

Ennis / Litterman
Farmount

The Houghton Star

Ind

VOLUME XII

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1920

NUMBER 13

COMMUNITY DONATION

Donation Is a Record Breaker

The largest crowd we have ever seen out to a donation in Houghton came together in the Seminary on the evening of March 19. We are encouraged by the increased good will which is being shown by the community toward our church and school. A good visit and a good supper were enjoyed by all, after which the evening was concluded by an entertainment of music, reading, and speeches in the chapel.

Rev. Sicard and family were presented with a substantial indication of appreciation in the form of \$137.54.

LIBRARY CONCERT

On March 15 the faculty and students of Houghton gave a very interesting concert. It was one of real quality and enjoyed more by many than some of our entertainments given by expensive outside talent. We have one criticism to make, which is that twice as much should have been charged for admittance—unless the principal aim of those giving it was to be sociable and produce a stronger and more general feeling of good will between the school and the community.

Admittance was twenty-five cents. It would of been low at fifty. \$34.00 was raised, which, being duplicated through the generosity of Leonard J. Houghtyn, provides 68.00 for the improvement of our library.

MARRIED

Lovina Thayer, a former Seminary student and Commander Herbert S. Babbit U. S. N. were married Apr. 3rd, 1920 by the Rev. Chas. Sicard.

Mr. and Mrs. Babbit will spend a few days in New York before starting in the thirty day Eagle Tour to California and the Southwest.

Many wishes for their happiness and prosperity.

INTERSOCIETY DEBATE

The Athenian and Neosophic societies uncovered their argumentative talent in a public debate held in the chapel on March 22nd at 7:30 P. M. The topic under discussion—Resolved, That Houghton Seminary should have intercollegiate athletics—proved to be of much interest as was shown in the large attendance of students.

In spite of the handicap of both teams, the Athenian working two debaters instead of the three previously planned and the Neosophics substituting a man late in the afternoon, the discussion progressed quite smoothly and was well covered in the time allotted the contestants.

The affirmative was supported by John Hester and Fenno Densmore. Mr Hester gave an excellent introduction building the affirmative's argument on the present unorganized system of athletics: waiving the point of football, and eliminating the participants under the age of twenty-one in any intercollegiate games. He gave a brilliant rebuttal, which was a great asset in winning the decision. Mr. Densmore endeavored to show how morality, school spirit, school enrollment, and school finances could be greatly advanced by adopting intercollegiate athletics. In the absence of Miss Edith Warburton, Mr. Densmore spoke twice and ably presented her argument.

The negative was supported by Stanley Lawrence, Howard Chapman, and Royal Woodhead. Mr. Lawrence explained how the moral and religious standards of Houghton Seminary would be lowered by intercollegiate athletics. His speech was thrilling yet pointed, and appealed particularly to the emotions. Mr Chapman warned us against financial ruin in case our athletic system were changed. His speech brought outbursts of laughter, nevertheless it was direct and good argumentation. Mr. Chapman had only a short time in which to prepare and he must be given due credit for a speech which ranked equal to those of his colleagues. Mr. Woodhead attacked the physical condition of retired athletes and produced many statistics to prove his

point, however most of his facts had been waived early in the debate.

In as much as the negative lost, let us warn the victors who girdeth on their harness; not to boast too much, as the line of demarkation was not overlo distinct.

WAR-SOME OF IT

*The incidents of this article are related exactly as they occurred.—C. A. Russell (F. Co. runner, 306th Infantry, 77th Division.)

War—how the word holds my mind when I hear it; war—just that and nothing else. I pause to think of it. It takes possession of me; I feel it in all my being; for I have thought war, I have felt war, I have lived war—and only God knows how I could think and feel so much of it and still live.

Will you go with me into the war? I will take you into the midst of it. I will show it to you just as it was—not the dashing, thrilling, phenomenal achievements that, in the glowing colors of the newspaper man's imagination, flash out from the columns of your great daily—not that, but a bit of war which shall discover to you the real experience of your own soldier boy, the one for whom you waited so long and anxiously, the one upon whom you depended to tell you just what war really was, but who failed to do it.

