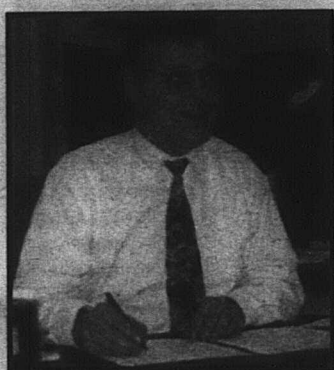


STAR

March 2, 1998

Vol. 93.8

Trustees Approve Construction Project!



Jeff Spear

Oliver Gingrich

While many on campus are discussing the extent and impact of the new proposed music building, few know the details as well as the Vice-President of Finance, Jeff Spear. While pointing out that, "The idea of building the music building was around well before I came on board," he describes himself as "the person who came along and began to share some ideas about how we might put together the financing in order to do it."

Spear became involved in the construction process almost immediately after taking his position this past August. After a positive evaluation of the school's debt situation, he addressed the issue. "[I] knew that there was a tremendous desire to build the music building...so I began to put together a process whereby we could ac-

tually handle this, using our own operating funds and not having to go out and raise money."

The first step was to pay off the remaining debt on the Campus Center, and Spear says that "by paying that off, we got our debt down to under \$3.5 million for the whole campus...there are very few colleges anywhere our size that have a debt that low." Facilitated both by a plan to sell bonds and favorable market conditions, Spear proposed a strategy that would involve borrowing \$9 million but would keep the college's debt payments below their current level.

Next, Spear bounced his proposal off a number of different individuals, including the SGA president, members of the President's advisory committee, and others in leadership. Spear says, "They came back very enthusiastic about the concept." In fact, they authorized him to include more renovations in his financial scheme. In the end, a total of four projects were presented: the new music building, creation of new parking, new athletic field construction, and library renovations.

Spear explains, "The process we're in now is to get num-

bers together on all these different projects to identify what it would cost...then really to present the whole thing to the Board." He continues, "now everybody's excited about this possibility, but in reality, it's the vision of the Board of Trustees and their stewardship that will really decide how we progress on this. 'I'm very comfortable with that.'"

He is excited about the proposed renovations, saying that the new music building will "help to solidify the music program at Houghton, and when we have attractive candidates, they don't have to overlook poor facilities." Spear also says that the proposed new allweather track "may help to enhance our track program and help encourage more confidence in our field hockey program," which he calls the "unsung hero sport of Houghton."

He adds that the new library renovations, which will move the music library to the new music building, providing more space for new books, will "enhance the experience of students." The new plan, he says, "is a historic opportunity for the college, and I'm hopeful that we can put the whole thing together."

In closing, Spear displayed a restrained hopefulness about the future of the project. "We have to make sure we understand that this is a process that has been going on for some time. We've needed a couple of pieces to the puzzle and it's this year that they are able to be put in place, not because of my work, I just happened to show up at the right time in my opinion. It's really a culmination of a whole bunch of resources together, and that's what makes this process exciting."



Proposed Music Building

Death of a Salesman Opens March 12



Dale Schuurman

Liz Nies

Once again, comfortable in the spotlight of center stage, Dale Schuurman takes on his most challenging role yet as Willy Loman in the spring drama *Death of a Salesman*. Schuurman took on a few various

roles in high school, but his love of acting really set in during his sophomore year at Houghton College when he went with a friend to the tryouts of James Thurber's *A Thurber Carnival*. Not expecting a part, he was surprised to find himself cast as several characters in that comedy, including a hefty monologue. After two months of hard work and four rewarding presentations Schuurman knew he was hooked. He returned in the fall of his junior year as Tom, the leading role in *The Glass Menagerie* and during the spring he played several roles in the musical *Carousel* by Rodgers and Hammerstein. This past fall Schuurman student-directed *Harold and Maude* and even managed to squeeze in a small role as well. Now for his grand finale at Houghton College, Schuurman will deliver the role of Willy Loman.

The name "Loman" is not merely a coincidence, as he is a depressed man in his sixties, living during an era when the American Dream was the driving force of America's workers. He has been beaten down by the weight of the world as well as the weight of his own conscience for lying, cheating on his wife, and feelings of failing his sons. Loman has actually deluded himself into thinking he is a successful salesman although his sons, his wife, and frequently, his own brief insights, bring him back to the reality that he is a failure living in a dream world.

As the play unfolds, Willy is mentally deteriorating as the weight of truth beats down on him and he refuses to face it. His relationship with his wife Linda (Alison Bixler) is a strained one. Although she supports him with all that she is and all that



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Appreciation
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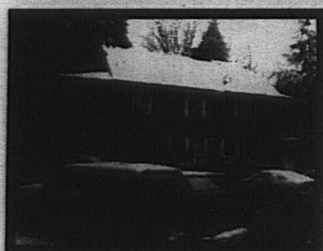


Relief...
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NEWS



Sayonara Steese!



McMillen House

Adria Willett

Tim Nichols, associate dean of students and director of residence life, recently announced that college-owned Steese and McMillen would not be housing options for next year. Nichols learned from the Finance Department that both of them would be caught in the domino effect of the new music building. "We'll make the necessary adjustments," he said, adding that the Office of Student Life knew in time to inform students before final housing decisions.

The construction of the new building will include the destruction of both Gillette House and the Old Fine Arts building. Therefore,

Nichols said Steese would probably be used to hold the offices currently in the Old Fine Arts building. These offices include Upward Bound and STEP. The Technical Services Office, currently in Gillette, will probably relocate to McMillen.

Nichols said it would not be hard to absorb the 15 women of Steese into other housing options. The women's dorms this semester have around 100 empty spaces, and the townhouses were in less demand. Nichols attributes this to the more even ratio of the freshman class, the London programs, and the usual second semester slump from December graduates and transfers.

McMillen, on the other hand, has been used for 12-14 girls who plan to be off-campus for one semester. "I think it is a great option to have when you are away for a semester," said McMillen resident Shirley-Anne Barham.

Nichols noted that transition housing for next year was more difficult to find because of the varying number of residents. The Office of

Student Life has appointed the Genesee Street Apartments as the substitute. Nichols thinks it will be the "least jarring" of the alternatives. Also, in order to accommodate both houses, he will try to provide more upperclassmen floors in the dorms. Nichols anticipates these changes as permanent. "I'm sorry because I know people enjoy the houses," he said. However, he admits that Steese is in bad shape, and he feels better about not having residents there.



Steese House

Spotlight on Staff:

Scott Wade Joins Houghton Team

Adria C. Willett

During one of your visits to the basement of the Campus Center, you might have noticed a new face in the office of the Assistant Director of Student Programs. A recent graduate of George Fox University, Scott Wade started the job last August. The two-year position is a part of Alfred University and Houghton's Student Development Program. Wade takes classes at Alfred in college student development, which will earn him a master's degree in education.

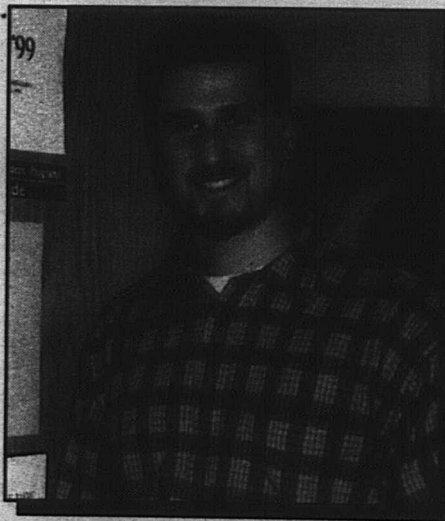
"I couldn't be happier with this job," says Wade, who serves as advisor for CAB among other duties. In addition to planning freshman Intreat, Wade helps with FYI and coordinates activities for Mayterm. He works under Matt Webb, director of student programs. "Matt is great to work for; he lets me take off with different ideas," said Wade.

Wade has a particular interest in student leadership. Currently, he is working with Webb on Impact '99, a national conference for college student leaders. As associated student

community president at George Fox, Wade co-directed the university's first such conference. He dreams of eventually developing a leadership curriculum for Christian colleges that would prepare students for jobs in any field. This major or minor track would include undergraduate course work, internships, and campus leadership positions.

The partnership program with Alfred also includes a thesis and an additional one-year internship. "In two years, you get as much practical experience as book [learning]," said Wade. He also said that Alfred has a hundred percent placement rate, so he hopes to continue in student affairs after this program.

"We really like Houghton," said



Wade. He married in August shortly before the drive from Washington to Houghton. His wife, Jill, is currently a junior at Houghton. They find it difficult to be so far from their families but enjoy the country atmosphere and Christian environment of Houghton.

48,000 Ideas

Tim Ritchey

According to the student body president, Kristin Engnell, the Houghton college administration allocates \$48,000 yearly to the student government (SGA) for "substantial on-campus capital improvements for the college." Through SGA discussion that was based on student input, the following ideas for improvement were formulated: refurbishing the indoor track over two years, adding a CD ROM to the library, contributing to the construction of a coffee house, updating the chapel sound system, and developing an outdoor chapel as well as rejuvenating the lean-tos. These ideas will be voted on and money will be distributed accordingly.

Like the fourth-string punter who never quite made it into the game, these are some ideas that, through each possesses its own unique merit, never "made the cut..."

- \$48,000.00: Olympic loge training center behind Shen
- \$24.99: Subscription to Bowling Digest for the library
- \$399.00: Disco Ball & Motor for chapel
- \$1,000.00: Skis with wheels
- \$14,978.00: Heat sensitive couches with automatic eject for East Hall and the Campus Center
- \$48,000.00: J.C. Penny's adjacent to Info. Center
- \$25,000.00: Renovations to Stone House
- \$38.00: Self-Adhesive intra-campus envelopes
- \$8,000.00: Half-pipe/Skate park in front of Campus Center to draw Academy prospectives
- \$32,000.00: Oxen
- \$20,000.00: Contribution to Shenanigan's World Tour
- \$400.00: Encore presentation of "Iron Will"
- \$48,000.00: Soccer and basketball scholarships
- \$5.95: Complimentary towels for cafeteria trays
- \$2,000.00: Piles of scrap wood
- \$25,000.00: "Upgrade" Houghton's e-mail
- \$900.00: Broken furniture fund for Houghton-in-London students
- \$1,200.00: Back-up stamp machine by post office—hey, that's neat...

you get the idea.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL AMBULANCE/VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

Houghton Volunteer Ambulance Squad will be hosting a comical murder mystery dinner theater to help support the ambulance department. The dinner and full length play will be held at the Fillmore Central School Auditorium on Friday, March 13 and Saturday, March 14, 1998 from 6:30-9:30 PM. Tickets are \$10 for students, \$15 for adults, and \$25 for couples. Call 567-4123 or 567-4259 for more information or to reserve tickets.

Celebrating Black History Month: The Beauty of Diversity

Multicultural Student Union

Ideas, they say, are like birds with wings for when they begin to emerge in the minds of men, they fly, converge at some point and produce something concrete. The event was the Black History Cafe in the cafeteria, the date was the 19th of February and when the final curtains were drawn a little after 9 pm the truism in the above statement had been revealed. When Vinita Hall and Zandra Rawlins, both seniors and members of the MultiCultural Students Union went wild with ideas about a black history presentation after a good dinner a few weeks ago, little did anyone realize that at the end of the day we were going to see diversity at its best.

It took four nights and an afternoon of brainstorming, script writing, contacting the brothers and sisters, rehearsals to finally come up with a presentation which no doubt will leave long lasting memories on the minds of those who joined in the celebration.

The presentation portrayed the beauty of life in Africa before the slave trade era, the hardships of slavery, the fight for abolition, the emancipation,

a brief history of calypso and the various achievements of African-Americans in the fields of sports, civil rights, medicine, music, entertainment etc. Each era was performed with such a



touch of reality that it was difficult accepting that it was a dramatic presentation. Mention the smiles on the faces of the beautiful girls doing an African dance, the expression of hope and despair on the faces of those who played the slave era, the seriousness of the slave masters and the pride of those in the circle of achievement of men and women who had to toil for hours to reach those heights.

