

THE HOUGHTON STAR



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Volume 76 Number 17

13 April 1984

The Last Harangue: On Being Your Own Sweet Self

I am one of those people who insist that everything is a growing experience.

After discipline, my father would always say, "Do you know why I just spanked you?" Although I found it somewhat humiliating to have to say, "Because I socked my brother in the kneecap" when we both knew the reason why corporal punishment seemed necessary and my posterior still smarted, it did reinforce learning. I include this sentimental recollection only to illustrate the probable origin of my habit, which results in my saying after the most harrowing of experiences, "Yuck. But surely I am now a better person?"

This is my last *Star* editorial. Yuck. But surely I am now a better person?

Before the first issue I did what every other editor has done: I worried. Soon everyone would know my opinions. My views could no longer be presented in a way tailored to the hearer; administrators, professors, parents, friends and enemies would all be treated to unvarnished ideological harangues. Everyone expected something different from me. It seems quite easy to repeat the mother's constant admonition: "Just be your own sweet self." But applying that principle can be a little tricky.

It is important to be sensitive to what others think of us, but it is easy to be too sensitive. When the first crisis hit, I was more than distraught. I rather melodramatically referred to it as "The Worst Week of My Entire Life." But after a bit of buffeting, I have finally come to the place where I can take public disagreement without feeling demolished (I think). Finally I understand that everyone holds different beliefs; we cannot hope that ours will meet with continual support. Conflict can even be healthy: it forces us to examine our beliefs; it strengthens those which merit strengthening and weakens those which merit weakening.

This recognition made it much simpler for me to write editorials which "say what I mean and mean what I say." And a straightforward presentation, I learned, has other benefits: if forced to defend your position, at least it will be your position and not a stance made harder to back up because it lacks the strength of conviction. And of course, as the *Student Guide* so originally reminds us, "Honesty is always the best policy."

It is with a strange mixture of sadness, glee and awe that we announce this to be the last issue of the 1983 - 1984 school year. It's the end, baby; live with it. Thank you for your support, feedback, letters, and continued interest. The staff plans to take all leftover funds to Olean for a night of fine dining and sick humor, following which we will found a llama farm committed to the establishment of a quasi-homosexual student radio station at Bartlesville Wesleyan College.

Naturally, there will always be a need for tact and consideration when interacting with others. However, it is far more considerate and far less complicated to be true to your beliefs than to alter them ever-so-slightly for easy digestion. And that does not mean stifling their expression, either: we must not be afraid to disagree openly. Open disagreement is not unchristian, as Christ's life demonstrates.

My conclusion, then? My father had the right idea. My posterior doesn't smart anymore, but . . . surely I am a better person?

Elizabeth A. Sperry

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The *Houghton Star* is a weekly publication representing the voice of the students of Houghton College. The *Star* encourages thought, discussion and the free exchange of opinion; but opinions and ideas expressed herein do not necessarily represent the views of the *Star* or of Houghton College. The *Star* encourages signed letters to the editor; however, the editor reserves the right to edit all contributions. All letters must be submitted by 9:00 a.m. Tuesday. The *Star* subscribes to the Washington Post Writers Group.

Ramona Ranalli and Craig Henry portray a middle-aged couple trying to face death in *The Shadow Box* / Photo by Cire Renhold

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For Parochial Eyes Only

The Central Intelligence Agency's "quiet" activities in Central America have increased in noise level recently. Since mid-February 1984 there have been mines laid in Nicaraguan harbors to disrupt their shipping. By the beginning of March the Reagan administration quietly admitted that the CIA was orchestrating the mining operation; however, the government stressed that Nicaraguan counterrevolutionaries were actually laying the mines. But last week it was revealed that the CIA has stepped up its participation so that it is now directly involved in the mining process itself. According to intelligence sources, CIA agents supplied Italian-made mines and a ship registered in Panama to act as the mother ship. They also provided CIA speedboats, and agents actually went along to help lay the explosives. CIA spokesman George Lauder refused to comment on the reports but did say that "there are no Americans involved" in Nicaragua or its waters. The Reagan Administration defends this policy of attempting to cut off the flow of Soviet-bloc weapons to Nicaragua and of putting economic pressure on the regime. The problem with the policy is that the acoustic mines (detonated by the sounds of passing ships) have not only damaged Soviet ships, but also Japanese, Dutch, Panamanian, and Liberian ships. There is also some fear that the mines might float into the Gulf of Fonseca, damaging ships bound for El Salvador and the Honduras.