On the night of August 10, 1918, the infantry of the 2d battalion of the 77th Division was hiking along in the darkness somewhere to the north of Chateau Thierry and Fere-en-Tardenois. These soldiers were those of whom it had been said, "They are gentlemen. Their city is greatest in the business of our country. Her men are in politics, they have money, they have power with the government. New York city's own will fight a gentlemen's war; you will not find them much where danger and hardships are greatest and death is nearest."

I was with Company F. We did not

Continued on page 3

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary, eighteen times during the school year.

Subscription price, 75c. per year; foreign countries, 85c; regular issues, 5c per copy. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE to the Business Manager.

Entered at the postoffice at Houghton, N. Y., as second class matter.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief Edith H. Warburton, '22
Associate Editor John E. Hester, '21
Faculty Adviser LaVay Fancher
General Reporter Cecil Russell, '22
Current News Georgia Van Buskirk, P., '20
Exchanges Orange Hester, '23
Athletics Mary Williams, Prep., '20
Lawrence Woods, '20
Ginger Jai John Wilcox, Theo., '21

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Edwin Ballinger, '23
Advertising Manager Zola Kitterman, '22
Circulation Manager Viola Lewis T., '22

Editorial

OUR CHAPEL HOUR

Of late the question has been raised, "should we as students of Houghton Seminary, be required to attend chapel every school day?" There are some, of course, who answer in the negative, but the majority seem to believe with us in the affirmative.

We believe the daily chapel service to be a veritable door of opportunity to each student. It is first of all an opportunity to worship God. It is the time set apart each day to rest for a few moments from our various tasks, and to receive strength and courage for the rest of the day. We can forget our lessons for a few moments, and give our minds to better and more helpful things.

Next it is an opportunity to listen to helpful and inspiring talks, given by our teachers and occasionally by chance visitors. Many times we hear expressed some new thought that comes to help us at just the right time. Often, too, are repeated things which are old, but which will remain ever new. More than once we have received new inspiration from the chapel service.

Then, the chapel service affords an

opportunity for acquiring knowledge on of common interest. From time to time special programs are given, sometimes in honor of some great man, sometimes in honor of a great event in our history. We have been much interested in Lincoln, Roosevelt, November 11, and Charter programs, and we all waxed enthusiastic over the chapel talk given some time ago by the representative of the Student Volunteer movement.

When we stop to think of the things we would miss by not attending chapel we realize that we do not want to miss it. Of course, if we look upon chapel attendance as a disagreeable duty which must be performed, it will hold no pleasure for us, if we really consider it as a privilege, we will derive pleasure and profit from it, and will look forward to it as the most interesting event in the daily routine.

Alumni Notes

"We'll miss the Genesee
We'll miss the faculty
But yet in heart we'll never part
From M C M X V."

So sang the Seniors one June morning in 1915. Since that time the members have been separated, going their various ways, but not to forget the happy days at Houghton. If possible we would like to have a full letter from each but a few notes will necessarily suffice.

There were graduated in 1915 students from three departments, advanced, music and preparatory.

Mr. Glenn Barnett went to Ann Arbor after finishing his course at Houghton but he did not have the privilege of completing his year's work as he was taken sick and died after a brief illness.

Miss Ruth Worbois, one of the music graduates, has been teaching at Chesbro Seminary for the past four years. She writes that she has by no means forgotten Houghton and will always have a warm place in her heart for the school.

Miss Leona Lilly, also from this department, entered Oberlin Conservatory in the spring of '16 where she enjoyed studying piano, pipeorgan and theory. In June 1918 she received her teacher's certificate. Then she returned to her former home, Port Allegany,

Pa., and began giving private lessons besides playing the pipe organ for church services at Olean during several months of the year. At present she has a class of over forty pupils in Port Allegany besides being organist in the church and directing a girl's glee club.

