

# THE HOUGHTON STAR ★

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*L. David Wheeler & Ivan T. Rocha, Editors*

• H • O • U • G • H • T • O • N •

# WOMEN

AN  
INVESTIGATIVE  
LOOK AT  
THE STATUS OF  
WOMEN'S ISSUES  
AT HOUGHTON

SPECIAL EDITION

Also in this issue: SENIOR ESSAYS

# Contents

*Editorial 3*

*Cover Story 4*

*The Big Crunch IV 6*

*And In Other News 7*

*Senate Commentary 8*

**OTHER NEWS 9**

**SENIOR ESSAYS 12**

**SPORTS 22**

**MAIL 23**

*The Black Hole 25*

*Crossword Companion 25*

**DIOMYAT 26**

*Calvin & Hobbes 28*

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THE HOUGHTON STAR is a bi-weekly student publication; its focus is on events, issues and ideas which significantly affect the Houghton College community. Letters (signed) are encouraged and accepted for publication; however, they must not constitute a personal attack, they must be submitted by noon on Monday, and they should be no longer than two double spaced pages. The editors reserve the right to edit all contributions.

# Parting Quacks of a Lame Duck

by L. David Wheeler

As the last editorial of a supremely joyous, unbearably annoying, breathtakingly exhilarating, drudgingly dismal, and generally okay two-year tenure as *Star* editor, there are many things I could do with this page. I could just submit a thinly-disguised senior essay under the Orwellian guise of "editorial." I could take the opportunity scathingly to rant about anything that remotely bugs me about Houghton, but people around here are good enough at that already without me helping out. I could give an innocuous welcome to my replacement in *Stardom*, but she knows who she is. So instead, I'll be turning my attention to some of the issues the *Star* has addressed this year and providing a few parting words of wisdom(?) on each. So here we go...

1. **Chapel.** Whatever the format utilized by those planning chapels, there are still going to be complaints about chapel. Human beings are a complaining, murmuring lot, driven to incessant carping—occasionally justified, usually not. The particular odious complaint I'll address here is the one that goes: "Chapel Service X was a useless waste of time because it didn't spiritually enrich me in the slightest." A spouter of this complaint would do well to realize that he is hardly the sole individual on this campus; the several other people in the service who may have benefited from it should preclude such self-centered remarks. For myself, I apologize to Dr. Kingdon *et al* for any derogatory remarks I may have made about a chapel in four years' time which weren't based on genuinely offen-

sive content—and I've seen few if any of the latter (but then again, I skip with frequency).

2. **Assault/Rape.** I don't think I need to remind anybody to be careful around here in the light of recent events, and less recent events which have come to light. Hysteria accomplishes nothing; remaining informed and sensible does. Although it's gratifying to learn from Dean Danner's memo that security will be increased here, the major protection against harmful encounters remains *caution*. (And may I add that this would be a really good time to give female residents dorm keys? I think so....)

3. **Women's Issues.** It's come to my attention that some people don't think these exist, or at least not anymore—which is sort of like saying that African-American issues dissolved with the 1863 Emancipation Proclamation or the 1965 Civil Rights Act. Perhaps instead of dismissing people concerned about these issues as "radical feminists," you should talk to them and attempt to gain a better understanding. Such understanding between genders is essential in a world where more than one of them exist.

4. **Pacifism.** The hypothetical situation most often brought up in discussions of pacifism involves what the individual is to do if he comes across someone being raped or otherwise brutally attacked. Let me run the risk of offending several hundreds by theorizing that if Jesus had come across a rape in progress, He probably would have used any sinless means necessary to stop it, including punching the attacker out if He needed to—with the added

twist that He would no doubt minister to attacker *and* victim afterwards and raise yet more Pharisee eyebrows. Christ preached gentleness and "doing unto others," true—but it's not so cut and dried as some would have us think. To remain uninvolved in the hypothetical rape case is hardly to do unto the victim as you would have done to you! I believe that one can live a life of gentleness, compassion, and love for all—yet when necessary use force as a means of justice and mercy, certainly taking *no* pleasure in it. This doesn't mean we can go about beating the crap out of people in the name of Jesus; it does mean that force is *not necessarily always* the violence denounced by the Gospel.

5. **Retrenchment/Budget Crunches.** Decisions have pretty much been made on this front (see article on page 6), but the decision regarding the maintenance of Latin raises the potential for more difficult decisions in future years (again, see page 6). With regards to these, allow me to quote a certain co-editor of this publication: "The miracle we must pray for is a miracle of a different sort. Serenity, respect, dignity, understanding, care—a miracle in a situation where there is no winner...It is how we handle these situations with the grace of God that determines whether they will be miracles or interpersonal disasters" (ITR, *Star* 83.9, p. 3).

6. **Miscellaneous.** I bristled to mention it, but it appears it falls to me. People, you are college students. In the words of contemporary sage Robert Fulghum, "Flush."

That's about it. If I had a consistent closing remark, like certain members of our staff past and present, I would close now with "Be well and do good," "Peace, Love, and Understanding," or the Shineresque "Cheers." But since I don't have one, I'll have to leave you with the New American Standard rendition of Micah 6:8, which says, essentially, "Be well and do good":

*He has told you, O man, what is good;*

*And what does the LORD require of you*

*But to do justice, to love kindness,*

*And to walk humbly with your God? ☆*



H • O • U • G • H • T • O • N

# WOMEN

AN INVESTIGATIVE LOOK AT THE STATUS OF  
WOMEN'S ISSUES AT HOUGHTON

by Kim Voorhees

**R**ights, power in systems that have control over money, education (knowing and understanding contributions to history), problems in terms of psychological and emotional health, style differences (conversational, management of people), and spiritual growth and faith development are just a few of the issues facing the women of today.

How does this apply to Houghton? Well it seems that many students, along with administrators, are concerned with the way these issues are dealt with here.

Academic Dean Clarence Bence said that in dealing with "women's issues" here at Houghton, there are two sides to look at. First, there is the political issue of representation—the percentage of women in various positions—and second, there are the intellectual, mental, and attitudinal issues. The easier issue to address would be the one dealing with representation percentages. It is possible to put more women on committees, thus increasing female-to-male ratios, but this does not change attitudes.

When you look at the administrators on campus, there is an obvious predominance of males. Granted, there are a few good women role models, but not enough. What is the administration doing to try to remedy this shortfall? According to Bence, when a position opens up, the college runs an advertisement which always includes the statement "women and minorities en-

couraged to apply." This is "not a revolutionary idea," said Bence; most job advertisements do include this statement. But beyond this, when a search for a new faculty member is conducted, the faculty do the initial search. When they are finished, the dean requests that all applications from women be sent to his office. "We try to make that extra effort" to keep potential women and minorities candidates' files in until the last minute, Bence indicated.

When it comes to faculty attitudes toward women and whether or not they are considered when forming committees, sociology professor Dr. Mary Conklin said she has no real answer. But she does wonder if those women that are more "masculine" in terms of "bearing, ways to do business, and vocabulary" are not more positively accepted than women who act more "femininely." Regarding women on committees, Conklin has noticed that they are not generally put on those committees dealing with such things as financial affairs and sports. "It is thought we don't know" about these aspects, Conklin said. As for the student body, Bence said that they have "shown some wonderful leadership in the last number of years as far as putting women in leadership positions."

When dealing with the second issue there seems to be some kind of assumption that every student who goes through Houghton will sometime become aware of women's is-

sues, but unfortunately many do not. A number of students have called for the development of a special major or at least a course in women's studies. Bence Bence has resisted that move because: 1) the only people who would take the course(s) would be those who are already interested in/aware of the problem—thus, the implementation of this type of program would not be very beneficial because it would not spread itself out across the curriculum; 2) he is not sure that this kind of program provides vocational, career orientation; and 3) he feels it politicizes the curriculum. (Should there be an African American studies program?). He says that he is "more concerned that every student develops an appropriate attitude of non-prejudice towards minorities" than with placing of women's studies or African-American studies programs.

As far as women's issues being dealt with in general education curriculum, Bence said that "some professors do include women's issues, but I think we have some professors who are still biased and inadvertently reflect biases." We all carry the traditions of our childhood and our past with us, and unfortunately many faculty members believe that the status, contributions, and historic/present problems of women are not issues that need to be raised. They argue that within their particular discipline women's issues aren't relevant.

How do we resolve this? Bence noted that he would like to see Houghton begin to identify clearly where women's issues need to be addressed. His goal in the next few years is to be able to "identify in every major and in the general education specific points where women's issues are raised." Said the dean, "We've got to make sure every major covers it in some way."

Conklin argued that every five



years when a major is reviewed, it "must talk about how they are addressing minority issues and women's issues, to what extent are the issues of prejudice and discrimination dealt with, as well as the characterization of these groups, and to what extent are books dealing with or written by women and minorities assigned." She stressed the need for the inclusion of these issues in the general education courses because "every student (with a few exceptions) will go through those courses, and if we can get minority/women's issues discussed in most general education courses it means you are being hit a couple of times." To Conklin "this is what education is all about, of having these questions raised and being forced to kind of think through what are some responses."

So what is being done aside from trying to get professors and administrators to watch what they are doing more closely? First of all, there has been a Women and Minorities Committee on campus for a number of years; its focus has been to try and make the Houghton community more aware of some women's issues by sponsoring such things as lecture series on rape. Another attempt to heighten awareness of these issues is the possible establishment of Women's History Month programming. According to Career Development Counselor Sharon Givler, the month of March is Women's History Month, so the Women and Minorities Committee is planning to start a program analogous to February's Black History Month. The emphasis during this time would deal with issues of career development, women's abilities to gain positions of authority, the woman's role in the family, and spiritual and faith-related development, as well as the issue of singleness. Givler is thinking of having the whole campus read several books

such as *Gender and Grace* by Mary Stuart Vanleeuwen, *In a Different Voice* by Carol Gilligan, and *Women's Ways of Knowing* by Mary Field Belenky. These all deal with matters such as how women think about things as compared to men: relationships, femininity, what we will respond to in terms of worship, and how man and woman were created (equal) and the effects the Fall had on the aspects of their creation.

Along with programs such as these, the Women and Minorities Committee hopes to come out with a pamphlet on non-discriminatory language. This pamphlet is based on existing pamphlets at Fuller and Asbury Theological Seminaries, who agreed to allow the committee to use some of their material while the committee adds some material of its own. The pamphlet will be circulated to faculty and students as well as chapel speakers to make them more aware of their use of discriminatory language and ways to correct it.

Something that Conklin worries about with the existence of this committee is that "other groups will

feel relieved of the need to scrutinize what they are doing in those respects." For example, when the Chapel Committee asks the Women and Minorities Committee to come up with a list of speakers, are they doing the same?

"I feel that this needs to be an issue," said Conklin. "If we could just find some way of confronting divisions, departments, student groups, and asking what are the things that women who are a part of these groups feel strongly about." She said that "women's issues are not something restricted to women; Christian men who understand what it means to be equal before God should be concerned as to what is happening."

Dean Bence stated that he thinks Houghton has come a long way in the past twenty-five years. To Bence, it has made "significant progress toward recognizing diversity as it relates to race and culture." He indicated hopes that, although he has praised students for their initiative in this direction, they will take even more. A genuine change in attitudes, he stressed, must arise from the bottom. ☆



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# The Big Crunch IV: TRUSTEES VOTE

by L. David Wheeler & Ivan T. Rocha

**M**onths of proposal, discussion, and compromise finally came to a head two weekends ago when the Board of Trustees met at Houghton and approved the proposed personnel reductions. All of the most recent proposals (see 14 March *Star*) were approved, except for one: the Board decided to delete the recommendation to discontinue Latin. The decision regarding Latin opens a can of worms involving issues of retrenchment, tenure, and quality. For a brief review of the proposals approved, see the chart below.