A very important lesson emerg-

ing from the night was the necessity of promoting and encouraging diversity. Who would have thought what within an hour a Caribbean girl could be an African, a slave and a celebrated African-American doctor and still come out as a Caribbean? Or who would have thought the Mohamed Ali, played by Michael Grant, would be a boxer and a song writer at the same time? And all the different peoples from all over the world taking on a different identity and at the end of the day still being what they are? That is the beauty of diversity. We must be able to cross into each others' world, learn, understand, appreciate it but most important of all come out and still retain our true identities.

The MultiCultural Students Union is grateful to all and sundry who squeezed time out of a busy schedule at Houghton to join in the celebration. We especially thank the Office of MultiCultural Affairs, Dr. Lewis Paige and his wife, community members and staff and faculty present. Most important of all we give God all the glory and the honor.

Funky Friday Mini Series:

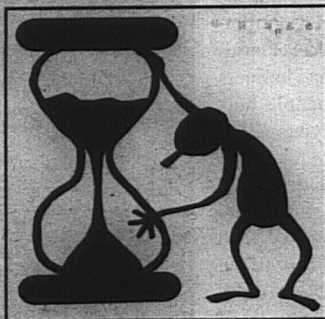
Job Getting Hints & How To's

Tim Shelgren

A 1997 college graduate recently complained, "this job searching racket is like a full-time job. I spend hours every day on the internet just looking for job opening, and hours writing cover letters. Too bad I've only had one interview in the last two months!" Though this gentleman deserves credit for committing himself to his job search, he also deserves a bit of criticism for at least one shortcoming—he is only utilizing two of many job search tools that are available to him.

To help future graduates avoid this particular shortcoming, Career Services has designed the "Funky Friday Mini Series: Job Getting Hints & How To's." In presenting the "Hints & How To's" series, the Career Services staff and a select few actors and actresses (from Houghton's student body) will discuss and demonstrate practical ways in which job seekers

can: 1) Identify and Market their Skills. 2) Build a Job Search Network and Research Companies and Organizations. 3) Write Traditional and Electronic Resumes, Write Job Search



Letters, and Develop Portfolios. 4) Utilize the Internet More Efficiently in their Job Search.

Held at Career Services each Friday in March, these presentations will

run from 12:00 pm to 12:30 pm, then repeated at 12:45 pm to 1:15 pm. Plan on attending these conveniently scheduled, user friendly information sessions. Though they will not turn your full-time job search into a part-time one—the job search is supposed to be in a full-time job—the "Hints and How To's" sessions will increase your job search successes.

Other Career Services events in March include "More Than a Shoe Shine," an interviewing skills workshop, on Tuesday, March 17, 11 am - Noon in the Alumni Dining Room and two Open House programs for junior (Those who expect to graduate in Dec. 1998 and May/August 1999). The Open House programs are scheduled for March 30, 6-8 pm and March 31, 3-5 pm. Brief presentations will be made at 15 minutes after and before every hour.

Death of a Salesman

Con't from page 1

she has, Linda only represents one thing to Willy: reality. His love for his wife is diluted by the fact that she does not fit into his dream world. She is a constant reminder that he has no money to pay bills and that he is too old to be traveling to and from work every day. As for his sons Biff and Happy (Scott Jesmore and Mark Shuttleworth, respectively) Willy only has hope and love enough to offer Biff who fits into his world view. Willy perceives Biff as athletic and a hard worker, good with manual labor and well-liked by everyone. Even this relationship turns sour, however, as Biff returns home from years of work on a farm, now aware of the realities of the world, and trying to bring his father into the same light. Willy resents this and refuses to listen to his son's words of realism. As for Happy, Willy does not have much use for this son who does not have the same driving quali-

ties as Biff and is more concerned with women than a stable job and income.

Schuurman has proven himself as an actor before, and it is sure to happen again with this role. His passion for the theater and his style of presen-

tation will mix with the others to make this production a sure hit.

Performances begin on March 12th and run through the 14th. Be sure to get your ticket or at least reserve a seat during the week prior to this!



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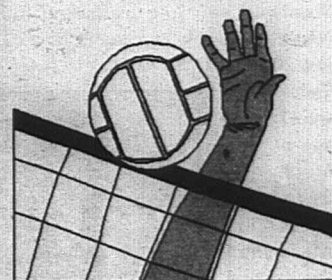
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Christian Perspective Serving the
Church, Community and World

Houghton Men's Club Volleyball Update



Oliver Gingrich

During their first intercollegiate competition, the men's volleyball team gave a strong showing, coming in second at the Medaille tournament on Saturday, February 7th. In the tournament, they defeated a number of division one schools, including St. Bonaventure in the quarterfinal. They beat Genesee Community College in the Semi-final match, but while winning the first game on the final, they eventually succumbed to D'Youville. Mike Cox stepped up strongly to fill in for starting outside hitter Rob Luckey, who was out with a knee injury. Another standout was John Bachelor, who played every point of the whole tournament. Upcoming matches include a home competition against Medaille on March 6th and a big match-up against Robert's Wesleyan on the 27th.

Fat Astronauts Play Coffeehouse

Michelle Wingfield

The Fat Astronauts rocked the semester's first coffee house Thursday, February 5 in a Presser Hall. According to lead singer/guitarist Dan Jackson, the show was "entertaining and inciteful." While the white and colored lights beamed across the stage, the crowd was treated to great classic tunes, including "Free Falling" and the Blue's Brother's "Rawhide," with special guests Marshall Merriam and Pat Weaver. The band soared beyond the expectations of entertainment with Jackson's definitely original tale, *The Laundromat Epic* and drummer/vocalist Kevin Baker's evocative (Nerd-eating) childhood memiors. The evening's playlist included an impressive number of Fat Astronaut originals contributed by all of the band members, including two by lead guitarist, Brent Wright. Wes

Brown wore his orange stocking cap, played bass, and stared out over the crowd.

Front row spectator, Holly Glanzman claimed the Rainforest Crunch Coffee was second only to the Cole House lady and band's solo female, Emily Schiavi jamming on the keyboard. Schiavi, who backed up the boys on several vocals, says, "the band has come a long way since their first gig over Homecoming last semester." Crowd member Jesse Crognale hailed the replacement of Big Al's cookies with authentic Oreos, Jolly ranchers, and other name-brand food items as one of the coffee house's best innovations. The band concluded the night with a touching and plaintive ballad, "Single Guy."

Next stop for the Fat Astronauts? A YFC rally in March.



The Fat Astronauts

Ladies in London A Day In The Life

Michelle Wingfield



Y o u
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account
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this semester's first issue of the Star, thinking, "if I was in London I'd do more than watch TV, lift weights, and play cards!" Well, just for the record--some of us did, and we present our highlights from a "typical week" in a not-so-typical place, London--"the World's Capital."

Monday After "Dramatic Lines" (taught by an all-new Dr. Wardwell sporting jeans and no goatee), we walk back to our flats in just 20 min.

Today is our weekly trip down the block to Safeway. By 2 p.m., Alicia and I are jogging through Hyde Park, past Kensington Palace, and on to Portobello Market--fresh bread and three bags of vegetables as raw and tawny as the country folk hawking their wares; "Just three quid, love."

Back at the flat, we read for an hour and hurry to supper and Bible study at 7 p.m. with an All Soul's student group. Even familiar passages come alive during the study with perspectives from across the globe, and

of course, the Northern Irish readers. Afterwards, Emma, Ginny, and Jan come to our flat for "American brownies" before the undergrounds close.

Tuesday: After class and lunch today, the sun came out (so we've decided to put off Les Mis for a rainy day) and Alissa, Alicia and I walked 20 minutes through Hyde Park to study along the broad hedged walk behind Kensington Palace. We've discovered that McDonald's ice-cream is cheaper here even than at home!--only 35 pence. So, we take an evening study break (even though Kim--who has no Airhart classes has not been studying) and resolve to venture out onto Edgware Rd.--our heavily Indian/Arabic male-dominated street--to ignore harassment, to protect Alissa (our token blond), and to wear our ugliest baggiest clothes. Between Park West and our convenience store, Al Mustafa, our walk is uneventful. But inside McDonalds the comments and clicking sounds begin: "Pretty face,"

"Sexy...spice girls." We feign ignorance and weigh the comparable worth of our vanilla cones.

Wednesday: Today was my "free day," but laundry, 200 pages of heavy (i.e. Airhart) reading, my almost-daily jog (today--across Hyde Park and around Buckingham Palace), and a

sunset by 4 p.m. made the day seem short! Tonight, got fish and chips for supper and went "Jitterbugging" in Leicester Sq! A bloke dressed like Elvis fancied Alison and a Bulgarian "Smarmy" kept claiming Alex. Also--the maids have still not come this week! I keep writing complaining at

the office!

Thursday: Today, Nigel--our very British Visual Arts teacher scheduled class at the National Museum of Art in Trafalgar Sq. Tim came with left early with our flat to walk and stop

for tea with the savings of our bus fare. We sat along a bar in the window of a Regents St. cafe watching the red double-decker buses and business people hurrying past in black suits. This afternoon Kathy invited us to football in Hyde Park with Will Airhart and the guys, but we're reading feverishly for tomorrow! The maids finally came today--cleaned a bit, took all our towels, and left only hand towels since "the others are dirty." Preposterous! At least we didn't lock ourselves out this week!

Friday: As usual, Alissa and I miss our morning appointment with the Royal Mailman. (We try to time our walk to class so we pass him in front of the black office building on Wigmore St. at 9:15, but on Fridays we're always late.) This afternoon, Kim and I went to Clubhouse, All Soul's ministry to inner city children. As soon as the doors open, the kids run to hug us and drag us to the Twister mat. While I prevent "anarchy" (as Martin says) in the snooker room, Kim attempts to maintain a civilized game of football with T.J. in the gym--the kids seem intent on rugby! Tonight, a big group of us went on a very conspicuous evening out--10 Americans weaving through the crowds across Piccadilly Circus, around Leicester Sq., and yes, even into Soho--a little dodgy, but with Dan Bates we felt safe.

Saturday: Lovely, lovely day with Helen in the country! From the tube, we met Helen (our soft spoken ginger-haired Bible Study leader) at Wimbledon by 10 a.m. An hour deeper into the bright green countryside, stopping at thatch-roofed village houses, we arrive at Helen's mum's. After tea, we feast on a traditional English meal--parsnip soup, plain toast, pork and quince jelly, trifle, and more. We spent the afternoon in Winchester (home of King Arthur and his round

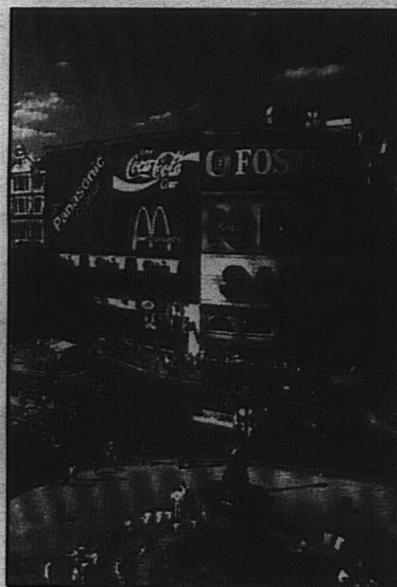
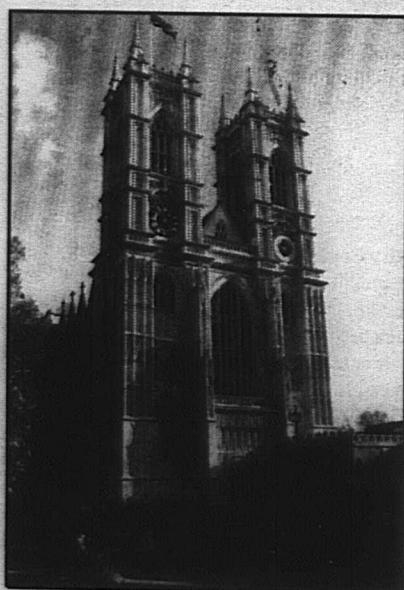


table) and returned to Helen's in time for fresh mince pies and more tea. Mrs. McNeely shared recipes (and the secret ingredients) with Alicia, and sent along two plum puddings for the rest of us!