Mildred Hart Babbitt is living in Ann Arbor where Mr. Babbitt expects to finish the required work for his doctorate soon. She is the happy mother of two children, Richard Kipling and Bionka June.

Edith Stall is at home near Lockport helping her mother in the care of an invalid grandmother and taking music lessons.

Ira Bowen remained at Houghton three years and then entered the S. A. T. C. at Oberlin, graduating from college in 1919. At present he is attending the University of Chicago working for his Ph. D. in Physics while being employed as an assistant in this subject.

After graduation Arthur Bryan spent seven months teaching school at the foot of the Cumberland mountains. In 1916 he again entered school at Houghton and the following year he and Mrs. Bryan moved to North Parma, Michigan, where he is serving his third year as pastor.

Cecil Morris was for a time in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company before enlisting in the service of his country. In May 1918 he joined the expeditionary forces and served overseas. Since his discharge in 1919 he has been engaged in work in the motive power department of the New York Central Railroad.

George Boice spent two years at Houghton after completing high school. Then he was in Oberlin for a time and in May 1918 he also entered his country's service, six months of his time being spent overseas. After leaving the army he worked for the Pierce Arrow Company of Buffalo and later registered for a course at Bryant and Stratton College after the completion of which he was employed as junior accountant for the Buffalo Foundry and Machine Company where he still spends his working hours. He writes that should any of the class sojourn that way call at 18 Tremaine Avenue where Mrs. Boice and he will be glad to renew with them the old time spirit of '15.

Mrs. Nellie Nicholson is also the mother of a little son. We quote from her letter, "I guess there is nothing important to tell about my 'career' except that Jesus has most wonderfully saved and cleansed me and come into my heart to abide, and that I am happier than ever before in my life."

Mrs. Myrtle Bryan Blanchard spent the two summers of 1915 and 1916 at Chautauqua. During war time she helped her father on his farm showing her spirit of patriotism. Here she says she acquired a rare complexion, a little

more muscle and some temper, but no great weight of body or pocket book. Later she was employed as stenographer for about a year and then took up the work of street car conductor which she kept while the company required the assistance of women. Then her work was in the Bennett Hotel in Binghamton where she remained until her hero returned and now she says they are studying together the "High Cost of Living and the High Cost of Loving."

Miss Ethlyn Stebbins entered St. Luke's Hospital in Utica to take up nurse's training in November 1915. Since her graduation she has been doing for her country very practical service as a busy nurse.

The Fancher sisters are both in Houghton at present.

Although we have not heard directly from the following people yet we can supply some information concerning them:

Ralph Tyler was engaged as a jitney driver in Belfast last summer.

Max Reed received a commission as army officer from the Ft. Niagara training camp. The last news concerning him was to the effect that he was in a camp in Louisiana.

We do not know where James Colby is living at present. After graduation he returned to his home in Alpena, Michigan.

Robert Becker has been farming in St. Lawrence county.

Verna Stear spent last summer in Akron, Ohio, where she was working.

WAR-SOME OF IT

know where we were going, we seldom did. We were hiking in single file, we seldom did that. We were very silent, we were not usually so. Everyone was busy with his own thoughts.

It was a sorry looking sector we had come to; the towns were heaps of ruins; the woods were shot to pieces; the fields were full of shell holes. Various articles of soldiers' equipment were strewn about amongst the wreckage. Here and there was a little oblong mound of freshly turned earth. Silent, the rifle and helmet by each mound told so much that the story was complete without words. To the north the guns were rumbling and booming. We were already passing our own guns, and going north. From the road ahead came the sound of trucks. "Give way to the right!" ordered the officer in the lead.

"Give way to the right!" ordered the sergeants along the line. The column obliqued to the right and a string of trucks came by.

"What outfit?" called some one.

No answer. Strangers were not supposed to know who we were.

"Going to the front?" The car from which the voice came looked like a Red Cross ambulance.

"Oui, oui, monsieur." The reply was

prompt enough.