According to Academic Dean Clarence Bence, most of the discussion of these proposals took place within the Board's Academic Affairs Committee, which later brought its recommendations to the full Board. Although the Board voted to delete the proposal to discontinue Latin, they did not vote to maintain the program either. That is to say, it was "neither yes nor no." The Academic Affairs Committee (consisting of pastor Lawrence Mack, lawyer Terry Slye, and educators Dr. Paul LaCelle, Dr. David Clark, and Dr. Melvin Dieter) decided that Houghton is not yet prepared to deal with the matter of reducing the workload of a tenured professor by half.

"By discontinuing Latin," Bence explained, "we would have reduced Prof. [Richard] Gould from a full time position. Prof. Gould is a full-time faculty member. The is-

sue was 'What are you going to do with a tenured faculty member?'"

If Latin were to be discontinued, Houghton would either have to reduce Prof. Gould to part-time (which brings up questions of fairness) or have him do some teaching in other areas, such as ancient history. The latter alternative can be quite controversial; although it may very well occur painlessly in the case of Dr. Gould, it raises the possibility of the following situation arising through precedence in the future: a tenured faculty member whose department is experiencing retrenchment might displace a faculty member in another department, which would be in effect a "half-qualified" professor displacing a

"qualified" professor, which would reduce the quality of Houghton as an educational institution.

According to Bence, this "catch-22" situation is derived from lack of clarity in the college's tenure policy. "Tenure is the assurance that the administration can't get you for political reasons," said Bence. "It has moved in the last century to mean guaranteed employment until [a faculty member] decide[s] to quit." Bence pointed out that the tenure policy only guarantees continuous employment, not necessarily full-time; but noted that bumping to part-time is hardly adequate treatment for a longtime and faithful faculty member—in this case, Dr. Gould, who has taught at Houghton for 23 years.

Due to this dilemma, the Board decided that the tenure policy is unclear and warrants further study before a decision is made. The Board delayed a final decision on such issues (involving the administration reducing a tenured faculty to less than full time) for one year, in order to grant time for further study and review. In the meantime, said Bence, Latin will be maintained. Bence indicated that the plan was originally to offer only Intermediate Latin (restricting Latin to those coming in with Latin credit), and has now been modified to offer only Beginning Latin.

Bence indicated hopes that Latin study would increase, and noted that high schools are beginning to pick up Latin again. "It's no good for it to be a great principle if no one takes it," said Bence, who urged that theoretical support for Latin should translate into practical support—taking Latin courses. "We hope that people who argue for and defend Latin will do something about it." Even if Latin "picks up," however, the complicated tenure issue remains; the delay allows time for study of the tenure policy. ☆

## Decisions of the Board of Trustees:

- The reduction of one FTE (full-time equivalent position) in the sociology department (not the elimination of the sociology major as was originally proposed)
- The reduction of one FTE in the science and math division
- The reduction of half an FTE in the recreation department
- The decision not to replace retiring New Testament professor Warren Woolsey
- The decision to replace music faculty William Allen and Herman Dilmore with just one professor
- A year's postponement of effectuation of the political science major.



# AND IN OTHER NEWS

mike ballman & ken cole

THE MIDDLE EAST  
THE SOVIET UNION  
SOUTH AFRICA

## •The Middle East

The plight of the Kurds in northern Iraq is by no means over with the arrival of U.S. assistance. The Kurds are dying off in the mountains, and there are refugees in numbers that are staggering officials everywhere. The total number of northern Kurds and Southern Shi'ites fleeing towards Iran or Turkey is estimated at almost two million.

The Kurds are a people that are distributed throughout the Arab states—notably in Turkey, Iran, Iraq, and surrounding countries. They generally do not recognize any governments, and see themselves as "their own people." They have been relatively accepted in Turkey, but Turkish officials do not want a million more Kurds coming into their country. (Understandably; the Kurds could form a very powerful political bloc with a local majority. Picture most of Mexico fleeing into Texas.)

Iraqi president Saddam Hussein has used the rebellion to

drive the Kurds from his country. Only the promise of US military intervention has kept him from exterminating them, and hopefully rescue efforts will succeed. The problem, however, is that a more permanent solution must be found—the Kurds cannot survive indefinitely in the mountains.

## •The Soviet Union

Former President Richard Nixon wrote an article in the April 22 issue of *Time* entitled: "A Superpower at the Abyss." It is well worth reading and I will summarize a few of its points here.

This article comes from a man who has related intimately with the Soviets since 1959. During his recent visit, Nixon "found a mood of depression unlike anything...before. Previously people lived in poverty and fear, but they still had hope that the system could work. Now there is an absence of fear but an absence of hope as well." The Communist regime is discredited and the Soviet economy is collapsing.

Gorbachev seems to have lost much support because of his vacillation; Nixon sees him surrounded now only by advisors that are "yes-men," telling him what he *wants* to hear instead of what he *needs* to hear.

Further, Nixon perceives Boris Yeltsin (head of the Russian Republic and Gorbachev's competitor) as a much stronger figure than the Western press paints him. He (Nixon) observes that many of Yeltsin's views correspond with what the U.S. would like to see.

Finally, Nixon warns that we should not limit our scope of interaction only to Gorbachev; that we should be aware of the other republics and strengthen our contacts with the reformers. This is not an attempt to undermine Gorbachev's position, and we should be careful of doing so. However, although Gorbachev may reverse his course as he is known to do, we should prepare for what may happen if Gorbachev goes out.

## •South Africa

Violence continues to divide the black majority in South Africa. Rioting Zulu warriors shot and wounded ten people at a funeral in the black Soweto township last weekend.

Three thousand Inkatha Freedom Party fighters armed with spears and knives swarmed out of a funeral rally at a stadium, to avenge the death of an Inkatha official.

More than 1,200 people have been killed in battles between militants of the African National Congress (ANC) and Inkatha factions since August. Both of these groups seek the support of the 27 million member black majority.

This incident came three days before the ANC's deadline for power sharing talks with the white government in Pretoria. The ANC demands freedom for political prisoners and return of political exiles. ☆



# Stuff About Senate: The Last One

by graduating Senate correspondent and commentator Barry S. MacTarnaghan

**T**oday is Friday, April 26. Three days ago Student Senate met for the last time this academic year. Several of the issues Senate addressed caused lengthy discussion.

Next semester Senate will be in charge of three (instead of the present one) chapels. Speaking of chapel, the trustees approved the chapel recommendations that were proposed by the Chapel Study Committee.

The trustees will be coming to campus in smaller groups in the future for their committee meetings. This will allow students to get to know them easier. During their meeting, they stated that the New Fine Arts building will probably be going up in two phases. The first phase would be the construction of an auditorium and a few practice rooms. Everything else would be completed during the second phase. In the meantime, the college is exploring the option of using a planned addition to Houghton Academy for auditorium space. The two Academy buildings are to be connected with an auditorium complex, which will have about a 300-person capacity. My last comment about the trustees is that they had decided to borrow the money necessary to cover the debt on the New Academic Building, at a lower interest rate. Now there are restrictions placed on future amounts Houghton can borrow, placing a "cap" on borrowing levels. Any new architectural development must be paid for with cash from gifts, so money can now be used for program development.

Now, on to the issues. Senate is going to recommend to the library staff that they research the practicalities of opening the library an hour earlier on

Saturday mornings. The idea was that some students wanted to go to the library right after breakfast, but breakfast ends at 9:00 and the library doesn't open until 10:00. Another solution that was discussed was moving the breakfast time slot. Al Rehn (a.k.a. Big Al) made a guest appearance at the meeting to speak about the possibilities. He stated that he wouldn't mind moving the time, but because of several potential problems, said moving only a half hour forward (8:30-9:30) would be the most practical, if a change were to take place. Perhaps breakfast could be moved a half an hour forward, and the library could open a half hour sooner. We'll have to wait and see.

Another main issue was campus security. Concern over the amount of security was expressed. Is the present amount adequate? The general consensus is "yes," and even if we had ten times the security we do now, bad incidents would still occur. The fact of the matter is that we must be a little more careful. Head of security Ray Parlett, another guest at the meeting, stated that personal security of students and visitors is their first priority, and physical security (property) is second priority.

Some suggestions were made to aid security and increase its effectiveness. One excellent suggestion was to have 24-hour dispatch in the security office. The dispatcher, who could be a student on work study, would answer the phone and relay the message immediately to the security guard on duty. This would allow callers to speak with a human instead of having to leave a message on the machine. The guard would not have to waste time going back to the office to

obtain the message, but would receive it right away from the dispatcher. Also, the dispatcher could screen the calls to weed out any pranks (though we all know that no one at Houghton ever participates in pranks).

One other suggestion to aid security was the creation of a student-run escort service. The service would be available during late night. Both a male and female would be on duty at the same time. The idea here is to provide company for those students who don't like to walk around campus late at night alone. This was proposed along with another idea of having some "outside" intra-campus phones—phones which could be accessed without having to enter a locked building. Presently, there is only one such phone, the one in the campus center lobby.

The last major issue discussed this year by Senate was that of parking. It is very likely that next year's freshmen will not be allowed to park cars on campus, and will instead have to park down in the parking lot by the fire hall. This is a reaction to the parking situation on campus. The huge parking lot across Rte. 19 was originally built for student parking, but it hasn't been used for that purpose. The lot will be well-lit if this idea is carried out. This year between 70-100 freshmen have vehicles registered here, and having that many extra parking spaces available on campus should effectively eliminate any existing parking problem. However, some concerns were raised. First, what about vandalism? Will it be easier for people to vandalize cars parked in that lot? Also, what about personal safety for those who would have to walk onto campus after parking? The latter would not be much of an issue if the escort service is actualized. The question of vandalism still remains in debate, though most didn't see this as a major problem. It was stated that vandals are more likely to abuse cars not easily seen (such as those in South Hall's "mud pit," or those parked between the science building and Lambein). Although this issue was discussed in Senate, parking policy will not be its decision; it will make a recommendation to the security office. The final decision is the administration's.

A few more tidbits before I close for the last time: Next year's Homecoming theme is going to be International Expo. The college is still looking for a universal logo. And if you want to be on a Council or Committee, then sign up at the Senate office or talk to a senator.

On that note, I wish you all the best in your respective futures. May God bless you and keep you, and may Life treat you well. For one final time—Be well and *do good*. ☆

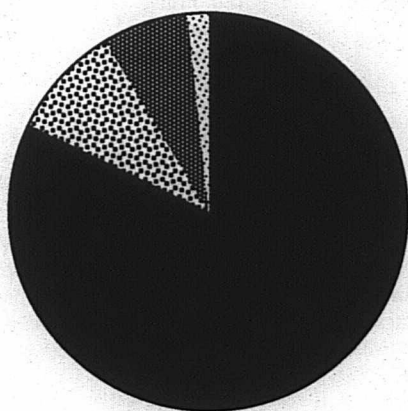
# So Where Does Your Tuition Money Go, Anyway?

**H**ave you ever wondered about what happens to the money you spend on your education here? Below is a very basic breakdown of the college's income (Budget Resource Dollar) and its expenditures (Budget Expenditures).

This material appears as a public service of the *Houghton Star* in conjunction with Student Senate. Questions about further details of the college budget should be directed to the Senate cabinet.