Sunday: At 6 p.m., we left again for the 25 min. walk to All Souls. The stone-pillared church (one of London's oldest) glows at Langham Place beside the BBC as we turn left, out of the Oxford Circus crowds. Tonight, we sit in the columned balcony joining 1,000 people from over 20 countries in worship led by a full orchestra. The church is especially crowded since Dr. John Stott is speaking--people even sit on window sills. After the service, we join almost 100 students packed into the creche for the weekly student coffee house--with live jazz tonight. By 9:30, we're socializing a block away at The George, All Souls' classy unofficial pub. Back at the flat, Mom and Dad call. They miss me and keep asking, "Do you think you could live in London?" "Yes, I could--I am living in London."



World News

Jim Roberts

(Las Vegas, Nevada) Two men were charged with possessing the deadly germ anthrax for use as a weapon. The FBI said one bragged in Las Vegas he had enough to "wipe out the city" and last year laid out a plan to unleash bubonic plague on New York City subways.

(West Palm Beach, Florida) A woman admitted she threw her 18-month-old son out a speeding car into a highway median because she "would rather see her baby dead than to be involved with pornography movies," police said. Krisann Haddad, 30, was being held on \$60,000 bond after being charged with first-degree attempted murder and second-degree aggravated child abuse. Police believe the woman had taken drugs, alcohol or both.

(Johnsontdale, California) Crash investigators are looking into the possibility that a Navy helicopter on a search and rescue mission may have hit power lines before going down in a California forest. Four people were killed.

(Nashville) The convicted assassin of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. is in critical condition a week after undergoing surgery to repair a hernia. James Earl Ray, 69 had the operation after getting a routine checkup. Ray is serving a 99-year prison sentence for King's 1968 slaying in Memphis.

(New York) Two more police officers have been disciplined in the Abner Louima case, bringing to 11 the total number of officers disciplined for failing to report what they saw the night the Haitian immigrant allegedly was tortured while in police custody. A police spokesman says Francisco Rosario and Rolando Aleman were placed on modified duty as of January 22. Four officers are charged with the actual beating of Louima, who was injured so severely he required two months of hospitalization.

(Dallas) Months after defibrillators were installed aboard American Airlines jets, they were put to use for the first time in an actual life-or-death heart emergency. The cardiac electric shock device was used to restart Robert Giggey's heart after he collapsed following a dash to catch his flight. The airplane was still at the gate, but officials said without the onboard defibrillator, Giggey may not have left the plane alive. American became the first domestic carrier to install the devices, which are about the size of a laptop computer.

(Fort Lauderdale, Florida) A day-care volunteer stabbed a mother to death after the woman scolded the volunteer for disciplining her child,

police say. Odette Green was charged with second-degree murder after getting into a scuffle with Angela Brock in the courtyard of a day-care for HIV-positive families. Brock had confronted Green about the way she treated one of her three children. "The argument got physical and the suspect went inside, got a knife and came back out and stabbed her," said police Detective Clint Ward. Police said several children and day-care employees witnessed the slaying.

(Birmingham, Alabama) According to the lawyers for the man being sought in the fatal bombing of an Alabama abortion clinic, there is no hard evidence against their client. Eric Robert Rudolph, the man in question, has eluded capture for two weeks.

(Washington) The United States is expected to reduce its military commitment to the NATO mission in Bosnia this year from 8,500 to 7,000, an administration official said. Despite a reduced U.S. presence, the overall NATO commitment is expected to stay at its current level until at least next fall for the national elections in Bosnia, after which the complete 35,000-troop level will be pared. U.S. troops have been in Bosnia for more than three years and President Clinton has reset their departure deadlines

twice. There is currently no target date for a complete American pullout.

(Stockholm, Sweden) According to prosecutors, the investigation into the Estonia ferry disaster that killed 852 people is being closed without any criminal indictments filed. "I'm not saying that nobody did anything wrong, only that I did not find anyone who was criminally careless," prosecutor Tomas Lindstrand said, according to the Swedish news agency TT. The Estonia sank on Sept. 28, 1994, on a trip Stockholm from the Estonian capital of Tallinn. Lawsuits brought by survivors and victims' relatives are pending against the German company that made the boat; the French Bureau Veritas classification agency that certified the ship; and Sweden's national maritime administration.

(The Hague, Netherlands) The first two Bosnian Serbs to surrender to the Yugoslav war crimes tribunal pleaded innocent and thanked U.S. diplomats and NATO troops for helping them turn themselves in. Milan Simic and Miroslav Tadic surrendered in Bosnia to face charges for their roles in the Bosnian civil war. The surrenders could mark a turning point in the tribunal's efforts to bring these accused of wartime atrocities to justice. In the past, Serbs have branded the court anti-Serbian and refused to appear before the tribunal.



Thoughts on Campus Changes



Current Music Building

Denise Dunckle

Houghton field hockey coach Donna Hornibrook is open to whatever decision is made concerning the placement of the field hockey field and track. "I am happy with the location we have now," said Hornibrook "but we would benefit from the new field and track because the facilities would be upgraded." Freshman field hockey player Dana Basnight feels

that the decision to move the track and hockey field may be a good one for the teams involved and the school. "If a larger music facility gets to be built, I am all for it because academics should be the first priority for Houghton," Basnight said, "However it will be great to have a new track too, so that the track team can host their own meets."

THE HOUGHTON STAR

The Houghton Star is published bimonthly. Its focus is on events, issues and ideas which affect the Houghton College community. Editorials are the views and opinions of the author. It is only a coincidence if The Houghton Star staff agrees with the author. These viewpoints are not necessarily shared by the staff, student body, administration, or faculty. Letters to the editor are welcome, should be well-written, typed, and no more than 200 words. The letter should be signed, and include his or her name, year, major and telephone number or C.P.O. Box #. Names may be withheld upon request. The staff reserves the right to edit or not print any letter.

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Saved By The Bell Trivia

What was Screech's name, when he was an alien?

Congratulations to Michelle Waton for correctly

identifying Slater's Mom's name: Loretta

FACULTY APPRECIATION WEEK • MARCH 2-7

S.G.A. President Kristen Engnell has declared March 2-7 to be Faculty Appreciation Week. As the daughter of a George Fox University professor she knows first hand how many hours it really takes to teach college stu-

dents. Most professors probably can't remember the last week they spent only 40 hours working. The week is just a small way we can recognize their efforts and demonstrate our thankfulness. It includes various

small events for faculty like doughnuts and coffee, a special lunch at Big Al's and free babysitting. However, the most important part of the week will be the contributions of each student. It is a time for each of us to Stop,

Think and Give Thanks .S.G.A. will be handing out thank you notes after each chapel and sponsoring sign ups for free babysitting at lunch and dinner. Please make sure you take the time to show your appreciation.

Publications, Projects, and Presentations

Our 80 faculty members do far more than just lecture and grade our tests. Somehow in between preparing for classes, serving on college committees and raising their families, they find time to write and publish original research. Here are a just a few of the recent publications, projects and presentations completed by our professors in the last three years.

David Howard published the book: Conquistadors in Chains, Cabeza de Vaca and the Indians of the Americas in 1997.

Ellen Weber's book Roundtable Learning: Building Understanding through Enhanced MI Strategies was published in 1997.

Paul Young wrote 15 entries for the 1997 Baker Encyclopedia of Psychology and Counseling.

Mark Hijleh's Symphony #1 was premiered by the Buffalo Philharmonia in November of 1997.

Ron Oakerson was a consultant for the Benin Governance Assessment, U.S. Agency for International Development and the European Commission, Cotonou Benin in December of 1996.

John Van Wicklin was the Key-note Speaker on Assessment of the Christian Coalition for Colleges and Universities for the Conference of Student Deans in January 1997.

Bernard Piersma wrote the article "Electrochemistry of Lithium in Room Temperature Molten Salt Electrolytes."

Dan Woolsey served as President of the Children's Literature Assembly an affiliate of the National Council of Teachers of English.

Jack Leax is a member of a small selective group of Christian Writers which includes Phillip Yancy, Eugene Peterson, and Madeleine L'Engle.

James Marcum completed his second Ph.D. in Philosophy in 1995.

Charles Bressler published the book "Literary Criticism: An Introduction to Theory and Practice" in 1994.

John Tyson's article "A Protestant City handbook from the Mid-Six-

teenth Century," was published in The Sixteenth Century Journal in 1993.

Scot Bennett was drafted by the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Blaine David Benedict spent February to June of 1997 teaching international relations and comparative government in Vladimir Russia.

Bill Swanson published "The Institutionalization of Athletics in High Schools and Colleges."

Jayne Maugans published the book Aging Parent, Ambivalent Baby Boomers: A Critical Approach to Gerontology in 1993.

Coming Soon, Richard Perkin's book The Nature of Sin: Two Evangelical Perspectives

Robert Black wrote the article "Cambridge Circus" for An Encyclopedia of Keynesian Economics in 1997.

James Schwartz published the book, Teaching Elementary School Mathematics in 1996.

Kathleen O'Connor submitted the winning poetry entry "Ode to Maya" in 1997. sin 1993.

James Zoller has poems entered in Third Coast: Blue Violin, Book 2: Blue Violin, Book 3

Irmgard Howard gave five lectures as a National Tour Speaker for the American Chemical Society on "People are Chemicals, Too! A Biochemist's Approach to the Public's Fear of Chemicals" in 1997.

Shannon O'Roarke presented her dissertation defense, "Gratitude and the Creation of Value," in August, 1997.

Ben King was a soloist for the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1996.

Charles Massey has developed the King Center as a holistic approach to education.

Cameron Airhart has initiated both the First Year Honors Program and Houghton in London for Upper Level Study.

This is only a partial list of all that Houghton professors have contributed to their respective fields. Our apologies to all whose work was not included here.

Fun Faculty Facts

Here are just a few of the many "less than scholarly" achievements of our Faculty.

Jean Reigles is an Equestrian Queen.

Dan Woolsey played Winnie the Pooh in a Houghton Production when he was a student here.

Richard Stegen grew up in the roughest neighborhood in Brooklyn.

Paul Young is a professional Kermit the Frog imitator.

Henry Biggs swam the English Channel.

Duane Saufley drove an 18 Wheeler full time during in 1995.

Ted Murphy ran for Student Body president when he was at Mount Vernon Nazarene College.

Tim Nichols has an entire room in his house devoted to the adoration of Coca-Cola.

John Tyson, Richard Stegen, John Rhett, Kathleen O'Connor were very enthusiastic fans at a Bob Dylan concert last year.

Gary Baxter and George Boespflug are experienced Hitchhikers.

Ron Oakerson attended a L.L. Cool J. Concert.

Rhea Reed was a Russian Linguist for the Army.

Excellent Work!

Houghton Students Say Thank You

Jim Roberts

My professors have always meant a lot to me and when I was given the opportunity to write about what I actually mean when I say that, I thought the task would be simple. It isn't. The relationship between a student and his teacher is a pretty complicated one and it isn't easy to put it into words.

Some teachers are known for their sense of humour and ability to run a fun class, one that students can enjoy not just for the knowledge gained but for the enjoyment of watching someone teach a subject they obviously love. Others are more bookish but their classes interest us not through entertainment but through information and knowledge.

The Bible teachers show a well-educated love for Scripture and their classes show this love but there are teachers in other majors whose Biblically-based teaching methods can put any subject in the perspective of religious belief.

I've had teachers who graded on a very tough scale, demanding and expecting only the best from their students. I've had other teachers who are

more concerned that their students understand their course even if they aren't necessarily highly challenged by the workload.

It's my senior year and when I graduate I may never see some of my professors again. This fills me with a great sense of loss because many of them have made a real impact on me. Some have made me reconsider goals that I'd long thought were etched in stone by God himself. Others have encouraged me to develop my dreams and ideals. And all of them have helped me see better how to grow into Christian maturity. Even those professors that I've strongly disagreed with have brought me closer to God.