This "covert" CIA operation has raised opposition from several Congressmen. The primary concern over the mining process rests in the fact that it has irritated America's allies in Europe and risked an incident between the Soviet Union and the US without any clear compensating benefit to US policy in Central America. Several Congressmen have expressed discontent because the mining operations were undertaken without adequate consideration by Congress. "Mining harbors comes close to an act of war," one Democratic member of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence said, "but because it's part of a covert operation, normal debate was short-circuited." Democrat Patrick J. Leahy stated, "When you substitute covert activity for a foreign policy, you run into exactly this problem. Covert activities should be used only on a limited scale for very specific purposes." This latest round of criticism makes it unlikely that the House will vote to appropriate \$21 million in new funds to support CIA covert operations in Nicaragua.

There is an international aspect to the mining of Nicaraguan harbors. The Reagan Administration announced Sunday, April 8, that it would not accept World Court rulings concerning Central America for the next two years. According to a senior State Department official, the move, which was unexpected, was made because of information that Nicaragua was about to bring charges against the US at the International Court of Justice in the Hague. Under World Court rules, a nation can refuse to be judged by the court, but only before the case is brought before it. "We did not want to turn the World Court into a big propaganda forum," said the official, "that would allow the Sandinistas to try to focus attention from their own actions in El Salvador and in their own country." This marks the first time the US has suspended the World Court's jurisdiction since 1946 when it acceded to the court's having "compulsory jurisdiction."

Afghanistan rebels have made "steady advances" in fighting ability and organization over the past year, according to a US Senate staff report just released. At the same time, the new Soviet policy of conquering the countryside using a Soviet-trained Afghan military has floundered due to low morale and a high desertion rate. Despite the heavily repressive acts and brutal acts of violence on the part of the Soviets, says author John B. Ritch III, the rebels have been able to carry the fighting into Soviet-held cities. The author met with Pakistani President Zia ul-Haq and with resistance fighters in Peshawar, and then went to Afghanistan for several days with a group of rebels. The report counters the commonly held assumption that a Soviet-dominated Afghanistan is a *fait accompli*; rather, it describes the current state of war as a "standoff." The report finds little hope for a settlement through UN arbitration but does suggest that the US work towards the unification of the resistance fighters and the creation of an Afghan government in exile.

NEWS



photo by EA Dohner

Thea Hurd, Wendy Hardick, and Beth Sperry wonder how they got themselves into this mess.

Staff Suckered for 84-85

An all female group has once again copped the three student editorships. Wendy Hardick will edit the *Boulder*; Thea Hurd will edit the *Star*; Beth Sperry will edit the *Lantern*. Hardick, Hurd and Sperry gained their positions without opposition.

Hardick hopes to increase involvement. "I want to get as many varied people in as I can, not just your usual crowd. The *Boulder* is something that will help the 1984-85 students remember what went on that year and I would like as many memories for everyone as I can possibly get in."

Hurd also emphasizes the need for varied involvement. "When I was a

freshman, I was intimidated by the *Star* staff. I don't want anyone who has an interest in journalism to avoid the *Star* office because the *Star* is that paper written by about three people and their friends." Developing a strong staff and depending upon it will be my main objectives."

Sperry hopes to stretch the *Lantern*'s budget and encourage student creativity. "I'd like to have students sign up to receive the *Lantern* in the registration line so we can print a limited number of copies and save money. I also hope to publicize the *Lantern* so that students will be more likely to submit their work." ★

High Schoolers Invade Houghton

There will be approximately 300 high school students on campus this weekend, April 13-15, for the Houghton Youth Weekend. The weekend is being sponsored by the Church Relations, Conference, and Admissions offices. "The purpose of the weekend is primarily for Christian nurturing evangelism. Most of the kids coming are from church backgrounds, so we want to stimulate and challenge them. We want them to decide what it means to be a Christian," said Thom Skinner, director of the Church Relations office.

The theme for the weekend is "Developing a Christian Mind." Speakers include Nancy Barcus, Rick Hudgens, Greg Larsh, Blair Ritchey

and Jim Spurrier. Spurrier's talk, entitled, "Having a Good Time Without Losing Your Mind," aims toward helping the teens examine what truly is a good time, and what principles would guide a Christian to do during their free time.

As well as attending seminars by these speakers, the students will have free time and activities in the gym. (They will be eating meals in the cafeteria, so expect long lines.) On Saturday night they will be going to the David Meece concert in Wesley Chapel.

