach Henshaw, F. Howland, C. Flint, Dyer, Mix, E. Roth, Clark, Horton, Hussey

PURPLE BASKETBALL TEAM



Standing—Eldridge, Bacon, Driscoll, Coach Steese, Fancher, Ackerman, Fox, Loftis
Kneeling—Folger, Lapham, Williams

TENNIS TEAMS



Henshaw, Anderson, Cole, C. Flint, L. Fox, E. Loftis, A. Lapham, C. Steese

BASEBALL TEAMS



Top Row—Purple: Enty, R. Cronk, B. Fero, C. Steese, H. Fero, F. Lane, Scott, Wescott, Stevenson, Fox
Bottom Row—Gold: C. Howland, F. Howland, Broughton, Dyer, C. Flint, Henshaw, E. Roth, Taylor, Burnham Moshier



"FLINT"



"BOWEN BACHELORS"



"HIGH POINT MEN"



"STEESE GANG"



"HANK"



"VACATION"



"HIGH POINT GIRLS"



"JOLLY SKATERS"



"PRES. LUCKEY"



"PURPLE 1925"



"PALS"



"TENNIS"



"POLE VAULT"



"ARBOR DAY"



"STARS"



"SQUEEDUNK"



"COASTING"



"FREDDIE"



"SCOTTIE"



"BAIN"

Track and Field Records

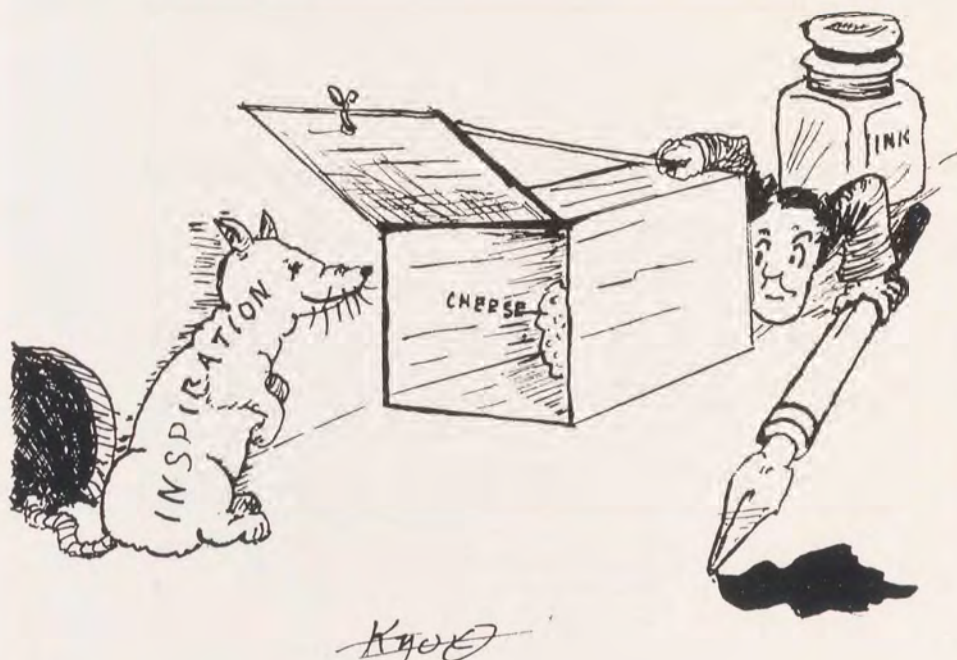
GIRLS

- 75-Yard Dash*—First, J. Eldridge, P; Second, A. Folger, P.
Time: 11 1-5 seconds
- 100-Yard Dash*—First, R. Lapham, P; Second, Elsie Higbee, P.
Time: 13 1-5 seconds
- 220-Yard Dash*—First, R. Lapham, P; Second L. Baker, G.
Time: 34 3-10 seconds
- Broad Jump*—First, A. Folger, P; Second, E. Anderson, G.
Distance: 12 feet 5 inches
- High Jump*—First, E. Anderson, G; Second, J. Eldridge, P.
Height: 4 feet 1 inch
- Shot Put*—First, I. Driscal, P; Second, M. Williams, G.
Distance: 31 feet 3 inches
- Hurdle*—First, A. Folger, P; Second, J. Eldridge, P.
Time: 18 4-5 seconds
- Relay*—First, Purple, R. Lapham; J. Eldridge; E. Higbee; A. Folger.
Time: 1 minute 11 2-5 seconds

BOYS

- 100-Yard Dash*—First, Farner, P; Second, C. Howland, G.
Time: 10 2-5 seconds
- 220-Yard Dash*—First, Farner, P; Second, Rosbach, G.
Time: 25 seconds
- 440-Yard Dash*—First, Farner, P; Second, C. Howland, G.
Time: 58 3-5 seconds
- Half-Mile Run*—First, Williams, G; Second, L. Russell, P.
Time: 2 minutes 12 1-6 seconds
- Mile Run*—First, Williams, G; Second, P. Steese, P.
Time: 5 minutes 13 3-10 seconds
- Running Broad Jump*—First, Rosbach, G; Second, L. Russell, P.
Distance: 17 feet 6 inches
- High Jump*—First, Rosbach, G; Second, J. Horton, G.
Height: 5 feet 1 inch
- Pole Vault*—First, P. Steese, P; Second, E. Molyneau, P.
Height: 8 feet 6 inches
- Shot Put*—First, F. Bedford, P; Second, F. Henshaw, G.
Distance: 36 feet 9 inches
- Discus Throw*—First, F. Bedford, P; Second, H. Burnham, G.
Distance: 95 feet 7 inches
- 220-Yard Hurdle*—First, F. Bedford, P; Second, V. Mosher, G.
Time: 34 1-2 seconds.
- 100-Yard Hurdle*—First, F. Bedford, P; Second, V. Mosher, G.
Time: 21 1-5 seconds
- Relay*—Gold, C. Howland; F. Howland; E. Williams; V. Rosbach.
Time: 1 minute 56 1-5 seconds

LITERARY CONTEST





Taylor, Ake, Anderson

Thirteenth Annual Literary Contest

The two incentives to enter the Literary Contest are to attain a splendid ability as a writer and to have one's name inscribed on the magnificent loving cup presented for the contest by Mr. H. R. Barnett. This beautiful cup, of unusual magnitude, has its surface appropriately divided for the three phases of the contest; and under the proper section, the names of the first prize-winners of each annual contest are successively engraved. This cup may be viewed in the president's office at the College.

In this Thirteenth Annual Literary Contest of Houghton College and Seminary were submitted seventy-four productions in the three classes of literary effort—poetry, short story, and essay. Four places were won by the Freshmen, two of which were first prizes and two second. The Sophomores won one second place, and the Juniors, one first.

There were thirty-one entries in poetry. The first prize went to Gladys Taylor for the production entitled "Peace." The second place was won by "The Awakening" by Joseph Kemp. Twenty-one entries comprised the extent of short stories. In this division, first place was accorded "Left Behind" by Erma Anderson, and second place, "When the Husband Knew Best" by Arthur Yetter. Of the twenty-two essays submitted, James Ake won first on "Contentment—and Coal," and Ralph Long made second on "Candy-boy in a Five-and-Ten."

For the last two years it has been the custom to publish the first prize compositions in the school annual, *THE BOULDER*. The second prize-winners have received publicity in the *Houghton Star*, with the exception of "The Awakening," which is included in *THE BOULDER*.

Relative to the quality of the productions entered in the contest, Professor Hazlett, head of the English Department, makes the comment that the essays were particularly good, the winners being of a personal or narrative type. One of the judges, Prof. H. F. Collister, teacher of English in the Fillmore High School, says, "Ability to make the commonplace interesting and to draw therefrom practical lessons in an original manner attracted my attention." President J. W. Leedy of Marion College, in returning the manuscripts and the grades, writes, "Miss Crozier (one of the judges) spoke very favorably of several of the essays and read some of them to her classes, commenting on them favorably."

Left Behind

ERMA ANDERSON

Doctor Morgan, an eminent young physician in the City of Philadelphia, had been lying delirious for two days since the fatal disaster which had bereft him of home and loved ones. His dangerous condition had made it impossible for the hospital staff to inform him of the fate of his little family. But on the third day, when he rationally yet imploringly begged for his wife, his nurse gently told him the following results of the disaster.

A deep rumbling as of thunder, a sound of falling bricks and breaking glass had been heard for blocks. A crowd had soon gathered to see the mass of burning wreckage that a few moments before had been the beautiful mansion of Doctor James Morgan. An employee of the gas company of that city had been sent to investigate a leak in the cellar. Just after he opened the cellar door, the explosion had occurred. As soon as the fiery tongues had somewhat ceased their destructive work, brave men had entered the debris to recover the bodies of the inmates of the house. Dr. and Mrs. Morgan had been found almost instantly. The year-old baby was tightly clasped in the arms of the young mother. Mrs. Morgan had remained in a state of coma for some hours, then with a feeble little cry of "Jimmy," she died. Her four-year-old son had loosened his slender hold on life an hour before his mother went to meet him.