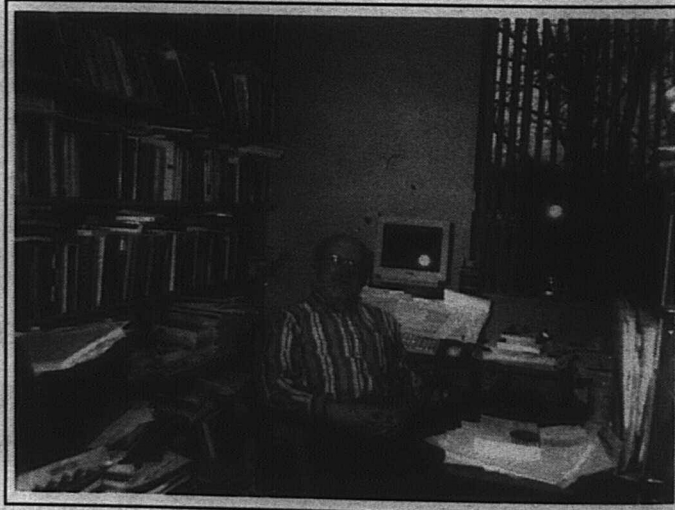
Now, a lot of students might think that this article is nothing more than an opportunity for one student to kiss up to all of his teachers at once. Well, it isn't. I'm only one voice this week. I'm only one person encouraging my professors to keep doing the excellent job they've always done. I encourage everyone else to do the same.



Thanks to whoever chooses the CLEW speakers for bringing Dr. Evvy Hay Campbell. Through not as "entertaining" as some other speakers, her quiet thoughtful style was tremendously helpful to me. I hope many students were also helped in their faith journeys.

Sincerely,

Cherie Brown



Dr. Oakerson Gets the Award for MESSIEST OFFICE



FACULTY APPRECIATION WEEK • MARCH 2-7

Through the Eyes of a Professor

David Johnson

We really needed to fill space, so we decided to offer a glimpse of an average day in the life of a Houghton professor. We asked one of Houghton's professors to give us a copy of his/her schedule. He/she respectfully declined, so we respectfully made it up:

6:00 am: Alarm goes off.

7:49: Wake up. Realize I just had a dream about my alarm clock going off.

7:49: Look at clock, regarding with interest I am very, very late.

7:50: Jump into my car, Pillsbury Toaster Streudel in hand, praying the students don't notice I'm wearing the same outfit for the fifth straight day. (I have to get over my phobia of fabric softener, and get my rear end down to the laundromat one of these days.)

7:58: Walk into class...knowing I have to face them again.

8:00-8:54: Talk a lot.

8:56: Go to my office and sit down.

8:57: Scratch an itch near my ear.

8:58: Inhale.

8:59: Exhale.

9:58: Suddenly wake up, grab some books (possibly the wrong ones), and sprint to class.

10:00-10:50: Deliver a brilliant, riveting lecture (most of which I completely made up.)

11:00-11:55: Play *Quake* on my laptop.

12:00-1:05: Bring my bag lunch into the Audio Visual room and watch the first half of *Die Hard*.

1:15-2:07: Go to class and do my thang.

2:15-3:00: Grade papers (using the RRR method: random red revisions.)

3:00-3:30: Sit in my office and stare.

3:30-4:00: Call Hector to see if the shipment has come in (that's *Bill Hector* from the bookstore about my new textbooks.)

4:00-5:00: Go to the faculty meeting.

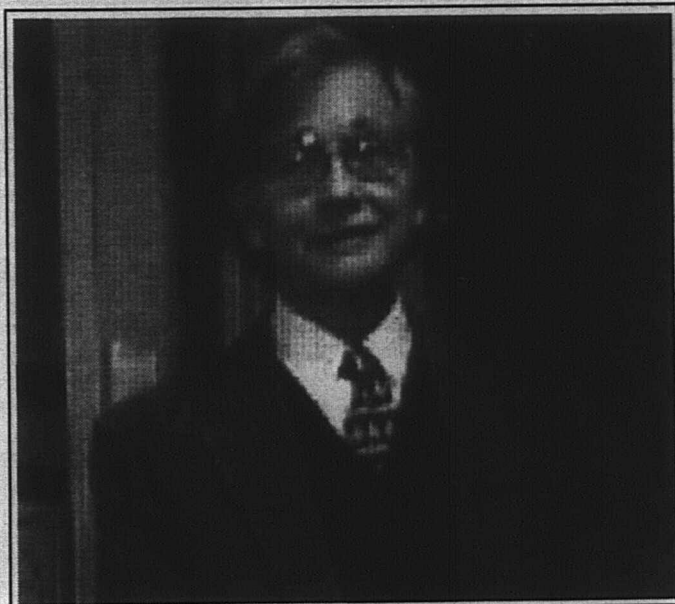
4:00-5:00: Draw funny pictures of the Department Chair on my legal pad.

5:00-5:30: Meeting temporarily adjourns to watch *A Saved by the Bell*. That Screech cracks me up.

5:45: Drive home, content in the fact I have contributed to the shaping of young minds.

5:46: Laugh loudly to myself.

Author's Note: In no way do I endorse the preceding article. I feel every professor on campus is a professional, generous, interesting, intelligent person. Basically, what I'm trying to say is I'M JUST KIDDING! PLEASE, IT WAS ALL JUST A JOKE! DON'T TAKE IT SERIOUSLY! PLEASE DON'T FAIL ME! I WANT TO GROW UP AND LIVE A PROSPEROUS LIFE WITH A WELL-PAYING JOB AND A LEXUS! I DON'T WANT TO BE A PATHETIC, FILTHY SHELL OF A MAN WHO EATS GARBAGE AND TALKS TO PARKING METERS!!! Thank you.



Dr. Schultz gets the Award for NEATEST OFFICE

STOP, THINK, GIVE THANKS!

When you think of Houghton, probably one of the first things that comes to your mind is the tremendous faculty that we spend each day in contact with. These individuals serve as educators, mentors, servants, and friends. Each one gives his time and effort hoping that his gifts and abilities will help his students to succeed and yet often his service is taken for granted. However, Faculty Appreciation Week provides each one of us the perfect opportunity to thank our administrators and professors for all the things they have done to make Houghton the place that it is today.

Please help us as we appreciate the faculty by taking the time to fill

out a thank-you card and send it to a professor or administrator who has become important to you. The thank-you notes will be supplied by SGA and will be handed out at chapel on Monday March 2. If you are unable to attend or do not receive one, they will be available in the dorms or in the SGA office during office hours. Thank you for taking the time to show our faculty just how important they are to Houghton College.

Remember your leaders, who spoke the word of God to you. Consider the outcome of their way of life and imitate their faith.

Hebrews 13: 7

The STAR would like to personally thank all Houghton faculty for their hard work contributing to a remarkable institution!

We need your help! The faculty of Houghton College has gotten on in years and most of them have probably forgotten their high school years. We need to bring those fond memories back through a simple poll. Listed below are a number of categories with a blank after each. Simply detach the little form, fill in the blanks with the professor that you think best fits that category and drop it off in the SGA office or mail it to c.p.o. 389. That's all there is to it.

RETURN TO C.P.O. 389 or the SGA OFFICE by THURSDAY MARCH 5

Most Likely to Have Been at Woodstock _____

Most Likely to Become President _____

Most Likely to Be Seen Singing at a Nightclub _____

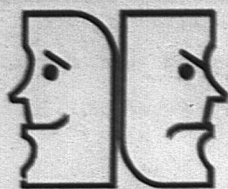
Most Likely to Run Away with the Circus _____

Most Likely to Write a Romance Novel _____

Most Likely to Be in a Broadway Musical _____

Most Likely to Have Been Kicked Out of College _____





Opinion

Appeal

Charles King

In a Christian institution, one would expect an atmosphere of brotherly love amongst each other. One would expect everyone to reach out to his/her Christian brother or sister and extend a helping hand, should it be needed. Also expected, this being an institution composed of international students as well, would be that we all (whites, Asians, Hispanics, blacks) join hands and sigh "We are the World..."

Okay, maybe that's a little too much to ask for. However, I don't think it's too much to request respect on the part of our American brothers and sisters, always in Christ, for us international students. One gets the impression that we are considered to be creatures of another planet, instead of just students from other continents and cultures. Maybe we portray an air of pretended superiority over our American brothers and sisters, again always in Christ. Maybe we put forth an attitude of "We don't need these Americans and their troubles". Or maybe it's just simply ignorance on the part of some of your Christian brothers and sisters about our world. No matter how distant it may seem

from the United States of America, it is very similar in terms of characteristics of human qualities.

We all have problems but some of us choose not to burden others with them. We're not all "rich foreign kids" whose parents sent them to this "great United States" for a college education simply because they could afford it. We, like everyone else, are here to try to make a better future for ourselves and bring pride to those back home who have put their faith and trust in that we will properly represent them. Many of our parents make sacrifices that are simply unimaginable for many students of this institution.

Of course the question running through numerous heads right now is: "Why such an article?" Noticed by more than a few students at our godly institution is the reluctance of student organizations to provide any kind of assistance for the international organization on campus. One such organization is the Student Senate to whom, on two occasions, the International Students' Association has requested funds for activities we've been planning to organize. The first

(Cont. on page 9)

A Worldwide Christian Community

Aaron Noll

Imagine an undivided worldwide Christian community. Galatians 3:28 would become living reality. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (NKJV). In such a utopia, one might modify this verse to, "There is neither American nor Mexican, Caucasian nor Oriental, Protestant nor Catholic; for you are all one in Christ Jesus" Many Christians would say that this is reality or at least close to reality. However, I would argue that the Christian community is far from these ideal conditions. A prodigious hindrance to its actualization remains firmly intact among many Christians' patriotism.

Patriotism is "love or devotion to one's country" (Webster's). Patriotic sentiments evoke pride, a sense of unity with one's fellow countrymen, love of one's nation, a commitment to uphold one's government, and a sense of duty to defend one's country. Excepting pride, these are fine values; commitment, love, duty, and unity are

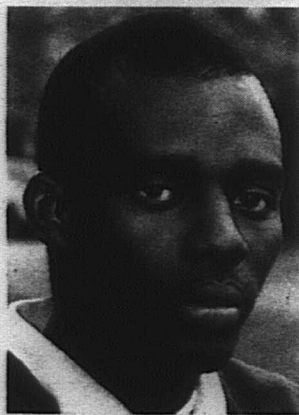
all splendid traits in a person. Commitment, love, a sense of duty, and unity are all marks of a model Christian. Many individuals, especially Americans, consider themselves both a Christian and a patriot. Yet one might inquire as to the compatibility of these two notions.

Patriotism and Christianity make similar claims on the individual's affections. Christianity requires nothing less than the individual's full commitment (Luke 9:57-62). Christianity requires the unity of all believers (Ephesians 4:1-6). Christians have a duty to love one another (1 Peter 3:9). The question that must now be asked is, "Can a Christian have a commitment (or any other of these sentiments) to her country and also be wholeheartedly committed to the injunctions of Christianity?"

If Christianity requires a full commitment to love God and one's fellow believers, then can there be any commitment remaining for the individual to devote to a nation? Can a

(Cont. on Page 9)

THORNS AND THISTLES: THE BITTER SIDE OF STUDENT POLITICS AT HOUGHTON



John Osae-Kwapong

It is an election year and there is one thing candidates who gear up for elections always learn to do; have a heart of patience greater than that of the Biblical Job. This is very important because it is that time of the year where your life undergoes very strict scrutiny with all sorts of revelations from those whose votes you seek with diligence. For instances during the 1992 elections in my home country Ghana, one newspaper devoted twenty issues to smear the campaign of one of the candidates. The editor of the newspaper titled the series

"Twenty Reasons Why You Must Not Vote For Rawlings" The contents of each article were so demeaning that it took this candidate more than just an ordinary human heart to deal with this editor. On the other hand one can understand the attitudes of the critics since public offices should at all times be protected of its image.

It was with joy that I decided to run for the office of SGA Vice-President here at Houghton College. Getting involved and contributing your quota is something I strongly believe in. So by the end of the very day I picked up my petitions, I had managed to get my required seventy-five student signatures. Then I needed to move another step higher with my campaign and this led me into making some posters as a way of advertising my candidacy for the position. It took the benevolence of a friend to come out with a few posters which ultimately had to be put up. And as expected of any political campaign tongues have wagged about how I look on the posters. I have laughed over some of the comments with friends and have put it behind me. However, a line has been crossed in what we can all healthily laugh about and that is an issue I want to address

in this article.

I walked up to the NAB on the morning of 16th February and on one of my posters was written "Wanted In Oklahoma". I took it off and went through the day trying to figure out the intent behind this. The next morning, the remaining five posters in this building had the same words written on them. I had two options; leave them there for everybody to see it or take them off and I decided to choose the latter.

I know I will never know the author of this statement but in all of our deeds done in the shadows of the dark there is someone who sees us, God, and I take consolation in that. Besides that I have a few thoughts to share with him or her.