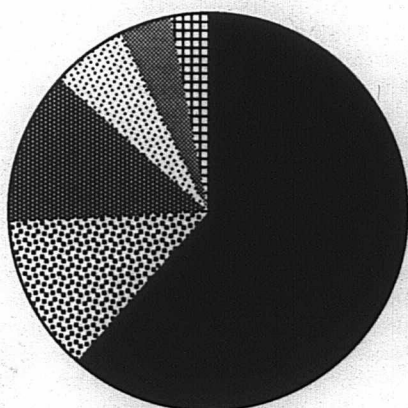
Please note: the first chart is a breakdown per individual dollar spent, while the second chart depicts percentages out of the totality of the budget.

## Budget Resource Dollar



■ Tuition & Fees	82.2%
▤ Gifts	9.3%
▦ Miscellaneous	6.7%
▧ Endowment	1.8%

## Budget Expenditures



■ Salaries, Wages, and Fringe Benefits	61.4%
▤ Supplies and Miscellaneous Expenses	12.7%
▦ Financial Aid	12.6%
▧ Equipment (Non-Building: Vehicles, Lab Equipment)	6.0%
▨ Utilities and Insurance (Not including tax)	4.3%
▩ Student Wages	3.0%



# A Time to Rest: Allen, Woolsey, and Haller Retire in the Fall

by Jim Terwilliger, David Schwenker, and Donna Forry

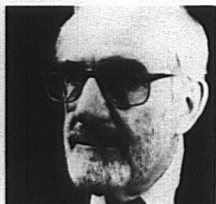


Lola Haller



William Allen

Photos © Rocha 1991



Warren Woolsey

**W**arren Woolsey, professor of New Testament and missions, retires this year. Woolsey, a 1943 Houghton graduate, began teaching at his *alma mater* in 1966 (although he did teach here during his missionary furlough in 1958-59). He had previously spent 16 years on the mission field in West Africa, where his primary responsibility was teaching.

The Woolsey tradition at Houghton has continued virtually unabated since 1923, when Prof. Woolsey's father Pierce Woolsey began teaching French. Pierce Woolsey would become head of the foreign language department and would later be honored by the naming of a building (the now-demolished Woolsey Hall) and an auditorium (Woolsey Aud. in Fancher); his wife was a Head Resident, the equivalent of today's resident directors (RDs). A third generation of Woolseys will carry on the tradition as well: Prof. Woolsey's son Daniel replaces Prof. Lola Haller in the education department in the fall; daughter Ruth Strand is an

assistant pastor at Houghton Wesleyan Church; and son Matthew is a local dentist.

Joining the Houghton faculty in the 1960s, Woolsey has noticed marked changes over the years. He noted that students in the 1960s tended to be more interested and involved in global issues than students of today, and cited the devolution of Current Issues Day as an example.

Prof. Woolsey has enjoyed teaching at Houghton and indicated that it is with some reluctance that he has chosen to retire. He will continue teaching Missions in the next academic year, and will perhaps do some writing for a missions-related publication.

• After 28 years of Christian service at Houghton, Dr. Lola Haller has decided the time has come for her retirement. This decision was not an easy one for her to make, and contrary to popular belief it was not a 'forced' retirement. Dr. Haller feels the time has come for her to move back to Michigan, closer to the rest of her family, including her

mother who is in a nursing home.

There will be life after Houghton for Haller. She has already sent her resumé to area colleges in the hopes of acquiring a position as a children's literature professor. Haller also plans to continue her classroom participation by entering the local elementary schools to tell stories and model teach. If all else fails, Dr. Haller will spend her free time writing books. She refuses to illustrate, but writing has crossed her mind.

With all of these hopes for the future, retirement does not seem to have too many drawbacks. Dr. Haller, however, will miss the friendships and support she must leave behind.

• Composer-in-residence Dr. William T. Allen, professor of piano and theory, concludes a 38-year commitment to the Houghton faculty with retirement. Dr. Allen considers his time at Houghton a wonderful time of growth spiritually and intellectually, appreciating the time spent associating with people of ideas and becoming a "whole person."

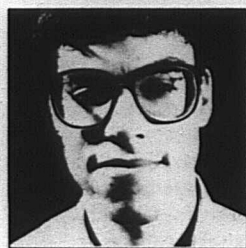
The Allens will continue living in Houghton, and Dr. Allen plans to continue writing. Making sure to term himself an "amateur" in order not to raise false expectations of grandeur, Allen wishes to write plays, to get music published, and to write an opera based on Washington Irving's *Spectre Bridegroom*. Allen does most of his composing at the piano. "You find sounds you didn't know, and say 'I like that!'" said Allen, indicating that this is not luck, but *discovery*.

Allen also plans, in company with his wife Jane, to visit relatives in Ohio and South Dakota and to continue raising their young daughter. In addition, he may do some occasional teaching of some courses at Houghton, but will teach no more theory. ☆





# SENIOR ESSAYS



**From top to bottom, left to right:**  
Rand Bellavia, Mary Biglow,  
Brangwynne Caves, Jonathan Fried-  
ley, Lisa Guidry, W. Randy Hoffman,  
Julie Horn, James Lindsay, Tanya  
Rodeheaver, and Brad Wilber

**I**t has been a tradition of the Houghton Star to dedicate part of one of the last issues of the school year to the publication of senior essays solicited from certain seniors of the editor(s)'s choice. This year's choices reflect a concern with variety and pertinence to the remainder of the student body. While we recognize that every senior graduating from this school may have something of value to impart to his colleagues, the obvious limitations of this publication preclude the inclusion of more than a handful of contributions. The editorial staff of the Houghton Star wishes the Lord's blessings on the class of 1991.



### That Man Behind the Curtain

#### The top ten things I like about Houghton:

10. Tuesday afternoons: chocolate chip cookies
9. Rich Perkins is still here
8. It's so safe
7. The Hazlett/Leonard Houghton intentional community
6. I attended chapel services that changed my life
5. Opportunity for interdisciplinary study such as the Oregon Extension or the Buffalo Program
4. I was required to take 12 hours of Spanish
3. I have never received a parking ticket
2. I have my own office
1. Houghton: A Christian Liberal Arts College

#### The top ten things I don't:

10. Wednesday evenings: eggburgers/French waffles/Swedish meatballs
9. David Meade isn't
8. It's too safe
7. Homogeneity
6. Mandatory chapel attendance
5. Tenured professors who discourage class participation
4. I can't speak Spanish
3. I do a lot of walking
2. No one reads the Lanthorn
1. Houghton: A Christian College of Arts and Sciences

Peace, Love, and Understanding,  
Rand

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### Open Letter to Starry-Eyed Freshmen

by Mary Biglow

Things Change. This is a common and accepted fact. Usually this change occurs gradually. Since I arrived at Houghton in the fall of 1987, many things about the college's physical layout alone have changed. Fancher was moved across the street and renovated

into offices while its sister building, Woolsey, was reduced to a pile of bricks and rubble. On the site they left vacant, the New Academic Building sprung up, providing many of us with late night entertainment during its intermediate stages of construction. The dining room got a face lift, eliminating the 45-minute lines running down either side of the room and allowing us all to experience the joys of scatter-system dining. The art building officially became the Stevens Art Studio, while South Hall (New Men's Dorm, Tortuga, ?????) unofficially slid two more feet downhill toward

CONTINUES ON PAGE 14



the creek.

These changes were just external. Within me, reconstructions were occurring which made these material changes look like a mere rearrangement of campus center rug furniture. When I first arrived at Houghton, I was a starry eyed freshman who envisioned four years of a Christian summer camp, with a little education thrown in for good measure. You see—summer camp had been my main exposure to living with groups of Christians, since I did not grow up in a Christian home.

My first semester experience did little to change this vision. I participated in soccer, studied biology, played tricks on my R.A. (Sorry M.J.!) and saw my friends at scheduled times. I rarely went to bed past 12:00 a.m. and spent hardly any money. (I still can't figure that one out.) All this changed second semester when my floormates decided that I should get a social life. My liberation became imminent when I came to them one night delighted with my new creation—a full color poster of the metabolic cycle of a cell.

As I began venturing down to Big Al's and staying up for late night discussions, I came to realize that Houghton was not the haven I had envisioned it to be. People here gossiped, ignored each other, and broke the rules. My eyes were opened to many new things and I was saddened by what I saw. The surrealist images which I had created crumbled around me. Those whom I had seen as pinnacles of virtue exhibited flaws in character which left me disillusioned and hurt.

It was then that the late night discussions started kicking in and I realized that my problem was not with the world around me, but with the fantasy which I had created within. Not a place exists where everyone loves each other all the time. Summer camps work because they only last for a week or two; almost anyone can be tolerated blissfully for that long. No—I had set Houghton on a pedestal which no earthly community could reach.

So what is the point of coming to a Christian college if it has the same problems as everywhere else? The answer to this question lies in how the problems are dealt with. Getting out and being social did lead to my having the best times of my college career—if not my life—but also led to the deepest pains. It was during these times of suffering that I learned the true meaning of Christian love. People on my floor spent time listening to me, offered advice and provided a shoulder to cry on. Most importantly, they offered to pray with me and provided reassurance that Christians have problems too, that it is o.k. to hurt. Other friends dragged me out of the dorm and "made me have fun". For those who showed this support, I will be eternally grateful. They taught me more about Christianity and caring than I

could've ever learned in the most comprehensive Bible class.

These experiences have changed my views on what it means to be a Christian. I see Christianity as less the church building and as more the body of believers. Being a member of a weekly Bible study pales in comparison to being sensitive to the needs of those around you.

Now I am a graduating senior and the changes I have to make are much larger. My home, my peer group, and my career are changing all at once. Though these changes do worry me, I know that I will come through in one piece because of what I have learned through my experiences here at Houghton. The Lord has provided me with brothers and sisters in Christ here and I have no reason to believe that he will retract this support as I am going into the "real world." He knows what I need, He knows what I can do without, and He is not sending me out alone. These are some of the most important lessons I have learned at Houghton College—though I won't receive a degree for any of them.

To those of you who remain at Houghton I ask this: be as Christ to one another. There are so many people on this campus who are hurting. Let God use you as a listening ear, a shoulder to cry on or a friend to pray with. You could make all the difference in their world and will probably feel better yourself as a side benefit. And who knows—maybe you will be the hurting one someday and that person will have the chance to return the favor.

God Bless You Everyone!

Mary B.

## A Letter to Bonnie Smith, Whose Palms I Will Read

*by Brangwynne Caves*

Senior Essays are silly things really. What is it that we have to say that is suddenly so important and wise in the last month of our final Houghton semester? I don't know. But I do know that Bonnie Smith thinks I am wise and well-learned and have something to say. She asked me for a private consultation in the World of Wisdom about a week or two ago and, since we can't quite synchronize our schedules and she has yet to step her weary feet into my den of gypsy tapestries so that I might read her palms and tell her future...I dedicate MY Senior Essay to Ms. Bonnie Smith (and all other underclassmen who have considered transferring to

some psychedelic university in Maine to study whales).

You are right Bonnie, I am wise. I am about three years older than you and when I turn that awful forty you'll only be thirty-seven. Yes, even those three years give me a heightened sense of who I am and what this life is all about. Life, dear Bon, is about passion. But I am certain you already know this. I can read passion in a person's eyes in seconds (ask Ivan) and I can assure you that few people in this world of ours have it...Christians included. But you have it. Good girl. Don't you ever lose your passion for life; to do this would be death. I have learned this from Ted Murphy. He knows about life too, and he is even older than I am. When he turns the awful forty I still will not have reached my thirtieth year. But this is beside my point. My point is passion. And passion has to do with the soul, it has to do with the epochs and epiphanies, about experiencing the sublime and being "shaken to the very depths." Listen to D.H. Lawrence, my first lover: "When one is shaken to the very depths, one finds reality in the unreal world. At present my real world is the world of my inner soul..." Our souls, dear Bonnie, are precious. Be wise in all choices, all decisions. These, along with people, leave their mark on our lives.