For a moment after the nurse ceased speaking, the young doctor remained perfectly still, his blanched face matching the snowy coverlet under which he lay. Then he spoke softly, as in a dream,

"Nellie, my Nellie—gone! And Bobby, too—" Then an agonized cry broke from his lips, and he implored, "Bring me Junior, oh, bring me my baby boy!"

He seemed to feel the necessity of physical contact to realize that he had left even a remnant of his beautiful family.

After the nurse, with tear-filled eyes, had left the room to bring his small son, Dr. Morgan lay quietly with his eyes closed.

He saw again the cheery breakfast table on the morning of the disaster. His pretty little wife sat opposite him holding the baby who was alternately cooing "Da-da's" and pulling his mother's hair. Then she had gone into another room to bring him a photograph of herself with her small sons, which had been taken as a birthday gift for him. They were looking over a list of friends to whom the little mother had planned to send photographs. Then had come the crash, the sudden tremor of the house—and the nurse had supplied the rest. He moaned and seemed to slip back into unconsciousness.

He roused as the nurse entered the room with the little lad who was the perfect image of his young mother. Dr. Morgan held out his bandaged arms, and the baby

was gently placed within them. Convulsively clasping the child to him, he kissed the bruised little face over and over. With a tired little "Da-da," the baby fell asleep in his arms.

Wearily in mind and body, the young doctor again closed his eyes to keep back the hot tears that stung them. It was useless. He sobbed as does a strong man in awful agony. The paroxysm of weeping passed, he asked himself why he should live. It would be much easier to die and go to Nellie. The little bundle in his arms stirred, and he cried, "I will! I'll live for Jimmy. He needs me." Then, softly, "Nellie would want me to."

For days he lay on his white cot, seldom allowing his little son to be taken from his arms. When at last he was able to be up and out again, he visited the ghastly remains of his once beautiful home. His sympathizing neighbors and patients offered words of comfort, and he courteously thanked them, but passed on as one who had not yet awakened from a horrible dream.

Doctor Morgan placed his son in the care of his sister; then threw himself feverishly into his work.

The years passed. Dr. Morgan's co-workers shook their heads at the change that had come over him. Not morose, but quietly keeping by himself, the young man had become prematurely old. His cheery whistle, which had delighted the patients, was seldom heard in the long corridor. He worked from morning until night at his chosen profession, easing pain or saving life. Sometimes he would pause a moment to talk to his son, but the features so closely resembled those of his dear lost one that he would turn away in pain. Little Jimmy could not understand this attitude of his father; and with a little sigh he wondered whether his daddy loved him.

One morning, after a particularly hard night at the hospital, the doctor went to his cozy office on the first floor of the great building. He had decided to snatch a few moments of much needed rest. He had hardly seated himself in the comfortable arm chair when his telephone rang. Wearily he picked up the receiver, but it was his usual brisk "Hello!" that answered.

"What?" he almost shouted. Then "I beg your pardon, but I didn't quite catch all you said."

Clearly, distinctly, the words pounded into his brain as if driven by a red-hot iron:

"Auto accident on Forty-second Street—small lad knocked down—seriously injured—your son—. He is at Cascade Hospital—will not operate until you arrive—."

The doctor dropped the receiver and rushed to his car. He frequently broke the speed limit when on a life-and-death case, but he never drove as he drove today. The Cascade Hospital was only across the city, yet the minutes seemed endless. All the way his dazed brain kept repeating, "Forty-second Street—Forty-second Street—." Why, that was the street his sister lived on! It couldn't be his Jimmy. Yet it must be.

He finally rushed up the steps of the Cascade, and a uniformed young woman conducted him to the operating room. The figure on the operating table looked

pitifully small. The head was almost completely covered with bandages. Dr. Morgan caught sight of a small white chin with a dimple fair in the middle. Oh, it was Jimmy! How could it be? Hadn't he already had enough to bear without this? It must not be!

Faintly, he heard the head physician ask if he should operate. Dumbly, the doctor nodded his consent and turned to the window. Like a flash he reviewed the past six years since he had lain in the hospital ready to die, yet had rallied for his small son's sake. But had he lived for him since? Conscience smote him. He realized now how cruelly he had neglected the small white figure on the operating table. He remembered the day when little Jimmy had asked, "Daddy, will you tell me about my mother?" He had brokenly cried, "I can't, son, I can't"; and had left the house. He spoke aloud to himself heedless of the roomful of doctors and nurses, "He missed her, too—missed her, perhaps, more than I have. I've had my work—poor little man!"

He turned from the window at a gentle touch on his arm. His brother physician spoke, "He's as comfortable as we can make him, Jim. Better go home and rest. We'll call you if you're needed."

Hardly realizing what he was doing, Dr. Morgan left for his home. As he entered his sister's living room, he saw a small figure building a "hospital" out of blocks. (That had been Jimmy's favorite occupation.) He rubbed his hands across his eyes and muttered, "Must be seeing things, all right." He held out his hands to the flames in the fireplace. The room was not cold, yet he was shivering all over.

"Are you tired, Daddy?" asked a small voice at his side. The doctor gazed down at a most real boy—no dream about that. Who could it have been—there? Then all at once he remembered. The little lad across the way had a dimple in his chin. The doctor's sister had often remarked that Jimmy and his playmate looked like twins, except that Jimmy's hair was dark and the other lad's was light.

The doctor caught his son in his arms and planted a fervent kiss on that bewitching dimple in the small white chin.

Then drawing from his pocket the only photograph not destroyed by the fire, he showed Jimmy the picture of his beautiful mother, telling the lad of her ideals, her love, and her tenderness. From that moment on, his small son was his constant companion. Ever they talked of "what mother would like." The man had so perfectly instilled in his son's mind the ideals of the worshiped angel-mother, that all through life the lad stopped before anything questionable and asked himself, "Would mother wish it?"

Dr. Morgan's hospital staff rejoiced as they watched the light return to their beloved physician's eyes and the old spring to his step. And Jimmy was a favorite everywhere. His cheery little smile warmed many a heart as they watched him trudge bravely along beside his Doctor-Daddy. Best of all, this companionship between the two was never broken.

The doctor was wont to stand often by his window, gazing at the purple hills in the distance, murmuring, "I hope I'm bringing him up the way you want me to, Nellie mine."

Contentment—and Coal

JAMES AKE

Happiness is only comparative—a comparison of the condition in which one is with the one in which he might be. To the villager, a stroll through the fields borders on the boresome; to the convict, it is a bit of heaven. To the average person, dry bread is a superfluity; to the hobo, it is a cause for rejoicing. It adds little to the contentment of a soda fountain clerk to give him a jug of water, but the same jug would be accepted with ecstasy by a wanderer in the desert. We are often dimly conscious of this, but although our perception of it is more acute at college than at home, we must labor at a really arduous job to achieve full cognizance of the truth involved in the above.

This fact, by almost imperceptible degrees, was brought to my attention during the past spring. I had applied for a job early in the year, after announcing my intention to go to work. This view was strongly supported by my father, although my mother—but what mother does not imagine that her boy is an invalid for years after a severe illness, and make his illness an excuse to keep him near her, or else use it as a justification for her usually awkward attempts to shield him from the world? My application happened to arrive at the right time, and I was told to come out to work the following week.

Nor did I accept a job with any foolish idea of becoming a power in the mining industry by the application of diligence and industry, as do the heroes of the school-boy's Shakespeare—Horatio Alger. Although in the previous year I had risen in six short months through truck driver and gang boss to inspector, yet I realized that this was in no way due to my competency as an engineer or efficiency in road-construction, but rather a tribute to my abilities as entertainer-in-chief to the pretty and imperious daughter of the general manager, who in the words of Kipling:

"Taught me the way to promotion and pay,
And I learned about women from her."

Nor did I consider it a reflection upon those same capabilities, when (because one Saturday night I parked on a different sofa in front of the wrong fireplace) a resignation was hinted at by a suddenly non-cordial foreman. I philosophically reflected that being tied to one girl cramps one's style anyway, and proceeded back to school; thus I already considered myself a veteran in the field of manual labor.

The first morning that I went to work I was given the time-honored initial step in the rocky path between miner and manager, that of chief car greaser—which meant as much to me as the Ptolemaic theory of Astronomy. I, nevertheless, took the gun given me, assumed a confident air, and as soon as the boss had left, asked a foreigner what I was supposed to do with the gun. From his attempts in "pidgin" English (which at other times would have been ludicrous) at explaining the mysteries of car greasing, I gathered that I was to examine each car as it came past my platform and see whether its wheels were in need of grease. If I found a dry one, I was to take a gun full of grease, insert the nozzle into a socket on the wheel, and squirt a quart or so of grease into it. Then I was to push the car onto the scales, where the weight was taken; from there another man pushed it on the dump, where it was automatically dumped into a railroad car below.

Soon a trip came along, and I became very busy pushing the cars until I came to one, the very last in the group, which was very dry on both sides. I thereupon

seized the gun with a determination worthy of Napoleon, saw that it was completely full of grease, inserted the nozzle in the wheel, and pushed like a Trojan. Unfortunately, the gun at the nozzle end was plugged to keep it from leaking; the contents therefore, following Pascal's Principle for confined bodies of liquid under pressure, came back at me with a rush. I endeavored to dodge, but with only partial success. Thinking that the stupidity was mine own, I again essayed the task, with the same identical result except with less success in dodging. Then I investigated, removed the plug amid the laughter of the other workmen, and thereafter had unequivocal success in that particular portion of work.