"Good luck," and the ambulance was gone.

"Good luck," the words carried a peculiar significance. We felt it. Just how much might we be in need of good luck?

The long line of dusky figures entered a town. From somewhere in the distance began a peculiar, whistling sound. It grew louder. It became like the wail of a siren combined with the whistle of a locomotive. The men hesitated and held their breath in suspense. There was a tremendous explosion a short distance away and everybody breathed easier. Another whistling began. Almost immediately it was a wailing shriek combined with a frightful hiss. The men cowered. There was a thunderous crash and debris flew in every direction. An officer stepped from the head of the column, "Keep moving there!" he shouted, and the column moved on.

It was daybreak when we turned from the main highway and followed an unimproved road through the fields. The enemy began to shell us again. A man came running along the line looking for a medical assistant. I heard him say that one man had been killed and others wounded in the company ahead. Shells were dropping on every side of us. We were near a reverse slope. The captain said, "Scatter out and dig in!"

We dug!

After a time things became quiet again. I paused to rest. My back ached — so did the rest of my body. I wondered if the other fellows felt as badly as I felt. How good it would seem to lie down and have a good rest. Then I began to dig again. It was broad daylight when I was done. The hole was about four feet long, two feet deep and wide enough to curl up in. I brought some branches from bushes nearby and placed them in the way that best concealed the hole. I covered with grass and weeds the soil I had thrown out. Jerry was prying for me. I was sure he was to see what the Yanks were doing.

I crawled into my hole and settled myself for sleep. What a relief it was! Presently I was awakened by the roar of guns. On the slope opposite me and about 200 yards away was a battery of French 75s. At times I could see the Frenchmen come out and readjust their camouflage. Shells began to come over from the German side. I saw one hit an emplacement. Instantly excited men appeared. One ran for assistance. Shortly after I saw a wounded man carried away on a stretcher. There was little sleeping done that day. At times the roar of the guns was deafening. The firing had been increased to several times its former rapidity. Evidently the enemy's hit had inflicted damage that enraged the artillery officers. The sun was hot. The blue bottle flies settled down upon the hands and faces of the men as though they did not know that every quiet man was not a dead

one.