I will also say that not all of life is thrilling and we may be quick to say "I am uninspired! This does not 'inspire' me!" and this is when we must remember that inspiration is directly linked with passion. It is not external but internal! Life is a crazy setup and no matter how much we may be affected by other people and circumstances, ultimately it is what we do with these that give to life worth. Now it is Herman Hesse who speaks: "...life consists of a perpetual tide, unhappy and torn with pain, terrible and meaningless, unless one is ready to see its meaning in just those rare experiences, acts, thoughts, and works that shine out above the chaos of such a life." If you are on concrete streets or a grassy meadow it will not make any difference to you and your soul, to your state of mind, if you are a sincere and genuine Passionate. Your life is drawn from within. We must learn, sooner or later, that we are responsible for ourselves. With all that we have been given (for not everyone can boast of the gifts with which we have been blessed) we need to realize that we need to utilize all that we have here and within our immediate grasp. We need to utilize ourselves.

But Bonnie, there is more. So, so much more for me to give to you. And through all of this I still haven't read your palms. Another day...but I am going to leave you with one final thought. One final quote. Now I want you to take these words and pin them to your shirt sleeve (something you would actually do) and remember for always that I gave them to you. Which reminds

me; vow to yourself, Bon, that in your life you will search for heroes, you will search for people that are your very own. Maybe just one person that you learn to cling to because of his wisdom, because of what he has caused you to think about, or what he in some way has helped to make you become. Persons like this are important and crucial. And make your heroes Passionates just like you; settle for nothing less. No compromise. Surround yourself with kindred spirits and know their worth. Love them, Bonnie. Love them with all of yourself and never be afraid to give all of yourself away to those who have earned your allegiance.

The words I leave you with are not my own. They are Joseph Conrad's. This essay is incomplete and this may help to make you understand the reason. "...No, it is impossible to convey the life-sensation of any given epoch in one's existence—that which makes its truth, its meaning—its subtle and penetrating essence. It is impossible. We live as we dream—alone..."

Brangwynne Caves

## Go Forward Young Man, Go Forward

by Jonathan Friedley

I transferred to Houghton from Ohio State my sophomore year in college. (Ohio State? Yeah, the Marion Branch. The branch is smaller than my high school, and for that matter Houghton is smaller than my high school.) I'm a general science major with biology and writing minors. I'm also a pastor's son who has been moved three times (four different churches) and I have seen quite a lot. I've made a lot of friends, met a lot of different people from different subcultures, and I've also said good-bye to a lot of friends, always moving on when my dad felt the need or the call.

I came to Houghton in the fall of 1988, ready to go big, be a big college student and fulfill the training for a medical career that had been my dream since I was a little kid. But nothing in the 18 years previous to my sophomore year could have prepared me for 3rd East, South Hall (in other words, Aaron, John, Kaz, Jim, Chris, Andrew, Scott, Jeff, Kevin, Tim, Darren, Steve, Donnie, Brad, Poker, Lewi, Kevin, and Chris). From these new friends I accrued a foreign vocabulary with terms like "clutch," "(she) blew me off," "bogus," etc. But I learned more than just that.

When I came, I was scared. I had grown up with three sisters, no brothers, and here I found myself living with eighteen other guys, *big* guys. My first time to go to a movie here I came within inches of turning away, because I was alone. But a faculty member and



his family invited me to sit with them and I owe my introduction to that icon of motion pictures, *The Princess Bride*, to them. Thank you, Mr. Dowden.

But after one or two late-night talks, a couple showers (fully dressed), and a helicopter ride from Lewi that made us both sick, my fears were calmed. One night Brad told me that everybody thinks Houghton is a good school and that by the end of the fourth year I would either hate it or love it. I felt more at ease with my new friends whom I now see have had a big impact on my life. Thanks, guys!

That year, I was a very unwise fool (for the freshmen, sophomore means "wise fool"). I contracted a rare disease known as *Procrastinaceous delayicus*, or, in layman's terms, procrastination brought about by loneliness. This strange disease lingered through my junior year, hitting hard in the spring of '90, sending me to bed in the afternoons and forcing me to babble on and on to people about issues that weren't so all-important to discuss (quite so much, anyway), spending hours doing nothing but staring aimlessly out the window, etc. Needless to say the disease crippled a little-known function of the brain called the Glucocorticoid Premotor Area (GPA). This is identified in students during a four-year incubation period and placed on a transcript for examination by professionals. "But alack! No one should let grades rule his life!" you say. True, but I am paying big bucks that are not mine to come here to learn so I can go on to higher education and fulfill that dream. True, the GPA shouldn't rule your life—but if it isn't so important, then why are you here?

I still suffer the after-effects of this disorder, and there are days when I wish to be and am bed-ridden, but I know that I must keep going, moving on. During my "illness," I had someone ask me if it was God's will for me to be in my chosen program. That hurt. But what hurt even more was the realization in my junior year that the question wasn't whether or not I was in God's will, but was I messing up what God had in store for me.

I did wonder what God had in mind for me. Why the frustration, why the pain? I wonder even now and I'm a senior. Never fear, I still have a semester to go! Somewhere in those first two years I got behind even with two Mayterms and one Summer Session. I just never took big course loads. But here I was, a junior, and I wondered what in the world I should do. I felt, as they say, "if I had to do it all over again" I knew Houghton was my last choice. It was almost too late to transfer out of this place. I felt all alone. If it wasn't for God's love, one faculty member, and one staff member who will remain nameless, I think I could have easily

lost my mind.

But the summer after my junior year, I came to grips with my life. God spoke to me in a distinct, clear way. Sometimes with people like me He has to hit us over the head with a two-by-four to get us on our feet, if that seems possible. But I know my life somehow changed. I don't have time to go into it now, but if you see me around ask me about my summer.

Now looking back I can see that maybe God does have a purpose for me in coming to this school. No, I haven't given up on my dream from childhood and I don't intend to. I have a strong feeling that I'm still aimed toward what God wants me to do.

Houghton has influenced me and made me realize, whether the school or faculty or staff intended to or not, that especially through the times of discouragement and despair I should not give up on myself or God. I see now that we can't expect God to make our choices for us, but we can expect that He can and will make the way clear and in the end we make the choice to follow His way or our way. "Now you've gone off and preached a sermon," you say. Tough! I'm a PK, remember?

For my birthday this year my parents came to see me in February and took me to the Angelica Hotel for a birthday dinner. At the table next to me was an old English gentleman well into his nineties who congratulated me on turning 21. We talked and I found out his name was Throwbridge. As my parents and I got up to leave he stopped me and said in a smooth British accent, "I once met Lord Baden-Powell who founded the Boy Scouts, you know. And he told me, 'If you go forward, you die. If you go backward you die. Go forward, young man, go forward!'"

## Beyond Mom, Mud Castles, and Play-Doh

by Lisa Guidry

I received a letter today from my good friend, Laura. As she described her most recent antics I chuckled. And when when she responded to some things I had written to her just the week before, I nearly shrieked with laughter right in the middle of the campus center. In just one week the circumstances of my life had changed numerous times. In just one week she had been rendered completely blind regarding the circumstantial details of my life. Her responses struck me as hilarious because they no longer even remotely applied to the situation.

It is amazing to me how life can change so quickly. One day you're on your way, working toward a particular goal, looking for an end result; the next, you're picking up the pieces of a shattered dream. If I were a



cynic I'd simply throw up my hands in despair and exclaim, "What's the point?!" I mean, really, if life is so full of disappointments, why bother? Unfortunately, too often I'm afraid that is the response people come up with to life's everyday disappointments. (Too often I am tempted to respond that way myself.)

After four years of college, I'm finding that the best way for me to deal with life's disappointments and changes is the same way I did when I was four years old. Cry a few tears, get up, brush myself off, and run to the one who always had the right answer: MOM. When the boy across the street destroyed my mud castle (if I didn't punch him), Mom let me pay with Play-Doh® on the kitchen table while she made dinner. Whether it was a neighbor-, sibling-, or self-inflicted wound, Mom always knew just how to kiss my boo-boo and make it all go away.

Now that I'm 22, though Mom is still wonderful, it's no longer neighborhood boys and destroyed mud castles that shatter my dreams. Today, when my world shatters, it consists of more than an argument with my sister over which doll belongs to whom. Relationships end, friends move away, people die.

A while ago, when I was grieving the death of a close friend, I received a letter from another friend in Washington State. In my confusion and sadness I asked him, "What do you do when your perfect world shatters?" His response was a statement of truth that I will never forget: "What do I do when my perfect world shatters? I go to the Rock that doesn't shake, quake, or move." Such a simple concept, but one I so easily forget. It's the lesson I learned in Kindergarten Sunday school: "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so. Little ones to him belong, they are weak but He is strong."

I guess I'm just a slow learner. It's taken me 22 years and numerous hard knocks to realize what the 4- and 5-year-olds I teach in Sunday school never doubt. No matter what, Jesus never leaves me. In just a few days I will be graduating, moving on to the unknown. Mom doesn't have the answers to my future, but Jesus does. And after I leave here life is still going to hurt sometimes. Friends, family, pastors, and others will fail me, move away, and even die; but I will never be alone unless I choose to be. Jesus, the one who loved me enough to die for me, will be standing right by my side drying my tears and loving me through it all.

So when life hurts, I still cry a few tears (sometimes a lot of tears), get up, brush myself off, and run to the One who always has the right answer. (Maybe He'll even let me play with Play-Doh® on the streets of gold while He finishes making the mansion He's preparing for me!)

## Blueprints for a Silvery Waffle

by W. Randy Hoffman

Senior essay, hmm? Last thoughts of a departing senior, hmmm? Curiouser and curiouser! What am I expected to talk about, I wonder? "Challenges"... "Friendships"... "Expectations"... "Performances"? Or maybe even "They Were The Best Days of My Life"? Hmmmmmmmm...

You know, when it comes down to it, I think I'd like to concentrate on the future. I have a feeling it'll be downright wonderful being Houghton alumni, don't you? Just think: we'll be free as birds to apply for whatever jobs or graduate schools we like, and then, when we don't get hired or accepted, we can either start putting on sombreros and singing "Happy Birthday, Olé!" between waiting tables at Chi-Chi's or, free as birds, we can sign up for unemployment—except for the business majors, who would of course rather join the Merchant Marine. Gotta love those prospects. And I can't wait to start getting the *Milieu* every month so I can find out about how Joey and Alice Krumschnickel, that fun-loving couple from the Class of '57, won a trip to Tempe, Arizona, to attend the biennial convention of the Evangelical Appliance Retailers of America so Joey could be presented with the Louis Barnstock Award for Whirlpool® Witness of the Year. And it'll be so great to come back here every third Homecoming or so and find out that x number of classmates have had heart attacks upon hearing about their first grandchild and that more of the campus I knew has been torn up and replaced with student parking or newly-seeded lawn grass. And, lest we forget, come February on each new calendar the phone will ring and the voice on the other end will say, "Hello, my name is Traci, I'm a student here at Houghton College, it's Phonathon month, and we were wondering if you could give \$3000 this year..."