There are some things that we can all laugh about but we must know when to stop. How can somebody be so mean, heartless and insensitive to the feelings and emotions of someone ready to serve the community which he is part of by equating him to the status of a criminal? Did this person contemplate what had taken place in Oklahoma, the pain and bitter memories families, the state and nation have to live with? Did he or she contemplate the penalties that Timothy

McVeigh and his accomplice had to suffer for their roles in this horrendous crime?

It hurts me to think of the fact that this happened no where other than Houghton College. That is not to say that Houghton is a perfect institution but even in my former school in New York City where we always sat on a racial time bomb, nobody ever crossed such lines during elections. I have grown to love this college so much and wouldn't want to graduate some day with bitter memories lingering on my thoughts.

Houghton has taught me a lot and this is what I am doing for the author of this statement. As I pray to God to heal the wounds of my broken heart, I reach out to you with a heart filled with love and forgiveness just as Christ has done for me. I also do hope and pray that next time you will be more sensitive, reflect soberly and consciously over your thoughts before you put them into action. I shall not be intimidated in my desires to serve Houghton College for it is only the actions of the just that smell sweet and blossom even in their dust.

See you next time.

Chinese Auction, Monday March 9, 1998, 7:30pm - 9 pm

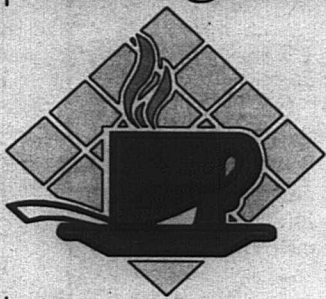
Houghton College Dining Hall, drawings begin at 8:30pm

New and Used Items donated by the community residents and area businesses

All Proceeds Benefit The Bronx Mission Trip



Thoughts



Over Coffee

My feelings are continually being hurt by my friends and family. This is more often due to forgotten dates, favors unreturned, low precedence and unthoughtful words and deeds rather than actions and words deliberately meant to hurt me. Nevertheless I am inwardly injured. This causes me to want to stop caring at all about people, to harden my heart so that the hurting will end. Simon and Garfunkle sang the lyrics, "I am a rock. I am an island." This seems much easier and safer as I case myself with indifference and a shell of sarcasm. Yet I find my stony exterior hurts others in return. I am no longer the ear to listen, the shoulder for tears, the smile to encourage, or the hand to help. Rather I become unloving and useless as a friend and sister. As Christ gently knocks on my shell, the cracks streak across its surface, eventually fragmenting the sarcasm and indifference into pieces of manageable size. As I once again remove the old ways of self, John's words become increasingly clear: "There is no fear in love. But perfect love drives out fear... We love because He first loved us." (1 John 4:18-19)

A Worldwide Christian Community

(Cont. from page 8)

Christian be truly unified with mutual love to her fellow believers around the world while also claiming a divisive national unity; that is, a unity of believing and non-believing countrymen? A national consciousness must necessarily have a detrimental effect on the consciousness of Christian unity. Patriotic love of one's country must necessarily detract from Christian love for one's fellow believer. To effect Christian love to the fullest capacity, patriotism must be abandoned by the Christian.

Patriotism may be acceptable for non-Christians. What other common bond and unity have non-Christians to form than with those of common culture or geographical area? As Christians, why should we form any unity or common bond with non-Christians? The differential gap between non-Christians and Christians is as wide as "light and dark" (2 Corinthians 6:14). Why should Christians compromise their righteous unity for an unholy, terrestrial, artificial national unity?

I choose to ignore national boundaries and love my Christian brothers and sisters whether they be African, Vietnamese, or Catholic. I will disregard racial, national, and denominational distinctions in loving and supporting my fellow Christians.

time, the ISA's request for \$200.00 was granted to provide for travel for a United Nations Representative from Liberia, West Africa, to visit and give lectures to Houghton College students. Refused, however, was our solicitation of \$200.00 + dollars to use for assisting international students shop in Rochester and Buffalo for winter clothes and other various necessities they wouldn't necessarily have upon arrival to the US. I would expect such a small amount to be granted us based on human courtesy, but the amount we requested was diminished to less than half of what we originally petitioned on the argument that we should get jobs ourselves to pay for it.

Upon audition of this, I first wondered what heartless simpleton could ask such a question. But the more I pondered this I started to realize that it was simply a matter of misunderstanding among my Christian brothers and sisters. Therefore, I'll endeavor to explain, before I go on, why we couldn't just go out and get jobs. International students are prohibited from acquiring, or even seeking employment in the US without permission from the Immigration and Naturalization Services. For such permission to be granted, one must first provide, among a list of other peculiarities, proof of economical hardship, which is almost impossible to do because upon acquisition of a visa for the US, one must first prove that he/she will be capable of settling without problems.

Yet, one must eventually let this slide because it is considered stupid to cry over spilled milk. But recently, when our senate representative went before the Student Senate with another petition, this time for money to host

Appeal

(Cont. from page 8)

the annual International Dinner, he was ridiculed and mocked. Maybe it's because the information he provided wasn't very accurate. Maybe the Senate was just simply more interested in buying new snowboards to use during the spring, or even the summer when the grass was green and the weather at least 70 degrees Fahrenheit - or maybe God promised snow during spring and summer in Houghton. Or maybe it's simply the representatives of our student body are close-minded and fail to see the use of an international dinner.

In addition to uniting international students, the ISA's other goal is to introduce our siblings in Christ, referral is made by the members of the Houghton Community, - they are continually a blessing to us, and helpful in providing emergency lodgings for students who don't get the opportunity to get away from their monotonous classes and be reminded that there's a world out there. The ISA is by far the largest organization on campus, regrouping about 35 international students, 40 third-cultured kids (otherwise known as missionary kids) and approximately 50 Canadians. SO, in case students were wondering, no we are not a racial organization.. We have Hispanics, Asians, Blacks, and dominating the ISA, white students.

Other activities the ISA has been engaged in throughout the school year are:

- Raising money to aid victims of war and natural disasters in Africa (US \$100.00+ was successfully raised and forwarded to Somalia where a flood had destroyed homes in a constantly war and famine stricken zone.

- An international church service. It was a successful evening worship service at the Houghton

Community Church where praises were sung to our Lord and several International Students gave their testimonies.

- Arrangements are being made for Mrs. King-Akerele, a United Nations representative, to come and speak to Houghton College Students on the role of the UN in third world countries today.

- International movies have been shown for interested students to take a brief look at other societies around the world.

- An international all-star indoor soccer game is being organized for Houghton College Students that will oppose the Americans to the rest of the world.

The point of this article, in all fairness, is to promote compassion and understanding for international students among my Houghton College brothers and sisters in Christ. We understand that sometimes we may be hard to comprehend. The fact of the matter still remains to be that we're seeing your world and are trying to adapt to it. Despite the apparent ease with which we seem to adjust, we are struggling to fit in and find it even more difficult to share our cultures and lives with you because many of you seem to clam up. Those who have been where we're from understand that we're all the different, but that each of our differences compliment those differences from others. If what we're asking is too much, then we understand and apologize for our intrusion into your perfect world. However, since we all have to live on the same campus and see each other everyday, please show us the minimal respect we believe we've always shown you.

Maris' Foolish Games Vision

Jim Roberts

I want to talk about rumours. I don't think anyone knows how these things get started. Maybe it's just an exaggeration, a blatant lie or a malicious act, but regardless, the effects are usually the same. People you thought you knew start avoiding you, your friends start treating you differently. Regardless, the whole situation is usually painful and always uncomfortable. The real problem is that rumours are rarely complete and utter lies. Usually they're an exaggeration or elaboration on something that actually happened.

Often times it feels like you can't just leave the rumour alone. On the other hand, it's pretty well impossible to reach every single person who has been affected by the rumour. Why not just ignore them? Because a lot of rumours are very hurtful and insulting. What do you do then?

I don't know. I really don't. There are times when all the helpful advice in the world is simply useless. When people are telling lies and half-truths about you and you don't know how far it's reached or how much longer people will be affected by it, there is nothing to do but just buckle down, grit your teeth and live through it. Try to dispel the rumour when you can but don't drive yourself crazy with it.

In the end, I guess that's what a lot of things in life require: endurance. As long as we keep in mind the fact that God will always be there, endlessly

(Cont. on page 11)



The Houghton Star is looking for hard-working, dedicated editors and staff for 1998-99. Pick up an application in the SGA office or stop by and see Dale in the Star office. I'll be looking forward to speaking with you!



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Virtue Through Voluntary Action

Aaron Noll

How do people become virtuous? Political theorists such as the Protestant reformer John Calvin have suggested that government has the ability to improve an individual's virtue. Others, including many classical liberals, theorize that the only mode by which virtue can be achieved is voluntary action. I will make several propositions as to why the latter view may be closer to the truth.

Virtuous actions might be divided into two categories for the purpose of this argument. First, there are actions for which the beneficial or detrimental effects affect only the actor; for example, using harmful drugs, skipping class, and spending whole paychecks on Barq's Root Beer. It is such virtue that I will call *private*. Second, there are actions for which the beneficial or detrimental effects affect not only the actor but also the surrounding community; for example, making prank phone calls, sending useless campus-wide e-mail messages, and the like. This type of virtue I will call *social*.

The main objective for which most societies aim is justice. The seventeenth century political philosopher John Locke theorized a social contract between society and government. Government is created by society for the purpose of ensuring *just interaction* between its components. Just relations between individuals would fulfill only one aspect (of the two suggested above) of virtue. However, Locke, whose theory of social contract was adopted by, among other nations, the United States, made no indication in his contract theory that society contracts with a government to regulate *private* virtue. This suggests that a government's attempt to regulate *private* virtue, at least in those constitutions imbued with Lockean theory including the U.S., may be unconstitutional.

In simple terms, a community, in an attempt to secure justice in individual interaction, would form a jury

to mediate disputes. A jury would then make a judgment as to which party is guilty of an injustice. An immediate fault one is able to see with this method of dispute resolution is the jury's lack of complete knowledge in the matter of dispute. Furthermore, each jurist would have a different conception of justice. These two objections to the jury system would be enough to abolish were it not for the fact that it may be the best method of dispute resolution that humans have in an imperfect world. Thus, we must accept the jury system (or some kind of government) to ensure some level of justice in society.

Given the apparent shortcomings of even a third party (a jury or a government) in *perfectly* resolving a dispute, it is evident that these shortcomings would be *magnified* in regulating *private* virtue. *Private* virtue has two distinctive characteristics that make this statement palpable: 1) a third party's complete knowledge becomes more unlikely in matters of the mind, motive, etc, and 2) the ambiguity of the *principles of private* virtue suggests an even *wider* divergence of perspectives among regulators than those of justice.

A virtuous action might be divided into two components: intent (or motive) and action. For government to effectively improve the virtue of individuals, its regulation must affect *both* of these components. However, it is quite obvious that government can only affect the latter. For example, mere *external* restraint of an individual from taking harmful drugs cannot make the person virtuous; the individual must *desire* to cease the practice; that is, the decision must be *internal* or *voluntary*. Therefore, both components of virtuous action can only be effected through *voluntary decision* and *action*.

For these reasons, it may be impossible and even harmful for government to regulate individual virtue. Furthermore, in many nations, such action may be unconstitutional.

- Is the strain of mid-semester weighing on your mind and body?
- Do you need to learn how to relax?
- Do you have a hard time managing stress in your life?
- Do your priorities get out of whack when stressful times come?
- Are your eating habits contributing to the stress in your life?

If you answered YES to any of these questions, you should definitely attend the "Stress Fair" on March 17, 1998 from 4:00-7:00 pm in the Campus Center Lounge.

Come and Celebrate St. Patrick's Day with "Baldo"

Sponsored by Counseling Services and the East Hall Res. Life staff.

Enjoy a "come and go" fair with several booths which will highlight different ways to deal with stress:

The Garden of Eden - nutrition & ideas for healthy eating to reduce stress

Lucy...the Counselor is In - a "mini-session" with one of our counselors

Relax...sink your toes in the sand - relaxation exercises

Loosen up! - massages

CPR for the Soul - spiritual care and priorities

Watch your time - time management tips from Student Academic Services

Stress Balls - construct a stress ball to "squeeze whenever you please"

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121 South College Street, Myerstown, PA 17067-1299

WOW Comprehensive Christian Music

Tim Graffam

The word WOW, in relation to Christian music, can now be associated with multi-million record sales, top artists, and big money. After three successive and successful years, the WOW industry is as popular as ever.