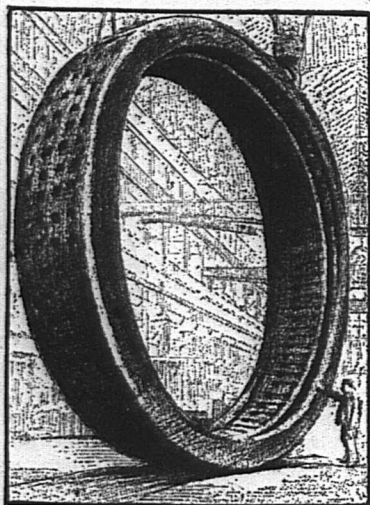
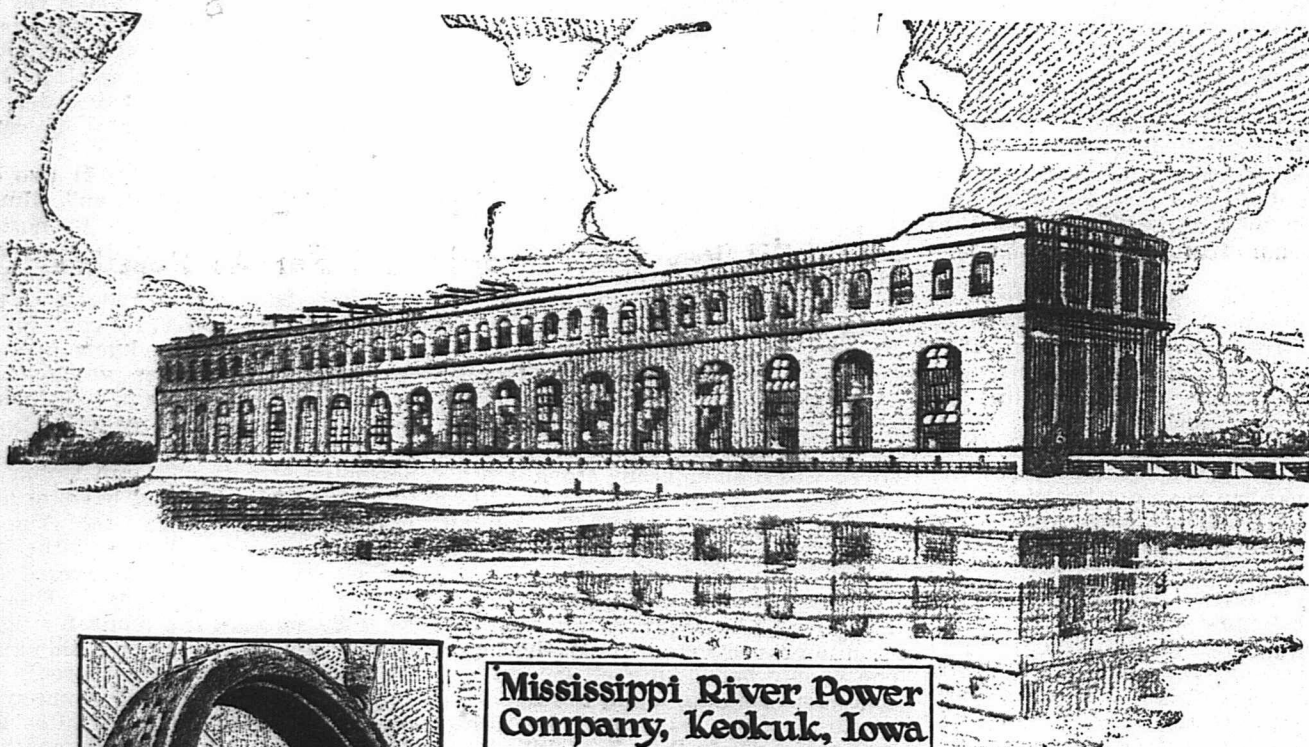
An order to eat came about the middle of the forenoon. Eats consisted of either corned beef or salmon, according to individual preference, and hard-tack. In the afternoon the order was, "Eat sparingly, two cans of corned beef for each squad."

That night (August 11-12) two companies of "New York's Own", filing silently around the hill to the north of Mont Notre Dame, looked out over the valley of the Vesle. What a rumbling, flashing, booming, drumming confusion of sounds and darkness! So this was war. Every man knew now that this was the thing for which he had been training so long and so strenuously. This was the thing for which he had spent those days in marching up and down the streets of Camp Upton, and in making his rifle and bayonet as familiar accessories as the shoes he wore on his feet. This was the thing for which he had maneuvered and drilled in Flanders fields. This was what he was getting ready for in that quiet sector where he had thought he had been at war back there in Lorraine. It was for this his country had sent him three thousand miles away from home and love and sympathy. It was for this those who were dearest to him in life had said, "Good-bye, good luck, and God bless you!"

With tense nerves and pounding hearts, they followed their French guides down upon the flat, over across the river and on into the night. We will not follow them there. It is too weird and dark and frightful. Somewhere out there are waiting the 17th, 29th, and 216th Divisions of the regular German Army, and the 4th Prussian Guards. Will this be a "gentlemen's war?" Are there not dangers and hardships over there? and death? We shall see.

Three or four hours have passed. One of the men is coming back. He has something white about his face, but we will ask him what is happening out there. We hasten to ask him the question, and he points dumbly to his mouth. Part of it is gone! It will soon be daybreak, can we learn more then? Can men go through that valley by day and live? We shall see. Here comes a runner. We will ask him what is happening out there. We do so and he shows us a bullet hole through his arm. Then he tells us of another runner who has just been wounded and who is lying out there now in the sun near F. company's 4th platoon.