But I needlessly wax cynical. There are quite a few Houghton phenomena I will be sorry to leave behind. Mike Balassone playing sax on the chapel steps, for to give an example of which such. Easy access to good films and concerts (thanks, CAB). Nights spent writing here in the *Star* office while listening to Wheeler compilation tapes on a malfunctioning tape deck and laughing myself onto the floor. Sincere conversations with sincere peers about real issues and ridiculous conversations with weirdos about pomegranates and wiper blades. Little-restricted, wide-band learning. Lasagna dinners at the Wings'. The narcotic vortex of software on Dave Lennon's PC. Radiance activities. Adam English living four doors away. Pastor Mike's

sermons. And, and I will be the first to admit it, Big Al's meals. No, they're not homemade, and, yes, sometimes the menu bites anchor chains, especially for those of us of the vegetarian persuasion, but even excepting the entrees there's always a wide selection of stuff available: salads, sandwiches, beverages, desserts; how, pretel, would you propose to feed over a thousand people for eight months of the year for roughly \$2.50 per meal per person?

There are, nonetheless, a few negatives I would like to see rectified on this campus. Number one, the campus desperately needs a few change machines, at least one of which should be in a 24-hour location. Also, why can't we put a garbage can at the end of the tray line in the cafeteria so people can keep their napkins until after they've handled their gunky plates and silverware? How about shooting the people responsible for putting four floors in South Hall and neglecting such corollaries as an elevator? To Whom It May Concern: Please get together with the cable company to make sure that the incoming freshman class has access to a respectable portion of the televised media. Either allow dancing or stop playing contemporary music; the anapestic beat of modern music demands sympathetic body movements. Offer film studies. Attention Administration: if some fine year some rich goofball gives you more millions than you can unprofitably spend, please decrease the grade of South Hall hill, or put in a People Mover or a ski lift, or something. Bulletin: the time has long since come to stop discriminating and give the women dorm keys. For mercy's sake, phase out the serving of veal; anybody who knows what kind of misery and malnutrition calves must be subjected to to get white veal can tell you it is one kind of meat that can't be derived humanely. I have nothing against any of the people in Student Development's new regime, but I hope some of them learn to translate their rational, easygoing personalities into similarly rational, easy-to-abide policies. And lastly, for any future construction, it would be very nice if Houghton precipitation were allowed for in the design of drainage for outdoor pathways; dry student and faculty feet will forever wiggle toes in gratitude.

Assignment outline: Contemplate end of college days at Houghton; sigh; get philosophical, as follows. Why does one value this four-year mission to explore strange new worlds, anyway? It's expensive, frustrating, confining, and liable to hurt one's brain. Ah, but the answer is really simple, after all. This is the first and last time in one's life that one will choose, unhindered by considerations of providing for the physical needs of any person, even oneself, the kinds and depths of experience one wants and the things one wants to

think about. No, I'm not talking about "Defining Oneself"; that's beyond the grasp of any person to accomplish fully. What I'm looking at is the quixotic quest to quantify questions like: "Is An Understanding of Deviance as Defined in the 'Abnormal Psychology' Class Really Relevant To the Decision of Whether or Not To Kill One's Roommate?"; "Which Is Better at Three A.M. When It's Raining and Depression Hangs Mutely Like a Bad Set of Drapes: Cold Pizza and Praise or Microwave Popcorn and Prayer or Both?" (notice I don't include the "Neither" option); "Is One Going to Uphold the Pledge on the Sly, So Even One's Friends Don't Know, or Should One Be a Real Rebel About It?"; "Does It Make a Fundamental Difference in One's Spiritual Life to Learn That Isaac Newton Thought Christ Was in His Alchemy Crucible and Ben Franklin Thought God Worked in Seiko's Quartz Movement Department?"; and "When Is It More Appropriate To Tell The Woman in One's Life That Her Dress Reminds One of a Recently Used Swimming Pool Bug Net: Before or After One Pays For Dinner?" It is conundrums like these that a body's got to solve at college, be it Houghton or wherever. I call the process "Squeezing Input from Life Toward the Impossible Process of Defining Yourself," and if any of you guys miss out on it you're just a bunch of maybunkey maroons. Done and done!

## Ch-ch-ch-changes

by Jamie Lindsay

"Time never stands still, nor does it idly pass without effect upon our feelings or fail to work its wonders on the mind"—Saint Augustine *Confessions* Book IV, Chapter 8

When reflecting upon my time in college I think that I can most certainly say, in the words of Thomas Paine, "These are the times that try men's souls." To say that a lot of college has been a struggle for me personally, academically and, of course, financially is certainly true. It would also be accurate to note that many good experiences have also been a part of my collective college experience. I suspect these feelings are relatively common, but what is no doubt different is how these struggles and the changes that have come with them have formed who I am today. How has college effected me personally?

Upon my arrival at Houghton as a freshman I had the characteristics of many of the typical members of that bewildered class. I was rather nervous,



somewhat immature, frightfully ill-read, and very apprehensive about all the changes occurring around me. My roommate, Dave Schwenker, thought I was crazy, and the only student I even vaguely knew was Chris Daniels whom I had met at a pizza place in Massachusetts prior to coming to Houghton. As you can see, stability was not the key word here, but as time passed I learned to adjust. I got to know more people and I accepted the fact that changes were coming and I needed to learn from them. I realized that I would have to, in the words of David Bowie, "turn and face the strain" changes would bring. That I would have to deal with challenges to my previous way of looking at things and either strengthen what I already believed or correct my beliefs that were in error.

So what specific changes have occurred since then? One of the most interesting changes from my point of view has been the discovery of the fun one can derive from reading. I was never a big reader before college, but I have realized in college just how enjoyable it can be to read and discuss various books. And not just the universally recognized literature of enjoyment such as that of Tolkien or Twain, but also books it seems are not popularly appreciated such as the works of Machiavelli, Paine or Voltaire. I have even found that academic assignments have often gotten in the way of what I really wanted to read. I would put off required reading to try and squeeze in some of *Candide* or *Common Sense*. Before college that would have seemed a bizarre concept to me. Holding off on academia for what could also easily be seen as academia? Ah, how people change.

I have also been exposed to wider thinking religiously and I have taken ideas I held in the abstract before college, such as the sacrifice of Christ for our sins, and formed a more concrete base for them. I have become better-read (certainly not well-read), more confident, and hopefully more mature. Dave has been my roommate since freshman year and has learned to live with my idiosyncrasies, or so he tells me. I was hoping to improve on that point, but no one is perfect. I realize that although I have learned a lot there is still so much more to learn. (A friend of mine tells me that my fondness for Rembrandt and dislike of Jackson Pollock is a very Hegelian, and therefore outdated, view of art. Perhaps that is an example of an area I need to learn more about.)

On the whole, I have enjoyed my time here at Houghton. It has had its hard times, but it has had its great times as well. Most importantly I have met people I probably never would have otherwise (Dave and Chris being the first of many) and I have benefited from their kindness, tolerance, generosity and friendship. I

hope I have been able to give them something back as well. The future still has plenty of changes and uncertainties in store for me, but I think I am ready to face them. College has been rewarding, but its time to go. I wouldn't have it any other way. "And when the night is cloudy there is still a Light that shines on me. Shine on till tomorrow, let it be. I wake up to the sound of music, mother Mary comes to me. Speaking words of wisdom, let it be." - The Beatles

## Profound Christian Development from "Strange" Sources

by Tanya Rodeheaver

As I prepare to graduate and leave Houghton College, there are two concerns I want to reflect on in this essay—the educational experiences mentioned in my salutatory address and the lack of women professors at Houghton College.

If you attended chapel on May 1 and heard my salutatory address, then you have heard quite a lot about my educational experiences at Houghton College. Still, you may not have caught the subtle irony underlying what I had to say. Did you notice that three of the experiences I stressed happened with people or at places typically viewed as marginal by Houghton students and administration? Dr. David Meade, the New Testament professor whose influence was foundational to my learning development, was denied tenure two years ago and essentially asked to leave Houghton College. The Hazlett/Leonard Houghton intentional fellowship is usually stereotyped as theologically liberal, elitist, and anti-institutional. Finally, the Oregon Extension is noted for turning students into strange out-of-synch hippie universalists.

So, what am I trying to say? Basically, I am trying to say that these people and places are what have made my education at Houghton invaluable and irreplaceable. I would like to encourage those students who will be returning not to fear the places I have mentioned and to seek a broader learning experience than is usually encouraged at Houghton. I also want to commend Houghton College for allowing places like the Hazlett/Leonard Houghton Houses, the Oregon Extension, and the Buffalo Inter-Disciplinary Program to be options in the educational experiences of its students.

To dispel some popular concerns about the places and people I mentioned, I need to say that they have helped me to become a more responsive and deeply committed Christian. The personal faith and content of the classes of both Dr. Meade and Dr. Tyson have given me hope whenever I lose sight of how any faith



can genuinely operate. The H/LH intentional fellowship has given me vision for the kind of open, honest, caring and emotionally intense interaction that I feel should be possible among Christians who are fellow disciples of Christ and a worshiping community. And finally, the professors and worship services at the Oregon Extension displayed to me a compassion and sense of communion with Christ that I had never before encountered.

The second concern that I want to address is the lack of women professors at Houghton College. In the two departments I have majored in—History and Social Sciences and Religion and Philosophy—there is only one woman professor. I personally am especially concerned that there are no women professors in the Religion and Philosophy department. I found interaction with Nancy Linton at the Oregon Extension invaluable in helping to name and acknowledge some of the difficulties I face as a woman in a conservative environment who is interested in theology. The encouragement I have received, as a woman scholar-to-be, from Dr. Meade, Dr. Tyson, Prof. Woolsey, and Dr. Schultz has been tremendously helpful. Still, the impact of the model a woman professor in this department would provide is irreplaceable in giving women students with these interests a sense of validity and self-confidence in their capabilities.

In closing, I want to stress that although I have felt some alienation at Houghton College because of my involvement in marginal places such as H/LH and the Oregon Extension and because of the administration's rejection of the professor I most identified with, I have grown and learned a lot here. Thank you. Goodbye.

(as John Linton would say) Shalomy, Shalomy,  
Tanya L. Rodeheaver

## Goodbye, Tiny Tim

by Brad Wilber

It is so fitting that the closing weeks of my time at Houghton have coincided with a Sunday morning message series that Pastor Walters has called "The Journey to Authenticity"; there is no better subtitle for a reflection on my college experience. Genuineness is something I've always had to strive for, and over four years this unique institution's environment has flushed a good deal of the "real me" out of hiding.

Most of the time as I was growing up, coping with my handicap meant playing the role of the Winsome

Overcomer. I had only to look to television for some prime examples, from Tiny Tim on down the line—you know, the handicapped person who is cheerily resolute about everything he does, who eventually swims the English Channel despite having no arms or whatever. At the end of the movie all his able-bodied friends sit around and rhapsodize about how inspiring so-and-so is, or how so-and-so's freedom from self-pity puts them to shame, etc., etc....

Now that whole scenario makes me steel myself against my gag reflex, but at the time I thought that was a "role" I could really get into. So I squared my shoulders, perfected a bright smile, and sallied forth into my six years of public secondary school. I tried to provide pleasant—indeed, inspiring—company for those around me and installed myself as the tireless token optimist on a handful of committees. To a certain point I was quite happy in those days; it wasn't like I came home drained from my taxing charade and dumped a load of suppressed resentment on my family or anything. I was simply complacent in toddling along as a cardboard Tiny Tim; I was sure that by sheer effort I could erase my disability from my friends' perceptions of me. They, in turn, didn't make any references to it or bother to explore what lay behind "the smile."