The cars were brought from the mines in batches, or "trips," of from thirty to sixty cars. If the mines above were working double shift, we had long trips and trotted at our work until well-nigh exhausted; if they were not, we often had as much as a half hour between trips. In the triple crew we had two college men, an ex-chorus man from a musical comedy, a Catholic semi-theologian, a professional wrestler, and me—quite a heterogeneous collection—but one quite common and peculiar to "scab" mines. During these rest-times between trips, everything from bonbons to Einstein's Theory of Relativity was discussed by the group, or else the ex-theolog and I debated the relative merits of different systems of theology. I soon began to look forward to these arguments with a good deal of pleasure, and they helped immensely to make the day go faster and the work seem lighter. The car greaser was the weak link in the speed of the dumping; but I soon knew the individual characteristics of each car, although at first sight the two hundred odd cars looked as much alike as so many peas. I improved until I could uncouple them quite expertly; and when I had obtained a sufficient degree of accuracy I could place them faster, so that we had more and more time to rest.

By the end of my first month I was very much interested in my work. When I got my first pay of nearly seventy dollars for the first two weeks, I was supremely happy; also I was much surprised by the amount of fun I had had during the month, and upon further reflection was equally astonished at the amount I had learned. I knew not to slap a mule from behind—that stunt is simply not done; that it is a breach of etiquette to leave cars standing on a slope without brakes on; that the sand car is not to be let down without first attaching the elevator cable (this knowledge cost me the equivalent of the carpenter's wages for two days!); and that one never discusses unionism with a stranger until he has found out what the said stranger's opinions on that subject are. I had learned much more, too, all of it in the school where one does not forget easily what one has learned—the school of which the class yell is "Ouch"! I also regarded it as a compliment to my precocity that I had not been there two days before I learned that one does not touch the motor wire, gingerly, to see whether it is carrying "juice" or not—it always is!

One of my favorite ways of passing the time when work was not pressing was to ride the motor back in for a trip. The motor would hook onto the first car, drag the long string slowly up the slope, and deliver them to the small motors about a mile back in the hills, near the mine opening. Sometimes I would change to one of the smaller motors and ride inside the mines with my pal. Days when there was a wreck or "cave-in," I would get one of the smaller motors and practice running it on the "empties" track, and soon had a fair degree of proficiency, several times even going into the mines and bringing out a trip of coal.

It was not very long after that until a motorman was hurt, and I was placed on as a substitute motorman. What with the worry and rush, the job was not so much of a "cinch" as I had thought it, although everything went along fine for the first forenoon. In the afternoon, however, I was told to take some cars down the slope

to the machine shop, and while serenely sailing around a turn the motor jumped the track. I backed it on again, pushed back the cars by dint of much sanding, and again tried it at a greater speed. Again the motor jumped, but not before I had noticed a derailer on the track and had thrown the motor into reverse. The motor stopped instantaneously—I did not! I left, calmly, head foremost by the front end, not even bothering to let go of the controller handle, just as several cars came in at the back to pay an informal call. As I picked myself up, the mine foreman, who had witnessed the performance, was holding the pole away from the wire. He motioned me to shut off the power, and when I had done so he leaned against the tilted motor, exhaled softly, and gave his opinion of a motorman who could not see a derailer in plain daylight.

I grew angry at first, but was soon lost in a maze of admiration; I was too astonished, astounded, and delighted to speak! Webster, Henry, Bryan, Clay, Grady—all spoke “pidgin” and broken English compared to the steady torrent of language that flowed through his lips. It continued for about five minutes, without his changing his tone or failing to enunciate a single syllable properly. My only regret was not that it was directed at me, but that no amount of studying would ever give me his command of English—it was a gift, and he gave it full play. When he finished, there was nothing more to be said. One could have turned him wrong side out and not found enough bad language to have caused the most austere of New England’s schoolma’ams to reach for a shingle. He was completely cleaned—empty—vacuous!

There was silence for a few moments; then he turned to me with a pained look in his eyes as if he had been secretly and suddenly stabbed by his best friend, and said to me in a low, sweet voice, “My son, you are a fine motorman; in fact, there are none I know of who are your equal, but there are so few good car greasers that I am going to re-promote you to that glorious position.” I bowed, by way of acknowledgment, and departed for the tippie, a wiser and more contented man. No longer would I suffer pangs of agony as I shot through the darkness wondering whether I had set brakes enough; or jump with sudden worry, querying if I had thrown all the switches or not; or yell to my pal at night, “Hold her, I can’t!” and have him repeat it for the edification of the breakfast table the next morning.

I still imagined that I could run a motor with the best. I surmised I could, if necessary, manage the business; but I was sure that I could manipulate that grease gun. No longer did it seem an infernal contrivance fostered by the machiavellian policy of a diabolical mine boss, but rather as an old friend. I even began to take quite a bit of satisfaction in the way that the cars were greased.

Next summer when I go back to the mines I will refuse the position of manager (should they offer it to me), contemptuously; no amount of pressure will compel me to be tippie boss or even president of the company. Instead, I will chase away the Italian lad who is greasing in my place and cheerfully grease cars all summer. I always did like greasing cars better than running a motor, anyway.

Peace

First Prize Poem

"Oh, God!" I cried, in anguished pain,
"I know not where to turn.
My heart is pressed with many a doubt;
And fears within me burn.
Oh, give me Peace."

The Father, in compassionate love,
Looked down upon His weary one,
"Canst thou yield all?" He gently asked.
"I will," I cried, "but only come,
And give me Peace."

He came in all his fullness, then,
And soothed my tired and aching mind.
Taking all the doubts away,
He filled my heart with love, divine,
And whispered, "Peace."

—GLADYS TAYLOR

The Awakening

Second Prize Poem

The subtle allure of dusk in June,
Enchanting gleams from a silvery moon,
The starry vault above,
Whispered sighs of an evening breeze,
And all the thoughts of a heart at ease,
Bring back to me my love.

Yet, as I look, the vision fades
And somber reality my dream invades,
All peace and joy have fled.
She whom I saw will return to me never,
For love that is squandered is gone forever,
And the heart that misused it is dead.

—JOSEPH KEMP

My Task

College Senior Class Poem

Didst think, my soul, to dwell at ease
While others forth to battle go?
God's love, God's wisdom, calls thee hence,
To gladly serve. Ah, say not, "No."

Didst think to walk with aimless feet,
And hold your own the gifts He gave?
Oh hear God's message from afar—
"Serve man, and scorn thyself to save."

Didst think the way was hard and long?
Man's life is measured not in years.
The task too hard, the victory dear?
Faith sees the farther through its tears.

Pray thus, my soul, "Show me Thy way,
The lost to seek, the bound to free,
The heart to ease, the light to bring—
Is it Thy task? Great God, send me."

God make me strong; give me the will
To fashion as I know. I need
The purpose edged with steel, to build
Above the dream, the deed—the deed!

Should selfish love my vision dim,
As with the grasping world I mix,
Then show Thyself anew to me—
To Me, the Class of '26.

—LOUISA JANE GIFFORD

ORGANIZATIONS



The Boulder



The Boulder Staff

PAUL STEESE	Editor-in-Chief
ALFRED KRECKMAN	Assistant Editor-in-Chief
HAZEL SARTWELL	Literary Editor
ARNOLD PITT	Art Editor
GERALD SCOTT	Business Manager
WILBER CLARK	Assistant Business Manager
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CLINTON DONOHUE	Subscription Manager
CHARLES HOWLAND	Athletic Editor
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MARGARET WILLIAMS	Joke Editor
RUTH WILLIAMS	Assistant Joke Editor
IVAH BENNING	Copy Reader
IRWIN ENTY	Calendar
IONE DRISCAL	Organization Editor



The Houghton Star

"A True Reflection of the School" has been the motto of *The Houghton Star* through the years of its common development with the college. That its beams might truly reveal the real character of our school to those whom it reaches, has been the ideal that has motivated and guided its development until it has reached its present position.

Accordingly, *The Star* has grown from a monthly magazine at the time of its founding in 1909 to its present form of a weekly publication. Through various vicissitudes and financial handicaps, it has come under the successive managements, still to serve in promoting its ideal. As a present *Star* staff, we inherit the contributions of the past and have the added responsibility of making further contributions.

The immediate aim of this year's editing has been not to produce a literary organ, nor a religious publication, nor a sport journal, nor a newspaper, but rather, so to combine these phases of literary effort that they might contribute to the fulfillment of our ideal—a true reflection of the school. While not a literary organ, *The Star* has endeavored to maintain a literary standard worthy of our College. Though not a religious publication, it has been the exponent of those moral and religious ideals which make our school distinctive. Still further, though not having the character of a sport journal or of a mere newspaper, it has tried faithfully to report those events which make up our school life. Such a publication, we believe, will mold the lives and characters of the students, and will best serve the interests of the school's patrons.

Prophetic vision is not necessary to predict a bright future for *The Star*. An established financial basis together with the growth of the school will produce a *Star* whose beams shall ever glorify the school of its birth.