Night comes. It brings to us wounded men who are on their way to the ambulance. Some walk and some are being carried. They want water. During the next night we gather some of the details of the situation. Every man must be on the alert all night, every night. The flies pester them by day. Whizzbangs, minenwerfers, and other stuff comes over in a very annoying fashion. The odor from the dead is



A casting for one of the huge water-wheel driven generators installed in the Mississippi River Power Company's plant at Keokuk. This installation will ultimately consist of thirty of these machines, giving a total capacity of 216,000 kilowatts (300,000 horse-power). It is the largest hydro-electric development in the world. The General Electric Company builds generators for water-wheel drive in sizes ranging from 37½ to 32,500 kilowatts and the aggregate capacity of G-E units now in successful operation is in excess of four million horse-power.

Mississippi River Power Company, Keokuk, Iowa

Utilizing Nature's Power

ELECTRICAL energy generated by water power has grown to be one of our greatest natural resources—and we have only begun to reach its possibilities. It mines and refines our ores, turns the wheels of industry, drives our street cars and lights our cities and towns. The power obtained from Nature saves many million tons of coal every year.

At first the field of its utilization was limited by the distance electricity could be transported. But soon research and engineering skill pointed the way to larger and better electrical apparatus necessary for high-voltage transmission. Then ingenious devices were invented to insure protection against lightning, short-circuits, etc., which cause damage and interrupt the service. And now all over the country a network of wires begins to appear, carrying the magic power.

The General Electric Company, with its many years' experience, has played a great part in hydro-electric development. By successfully co-ordinating the inventive genius of the company and its engineering and manufacturing abilities, it has accomplished some of the greatest achievements in the production and application of electrical energy.

The old mill wheel of yesterday has gone. Today the forces of immense volumes of water are harnessed and sent miles away to supply the needs of industry and business and the comforts of the home.

General Electric Company

General Office
Schenectady, N.Y.

Sales Offices in
all large cities

95-1390

WAR-SOME OF IT

Continued from page 1.

sickening. Some of those men from the divisions just relieved have lain out there, just where they fell, for more than a week!

Who are these who are coming now? They do not seem to be wounded. They are being led and helped as though they were blind and sick. Ah! they have been gassed. They are blind and sick. They are a water and provision detail who have been sent out from Company F. The company's canteens are lost!

The wounded who come out on the next night tell us that the captain of the company has been gassed. The kitchen crew over at Notre Dame has been gassed. The men have had nothing to eat since the 11th except what they brought with them, two pounds of canned meat and two pounds of hard-tack per man. This is the 14th. They can stand it for a while yet without rations, but water—Great God, can nothing be done to help them! How long can this last! They are drinking the poison from the swamp.

You do not want to see another night; you have seen enough. You want to see those men come out of there. The morning of the 16th dawns. Who is this? Thank God they are coming out. They are coming slowly and wearily. You stand and look into their haggard faces. You look and look, and say nothing. There is nothing to say; you are feeling war now—a little.

And now if you stop and think you will know why your soldier boy failed when you wanted him to tell you what war really was like. You have seen war for yourself—some of it.

John Kopler

Furniture & Undertaking

Fillmore, N. Y.

Calls Promptly Attended

Day or Night.

Picture Framing.

SUBSCRIBE to

**WHAT? HOUGHTON'S
PEP and GINGER
WHY? TO BE WISE
WHEN? NOW**

WE BUY, raise, and sell fur-bearing rabbits, and other fur-bearing animals. List what you have with us, stating your lowest prices on large lot shipments. The Fur & Specialty Farming Co., 515-517 N. P. Ave., Fargo, N. Dak.

**WE ALWAYS TRY TO PLEASE
It Will Pay To Patronize As Far As Possible**

Home Trade

PRICES RIGHT-QUALITY RIGHT

Groceries, General Merchandise and Hardware a Specialty.

Tell us your need; If out of stock we will send for it and divide Profit. Call and see.

HOUGHTON CORPORATION

QUAYLE

QUAYLE & SON, Inc.

Steel Engravers to American Universities

ALBANY, N. Y.