Houghton, of course, was a different story. Before I'd been here a week, two people confronted me with their suspicions that my exaggerated independence was just as much of an improper focus on my handicap as "wallowing and whining" would have been. And that trend continued. My good friend Lianne Hohmann put it something like this: "I don't want to ignore that part of you; I want to treat it as something relevant to you but infinitely less interesting than all the other things you have to offer." Wow! The trouble was, I knew as little about those "other things" as she did.

I found out about them—gradually. Sometimes self-discovery was very gratifying. Other times I had to grit my teeth and acknowledge facets of my personality that I'd rather have kept buried. But if there's one thing my college years have taught me, it's that it's important to accept people as whole packages. I can't pick and choose, and the sooner I relinquish those overidealized mental portraits of myself and everyone else, the better. (To my fellows in Victorian seminar, this will sound like an old refrain from Eliot or Hardy.)

You, my Houghton family, fashioned a milieu in which I could be fearlessly three dimensional. I tried some new things, with a wide spectrum of results. But the sky didn't fall if "the smile" faltered, if my feet simply didn't carry me far enough fast enough to return someone's sizzling forehead, or if I let annoyance boil

over in the yearbook office. Houghton always remained nurturing, and took my failures as part of the bargain. Finally I could enjoy being less than perfect. Conversations and encounters were no longer so much opportunities to make an impression as to share a moment, and I could save acting for fun things like *Ten Little Indians* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Of course, however much progress we make on the journey to authenticity, it's not the kind of journey where we breast the tape at some fixed finish line and raise our hands in triumph. I still felt my share of internal pricks listening to Pastor Walters's recent sermons. And even sitting here typing my essay I'm second-guessing myself a little, wondering if I shouldn't have chosen glossier prose in some places, or have tried to weed out some of the sentiment in favor of a more "artistic" theme. After all, isn't that what's expected of a writing major? Four years ago, if I have to admit it, I wrote simply to toss beautiful phrases around. The idea of writing because you had something to say... well, in any case, my practice desk blotter at home is too littered with "florid plume" sunset paragraphs to boast anything of substance. Now I see writing so much differently. It has become an exercise in communication and in vulnerability. Being able to put some of my thoughts in the brains and mouths of fictional characters is a way to bridge the gulf between public and private. When someone has my writing in front of them, the face I give to the world deepens and becomes less of a superficial mask to them. In the same way, my writing can lend some translucence to my "inner ocean," such as it is, and raise its bottom far enough so that people can catch a small glimpse of what I'm really all about.

The privilege of writing a senior essay is a funny thing. When you first start it you swell up with all these presumptuous Whitmanesque notions of "speaking for your class," and then each word that goes down on the page becomes testimony to its own inadequacy and the narrowness of your experiences. I think we can all at least agree that Houghton has changed us. I will always remember Houghton as the place where I became "me"—where my handicap was submerged not in a calculated sunny image but in the exciting chaos that comes with jumping into real life with both feet. I no longer expect "the smile" from myself. Don't get me wrong; I still like to smile. But the next time you see me do it, know that it didn't find its way onto my face grudgingly. All of you—through Him, the ultimate Source of all joy—put it there. And even though I've

long since dismissed Tiny Tim as a role model, his benediction still articulates my thoughts as I think about all that Houghton has meant to me: "God bless us, every one!"

## Outward and Upward

by Juli Horn

In about two weeks, I will be gone from Houghton College, only to engage myself with other experiences which will continue to teach me to think. The only things that I will be taking from Houghton will be my diploma and my memories. Memories of friends, both joyful and joyless; but more specifically memories of what I have learned about learning while choosing to spend four years at Houghton.

It is laborious to actually relive specific events from my time here which have aided in my learning and the development of who I can be as I leave this **protective environment**. My desire is to focus on an overall attitude towards learning that is an outgrowth of my education. This attitude allows me not only to laugh at myself, but also to accept responsibility for each choice. I can titter at my anxieties, thus allowing for a disposition that enables the accomplishment of preset goals. In this way, a responsibility is met with action through the freedom and desire to be creative with my choices. By using available resources such as the Oregon Extension and the Buffalo Interdisciplinary program I allowed myself different environments and professors which promoted a realization of my potential. It has given me the confidence that is needed to be in Houghton on May 13, 1991 to receive my BA degree.

It can be said that my ability to laugh at myself isn't always consistent, and I don't always recognize all of my potential or accomplish every goal. But through questioning what I can be, I can work towards being the most. Such a recognition initiates growing, which encourages reevaluation of my goals and creates new choices and opportunities. Admittedly it is often more enticing to commit yourself to someone of the opposite sex than to these ideals.

What I will remember from Houghton is learning these ideals. What I will be taking with me is the confidence to continue to grow in learning. With new and reevaluated goals, the choices and opportunities that will follow encourage the most from me. May I never want to stop learning.



# Houghton Outdoor Track Reaches Finish Line

by Nathan Ransil

**T**he Houghton College track and field team is winding down its outdoor season. This season is the first since Houghton track and field dropped out of the National Christian College Athletic Association; Houghton now participates solely as an NAIA District 18 team. In the past, Houghton was part of both associations, and team members were able to qualify for NCAA nationals. Now the only national meet Houghton track and field participants can go to is the NAIA nationals, which have very difficult qualifying standards. According to Ken Heck, head track coach, Houghton's school records for all track and field events are not even

good enough to qualify for the NAIA national meet. Marion Austin, last year's NCCAA national champion in distance running, is the only Houghton entrant in the NAIA nationals, and even then as a non-qualifier.

Despite the higher standards facing the team this year, Heck felt optimistic after a good indoor track season. He opened outdoor practices with about 30 people, but was disappointed by the number of people who did not stick with the program due to grades, injuries, or other commitments. The team ended up with a core group of about 15 people that hung in and worked hard. The team is mainly characterized by middle distance runners, as well as throwers.

The schedule of meets got off to a slow start, because the usual opening meet at Moravian College fell on a date during Houghton's Easter break, and so it was made optional. A meet at Susquehanna College also was slated for the middle of break, preventing Houghton from attending.

Heck noted that most of the meets Houghton participated in this year were not scored as team meets, but rather were opportunities for the participants to attempt to qualify for post-season meets. Because of this there were mainly individual standouts on the team. Carolyn Schiller set a new school record in the hammer throw, and Marion Austin and Heather George were tough in distance and middle distance respectively. Dan Lingenfelter has become a monstrous triple jumper; senior Jon Cole did well in javelin and in the long and triple jumps. Dan Noyes, who along with Austin was elected co-captain for next year, placed first in shot and second in hammer at one meet. In a scored meet, the women's team finished second in the district, missing first by only a few points. ☆

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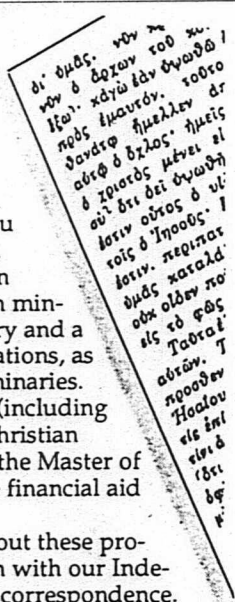
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# Winners of Logo Contest for Houghton Recycling Group Are Announced

*Guest report by Joel Sweda*

Over the past year, administrators, faculty, staff, and students have contributed in making Houghton's Recycling Program a success. As a result of their combined efforts, Houghton's Recycling Program has resulted in a 40% reduction in solid waste in its first year of implementation.

While students have served a

major part in stewarding the environment both on and off campus, those in charge of the Recycling Program thought it only fitting to recognize the efforts of a few of these individuals. From April 29-May 3, a recycling display was set up in the campus store that featured the top three finishers in the Houghton Recycling Logo Contest. Jerry

Counselman of graphic design and other members of the Art Department evaluated each entry before arriving at their final decisions.

Winners included: First place—Sarah Moore (sophomore), second place—Michelle Thompson (junior), and third place—Tifanee Taylor (sophomore). Rozalyn Szymanski, head of the campus store, awarded prizes to the three winners in the form of \$50, \$25, and \$15 bookstore gift certificates. Sarah Moore's logo will be used as the official logo of the Recycling Program and the Recycling Club.

The Houghton Recycling Club, projected to commence in the fall, will be a student organization that promotes environmental awareness on and off campus and will serve as a continuing reminder to the Houghton community of the value students place on stewarding the environment. ☆

## MAIL

**Dear Houghton,**

I write this letter for the glory of God, and for your encouragement.

Five years ago God miraculously saved my life during an accident. As I lay on the hospital bed I told the Lord I would tell this story to all who would listen. I believe the time has come to tell you.

On May 3, 1986 I was working on the farm, after taking the SATs. At about 3:00 p.m. I started to unload wood shavings off a corn wagon. Because of a series of events that had taken place two weeks previously, I was running the farm (a 3:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. job) by myself, plus going to school. Needless to say I was very tired. This led me to do one of the single most stupid

things I have ever done. When the wagon was unloaded I jumped in to sweep it out...while the power take off (P.T.O.) was still running. (For those of you who are unfamiliar with a P.T.O. and corn wagon, ask a farmer.) I started sweeping the wagon out, but my back was to the rows of rotating spikes in the front of the wagon. The top row of the spikes caught hold of my jeans and lifted me off my feet. I screamed, "Oh, God." I will spare you the details, but as I went over the top row of spikes one of them (they are approximately 9 inches to 1 foot long on this wagon) went through my upper right thigh. The spike caught on my groin muscle and started to pull me toward the sec-

ond set of beaters. Sure death awaited me there.

I tried to pull myself out of the wagon but the spike held me fast. When I glanced down at the second set of spikes they were about two inches from my back. At that moment I gave up all hope of living through this ordeal; I knew this was the end of my life. God had other plans: the moment I had given up all hope I felt "someone" grasp my shoulders and pull me out. The next thing I remember clearly was landing outside the wagon on my feet...softly. There was no one around except me. My leg was ripped wide open and would take five months to heal, but the Lord saved my life that day.

This ordeal has helped me through many times of hardship and doubt. I hope that through me telling you, the Lord can use it to help others also.

**Bernard Waugh**



# MAIL

Dear Editors,

In your last *Star* issue, Michael A. Peters brought to the public's attention his feelings about a previously printed advertisement. That advertisement expressed the desire for a white-infant adoption by a Christian couple. I'd like to say that I agree with Mr. Peters frustration toward this type of discrimination. Yet, here's another perspective...

I'm a Korean-looking American, and I'm glad that God made me "different" in this way. Also, I am adopted; and for the past 21 years (minus 9 months), I have been raised by the most loving Christian family for which one could ever ask. I know that I am blessed, for through God's grace I've been adopted twice.

Besides blacks, not enough Asian children are even given the opportunity to lead a healthy life, much less one in a Christian atmosphere. It upsets me to no end whenever I hear of people who don't agree with interracial adoption. What right do they have to judge who is worth "saving" and who gets shut out? Some people rely on the old

"interracial adopted children get teased by their peers for being adopted" belief. (Mr. Peters mentioned this excuse too.) I was never teased for being adopted, although all my peers knew about it. They did tease me for being "Chinese" (they'd never heard of Korea), but never about my adoption. In fact, several people confided to me that they wished they had been adopted too; then they could be sure that their parents wanted them badly enough.

In a way, my ethnicity was separate from my adoption. It didn't matter whether or not I was adopted, those peers would still tease me. But that reflected an inherent problem in them, and not as a fault in how God created me. My parents adopted my younger sister and me out of love. And in a world where people are afraid of getting "lost in the crowd," I'm glad to LOOK "different"; as a Christian, I'm glad that I AM different.