The Houghton Harmonizers

ORCHESTRA

PROF. HAZLETT
 GERALD SCOTT
 ARCHIBALD KING
 JOSEPH HORTON
 JOHN KLIZITT
 JOSEPH KEMP
 ARTHUR CLEGG
 CLINTON DONOHUE
 DONALD FERGUSON
 FRANK HENSHAW
 JOHN BROUGHTON
 WILFRED BAIN
 ALFRED KRECKMAN

First Violin, Director
First Violin, Concert-meister
Second Violin
Second Violin
Violoncello
Tenor Banjo
Flute
First Cornet
Second Cornet
First Saxophone
Second Saxophone
Drums
Piano

DOUBLE MALE QUARTETTE

FRANK HENSHAW
 RALPH JONES
 HAROLD DOUGLASS
 VIRGIL HUSSEY
 ARLING SAUNDERS
 HOLLIS STEVENSON
 OLIVER CHRISTY
 WILFRED BAIN

First Tenor
First Tenor
Second Tenor
Second Tenor
First Bass
First Bass
Second Bass
Second Bass



His for Service

*"We'll girdle the globe with salvation,
With holiness unto the Lord."*

The term, Christian Worker, has meant something in Houghton this year. Not only has it signified those who expect at some future time to labor in the vineyard of the Lord, but it denotes a group of young people who all through the school year have been busy for their Master. Neither distance nor discomfort, neither snows nor blizzards, have kept them from obeying the call, "Go ye." Pastors of available churches have very kindly given the privilege of evening services in their churches, and a large number of such services have been held. Assistance has been given in two country Sunday Schools, and one new school has been opened. At this place, personal contact through home-visitation helped to win a way into the hearts of the people for the coming of the Gospel. One series of evangelistic services was held in which fifteen people sought the Lord. Besides, the entire Student Body was divided into small groups for prayer and personal work. The leaders of these groups were taken from the Christian Workers with but two exceptions.

In a Student Body of approximately two hundred-fifty, the Christian Workers number seventy-four. Nineteen of these are members of the Theological Department, thirty-one of the College, and twenty-four of the High School. According to the work they hope to do; they classify as follows: ministers, twenty-two; foreign missionaries, eighteen; home missionaries, three; evangelists, two; Christian teachers, four; one evangelistic singer; one assistant pastor; one personal worker, and twenty-two who are uncertain as to their specific call.

The world's great need is for men and women who are ready to go anywhere the Lord may direct, at any time, without question, trusting only in Him who has promised to supply all their needs, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. We have a noble group of such young men and women, and our prayer is that the Lord of the ripened harvest fields will raise up many more laborers for work in His vineyard.



The Senior Y. M. W. B.

"Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God."—*William Cary*

This quotation has inspired many. It has also been said that "without a vision the people perish." The Senior Y. M. W. B. has endeavored this year to give people a greater vision of the whitened harvest fields, and thus attempt great things for God, expecting great things from Him. On the first Tuesday evening of each month, programs have been rendered by the students with God's help, which have, we believe, deepened the visions of many in attendance.

In the material line, also, great things have been attempted, and God has helped. For a period of about three weeks, our Student Body and Faculty entered into a self-denial drive, giving their savings to missions. The result was that at the ingathering, we had \$511 toward building a girls' dormitory in India. Besides this we support Sister Hazel Rodgers Banker in India, while the Sunday School, through our Band, supports five native children. Both Sister Banker, a former Houghton student, and some of "our" native children have written to us. This gives us a vital interest in the work and deepens our vision. Nearly every student, all of the Faculty, and some of the townspeople, belong to our Band.

All of our members are interested in missions, but especially thirteen. These are affiliated with the National Volunteer Movement of college students who have heard God's definite call to the foreign work, and have said with Isaiah of old, "Here am I, Lord, send me." At the present they are working for God. It was a student volunteer who first prayed through about our self-denial drive, and then suggested the plan to others. In order to interest the Student Body, the group gave a chapel program at which each one wore a foreign costume. They desire "not to let the vision grow dim, but to keep stirred up, and to stir up others."

We praise God for His faithfulness to us this year. May we not lose our vision, but may it increase.

The Athenian Literary Society

When we think of the Athenians, we think of culture, of fluent and eloquent orators, of individuals well versed and informed in matters of literary and intellectual interest. True to its name, the Athenian Literary Society has proved of great cultural and literary value to those who have participated in or attended her meetings. This year of her history boasts of a larger attendance and greater interest than formerly. Both Mr. Harold Douglass, who was president the first semester, and Mr. Perry Tucker, president the second semester, directed the society with wisdom and ability.

Throughout the year, the programs were of an instructive and entertaining nature. One evening was spent on current events; another in debating the "Old and New Systems of Athletics"; still another on the "Salvation Army." Besides, Thanksgiving, Hallowe'en, and Christmas programs were rendered, each at the appropriate time. A scientific program interested the scientists while the New Year's program inspired all as they viewed the prospects of Houghton's various activities. Musical numbers, either instrumental or vocal, always gave to each program the variety and enjoyment one desires and at the same time an avenue of expression for the musical ability of Houghton College. Among the most appreciated evenings were the two given over to Professor Hazlett's illustrated lectures on the "Pilgrim Fathers in the Old World and in the New World."

Like all literary students, the Athenians enjoy conversing while they eat. One delightful repast was taken in the woods in the autumn, when her members grasped the opportunity of developing not only conversational powers but acquaintances as well.

Thus, the excellent attendance, the well-planned and well-rendered programs, the efficient and deeply-interested officers, besides the backing of every member, have made this the Golden Year in the history of Athenians. The talent and latent possibilities of many students found a means of expression in the society.

Neosophic Literary Society

The Neosophic Literary Society is an organization of the Seminary Department. Its meetings are held every Monday evening from seven to eight o'clock. The purpose of the society is to promote literary interests and to develop and improve the students' ability for public speaking.

At each meeting, some of the members give a program which is judiciously planned by a committee. At one time or another, every member participates in a program. With the help of Miss Miller, the vocal teacher, some of the male members have organized a double male quartet which is indeed worthy of mention. Many of the original readings and songs that have been rendered show the aptness of some students for literary ability.

From every standpoint the outlook of the society is encouraging. Last year, after paying the expenses, quite a large balance was left in the treasury. This year, the treasurer reports a still larger amount because of an additional income with few expenses. Near the beginning of the school year, numerous deficiencies were discovered in the Constitution and By-laws; therefore, the Constitution was carefully revised.

Since the beginning of the society, many other organizations have been established which are powerful in drawing to them the time and attention that was once put into the society. However, the society remains an interesting and thriving factor in the Seminary. Here the students are afforded many opportunities which no other school activity gives.

The Mission Study Class

Houghton has many inspirational features, among which is the Mission Study Class. Realizing the necessity for instruction regarding the spiritual problems of the world, Miss Hillpot was largely instrumental in arousing interest among the students along this line and in organizing the class. It was originally composed of girls only, and met in the reception room at the dormitory for an hour on Saturday evening. Later, the boys were invited into the class, and for several years the time of meeting was changed to an afternoon hour when all who were interested met in the theological room and were taught by Mrs. Mary L. Clarke, the Y. M. W. B. superintendent. Another change was deemed advisable about four years ago, and the hour from seven to eight on Saturday evening was devoted to this work. The class moved to the High-School Assembly Room in order to accommodate the increasing numbers who attended the Study, and to make available a piano for use in the musical part of the program. The class was under the direction of Miss Hampe for three years.

During the present interim of school, Miss Josephine Rickard has been the able and efficient leader. Under her direction the class has taken a survey of missions beginning with Apostolic times. Through the study of biography, the missionary urge of the early church fathers was shown; the intense zeal of Raymond Lull; the sacrificial spirit of the Jesuits; the extent and utter self-forgetfulness of the labors of the Moravians. Early New England missions to the Indians, pioneers to the North, the indefatigable labor of Wilfred Grenfell, were all subjects of discussion. The latter part of the year was given to intensive study of the missionary problems of Mexico and South America.

The aim of the Mission Study Class is not only to inform students on missionary questions but also to enable them to conduct instructive and inspiring programs.

The Anna Houghton Daughters

One of the younger organizations of Houghton is known as the Anna Houghton Daughters. Its personnel is made up of the wives of the Faculty members, women teachers, and wives of the married students. Its purpose is to provide a means of mutual acquaintance for its members, and in the words of the Constitution of the society, its purpose "shall be the social, mental, and religious development of its members and those whom they may reach."

Several interesting and worth-while gatherings have been held during the past year in addition to the regular meetings which are held on the first and third Fridays of each month. Some of these events have become annual occurrences. Last May the Seniors of all departments were invited to a formal tea held in the alcove between the College and the High School building. The arbor lent itself readily to decoration, and none could doubt that a friendly feeling existed between the students and their hostesses.

A formal banquet, to which the husbands are invited, has become an established custom, and such a banquet was planned for an evening in November. However, at that time the Y. M. W. B. put on a self-denial drive. Therefore, the Society decided to purchase tickets for the banquet as usual, but to give the money thus collected to the self-denial fund and to forego the banquet. At the regular meeting held during this time, instead of the usual refreshments, a lunch of two courses was served, the first course being salted hot water, the second colored cold water, and the money thus saved was added to the fund.