WOW began in 1995 and has continued with WOW 2, WOW 3, and recently, '98. WOW is a set that compiles the best of contemporary Christian music. I stress contemporary, not "alternative" or "gospel" songs by Third Day, Adrenaline, who move from mainstream anyway. The listener friendly establishment of R & B, and Susan Ashton and Bryan Duncan contribute their own style of adult contemporary. Twila Paris closes the compilation with "My Utmost For His Highest," a song off another compilation of the same name.

WOW has been going strong for three years and doesn't look to be slowing down any time soon. News of a gospel version of WOW report it to be on shelves soon, and a WOW "classics" is due out later in 1998 (that is a compilation of 30 of the best songs from 1990-95). WOW's producers seem to have found something that works, and they certainly are milking it, as each of the WOW sets have sold over a million copies respectively. Though I wouldn't purchase a WOW collection for myself, I believe that WOW would make a great gift. It could also be a great ministry tool, very useful in introducing people to a healthy smattering of today's best in contemporary Christian music.

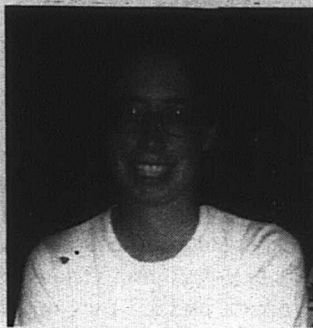
The black one is the more contemporary CD that Mom and Dad will throw in and try to pretend they're still cutting edge and hip (e.g. "Have you kids still say cool"). The new 4Him tune, boy do they. You kids still say cool. The black one starts out with Curtis Chapman and continues with Point Of Grace, Amy Grant. Their 4Him, Bob Chapmen are on the members of Avalon by medium, consistent and two women. The and Bebe and Cece add a of R & B, and Susan Ashton and Bryan Duncan contribute their own style of adult contemporary. Twila Paris closes the compilation with "My Utmost For His Highest," a song off another compilation of the same name.

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The Presidential State of Fancher Address

Kristen Engnell

During my first three years at Houghton I think the only time I went to Fancher was to look at the stained glass portrait of William Shakespeare for the Intreat scavenger hunt. Admissions workers excluded, I'm sure this is the case for most of you. We went to Fancher for our admissions interview but haven't been back since. I've heard several students voice a question I had for a long time: what really goes on in there?



Quite simply without Fancher there would be no Houghton College. Houghton receives revenue from basically three sources: tuition, alumni and other donors. The 34 employees who work in Fancher are responsible for all three of these areas. The two largest departments found in Fancher are the Office of Admissions and the Development Office.

Admissions involves more than simply filling up the freshmen class. They also keep in contact with 10,000 high school students, travel 25,000 miles a year to meet them and coordinate 2,500 prospective student visits per year. It is impossible to underestimate the importance of the admissions process; because Houghton is highly tuition dependent, the loss of even a few students can adversely effect our operating budget.

Having gone through it, admissions is a fairly familiar concept to most of us. However, Development is not. As Dale Fillmore, Associate Vice President for Development, stated, "Development is helping an organization reach its full potential... we are in the business of helping the college students achieve their potential for Christ. It takes money to do

that, so we raise funds."

Basically the 13 Development Office employees ask people, alumni, organizations and foundations for money to help Houghton balance its budget every year. This takes over the 39,000 letters, 8,500 phone calls and many personal visits. They also keep in touch with almost 17,000 alumni. Tim Fuller, Vice-President for External Affairs recently took a grueling eight day trip west to visit alumni and donors. He flew on five different airlines, drove five different rental cars to hold alumni meetings and meet with donors. I'm sure flying 38,000 miles a year and asking people for money gets old rather fast. So why do people like Tim Fuller continue year after year? As Barbara Bates, Director of the Annual Fund, says simply "Because I absolutely believe in the mission and ministry of Houghton College... it is a great privilege for me to invite others to be a part of this mission!"

If this hasn't convinced that Fancher is an important place, maybe this will: it does weigh 835 tons and was the heaviest building moved in the United States in 1987.

A New Name... Its Official

As of February 9th, several offices on campus had official name changes. We realize that the changes may cause some confusion, but feel that the new names are a better reflection of the services provided in each area.

The new name for the department formerly known as Security is Campus Safety and Security. After a thorough and timely evaluation of the department, it has been suggested that the title become more global, encompassing both the safety and security issues of our campus.

The mailroom is also being given a new name, the College Post Office. After Matt Webb took over the supervision of the department, he and the staff recognized the level of work that goes on in this office. It is truly a full service post office and the new name reflects its services.

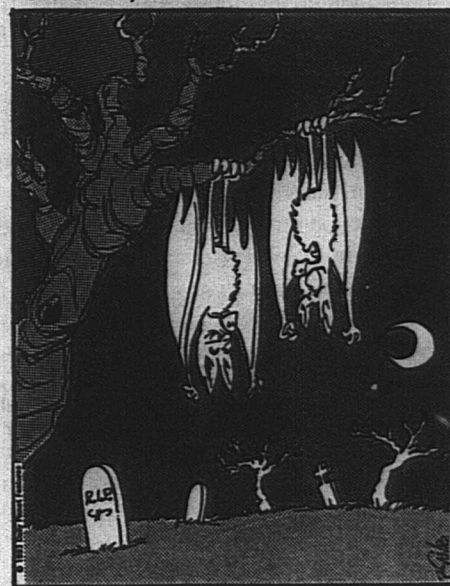
Finally, the Student Development Office made a change, now being referred to as the Office of Student Life. This name change will help to avoid any confusion with the Development Office which works with external constituents of the college. We feel that the Office of Student Life is a more current and clear title for the many departments which come under the overall supervision of this division.

Maris' Vision Continued

supplying us with his supernatural strength and perseverance when we honestly ask for it, we can get through just about anything. Rumours hurt. They don't hurt only because their untrue, they hurt because they gener-

ally mean that someone somewhere doesn't like you and doesn't have the guts to tell you so face to face. The tough part, I guess, is persevering and finding a balance between defending your honour and acting like a jerk.

CHAOS by Brian Shuster



"Whoa, head-rush."

Editorial Column

I Know, I Know, Its About Time!

Dale C. Schuurman

As some of you know, (and I like to tell myself none of you believe) I find myself spontaneously and sporadically block-headed. Probably more often than not and certainly to greater degrees than I notice. Anyway, here I am in this tiny office working on the Star after yet ANOTHER all-nighter. It remains to be determined whether the all-nighters are the cause or the effect of the block headedness. I have come to think it is a vicious circle and that is precisely what I want to discuss in this column. Any way you slice it, I have come to realize that I have a serious problem.

I shouldn't have made this subject humorous because I feel as though my problem affects thousands of college students. So here it is; **My name is Dale and I do not know how to prioritize.** In order to shed a little light on the extent of my affliction, let me tell you a bit about myself.

My alarm clock rings anywhere between 6 and 8 AM depending on the day. I meticulously play tag with the snooze button until I get sick of the game and turn the alarm off altogether between 9 and 10. If there is chapel, I could possibly roll out of bed around 10:50 but if there is no chapel or sometimes even if there is, I stand up and stumble to the bathroom somewhere between 11:30 and 1 PM. By the time I have taken a shower and finished a rushed breakfast, I am refreshed and ready to start my day by 2:30 or 3. Occasionally I make it to my 1:15 as Dr. Charles Bressler can attest, but probably not as often as he would like me to. I am always rushing to do a little work between 3 and 5 but I spend more time saying hello to people I would have already said hello to if I had gotten out of bed at a decent hour. Anyway, occasionally I get a bit of work done and then head off to eat dinner before play practice. Play practice lasts a little over two hours three or four days a week. I have no idea what I accomplish on the days when there is no play practice although it must be something. After play practice I run to Big Al's just before they close at 11 and order some grease to supplement my wonderful dinner. Then, finally at around 11:30 or 12 I settle in to do the bulk of my work. If I go to sleep (and those of you who know me know that it is a big if,) but if I go to sleep, it is usually sometime after 5 or right after classes the following day.

In short, my priorities are: One, myself. Living this schedule makes me irritable and self absorbed. Two, sleep. This of course, is more out of necessity than priority. If I didn't sleep I would die. Three, work. Despite my irresponsible behavior I still have overwhelming drive to succeed. The funny thing is, I never will at this rate. Four, my family and friends. I try to care but I usually say I'm too busy and can't talk right now. Oh yes, I haven't called my family or written a letter in months. It's a good thing they care about me. Last, and only if I have a bit of time, God. Sure, I keep my Bible on the floor next to my bed pretending that I will open it. In fact, I think it lies there open. Who am I kidding? I read it as often as I fly to the moon. And prayer, what is that?

Lately though, I have determined to wage all-out war to turn this around. I found that my priorities are exactly backwards. Myself, sleep, work, family and friends, and God. Spelled backwards its God, family and friends, work, sleep, myself. I know that these are the priorities of Christ, in that order. I can see it in his everyday life. Self: Christ put himself below all by dying on the cross and receiving all of our sin. Sleep: Christ rebuked the disciples for falling asleep in the garden when they should have been doing... Work: Praying that they do not fall into temptation. Family and friends: You know who you are. God: Christ never failed to consult and praise His father in need and in triumph.

My suggestion is that we all re-evaluate our priorities. Some will have it right, praise God. Many of us have some work to do. If I sound as though I am really talking to myself; thanks for listening. It's not only nuts who talk to themselves.



The Lighter Side

Titanic! By: Dave Johnson

Does this sort of conversation sound familiar?
 "Hi Loretta! How are you doing today?"
 "Well, I just received word I was diagnosed with chlamydia, my grandparents were arrested for grand larceny, and my dog was hit by a train. No big deal."
 "Have you seen 'Titanic' yet?"
 (starts sobbing) "What an incredible movie. Leonardo DiCaprio is such a hunk."
 "Bummer about your dog."

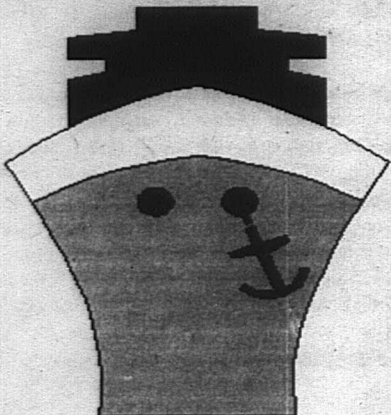
Frankly, I'm feeling quite water-logged from the current squall of 'Titanic' praise. Although it is sold out until something like 2014 and it's bringing in an untold amount of profit (which is amazing) and virtually all critics have showered it with oceans of acclamation, I believe it is one of the worst efforts Hollywood has launched since "Voyage of the Rock Aliens."

The movie opens with scenes of a diving crew scavenging through the ghostly remains of the "Titanic." I must confess though, the scenes of this wreckage were masterfully computer generated, almost making them look real. Apparently this crew (led by Bill Paxton, whose best work, by far, was in "Rocky V") is looking for some gigantic diamond. This is the first evidence of unrealism. Like a diamond that has been underwater for long periods of time without turning into copper.

Eventually the oceanic pirates come across an impossibly old lady named Rose, played by, I think, Estelle Getty. Turns out Rose was a passenger on this "Titanic," and in fact, a drawing of her was found among the wreckage wearing the diamond and nothing else (how did the diving crew know about it? It's just a page from Penthouse or something?). All of a sudden we are taken back to like 1912, to a bustling dock, shadowed by the enormous "Titanic." Here is an example of one of many anachronisms in the film. The technology in 1912 was unable to produce a ship of this magnitude. Back then, ocean-farers were limited to clippers, several motor powered dinghies, and duck-shaped inner-tubes. It is at this dock we meet a younger version of Rose (played by a short Kate Winslet) and Jack Dawson (portrayed by a horribly miscast Leonardo DiCaprio; a much wiser casting decision would have been John Goodman).