I praise the Lord that He doesn't judge us by norm-referenced standards. He doesn't compare us to one another and say, "You're only a grade C because your prayers aren't as eloquent as so-and-so's. Please use more colorful verbs and adjectives in the future," etc.

Since God doesn't care what we

look like physically or how we do compared to other Christians, what's the point in discriminating, especially in adoption? There are lives at stake here, folks. My parents told me that a policeman found me in a shoebox under a corner street light. (No cabbages in the vicinity.) I thank the Lord that I didn't have to die there.

In the long run, it really doesn't hurt, truly hurt, to stand out. Here's a cliché: "It builds character." As interracial adoptees and/or Christians, we shouldn't allow the "outer man" to carry such weight against the "inner man."

For those who might need more prompting, here are a few verses which clearly state the problem of prejudice and discrimination:

"If, however, you are fulfilling the royal law, according to the Scripture, 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself,' you are doing well. But if you show partiality, you are committing sin and are convicted by the law as transgressors... Therefore, to one who knows the right thing to do, and does not do it, to him it is sin."

—James 2:8-9; 4:17

**Endowed with a Double Birthright,  
Brette J. Kinney**

## Oops, We Goofed!

- In last issue's article entitled "Faculty Depart" on page 5, Paula Maxwell was incorrectly reported to be among those leaving Houghton. Miscommunication between our staff and the Academic Dean's Office resulted in this regrettable error. Our sincere and profuse apologies to Paula.

- In the same article Dr. William T. Allen was incorrectly identified as Houghton's poet-in-residence. The title actually belongs to Prof. John Leax. Dr. Allen's true title is that of composer-in-residence.

- Maila Niemi's name was omitted from the list of recipients of honourable mentions in the juried student art show. Sincere apologies.

## WANTED:

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Clinton Correctional Facility  
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# The Black Hole

M. TAYLOR

Okay. Here it is. May and not very shoddy out there. The sun shines, the birds sing, the trees green, the flowers bloom. . . . Spring is in the air, and obviously in the trousers of all men abroad. Yes, it's that time of year where you can see the beauty of an anti-rape poster garnish the walls of the men's dorms, and experience a genuine attempt at assault in the midst of all this beauty.

I thought when the college started this anti-rape thing that they were overdoing it a little. Now that what has happened has happened, though, I'm not so sure. One thing that I know for sure is that my infinite respect for the Female has moved me to use this often coined (but, oh so appropriate) term as the theme of this column: MEN ARE SCUM.

Yes, ladies, you have found an ally in the media. I believe that you, the women of the world, are not the supposed nemesis of man, but the source of his strength. What is man without woman? Not simply alone, but incomplete. We have no concept of the infinite value you possess to us mortal men. It is indeed true that behind every great man, there is an incredible woman.

So, how then can a man, with all of these wonderful treasures that woman holds in mind, have even the slightest inclination toward violence? It is indeed baffling. How can something so elegant, so delicately lovely and strong in spirit as woman ever be the object of a man's unprovoked scorn? Is man so convinced that you are the "weaker sex" that he believes that he may take advantage of you whenever he wishes? Is he really that weak himself in showing that he can only have power over a woman and not over himself?

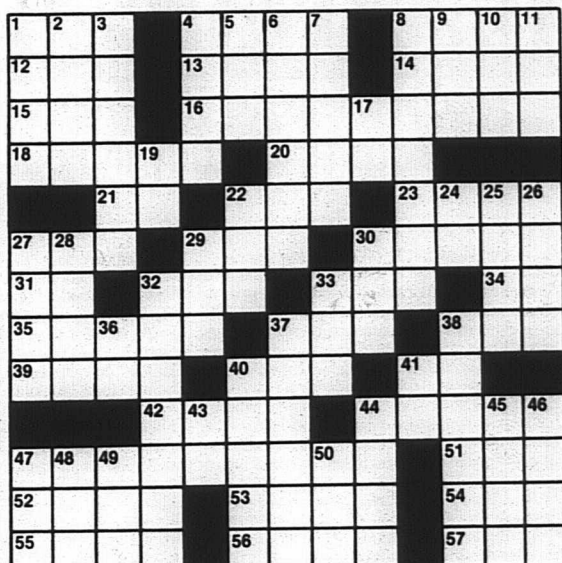
How indicative of the nature of men is the incidence of violence toward women? Men are at risk of losing the most valuable asset to them that God has ever created, if the senselessness of disrespect is ever present. Men cannot appreciate the value of a woman to their petty existences. They cannot conceive of the torment that would follow if women never existed.

Men have branded you with names like harlot, wench, witch, and a few others that this publication won't print. None of the above are at all accurate when one considers the value of your presence. You are the balance that keeps man from toppling. You are the strength he lacks when he is weak. You are the love that he needs when he is alone. Be assured that without you, man would die.

It still baffles the mind how a man can be so cruel in so many different ways, especially by using the violence of which he is capable. When women are treated in such a manner, it truly asserts that men are not capable of much more than simple violence to gain what they wish from a woman, and a man will do just about anything to get what he desires from a woman. But when the "anything" becomes violent, this is the crux of man. I will never be able to understand the motivation of unprovoked violence, especially toward women.

It is frightening indeed when one looks in retrospect at the world and its history (HIStory) of man persecuting woman for no tangible reason other than to make her a scapegoat of his own shortcomings. When will man realize the true value of women? When will he stop to think of the beauty they all possess before he unleashes his wrath? It is a question that should be pondered with the greatest care and earnestness. It is also, hopefully, the last question that man will ask of himself before he devalues women to the nonexistence. Lord help us if that day were ever to come. ☆

## Crossword Companion



### ACROSS

1. Surprise expression
4. Surprise
8. Huff and puff
12. Ran in to
13. Mexican coin
14. Leeward side
15. Indicates mountain
16. Raising above
18. Subscribe again
20. Feel (p.t.)
21. Near
22. Afghanistan coin
23. Dash
27. Ocean (abbr.)
29. To feel ill
30. Rub out
31. Egyptian sun god
32. Hundredweight (abbr.)
33. Father's boy
34. Direction (abbr.)
35. Malicious burning
37. Jog
38. Also
39. Money provided as security
40. Scottish cap (var.)
41. S. Atlantic state (abbr.)
42. Jump
44. Pork food
47. Moon
51. Gorilla
52. Surprise
53. Disagreeable responsibility

54. Scottish river
55. Left
56. Catches
57. Final

### DOWN

1. Word for love
2. At this place
3. Lacking tonal center
4. Cast out
5. Message (abbr.)
6. Needed
7. New
8. Plan; diagram
9. Muhammad
10. Recent form (pref.)
11. Number
17. Baseball league (abbr.)
19. Famous space alien
22. Deep hole
24. Musical note
25. Association (abbr.)
26. Want
27. Native of Arabia
28. Village in Ireland
29. Tip of grass
30. Age
32. University
33. Total
36. Spanish yes
37. Plunder
38. Arched building
40. Bird claw
41. S. Atlantic state (abbr.)
43. Elevated railroad
44. First Lady \_\_\_\_\_ Truman
45. Not shut
46. Want
47. Curve downward
48. Gone by
49. 2,000 lbs.
50. Expression of annoyance

CROSSWORD  
ANSWERS ON  
PAGE 11



# DIOMYAT PART IV

(Delectable Idiocies of My Youth and Times)

## A Four-Part Study in Four Parts

by W. Randy Hoffman

I am told by my public that I need to correct myself ("Karen Hillman informs me that the doll identified as My Real Baby in the last segment was actually called Baby Alive") and that I should mention a thing or two yet from the female experience ("A collectibles boom did indeed occur at the twilight of the Seventies: led by the mushroom-hallucination Smurfs and Strawberry 'It's Berry, Berry Nice How We Stink Worse Than Car Air Fresheners' Shortcake, it soon led to such travesties of taste as the Care Bears, Rainbow Brite, and—I must take care not to fully invoke it, lest I perish of saccharine flashbacks—My L\*t!l\* P\*ny"), the male experience ("Electromagnetic miniature-player football sets were mildly amusing if a) you could stand the grating hum, b) you could get the little quarterbackbacks to stop running around in circles, and c) you could avoid denting the playing field, which would create an Astroturf gravity well that both teams would be irresistibly sucked into"), and diversions ("I never saw the point of Inchworm—I could make it go up and down, but not forward"). Where we first saw all these creations was, needless to say, a flickering radiation tube on a Saturday morning...

### Part IV: Kids' Television

Despite Calvin's exertions to the contrary, nobody I knew would ever consider getting up before 8:00 on Saturdays unless they were sick or had eaten a frog the night before. Well, maybe 7:00, when "Battle of the Planets" (known in the kidvid biz as 'G-Force,' starring Mark, Jason, Princess, Tiny, and Keeyop) came around. But why did/does the syndication schedule start at 6:00 a.m.? I sure as shootin' wasn't dragging myself out of bed for "The New Zoo Revue" or the local geek with the crow puppets and the second-rate cartoons. But by eight, boy oh boy, burn rubber down those stairs! Breakfast tray—check. Cereal—check. Milk—check. Bowl & spoon—check. Banana—check. OJ—check. Pull out power knob, volume low, roger, Houston, we have liftoff...

If it wasn't Watergate hearings or some other stupid news thing about some old war or somebody getting shot at, the weekly three-hour kids-show heaven would commence. Maybe it would start with "The Hair Bear Bunch," or maybe "The Roman

Holidays" or the teen-type "Pebbles and Bamm-Bamm" (I was a real fan of the prehistoric jinx Schleprock), or maybe "Inch High Private Eye." The initiator might have been "Wait Till Your Father Gets Home," which, in hindsight, reeks of the influence of "All in the Family," or perhaps even the cartoon "Muhammad Ali" show. I always avidly followed "Yogi's Ark" (with great villains like Louise Litter and the Envy Twins, how can you blame me?). And, even though Scooby-Doo was pretty lousy after the first few years ("Scooby Meets The Captain and Tenille: The Case of the Monster Microphone") I kept watching him too, especially the Scooby-Dum episodes. But after they ditched Freddy and Velma and Daphne at the Malt Shoppe and picked up Scrappy-Doo at the train station, they lost me. There were the other shows in the same Hanna-Barbera universe: "Josie and the Pussycats," "Speed Buggy," "Jabberjaws," "Grape Ape," "Blue Falcon and DynoMutt," "Captain Caveman and the Teen Angels," the ever-popular "Laff-a-Lympics," *et al.* Lots of other characters come to mind: Hong Kong Phooey, for example, who never did master the trick of that filing cabinet; the cartoon Harlem Globetrotters and the cartoon Addamses; the live action Shazam ("Billy Batson has the wisdom of Solomon, the strength of Hercules, etc., but—shades of Bill Bixby to come—apparently neither he nor his old buddy Mentor have anything better to do than drive around the country in an RV"); his spinoff, the Mighty Isis; Teen Force; Fat Albert (featuring in later years the ertswile Brown Hornet); the Clue Club; Tarzan, the Lone Ranger and Zorro in their Adventure Hour; Space Ghost; the Herculeoids; Johnny Quest, on reruns; the live action family of "Land of the Lost" (who fought the Sleestacks, creatures that were ten times scarier than any Saturday morning evil had a right to be and made a lot of kids wet the bed Saturday nights) and the animated family of "Valley of the Dinosaurs"; the Archies (*not* the "Little Archies"—which reminds me that all Mod Era kid shows had to include psychedelic tambourine-swinging musical numbers); responding to macabre sensibilities, the animated Groovy Ghoulies and the live action Monster Squad (who star in the movie of the same title, by the way); Mr. Jaws, the shark of 'nnnnGotcha!' fame, and his sidekick Charlie; the Shmoo; the cartoon Fantastic Four