A Christmas Box was packed and sent to Miss Tanner, a former member of the society and now a faithful missionary on the African field. By the contents of the box it was hoped to add cheer not only to Miss Tanner but also to the mission children.

Some study has been devoted to art during the year, and an evening of profit and pleasure was spent in the study of reproductions of famous paintings by French and Dutch artists which were thrown upon a screen in the College chapel, and which were discussed by members of the organization.

The Anna Houghton Daughters desire to fulfill the purpose of their organization and to personify the characteristics and virtues of Mrs. Anna Sparks Houghton for whom the society was named.

Houghton College—Its Privileges

Without doubt, the greatest benefit conferred upon the students of Houghton College is the easy approach afforded to the attainment of the only true and proper relationship between one's self and God; likewise, between one's self and his fellowmen. Nevertheless, there are other advantages extended to the students, which, although I do not place them on a plane with this supreme privilege, contribute an important factor to the life of a well-rounded character.

An essential phase of one's capacity is the ability to appreciate the fine arts—especially music. Houghton College has been privileged to entertain and to be entertained by some of the world's most famous artists. The name of Arthur G. Hartman is familiar to the whole violin world, both in Europe and in America.

Professor Hartman, who formerly lived in Houghton, has more than once graced our College rostrum by his presence, and filled the chapel with those beautiful, harmonic strains which only flow from the "king of all instruments" when under the guiding touch of a master artist. We sincerely appreciate Professor Hartman's kindness in appearing at a reduced price.

Also, Mme. Grey-Lhevine, another widely-heralded violinist, in her recital last December charmed a Houghton audience by her amazing skill in the art of the bow. We are anxiously awaiting a return visit next season.

For the vocal realm of music, Mr. Butler, Dean of Fine Arts College at Syracuse University, has furnished an enjoyable evening's entertainment of a refined quality. The minutes rolled swiftly by as Mr. Butler's full baritone voice resounded through the auditorium, and before one was scarcely aware of it, the evening had passed. Yet, one was conscious of having received through the medium of the "first musical instrument" a deeper understanding of the harmony which exists when everything is in perfect working order. This harmony is a type of the sublime harmony which prevails when the relation between man and God, and between man and his fellowmen, is perfect.

In regard to the field of elocution, President Southwick of Emerson College is probably the best reader who has ever interpreted lines of literature on our platform. But, indeed, we feel that we enjoyed a special "treat" while listening to the impersonations by this great artist—a leader in his realm.

Of illustrated lectures we have enjoyed many excellent features. In February, Mr. Edward C. Raine displayed on a screen the pictures of scenes which he had taken during his journeys through Alaska. His first-hand information, acquired by years of experience in Alaska was rounded into an interesting lecture concerning that alluring "land of the midnight sun." Through a stereopticon lecture arranged by Dwight Hillis, pastor of the Plymouth church, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Professor Hazlett of our English Department imparted to us a conception of the true Puritan spirit of loyalty, perseverance, and worship. Also, by the aid of Mr. Ward Bowen of the State Educational Department we were privileged to view slides of the exact representations of famous masterpieces of art in the original colors. The works of such artists as, Rembrandt, Corot, Millet, Breton, Rousseau, Israels and Bonheur were exhibited. We are glad of these opportunities to learn a little more about the world's great painters and paintings.

I have endeavored to present an idea of the convenience which our students enjoy in learning to appreciate the fine arts—this appreciation, the development of which, I believe, is entirely in conformity with the will of God, and which is the logical outgrowth of the inborn spirit as it craves for beauty, harmony, and perhaps most of all, purity. Did not the apostle say, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Do we not see the hand of God in his perfect gift to man of that perfect harmony of music? Do we not see the hand of God in the use of that beautiful voice endowed to man by God? Do we not see the hand of God in the work of celebrated artists who possess the mind, spirit, and faculties for interpreting and portraying nature? In fact, in all things do we not see the hand of God, if we search for it? Perhaps the very artists themselves, who develop and make use of these perfect gifts of God, do not see Him in their accomplishments. Nevertheless, it is the privilege of every one with a pure heart to see God in all things. Therefore, the opportunity of studying and appreciating the fine arts is presented to the students of Houghton.

Editorial

Did you ever stop to think just why you came to Houghton where you are surrounded by an environment and influences which aid in the development of one of the best characters the world can demand? Was it an accident? Or perhaps you had no volition in the matter. Houghton College was selected by your parents. You may have considered a college education as a means of later earning a livelihood. Whatever, the reason, you are here. Now that you have become adjusted to College life, what is your purpose? Are you striving to develop strength of mind and strength of will? Houghton College's conception of life is a far broader one than the question of earning a living. The average student bases his success on his grades, but the real scholar works for an understanding of the subject. In short, is your college course fitting you to become a leader of men, or a storehouse of knowledge which you cannot apply to life? The world is looking to college men and women, today, for the leaders of tomorrow.

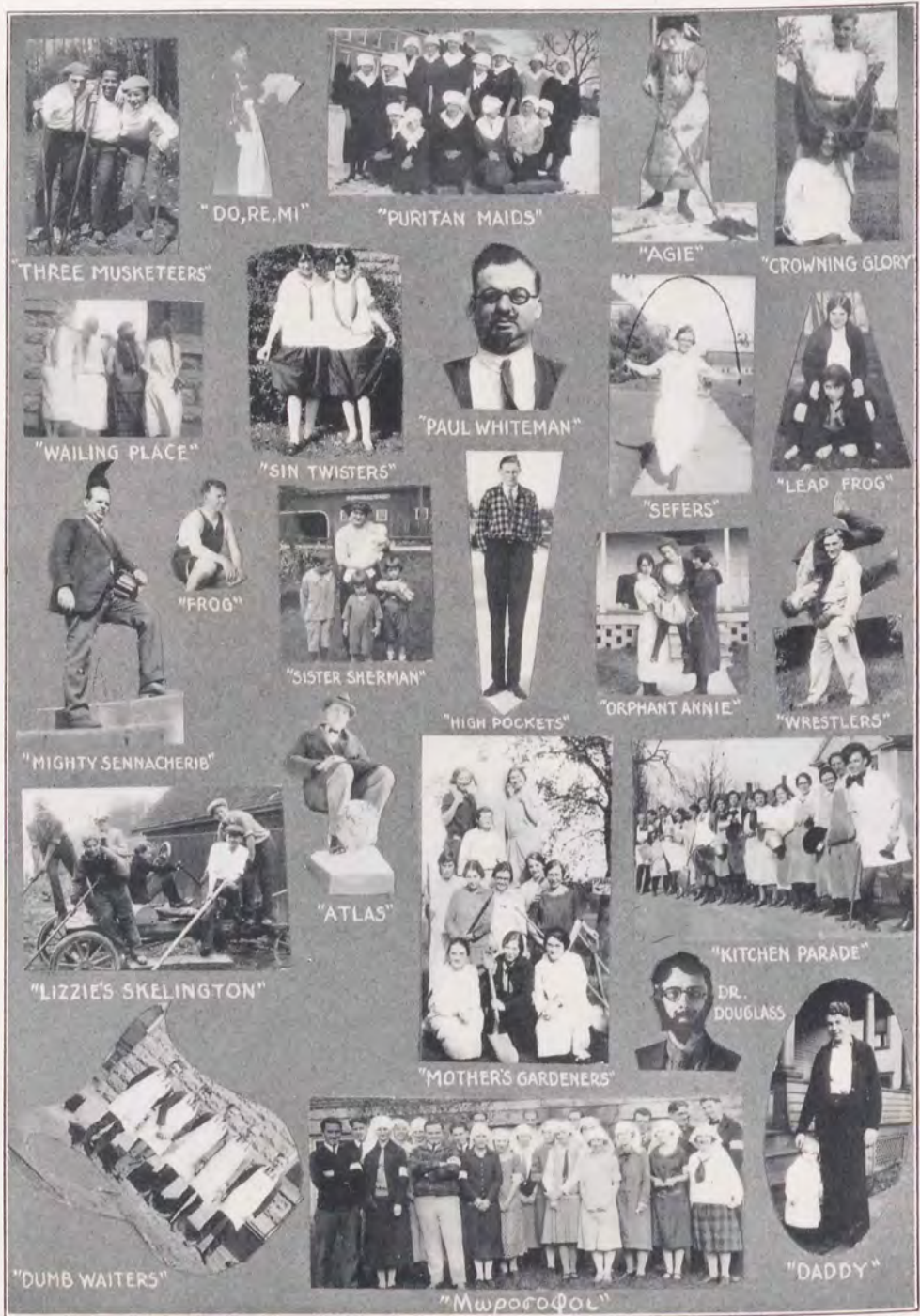
The question then arises, "What is a leader?" There are many qualities which enter into leadership, varying somewhat with the field. Among the necessary qualities is a mind trained to think independently, skilled in adaptation, and taught to observe. There must also be a tenacity of purpose and the capability to adhere to a view once adopted or a decision once made. As was said of Abraham Lincoln:

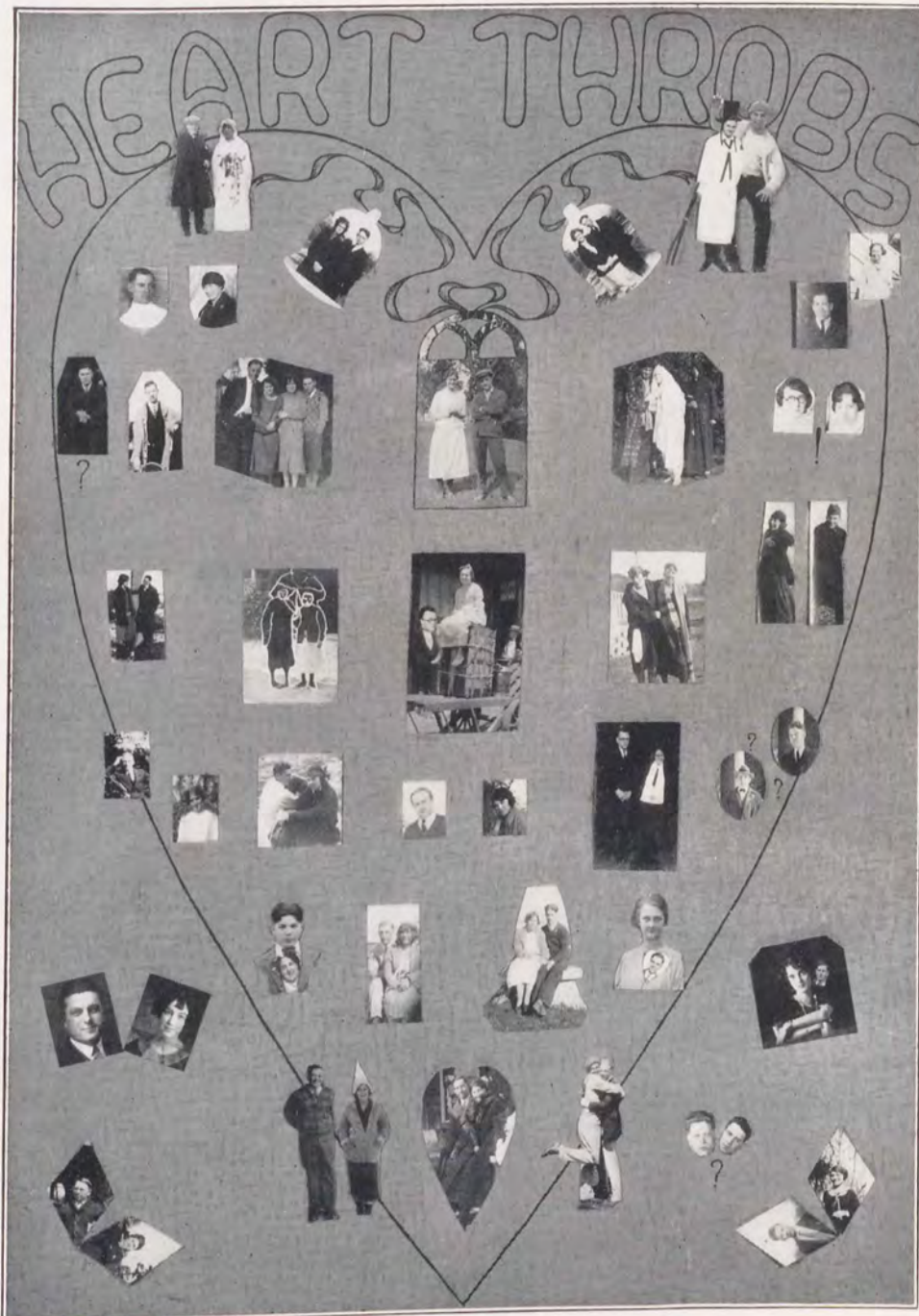
"He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise."

Leadership also requires sound judgment, fit to forecast the result of action. But above all these is a sympathy that entertains the thoughts of others. A true leader expands his own life until he understands all lives. However, this understanding of life cannot be obtained except through Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, the Source of Life. Only through personal acquaintance and daily fellowship with Him can we attain to a proper conception of our relation to our fellow men. As He taught His disciples of old, even today if we follow Him He will make us "fishers of men." Houghton College places emphasis on the development of Christian character. The Bible is taught as the Word of God, and the Guidebook of Life.

In the final analysis, Houghton College differs from many others in that its mission is to train—no, not leaders but Christian leaders; not alone for the pulpits and mission fields but for the business world and other walks of life. The world needs men who will manifest the spirit of Christ in practical life; who have the red blood and backbone to uphold principles they believe to be right. As students, we view the ranks of those who have passed through Houghton's halls in bygone years. We see many of them today carrying out the purposes and ideals for which Houghton College was founded. We find them in the ranks of Christian leaders. We are proud of Houghton College, of her Christian ideals and principles. Her success in the years to come depends upon the Alumni leaving her halls from year to year. Shall we fail to carry on her mission?







Weis Kraks

A MINUS QUANTITY

Mrs. Mitchell: "Wait a moment, Mr. Hussey. What do you understand by that word, *deficit*?"

Virg: "It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you just hadn't nothin'."

* * *

Mr. Lutz, studying industriously, and Christy, just returning from Flaxington's lecture.

Lutz: "Was it any good?"

Flaxington, following Christy: "No! No! It wasn't any good."

* * *

Jack (*of the Class of '29*): "A penny for your thoughts."

"Hank" (*dignified (?) Senior*): "What do you think I am, a slot machine?"

* * *

"Buddy": "I hear you were born in Africa—what part?"

Evangeline: "Oh, all of me."

* * *

Miss Hampe: "See here, Thelma, I think you had better stop seeing Mosher."

Thelma: "Oh, but Miss Hampe, he's very close to me."

Miss Hampe: "So I noticed last night when I came in."

* * *

Scottie (*in a hurry*): "Say, operator, are you all crazy down there?"

Operator: "Sorry, sir, but we are not allowed to give information."

* * *

Traffic Cop: "Say, you, didn't you see me wave at you?"

"Buddy": "Yes, you fresh thing, and if Howard was here, he'd paste you one for it."

* * *

Prof. Wright: "About twenty years ago a certain man recognized my beauty. I was standing on a street corner of a large city when a man in a peculiar carriage stopped in front of me and cried, 'Hansom! Hansom!' "

Genuine courtesy springs from the heart, not from the lips—a little more kindness and a little less greed; a little more giving and a little less greed; a little more smile; a little less frown; a little less kicking the man when he's down; a little more "we" and a little less "I"; a little more laughter and a little less cry; a little more of flowers on the pathway of life will prevent many complaints and end much strife.

* * *

A SPORTING CHANCE

Chuck: "Where has Howard gone?"

Mosher: "Well, if the ice is as strong as he thinks it is, he has gone skating—if not, he has gone swimming."

* * *

Christy: "Wait a minute, Austin, I'll go up on the hill with you."

Austin: "I got to go up to see Prof. Wright."

Lane: "Prof. Wright isn't at home."

Austin: "Oh, well, I'll see his wife."

* * *

Miss Gillette: "What was the Sherman Act?"

Charlie M. (*bright pupil*): "Marching Through Georgia."

* * *

On a recent church bulletin, the pastor's theme for the following Sunday, "What is the Worst Thing in the World?" was announced in large type, and following in much the same type, "Singing by Our Quartette, Morning and Evening."

* * *

A LONG STORY

A bubbling brook,
A shady nook—
Her hand he took,
Now she's his cook!

* * *

Father: "Is the teacher satisfied with you?"

Willis: "Oh, quite."

Father: "Did he tell you so?"

Willis: "Yes, just the other day he said to me, 'If all my scholars were like you, I would shut my school this very day.' That shows I know enough."

* * *

Mr. Molyneux: "Don't you see that sign, 'Private—No Hunting Allowed!'"
Freddie: "I don't read anything marked private."

* * *

(*Katherine and Bertha, arguing*) Katherine: "The days of miracles are over."
Bertha: "I don't know about that. I read an article the other day that set me thinking!"

A member (?) of the Bowen Gang—She (?): "When we are married, I'll share all your troubles and sorrows."

He: "But I have none."

She: "I said, when we are married."

* * *

POOR-PAYEE

Alton: "I've brought that last pair of trousers to be reseeded. You know I sit a lot."

Tailor: "Yes, and perhaps you've brought the bill to be receipted, too. You know I've stood a lot."

* * *

A flapper is just one type of society gone to seed—the counterpart of the dude who went to seed first.

* * *

Many young people start for a thrill—and stop with a thud.

* * *

If some people just knew what they do not know, they would be intellectual prodigies.

* * *

"Wilfy" (*boasting of his retentive memory*): "My memory is excellent. There are only three things I can't remember. I can't remember names—and I can't remember faces—and—and I forgot what the third thing is."

* * *

Prof. Leroy Fancher (*talking the usual nonsense to the baby*): "No, no, 'oo mustn't tick 'oo's footsy—"

Just then he caught sight of the visitor, blushed furiously, and muttered: "No, no, you must not expose your pedal extremities by extending them beyond the protective covering of the blankets, or you will lay your system open to attacks of catarrhal affection."