**SAMPLES OF WEDDING STATIONERY UPON REQUEST
CORRECT FORMS MODERATE COST**

THE COWING SANITARY SEAMLESS MILK STRAINER

Should not be confused with the common cheap tin strainers that you can buy in any hardware store. It is formed from one piece of sheet steel, and after shaping is heavily tin-plated. No soldered joints to break.



No metal to rust. Milk strains first through 40 mesh brass wire gauze, then through absorbent cotton held in place by a perforated tin disc.

Buy a strainer that will last a lifetime.

Diameter at top, 12½ in. Diameter at

bottom, 5½ in. Height, 8 in.

Cotton by the pound, or cut to fit.

PRICE \$2.25 EACH

Write for a copy of our general catalogue of creamery equipment. We have the best of everything for the farm dairy as well as the largest city milk plant.

COWING-DIETRICH CO., Inc.

Syracuse, N. Y.

**School Supplies-
Stationery
Sporting Goods
Photographic Supplies
School Banners and
Pillows
Fountain pens
The College Book Store**

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY

CUBA, N. Y.

L. A. WEBSTER, Prop.

"Always the home
of good Laundry work

AGENCY IN HOUGHTON

Houghton Seminary

with the following

Departments and Advantages:

PREPARATORY
ADVANCED (College Equivalent)
THEOLOGICAL
MUSIC
ORATORY
HEALTHFUL SURROUNDINGS
ORTHODOX TEACHERS

WITHOUT

TOBACCO
CARDS
DANCING
FRATERNITIES

Board is \$3.75 per week with room heated and lighted, tuition very low, and many opportunities for self-help

For catalog send to

JAMES S. LUCKEY, President.

GLENN E. BURGESS

REPRESENTING
The

Mutual Life Insurance Company
of New York
FILLMORE N. Y.

For Best Quality

Cement, Lime, Wall Plaster, Hard

and Soft Coal

Sewer Pipe and Drain Tile

and Reinforced

CONCRETE SLUICE

PIPE

Inquire of

L. S. GELSER & SON

FILLMORE, N. Y.

We Have

The Largest Stock

of

General

Merchandise

in

Allegany County

Our Prices Merit

Your Patronage

JOHN H. HOWDEN

FILLMORE, N. Y.

**If you need it for your
building we have it.**

Allegany Lumber Co.

**Fillmore,
N. Y.**

Ginger Jar

Dean Fancher recently explained that only married men are privileged to go outside the city limits or across the river. It is believed this announcement will tend to speed up the production of those small wooden sticks, which are so necessary in starting fires.

Eloise—"Say, Zola, have you Byron's poetical poems over here?"

Gratia—"I cannot have anyone entering my room while I'm gone."

Mildred—"Then lock it up and put the door under the key."

We understand the theologists are enthusiastic over their "Love Enthroned" class.

We understand that mademoiselle Kitterman took two members of the faculty as chaperones at a recent number of the Fillmore lecture course.

Scene one—Young man collides with young lady on the landing, causing her to fall backwards down the stairs.

Scene two—She has fallen safely into the arms of Ed. Lapham.

Foreign comment—"You seem to be between two fires, Miss Warburton."

Prof.—"If there was any miracle in the case of Jovah it was in his living three days and three nights in the belly of the whale."

Johnson—"There was some miracle about the way he got to shore, wasn't there?"

Prof.—"Oh, that was a result of indigestion."

Big Ben alarms me, I crawl from my bed;
Shades of my eyes hang as heavy as lead:
Rain falls unceasingly outside the door:
I sit on my bed's edge and stare at the floor,

While my roommate, sweetly unconscious,
doth snore,

Mutteringly soothingly, "Ba-a-a-ck to b-e-e-e-d."

Pleading persuasively, "Ba-a-a-ck to b-e-e-e-d."

In Latin: Caesar sic dicat, egressi lietum.

Student (translating): Caesar sicked the cat, I guess he licked 'em!