that included Herbie the Robot instead of the Human Torch because the network morons decided they didn't want kids setting themselves on fire (obviously generalizing from the observed intellectual capacity of their own children); the animated Flash Gordon; cartoon Batman, complete with Robin, Batgirl, and Bat-Mite, and the cartoon "Star Trek" cast, the only moderately classy characters—besides the early Fat Albert bunch—that the hack cartoon studio of Scheimer & Prescott ever fleshed out (see their version of Tom and Jerry and you'll understand); science fiction standbys like Godzilla and "cute little Godzuke" (barf), the "Space Academy" crew, the "Ark 2000" goobers, Jonathan Blackstar, much later Thunderdarr the Barbarian (who carried the fabled Sun-Sword and rode with Ariel and Ukla the Mok) and the "Dungeons and Dragons" bunch (guided by Dungeon Master and led by Eric the Paladin against that evil nasty sinister rotten Venger), and more; and so on, and so on. Some shows and characters were, of course, extra-special. For years, like any other self-respecting boy, the Super Friends were my Number One Saturday favorite: Superman, Batman, Robin, Aquaman, Wonder Woman, Marvin, Wendy, and Rex the Wonder Dog. Even when the places of the latter three were taken by Zan and Jana, the Wonder Twins ("Form of...a winged giraffe!" "Shape of...an ice backhoe!"), and "their Space Monkey, Gleek," I kept my eyeballs glued to the set. My patience was all too briefly rewarded with the one brilliant season that featured an all-hero expanded cast fighting the Legion of Doom. Those were the days! (Oops...All in the Family" creeps through again...) And there is still a place in my heart for those Sid & Marty Krofft shows that were so mindlessly wonderful, like "Far Out Space Nuts" starring Tim Conway and Chuck McCann, "The Lost Saucer" with Jim Nabors and Ruth Buzzi (some combo, eh?), "Wonderbug," "Sigmund and the Sea Monsters," "Dr. Shrinker's Island," "ElectraWoman and DynaGirl," "Bigfoot and Wildboy," the original cheesebucket "Ghost Busters" (who tiptoed through the same CO2-fogged styrofoam cemetery every week), and especially the puppet-world shows "H. R. Pufnstuf" and "Lidsville" that popped by on reruns. In addition, "The Bugaloos" did crop up on the "Krofft Superstars" show some years later, and seeing as it starred teenagers with British accents dressed in Muppet-style bee suits flying around a giant felt-and-plastic garden menaced by denture-wearer Martha Raye, I feel I have to place it on my Top Ten list of the weirdest children's shows ever aired in America. And as a curiosity, I've got to mention the ABC Children's Film Festival, or whatever it was called, which aired at, like, one in the afternoon. It was a misguided attempt to introduce American kids to—gasp!—international culture through children's movies. The problem, you see, was precisely that international values are slightly...different. The Austrian flick about the cat with nine lives was OK. But the French soap-box derby film where the girls' team grabbed the snotty boys' team driver

as he relieved himself by a fence and took his clothes and made him run through the streets in his underwear, *that* was a bit much. My mother wasn't amused and neither, it would seem, were many other mothers. Three seasons, tops, and it was gone.

Now, if you want to get at the most enduring legacy that is uniquely Saturday morning, it would have to be ABC's "Schoolhouse Rock." These award-winning inter-commercial segments taught millions of kids more about history, language, science, math, and civics than they would learn from years of schooling. Anybody from my generation can recite the Preamble to the U.S. Constitution because it was set to a catchy tune for a "Schoolhouse Rock" segment. And maybe these intros will trigger a melody or two: "I'm just a bill..."; "Conjunction Junction..."; "Lolly, Lolly, Lolly, get your adverbs here..."; "Electricity, electricity..."; "Verb in Action—VERB! That's what's happenin'!"; "Mother Necessity, where would we be...?"; "A noun is a person, place or thing..."; "Interplanet Janet, she's a galaxy girl..."; and even "An interjection's part of a sentence..." Oh, yeah, they were sweet. And lest you forget, CBS had its own long-term number going, every half-hour, with the globe-spinning, globe-spanning "In the News," which CBS anchor Walter Cronkite narrated himself.

If you were fortunate enough to be able to get some TV time Sunday mornings, there was usually good stuff on then too. Somebody somewhere would always be showing Bugs Bunny and Roadrunner, for one thing. And you could find out about kids who lived in different places around the world on "Big Blue Marble," the show that was globally-conscious just when global consciousness was starting to get hip, whose pen pal club I always meant to join but I never remembered to have paper and pencil handy to write down the address. "Speed Racer" often showed up on Sundays, but the way they worked those multi-part episodes you never did get to see the end of the one where Speed Hurtles Toward Certain Doom in His Mark V, with Trixie by His Side and Sprytle and Chim-Chim in the Trunk, Trying To Save Racer X (Who He Doesn't Know Is His Brother and a Secret Agent) From Being Lashed into Slag by the Devil Car of King Korakunda. Speaking of multi-parters, though, nothing could beat the "Danger Island" segments on that Sunday morning staple, "Banana Splits." When they weren't trying to wrestle mail away from their over-possessive mailbox, or showing H-B cartoons like Atom Ant or the Perils of Penelope Pitstop or Muttley or the live-action/cartoon mix Adventures of Tom Sawyer, the Banana Splits would usually get around to airing one of the thirty-odd parts of "Danger Island." Plot synopsis: pirates capture shipwrecked good guys, about to kill, cannibals attack, maroonees get away, cannibals capture, about to cook, pirates attack, good guys get away, pirates capture... I lived for the fight scenes, when I got to hear the long-term shipwrecked guy unleash his hyperactive Friday clone with a cry of, "Uh-ohhh, Chonnnngooo!" Sundays also tended to showcase reruns of the vintage original-to-TV

cartoons: Rocky & Bullwinkle, Tennessee Tuxedo, Edward Everett Horton's Fractured Fairy Tales, Mr. Magoo of the heavily myopic perceptions and the metaphorical luck, Deputy Dawg, Mr. Peabody and his boy Sherman and the Way-back Machine, Woody Woodpecker and the other Walter Lantz characters (especially Andy Panda and Chilly Willy), Dudley Do-Right, Underdog, and even Tudor Turtle ("Help me, Mr. Wizard!" "Vat I tell you, Tudor?...Drizzle, drizzle, drizzle, drome, time for zis vun to come home..."), who got his start on the "Crusader Rabbit" show back in 1947. I daren't forget that Christian landmark of Sunday-school-prep television, "Davey and Goliath," a relic of the days when Americans still made religious kids' shows for broadcast instead of getting Japanese animation houses to do it (Anyone for "Superbook" or "The Flying House"?). Best of all the Sunday stuff, though, was the one strictly Pittsburgh show I still remember fondly, the "Adventure Hour" that ran from noon to one o'clock; Joe Negri, who still pops up occasionally on "Mr. Rogers," hosted it in a castle-size studio and it was outrageously cool. His most audacious stunts were always his "Letters to Santa" gimmicks; one year he got rocket footage from NASA and got us all believing he had blasted our letters to the stratosphere over the North Pole, from which point the nose cone with all our scribbled pleas in it had parachuted down right next to St. Nick's workshop. Wish he was still on the air.

Weekdays were okay; back in '74, there wasn't all that much independent kids' fare to be had, kind of like the situation in '76 and '78. There was some, though. Mornings, when you were very little, brought "Romper Room." I was on "Romper Room" once, because my parents got me onto a taping, but there were too many lights and cameras and they didn't give me enough time to finish building my blocks and Mirror Mirror didn't really do the magic swirl. Needless to say, it was very disillusioning. Later in life, "The Great Space Coaster" swung by. Reruns of the old Marvel superhero shows made the rounds. And of course there was always some kind of local dweeb trying to put together his own morning or afternoon show; or at least, a *superficially* local dweeb. I don't know what the story was with this area's Commander Tom or Ranger Bob, but I do know that Captain Pitt—who putzed around for two hours every weekday afternoon on WPTT 22 (supposedly broadcasting from his own little boat on the Ohio River) and acted like he knew exactly where we lived when he showed us all those requested drawings we had obligingly sent to him care of the station—was simultaneously Captain Chesapeake on a UHF station in Baltimore. Where else did his racket extend, I wonder? "Captain Hudson"? "Captain Erie"? "Captain St. Lawrence"? "Captain Mystic"? "Captain Mississippi"? "Captain Bay of Bengal"? ("Okay, kids, after Little Singh spins the prayer wheel with your pictures on it and we pick out today's winner, we'll watch Jagatha-Popeye try to beat Blumvarna for the hand of Olivoylam!")

Anyhow... There were occasionally after-school specials, but the only ones I particularly recall were a pair of animated ones: Maurice Sendak's heroine "Really Rosie" and the rotund yellow top-hatted pocket-watched inside-the-human-body-journeying "Timer." (I can hear the chorus now: "Oh wow, you mean the little guy who always told us to 'hanker for a hunka cheese' and showed us how to make juice pops in the freezer?" Yup. Once upon a time, he *did* have a life.) I'm not even going to touch the animated holiday specials, except to note that one December at the peak of the boom I counted no less than thirty-five different ones listed for showing in TV Guide. Lastly I'll admit vulnerability: I'd give up a ton of creme-filled doughnuts to be able to remember the title to one certain live action show which aired on afternoons during the early Seventies macabre period. It was bizarre and fun: regular players included a host vampire, a witch who cooked up yummy things in her kitchen, a gorilla with a beanie hat who sat on a folding chair and inevitably got bombarded with tennis balls, and a pith-helmeted explorer hopelessly tangled in film who showed educational wildlife clips, among others. It might have been called "Dracula's Castle," but that's just a wild guess.

Weekdays often forcibly revolved around public TV, which wasn't usually too much of a cross to be borne, except during pledge weeks. Besides "Sesame Street" and "Mr. Rogers," there was "Electric Company," which I was never allowed to watch because Mom didn't think the attitudes that they portrayed were very nice. That wasn't too much of a handicap, except after Spider-Man joined the cast; then I experienced momentary acute tinges of envy when my friends mentioned they had seen him on the show. "Hodgepodge Lodge" was kind of neat. The absolute tops, though, was "Zoom." You couldn't beat it with a stick. First off, the cast consisted of kids my age, a different bunch every year, who did cool stuff like talk very fast in what I think they called Zoomtalk, a kind of Pig Latin which one affected by inserting the syllable "-ubb-" before every vowel in regular English words. ("Wubbe tubbalk tubboo fubbast fubbor yubbou tubbo fubballubbow bubbut wubbe knubbow yubbou dubbon't cubbare.") They'd also answer as a group pieces of mail pulled straight from the Zoommail barrel (though occasionally this would lead to dippiness like 10-minute brainstorm for words that rhyme with "orange," of which there are none), and the girls in particular would move their arms in this patented cross-at-the-elbow windmill maneuver (the Zoom Bloom? I don't know) that lots of kids got chafed wrists trying to duplicate. An A-number-1 guaranteed-viewing-for-life eternal-allegiance kids' show.

That wraps it up. If I had time and space in my palms like eggshells I'd talk about the adult shows we used to watch and then I'd talk about school stuff like RIF and Troll book orders and Dynamite magazine. But then there are two things that no one ever expects: the Spanish Inquisition and A Four-Part Study in Five Parts. Toodles.&