* * *

"Ma" Johnson: "Where did you absorb those principles of yours—at your mother's knee?"

Irwin English: "No, over my father's."

* * *

COAT VERSUS PANTS

"Say, Emery, I heard you were sick."

"Yes, I was. I had the new disease called the 'clothing sickness.'"

"What on earth is that?"

"Well, I had a coat on my tongue and my breath came in short pants."

* * *

Embrace your opportunities—especially if they are good-looking!

* * *

Teacher (*after fire drill*): "Those Freshmen walked out as if they were going to a picnic."

Sophomore: "Oh, they probably knew they were so green they wouldn't burn."

Bug-House Fables

FACULTY OF HOUGHTON COLLEGE AND SEMINARY

<i>President</i>	Orville Knox, J.V.D., S.D.U.K.
<i>Dean of College</i>	Gerald Scott, J.A.
<i>Dean of Men</i>	Emory Carl, W.G.S., S.S.C.
<i>Head of English Department</i>	Joseph Kemp, M.R.S.L.
<i>Instructor in English</i>	Mildred Jean Hazlett, L.H.D.
<i>Dean of Women</i>	Treva Shoemaker, S.P.C.A.
<i>Pastor of Church</i>	Paul Jassimides, M.E.G.H.P.
<i>Director of Music</i>	Ivah B. Benning, Mus.D.
<i>Vocal Instructor</i>	John Higgins, R.A.M.
<i>Oratory Instructor</i>	Genevieve Lilly, Lam., F.Z.S.
<i>Professor of Biology</i>	Louisa Gifford, M.N.A.S.
<i>Professor of Chemistry</i>	Katherine Jennings, L.A.H.
<i>Professor of Latin and French</i>	Louis Baker, L.L.
<i>Professor of Physics and Mathematics</i>	Pauline Cook, M.I.C.E.
<i>Instructor in History</i>	Irwin Enty, P.S.H.
<i>Head of Theological Department</i>	James Ake, D.D., U.A.O.D.
<i>Professor of Greek</i>	Oliver Christy, D.H.
<i>Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature</i>	Clarence Flint, S.T.P.
<i>Librarian</i>	Gladys Taylor, R.W.G.W.
<i>Assistant Librarian</i>	Wilfred Bain, M.L.A.
<i>Athletic Instructor</i>	Thelma Crandall, R.M.A.
<i>Principal of High School</i>	Charles Molyneaux, W.G.C.
<i>Study Room Attendant</i>	Beatrice Cooper, R.S.
<i>Latin</i>	Esther Hall, L.L.
<i>English</i>	Bradford Wells, L.H.D.
<i>French</i>	Cosette Phillips, M.R.S.L.
<i>Drawing</i>	Harvey Jennings, R.I.B.A.
<i>History and Mathematics</i>	Robert Albright, S.H.S.
<i>Science and German</i>	Russell Cronk, L.A.C., F.A.A.A.S.

OTHER ADMINISTRATORS

<i>Cook</i>	Arlene Dibble, Dom. Prel., Com. Sergt.
<i>Matron of Girls' Dormitory</i>	Jane Williams, F.S.A.E.
<i>Matron of Boys' Dormitory</i>	Katherine Secord, Com. S.P.
<i>Matron of the "Iceberg"</i>	Mae McLaughlin, N.P.D.
<i>Janitor</i>	Frank Henshaw, D.P.W., I.W.W.
<i>Floor Sweeper</i>	Ralph Long, Com. Unf. Bus.
<i>Laundress</i>	Frank Wright, F.C.S.
<i>Manager of Printing Office</i>	Frank Lane, A.O.U.W.
<i>Shoemaker</i>	Harold Douglass, S.A.S.
<i>Manager of General Store</i>	Wilbur Cross, H.E.I.C.
<i>Manager of College Book Store</i>	Lowell Fancher, C.O.D.
<i>Barber</i>	Cora Frost, D.D.S.
<i>Post Master and Mistress</i>	Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, D.P.O., D.L.O.
<i>Barn Boss</i>	Ruth Rockwell, G.H.G.

The inmates of Gaoyadeo Hall are seriously cursed with a new type of pest; namely, *De Merits*, which are small black bugs with for-get-me-nots on their wings.

Never do tomorrow what your roommate can do today.

Question: "What are May Young's chief occupations?"

Answer: "Studying Virgil and doing other rash things."

Pauline: "Wilber, what's that bump on your head?"

Wilber: "Oh, that's where a thought struck me."

ENIGMAS

Herbert Strapped Florence Snider.

Thomas Phillips has Bennin(g) Houghton as a Shoemaker, and at Leasure the Sonnleitner of Mann.

Scott Knox Edward's Chin(d) Al-bright Brown; it Akes so Johnson Careys Sloan to Edwards—both Don-a-hue of White.

French King Cole Saunders 'Long Careying White Fish to Grange Hall. Burleigh Carpenter Strapps Baker, Miller, and Taylor on Brown Gates, Kings-bury English Mann in Pitt and Wells.

Lucky Hussey, And-er-son, Neal on Cott and Cook Bacon and Burn-ham in Green Woodhouse.

Coy Fox Crouches on Burr in Green Lane, and Akes.

Roth Storms Carey Bain to White Lilly and Turner into Flint and Krackman.

Jane Williams will soon be Howlan'(d).

In Economics test, Mrs. Hazlett in defining "boycott": "Boycott=Francis Cott". Professor Fancher on returning paper—"This is clever, but not the proper discharge. It might have been 'Worth' more."

Prof. Hazlett—"We can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all, merely an escape of gas." Gladys Taylor—"Oh, I see, something wrong with the meter."

BOULDER Staff in Prof. Hazlett's room with door locked and shade on window. A knock at the door. Pete—"You've got the wrong knock there, old boy." Pres. Luckey's face appears a moment later at another window.

Prof. Baker—"Why are you late?" Bev. and Lane—"It began before we got here."

Mr. Mattoon, having advised his wife not to go to prayer meeting because she was tired, goes to Dorm. Upon return, he asks, "Why didn't you go to prayer meeting?" Mrs. Mattoon—"You told me not to." Mr. M.—"Oh, you shouldn't listen to the devil."

HEARSAY

Miss Grange celebrated her fiftieth wedding anniversary, April 1st.

One hundred years ago, Professor Whitaker had his curls tied up with blue ribbons.

Mr. Boyd is divorced.

Pres. Luckey and Mrs. Bowen gave a joint musical recital, Feb. 30, 1492.

Price Stark officiated at a Methodist baptismal service.

Clinton Donohue will escort the future Dean of Women.

"High Pockets" was seen on stilts.

Helen Kellogg is all Tuckered out.

Fidelia Warburton was seen climbing the flagpole.

Freddie Howland is Ruthless.

Professors Molyneaux and Baker are nourishing flowing beards.

Robert Stark recently adopted the Mormon faith.

John Higgins' pants should be twelve inches from the floor.

Prof. Wright was a tadpole about fifty years ago.

Miss Gifford did the Charleston on the campus.

"Dot" Meade has established a matrimonial agency.

Calendar—1925-1926

SEPTEMBER

- 8—Registration Day
- 11—New Students' Reception.
- 13—Maxwell LaVay Fancher, Jr., one week old today.
Reorganization of Sunday School classes.
Revival meetings begin.
- 16—College Seniors organize. Frank Henshaw, President.
- 23—Theologs organize. Josephine Rickard, President.
- 24—First *Star* appears.
- 25—College Sophomores organize. Virgil Hussey, President.
- 28—Organization of College Freshman Class with Lowell Fox as President.
- 29—Houghton Athletic Association organizes.
- 30—High School Student Body organizes. Agnes Lapham, President.
Organization of College Juniors. Paul Steese, President.
Mrs. Fox starts sewing classes for the girls.
College Seniors roast "hot dogs" at the "spring."
Girls of Gaoyadeo Hall enjoy moonlight hike.

OCTOBER

- 1—Subscription drive for *Star*—College Juniors, 100%.
Chorus meets.
- 2—Prof. Whitaker's 70th birthday. Chicken dinner—late for afternoon classes.
First meeting of the BOULDER Staff.
About twenty go to Falconer to Missionary Convention.
- 4—Theologs hold evening service at Fillmore.
- 5—Literary Societies organize.
- 6—Inspiring chapel hour with Rev. J. S. Willett.
- 8—Prayer League introduced in Houghton.
First meeting of Harmonizers and election of officers.
- 9—Hills and valley made beautiful by snowy covering.
Girls from Long Dorm have "Dawg Roast" at camp ground.
- 10—"Giants, grasshoppers, and God." Tribute to Columbus.
"Crusaders" spend night at Camp Shenawana.
- 11—Houghton "sees out" over the surrounding hilltops. Christian workers visit three Sunday Schools
and hold evangelistic service at Higgins.
- 13—Ione Driscoll chosen to lead missionary forces.
- 15—"Gold Dust Twins" visit campus. Arbor Day a grand success.
- 16—Athenians hunt chestnuts. Yetter unable to maintain his equilibrium.
- 22—Members of Nature Study Club eat weiners.
Baby Party for Gladys Taylor, Harriet Storms, Laurel Davies, and Ruby Moore.
- 23—House of Bowen triumphs over Steese Gang.
- 26—"Old or New System of Athletics?" interesting debate in Athenian.—
Students attend concert of Lhevinne in Rochester.