Suddenly, we are propelled into a ridiculous love story between Jack and Rose. The audience becomes the victim of cheesy dialogue like "No you won't!" and "Help me, I'm drowning!" As the romance heats up between Jack and Rose the "Titanic," which is, for some reason, travelling in really cold water, hits, you won't believe this, an ice-berg. Yeah, that's plausible. I'm sure there are plenty of ice-bergs in the ocean. Even if there were, they surely wouldn't be floating, as ice would sink straight to the ocean floor. It is at this point in the film James Cameron makes a fatal misstep; he sinks the ship. In my opinion, if you're going to spend \$250 million on a movie, why do something as blatantly unoriginal as sinking it? "The Poseidon Adventure" already used the ship-in-peril idea. Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of "Titanic" is its incredibly large body count, making it largely unsuitable for younger viewers.

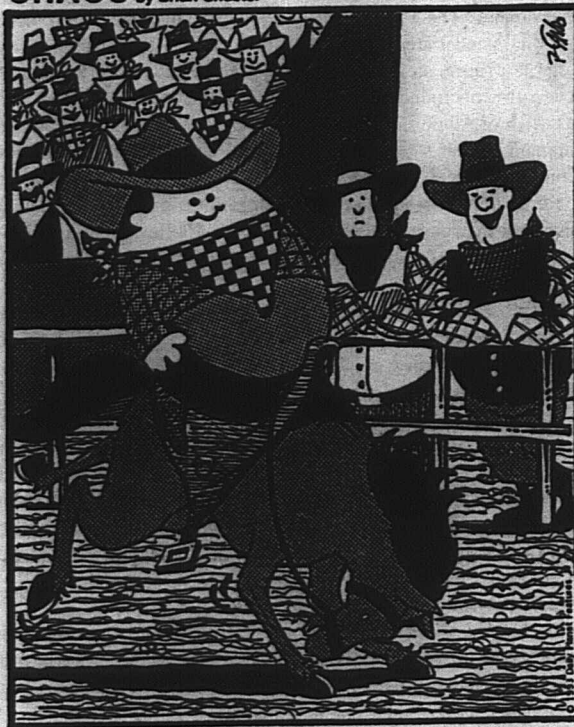
Though it has been soaked with accolades, "Titanic" fails utterly. The movie is anachronistic, full of factual errors, and takes in the year's material, drowns in elements, of the appointment-shove off ne.



Support Your Local Ambulance/Volunteer Fire Department

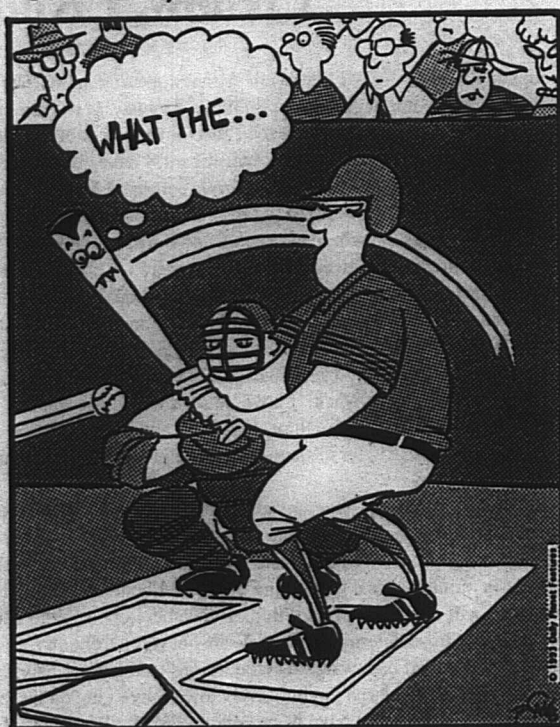
Houghton Volunteer Ambulance Squad will be hosting a comical murder mystery dinner theatre to help support the ambulance department. The dinner and full-length play will be held at the Fillmore Central School Auditorium on Friday March 14, 1998 from 6:30-9:30pm. Tickets are \$10 for students, \$15 for adults, and \$25 for couples. Call 567-4123 or 567-4259 for more information or to reserve tickets.

CHAOS by Brian Shuster



"Well sure he wobbles around a lot, but my money says that that boy just won't fall down."

CHAOS by Brian Shuster



As the result of a linguistic fluke, Dracula experienced the worst night of his life.

The Lighter Side

The Flying Checkbook

Dave Barry

I have some news that is going to cause you taxpayers to want to throw down this newspaper and dance the Funky Chicken of Joy.

Here it is: The B-2 iStealthi Bomber can get wet! Hurrah!

In case you're wondering why this is so exciting, let me give you some background. The B-2 is

SECURITY ALERT: THE FOLLOWING IS TOP SECRET INFORMATION THAT MUST NOT FALL INTO THE HANDS OF FOREIGN AGENTS UNLESS THEY HAVE MADE LARGE ILLEGAL CASH CONTRIBUTIONS TO A LEADING POLITICAL PARTY. THANK YOU.

... a bomber that is invisible to enemy radar because it is made of high-tech iStealthi materials such as (to judge from the price) caviar. The original mission of the B-2 was to fly from overseas bases deep into the Soviet Union and drop nuclear bombs. Of course there IS no Soviet Union anymore, which means that now the mission of the B-2 Bomber is ... The mission is ... Hang on, it'll come to me ...

OK, never mind the pesky detail of what the military mission is. The important thing is, the B-2 has demonstrated a breathtaking capability, unmatched in aviation history, to deliver, with pinpoint accuracy, extremely large payloads of taxpayer dollars into the districts of strategic members of Congress. So far the B-2 project has cost us taxpayers \$45 billion, which has purchased us 21 bombers, which works out to around \$2 billion per bomber, making it the most expensive airplane ever built (bear in mind, however, that it comes with floor mats).

Now here's the problem: The General Accounting Office did a big study of the B-2 bomber, concluding that — I will try to put this in layperson's terms — flying is bad for it. Yes. It turns out that the secret stealthy materials are sensitive to moisture, which as luck would have it (Who could have predicted this?) is plentiful in the atmosphere, so according to the GAO, after the B-2 flies, it tends to need lots of costly repairs.

I can relate to this. I used to own a boat, and whenever I made the stu-

pid mistake of putting it in the actual water, expensive pieces of it would immediately fall off. I wound up deploying my boat permanently on a trailer. Using similar reasoning, the Air Force has decided that, instead of putting the B-2s at bases around the world, it will deploy ALL of them in — get ready for a strategic location — Missouri. Really. That's where the Air Force has special climate-controlled maintenance facilities. So let's just recap the B-2 history:

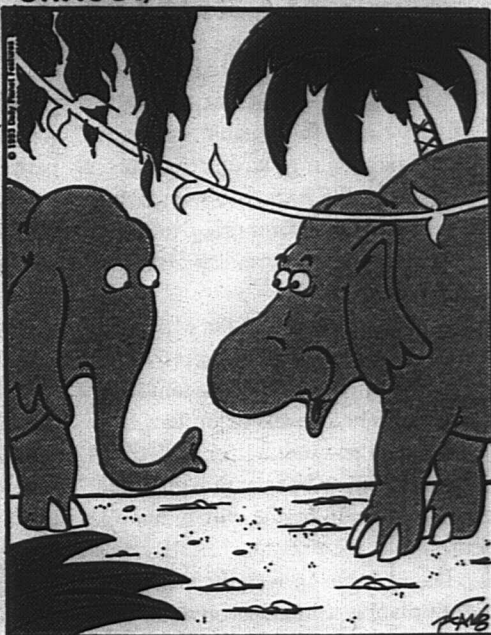
ORIGINAL IDEA: Station overseas; fly deep into Soviet Union; drop nuclear bombs.

CURRENT ACTUAL USE: Station in Missouri; fly deep into Kansas; get repaired.

So, OK, things have not worked out exactly as planned. But how many of us can honestly say that we have never, in a moment of absentmindedness, purchased an unnecessary weapons system for \$45 billion? I didn't think so! Nevertheless, when the GAO report came out, there were a lot of snide remarks from the media about the B-2 Bomber not being able to fly in the rain. So in September

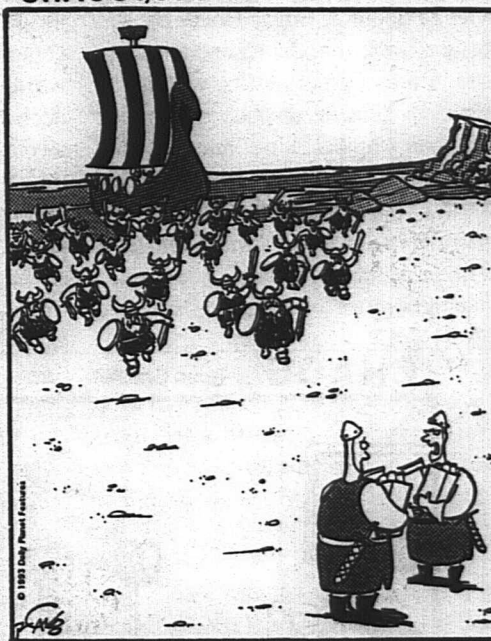
(Cont. on page 14)

CHAOS by Brian Shuster



"So he says, 'Please don't trample me, I'm a plastic surgeon.' And I say, 'Well, maybe we can work something out ...'"

CHAOS by Brian Shuster



"No, no, no. I distinctly remember telling you that I would pick up the chips and beer and that you would get the army."

CHAOS by Brian Shuster



"Listen kids, I'd love to sell you this fire insurance policy, but I gotta be honest with you ... I just don't think you could afford the premiums."



The Lighter Side

Transfestivities

Randy Lipsky

The images still haunt me to this day. Every time I think about that awful night, a strange feeling sweeps over me. I can't fully describe it, possibly a mixture of horror and...well, horror. Hey, let's face it, when a bunch of guys dress up as women it ain't gonna be pretty.

And that's just what the Miss Winter Weekend Pageant was, not pretty. Four young men participated in the event (their names will be held back to protect their innocence and their social life), and, truthfully, I would rather be beaten with a steel pipe than be seen in public with either one of them.

David Johnson was the emcee for the night's display, and it was obvious from the get-go he had no idea what was in store for him. Also along for the ride were three judges (please don't ask me what qualifications a judge at the Miss Winter Weekend pageant needs; perhaps an extensive knowledge about J. Edgar Hoover.) The contestants were introduced one at a time, dressed in their casual outfits, with an array of shades of make-up dabbed over their stubble, and tropical rain-forests on their calves. As they individually sauntered across the stage (perhaps what the East German National women's water polo team looks like on a break), the audience erupted in a cacophony of cheers, laughter, and

guttural sounds of revulsion.

The next event was the talent competition. As I watched I shared the anxious thoughts of the other spectators. We prayed the talent exhibition didn't involve any kind of strange gyrations or calisthenics. Luckily, the participants only recited poetry. Not quite Wordsworthian, but at least it rhymed.

Formal wear was the third installment in the pageant, and the participants were certainly wearing some sheik outfits. And that's all I'm going to say about that.

The final round was the all-important question and answer. Each contestant randomly picked a question from the hat, which they answered to the best of their ability, while maintaining a high-pitched feminine voice.

Now was the time for judgement. The crowd was hushed, eagerly anticipating the results, and, even more eagerly, awaiting the end of the nightmare. As the contestants excitedly shuffled in place, the word finally arrived; the judges reached a decision. And the winner was...does it really matter? No. All that counts is a gay time was had by all. Students were able to laugh and fellowship and have an all-around fun night. I have to say, I learned an important lesson that night. Steve Erickson, Nate Peterson, Andrew Terp and Justin MacDonald are sick freaks.

The Flying Checkbook Continued

ber, the Air Force struck back with a bold strategic move: It flew several dozen reporters and photographers from Washington to Missouri, where they witnessed as a team of airmen—I swear I am not making this bold strategic move up—WASHED A B-2 BOMBER.

"This airplane does not melt in water," stated an Air Force official in a quote that I am also not making up. "We do this all the time. We just get out here with the brushes and scrub away."

I don't know about the rest of you taxpayers, but when I read those words, I get a proud feeling deep in my stomach, knowing that there is no way that any enemy of this nation could disable our B-2 Bomber fleet by having agents sneak into Missouri and wash the planes.