The Boulder

- 28—Unusual program by Royal Holland Bell Ringers.
30—"Sincere, and yet sincerely wrong." Rev. David Anderson.
Spooks! Den of Horrors! Classes celebrate Hallowe'en.

NOVEMBER

- 5—Inspiring talk, "From a Broomstick to a Pony," by Rev. James Allenwood.
6—"Freely ye have received, freely give." Self-denial drive begins, to raise money for girls' dormitory in India.
Bowen Bachelors win over Genesee Valley All-Stars.
Senior Banquet at Kinney House in Cuba.
7—Pheasant Day.
9—College Freshmen entertain the Athenians.
11—Armistice Day. Van Wormer tells war experiences.
"I saw a little patch of green.
I thought it was the grass,
But nearing it, I saw
A member of the Freshman class."
13—Forkell lectures on "America's Greatest Hour."
16—Students sign contracts with Winston Book Co. for work next summer.
18—Frances Wells goes to Warsaw Hospital.
Sigrid Stein, Cora Frost, and Clair Carey have passed another milestone.
20—Recital by Mr. and Mrs. Butler.
24—Over the top! \$511 for self-denial drive.
25—Thanksgiving Vacation.
Students hold revival meetings at Allen Center.
26—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."
Bee Line hike led by "Solomon." Finding of "Missing Link."
27—Crowd spends afternoon at Roth's. Waiters have pancake feed.

DECEMBER

- 5—Theological Seniors organize. John Mann, President.
10—Gray-Lhevinne Recital.
11—Jolly Juniors appear in gymnasium, wearing "Red and Yellow" lids. Junior boys triumph over Freshmen.
Prof. Wright demonstrates skill at flipping pancakes.
14—Faculty feast on bear and deer at home of Mr. and Mrs. Molyneaux.
15—Juniors "take chapel by storm." Discard "Red and Yellow" for Rose and Silver.
18—Students go home for holidays. About fifteen remain.
20—"Circuit-riders" drive Old Dobbin to Fox Hill.
21—Prof. Wright finds muddiest route for Christmas tree.
22—Skating, followed by radio party at Tucker's.
24—Midnight carols.
25—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."
26—Bill returns to work on "themes."
29—Straw, a sleigh, snow, and a jolly crowd!
31—Montgomery Boyd withdraws from Bachelor's Club.

JANUARY

1—"Happy New Year!"

"Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be."

Miss Rishell becomes Mrs. Mitchell.

2—Prof. Hazlett goes sliding with the baby.

3—Studies resumed.

Pres. Luckey's suggestions: "Study alone, rise early to study, and follow a definite schedule."

8—Bowen Bachelors again defeat Steese Gang.

Music-lovers hear Paderewski at Buffalo.

9—Red Triangle Indoor Meet. Houghton boys win laurels.

11—College Seniors surprise president with birthday party.

"Prospects are good for the coming year." Athenian.

13—Rev. D. B. Hampe conducts chapel. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

15—Lecture on "Evolution versus Revelation" by Dr. Levi Bird; prize offered to Greek students.

18—Cramming precedes examinations. "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

21—Van Wormer: "Oh, I'm a hopeless dumb-bell. I've failed . . . failed ! !" And HE MADE 99!

22—Hurrah for our side!

Purple-Gold Series ends. Purple girls and Gold boys win championship.

23—Miss Frost becomes matron of the "Ice box."

FEBRUARY

2—"Be strong in the Lord." Inspiring chapel address by Rev. Hotchkiss.

3—Election of Student Body officers in both College and Seminary.

Merrill Linquest elected President of Girls in Gaoyadeo Hall.

5—Concert by Alpress All-Star Company.

7—"Pilgrims in the Old World." Illustrated lecture by Prof. Hazlett.

9—"The fight is on, O Christian soldier."

10—Spillman lectures on "Twice-born Men."

11—Rev. C. V. Fairburn arrives to hold evangelistic services.

18—Teacher's Conference at Houghton.

21—Last service of revival series.

22—Revival spirit continues. Several are saved in prayer meeting.

"Sewing Bee." Not more than twelve inches from the floor. Remember!

Mrs. Bowen's birthday celebrated by a surprise party.

"Pilgrims in the New World." Second lecture by Prof. Hazlett.

23—"Victory! Victory! Blessed blood-bought victory!"

Victory! Victory! Victory all the time!

As Jehovah liveth, strength divine He giveth,

Unto those who know Him, victory all the time!"

Over 200 in prayer meeting. One hundred and forty-eight testify to "Victory."

25—BOULDER staff works into wee hours of the morning.

26—Annual Library Benefit Concert.

MARCH

- 1—"Alaska, the Land of the Midnight Sun." Illustrated lecture by Edgar C. Raine.
- 3—College Seniors are royally entertained at the home of Genevieve Lilly.
- 5—Another victory for the Bowen Bachelors.
- 6—Theologs? No! Juniors? No! Just "US", out for a sleigh ride.
- 8—Anna Houghton Daughters show masterpieces of art in Athenian.
- 10—Lecture on "Peaceful Patriotism" by Mr. Flaxington.
- 12—Foreign Representation by Student Volunteers in chapel.
College Seniors entertain sister class in the gym.
Class Honors announced at High School Junior-Senior party. Florence Fish and Alton Cronk rank highest.
- 15—Behold the Junior and Frosh colors on the flagpole!
- 17—"We will not be outdone by the Frosh. Behold our colors!" Seniors and Sophs.
- 18—Where are the banners? Gone !!!
- 19—Theolog girls and "Battling Bishops" play Junior teams. Games followed by "Feeds." Van Wormer proves ability as "Joker."
- 22—"Grandpa" Kreckman is getting old—forty-two years!
- 25—"In the mail there came a box,
This I'll swear if it costs some knocks.
You ask, 'Was it empty?'
No! Just ask M. P."
- 26—"Just think! Today I leave my 'teens'!"—Goldie.
College Sophs defeat Seminary Basketball team.
BOULDER staff still plodding on:
Kreckman and Hazel have "Heart Throbs."
Paul and Ione "count the cost."
- 27—BOULDER work continues. Prof. Hazlett's room becomes dining hall.
- 29—Have you studied faithfully? If not, beware!
- 30—Rev. Gibbs, missionary from Japan, speaks to students.
- 31—At last! After weary night's work, the BOULDER is completed.

APRIL

Harmonizer's Concert in Houghton.
High School Sophs wear distinctions.
Spring vacation. Many attend conference at Fillmore.
High School Seniors give concert.

MAY

High School Junior-Senior Banquet.
College Junior-Senior Banquet.
Track and Field Meet.
Memorial Day.
Final exams of the year.

JUNE

- 3—Recital of graduates from Music Department.
- 6—Baccalaureate Sermon. Missionary Address in the evening.
- 9—Annual Commencement.

"So take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

We thank our Advertisers for
helping us put out this Annual



We suggest that the Student Body
return the compliment by giving
them their trade to as great a de-
gree as possible.

—*The Staff*

HOUGHTON COLLEGE



RECOGNITION

Houghton College is chartered and accredited by New York State.

Students may use New York State scholarships.

Graduates receive the degrees of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science with diplomas signed both by the officials of the College and of the State.

Graduates may receive the College Limited Teachers' Certificate without taking examinations.

COURSES OF STUDY

There are seventy courses of study classified under the following departments: English; Foreign Languages, both Modern and Ancient; History; Economics; Political Science; Sociology; Philosophy; Psychology; Religious Education; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry, and Biological Science.

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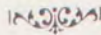
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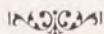
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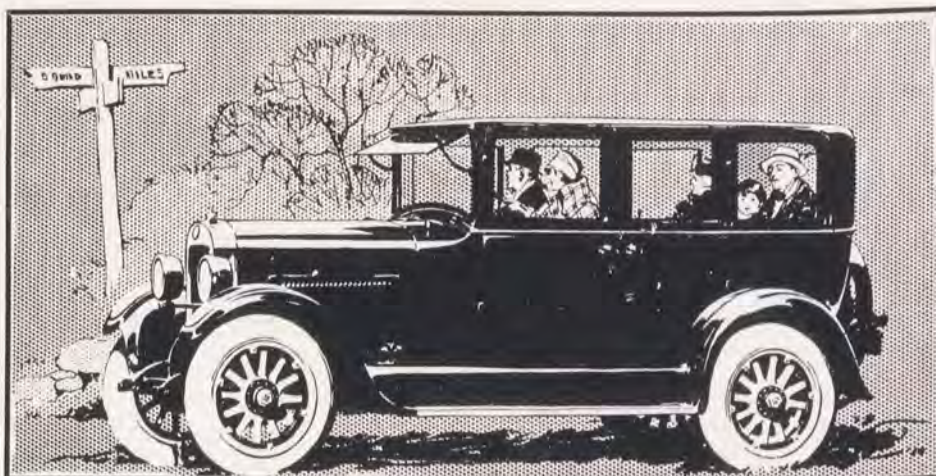
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