Despite the fact that the B-2 has been shown to be capable, with proper maintenance, of withstanding moisture, the Pentagon has decided that it does not want to buy any more of these planes. In other words, even our top military experts believe that 21 is a sufficient number of extremely expensive bombers with no apparent function. So guess what a bunch of congresspersons recently tried to do? Right! They tried to have the taxpayers buy nine more! For another \$27 billion! Guess why they did

this? Right! To enhance the National Security! By which I mean, get themselves re-elected! It doesn't even matter if the B-2 can fly! We could make it entirely out of a fragile type of cheese that spoils on contact with air and has to be completely replaced every 45 minutes! As long as the money gets spent in these congresspersons' districts!

Unfortunately for our National Security, Congress decided to cancel the new B-2s and spend the money on other things. (What, you thought they'd give the money back to YOU?) Nevertheless we can all take comfort in the fact that for many years, we will be paying millions and millions of dollars to maintain the original fleet of Stealth bombers stationed strategically in Missouri, scrubbed and ready to fly out and bomb enemy targets. Or maybe it will turn out to be more cost-effective to fly the enemy targets to Missouri, so our B-2s can bomb them without getting too far from the climate-controlled maintenance facilities. So as a taxpayer, I applaud all the congresspersons who helped make this amazing weapon possible. I hope they get rewarded for their efforts by being taken for lengthy VIP flights on the B-2. In the rain. Strapped to a wing.

CHAOS by Brian Shuster



"Looks like Grandma is in one of her moods again."

The Lighter Side

Truckish Delights

Dave Johnson



I look at the ticket stub. Friday 8 p.m., February 13, 1998. The U.S. Hot Rod Thunder Nationals. Oh, what a night. You may be wondering what in the world is a "Thunder National?" Well, for starters, anything that follows "U.S. Hot Rod" isn't likely to be a Tupperware bazaar or a Post-modern philosophy convention. The U.S. Hot Rod Thunder Nationals was two things: a) a beer-soaked, fuel-injected, car-crushing monster truck extravaganza, and b) the single manliest thing I have ever attended in my life.

As we approached the Rochester War Memorial, pushing it at 7:40 p.m., the

first indication that we were headed to a congregation of masculinity was the phalanx of pick-up trucks tearing up the pavement in downtown Rochester. Ford Rangers, Chevy S-10's, and Dodge Rams, and bumper stickers that said things like "Suck My Exhaust Pipe" and "Your Grandmother Is In My Trunk" fanned out to the horizon.

Entering the arena was like strolling through the residential area of Hazzard County. Work-boots to the left, red-and-black-checked jackets to the right, and mesh caps everywhere.

Immediately the stench of beer hit me like a bus. It was as if the entire auditorium had been soaked in alcohol with a fire hose. Men had beer. Women had beer. The monster-truck drivers had beer. There was even an old guy walking around with an intravenous of Budweiser.

We took our seats and prepared ourselves for what was sure to be, at the very least, loud exhaust. The lights dimmed, and an announcer proceeded to introduce the five different monster trucks. Providing a feast for the eye-balls, these custom machines proceeded to display their many at-

tributes, including colossal over-sized tires (in this respect, they're kind of like Baywatch actresses.) I have no idea what these trucks ran on. If I had to guess, I would say each gas tank is filled with straight testosterone. Personally, I wouldn't be surprised if these trucks had hair on their chassis. Now what would you guess the names of these mechanical behemoths would be? The Seamstress? Sensitivity? The Cute Little Kitty-Kat? No way. Monster trucks have macho names like Facial Hair, The Stench, Let's Go Run Someone Over, The Avenging Kidney Stone, and Inflamed Prostate.

After the vehicles were introduced, the announcer declared the arrival of the "Super Trucks." I thought to myself: "Whoa. Super trucks. Cool." Unfortunately, these machines did not live up to my expectations. Instead of gigantic, twelve-ton rigs, six tiny trucks, the size of go-carts, raced into the arena. For ten minutes they drove around, accomplishing nothing. The only times the audience's interest piqued, were close calls or minor collisions. I suppose in the event of a fatal accident, the spectators would have cheered like insane people:

"Look at that wreckage burn, son!"
"Daddy, where's that man's head?"

The "Super Trucks" finally left the floor, leaving only a small exhibition of skid marks, some fumes of exhaust, and several thousand people wondering why someone in their right mind would spend money on a bunch of little trucks when they could buy a warm pair of work gloves or beer. Just as the first feelings of frustration began to infiltrate my mind, the entire building was rocked by a very, very loud sound—the sound of a monster-truck engine.

These vehicles of destruction rolled out onto center stage, following deafening sounds of diabolical combustion. The monster-trucks began to show off their power by doing donuts, zipping around and around in circles, and creating reverberations loud enough to shatter every single pair of eyeglasses in the stadium. Then, just as quickly as they appeared, they backed up into their parking spaces, and stood motionless like jungle predators with lugnuts.

Following another round of (yee-haw) the Super Trucks, one of the strangest machines I have ever seen rolled into the arena. A man wearing race-driver gear drove out in, I kid you not, a life-guard chair. The amazing thing about this contraption (besides the fact this guy was driving around in a life-guard chair) was the jet engine attached to the bottom. Starting with a drawn-out whine, the jet engine eventually spit out a yellow tongue of fire, propelling the "vehicle" forward. Later, the

(Cont. on page 16)

Relief & Where to Find It! Blue Castle, Wells Memorial Hall & the Overlook

Joel Tom Tate

As many of you know, Christine and I were blessed with a chocolate lab last semester. It's been a wonderful learning experience. As it turns out, Hudson is quite the expert in relief and where to find it. House training was no fun at all, but in the process of training our dog we learned a powerful lesson: dogs have a different definition of "public rest room." To our dog, Hudson (named after the missionary Hudson Taylor in the hopes that our dog would accept the faith at an early age and become an apostle to the dogs, a hope as yet unrealized), a public rest room is "wherever I am when I feel the urge." And he has a point, because all too often his public rest rooms are much more public

than my public rest rooms.

When Hudson wakes me up at 6:00 in the morning so I can take him out so he can "get busy," as we say, I resent it not just because it is inconvenient, but because I envy him. Every day, about 7 X 70 times a day, he gets to combine two of my great loves, and you can bet he takes it for granted. What are these two great loves, you ask? The love of nature and the outdoors, and the love for the immediate satisfaction of intense biological urges.

This column is dedicated to the out-house of Houghton College.

The Blue Castle, as it is called, is the port-a-pottie located back of the ski

(Cont. on page 16)



At the latest Spot it looked like this guy could've used some relief!

The Ken Nike Incident

David Petersen

Remember when you came to visit Houghton College, toting a purple folder with high hopes? One prospective from Nanticoke N.Y. won't be able to shake images of her visit here on campus Friday the 23rd.

Opal Wilson, a gifted high school junior was sitting in on Dr. Bressler's PO-Wow class when suddenly a bald-headed, cane-bearing man accompanied by two suited body guards briskly entered the room. The guards searched the room high and low as if there was potential danger residing in the class. Young Opal clutched

her folder tight against her chest, cowering. Once the situation was assessed, the men promptly left their leader and class commenced.

When asked to comment on the incident, Miss Wilson said she felt "bemused" and wondered if Houghton is full of lunatics. Lunatics maybe, but our sources tell us that Opal had witnessed a publicity stunt courtesy of the infamous Ken Nike. Those of you who don't know this man had better get up on your politics and listen to "Politic-Tock Time" airing Saturday nights at 12 on WJSL.

The Lighter Side

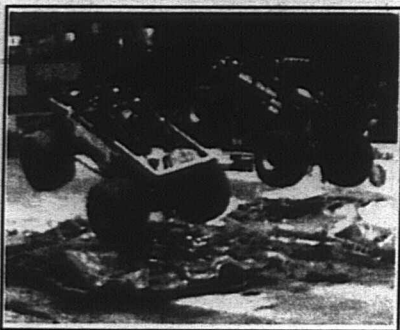
Truckish Delights Continued

driver confessed the chair lost control at about thirty miles per hour, and it wasn't safe to ride it around too much. It's a shame really. The world doesn't have enough idiots riding around on jet-engine powered life-guard chairs.

The announcer, noticing the visible scowls among the audience quickly played his trump card. It was qualifying time now for the monster trucks. Each truck took a turn gunning their engines and riding over a row of dingy, beat-up old cars (which, for some strange reason, looked better after the show). I'm telling you, each and every male present in the building experienced a piston-induced, almost orgasmic, epiphany at the sight of the untamed power and mass destruction.

Intermission arrived, about an hour into the show. A mass migration of swol-

len bellics and unkempt hair stampeded toward the beer vendors, trampling any unlucky passers-by. It was during intermis-



sion when the biggest spectacle occurred. The announcer asked if there was a certain woman sitting in row 103. An exuberant girl stood up waving her arms.

He then asked if there was a certain man sitting in row 103. An equally excited guy rose out of his seat. With flourish, the announcer said: "Well, he has a question to ask you. Will you marry me?" I laughed so hard I almost ruptured an internal organ. More amazing than the proposal was the answer. She actually said yes. You know, nothing conveys heart-felt love and

the desire to spend the rest of one's life with a beloved quite like carbon monoxide and crankshafts.

As intermission came to a close, the herd of beer-drinkers staggered back into their seats, eagerly anticipating more trucks and...well, more trucks. In the second half of the program, we were treated to a monster truck freestyle exhibition. I have to admit, I was skeptical about the number of tricks a gigantic truck could do, but I was pleasantly surprised. Doing donuts, peeling out, and running over the rows of cars backwards, were some of the nifty little moves the drivers pulled off. After this display, another idiot on a jet turbine drove out, spewing giant mushroom-cloud size balls of flame from his vehicle, which looked a lot like a giant crayon. To say the least it was probably not the most practical mode of transport.

And then, all of a sudden, the lights were off. The entire arena was bathed in a ghoully darkness. We all could feel something. The mighty "Transaurus" was coming. A large box-shaped car, Tansaurus's dwelling-place, moved to the foreground. As a moronic and completely superfluous narration echoed in the background, the legendary fire-breathing, car-eating, dinosaur robot emerged from its home. With bright orange flames shooting from its nostrils, Transaurus reached down and grabbed a compact car in its powerful pincers. The crowd roared, both in fear and drunkenness, cheering the mechanical massacre on. Without any look of remorse in its painted eyes, Transaurus began gnawing into the small European import, tearing it to shards. And like that, the tremendous beast descended into its habitat, leaving only scattered metal shrapnel as a grim reminder of its power. I tell you, it is a sight I will soon ne'er forget.

The audience was still recovering from the incredible sight they had just witnessed, when the familiar roar of monster truck mayhem resounded. It was time for the championships. Two trucks lined up next to each other, preparing to let loose. With a wave of a green flag, the metallic giants were off, reducing the path of cars to unidentifiable debris. With the end of the final round, the congregation rose out of their seats, some with bleeding ears, carrying images of fire, crushed automobiles, and monster robots. That was it. The U.S. Hot Rod Thunder Nationals came to a close. And, honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if the majority of men, with thoughts of the monster truck display they had just seen driving through their heads, entered their own trucks with a subtle, yet nagging sense of insecurity.



Relief, and Where to Find It, Continued

slope near the ropes course. As port-a-potties go, this is usually a rather clean one and it has a fairly reliable supply of toilet paper. It has both a toilet and a urinal, which is a definite plus. You might be wondering why it only rates two stars then. Well, I felt the need to rate the Blue Castle on the same criteria I use for the other public rest rooms on campus. Let's just say the Blue Castle doesn't compare very favorably with the other in the area of hygiene.

Wells Memorial Hall is the dilapidated brick shed behind Steese House. Named after a renowned college plumber on the occasion of his retirement some years ago, the building is no longer a functioning outhouse but still deserves one star for the novelty if nothing else. I have it on the authority of Tom Randall and Don Smith that Wells Memorial Hall is on some historic registry. When I asked Liz Nies if there was money in the budget to research the matter, she said no, which confirmed my suspicion that the power has entirely gone to her head.

And finally there is the Overlook. Located on one of the cross-country trails behind the ski slope, the Overlook is on the edge of a precipitous slope and it overlooks a breathtaking portion of Route 19 and the Genesee River. The Overlook merits one star because it affords the adventuresome few a rare opportunity to be both widely exposed and practically undetectable. I like to think of it as a panoramic urinal.

Please send comments and suggestions to Joel Tom Tate c/o the Star.