"We've especially appreciated the Houghton students working with Bruce Brenneman to help house our high school guests," said Thom. ★

Senate Steak Night Proposal Redefined

by Harvey Shepard

Approximately two-thirds of the student body voted during the recent Senate elections, and are thus familiar with the steak night proposal. However, the information on the Senate ballot was not an adequate representation of the idea, and, since that time misrepresentation of the proposal has led to further confusion.

The proposal, initiated during a recent Senate meeting, reads as follows: It is moved that "Senate send a recommendation to Al of Pioneer food service suggesting that one steak night per month be replaced by a regular meal. The savings from this would be credited to FMF, which would, in turn, direct them to World Relief" (from the Star, 6 April). Several explanatory comments might be helpful.

First, this issue can be thought of as a spiritual issue only as one examines the response of the student body as a whole. Such a response could be viewed as consistent with such scriptures as Matthew 25:40. Yet, sending money to a hunger relief organization need not be considered a spiritual activity. Not only do many non-Christians express their humanitarian feelings by such activities, but over 37% of World Relief's funds during a recent interim period came from government grants and contracts. For the individual, it is a matter of financial redistribution. We have paid a specific amount of money to Pioneer, and through this proposal we would be requesting that, one Saturday each month, instead of receiving one type of meal (steak and shrimp), we receive another. The monthly savings, estimated by Al, will be about \$220-\$230, and would be forwarded to World Relief through FMF.

For those who are curious about

why this money would pass through FMF's hands, that decision was mostly a matter of convenience. At the time the proposal was made, that organization seemed the logical choice. Others may question the financial reliability of World Relief, and this is a legitimate inquiry. The most recent financial statement available to Senate was for the interim period of January 1, 1982 to September 30, 1982. During this time, 86¢ of each dollar went to Program Ministries (disaster relief and rehabilitation; refugee relief, resettlement, and rehabilitation; self-help development and training; spiritual ministries), 8¢ went to fund promotion, and 6¢ went to general and administrative expenses.

Another topic of interest is what this money could possibly do. Last semester, an area representative from World Relief, Mr. Clint Frank, sent Senate a list of what projects can be accomplished with specific amounts of money: \$30—doctor serving for one day in Thailand; \$90—freight expenses for one ton of wheat to Africa; \$200—one house for a hurricane victim in the Caribbean, or one ox to be used for plowing in Upper Volta, or one large plow with cultivator in Upper Volta. It is certainly difficult to predict exactly how our money would be spent, but these facts are indicative of the amount of help we could provide each month.

A simple ballot will be going out to each student by intra-campus mail on Monday, April 16, and the student body's response will guide Senate in their decision Tuesday, April 17. It is essential that each student's vote express one's own interest in participating rather than with respect to how others might think to obtain an accurate indication of student opinion. ★

On education: "One of the few things a person is willing to pay for and not get."

—William Lowe Bryan

POETRY

by lisa
cook

Off Season

The wind
cries down the hulls
un-masted, wooden-moored,
frozen in hard, iced
gravel. The wind
tries their curves.
Tarps snap, whipped
into waves. Their loose corners
beat the planks.
A varnish can, rolled wedged
beneath a keel, rusts.
Frayed lines twist
through the cold sand. Brittle
reeds, by the ice,
rattle, clamour, grope.
Searching the slate river,
the wind
tolls in the shrouds.

Watch

A shimmer
Steels the river.
Those edges,
Gilt pale pink
In the year's first sun,
Would snap in my hands,
Could rip a plank.

I have kept the year's last night
Hearing ice
Grind at my ear the inch
Of skin that frames my hold,
Gnaw the splice
That tends to earth.
The roar alone
Could crush,
If our taut breath
Did not string and rib
This pine
Shivering.
Rime slicks the bunks.
We are still.
From the reeds a mallard
Breaks the day.

Get Well Card

I walk to class in snow. Packed, it squeaks
With my steps' weight. My thoughts slip
Down the billows of your sheets.
I cannot touch you—not
The gash that tears your curls,
The thin skin of your pierced wrists,
The shattered, grinding bone,
Or any pain. Half the country from home,
A stranger's dizzied wheels
Broke you on the highway.
I, between
The warm rooms of my life,
Walk on ice.
To a friend's house, the way
Is never safe.
I want this poem to heal.
If I touched you gently, here, from 1200 miles,
Would you tell me where it hurt?

Malcolm on The Road of Love

by Glenn Rutland

Star: Kari, where do you see signs of change in the living out of male and female roles in the evangelical church?

Malcolm: Well, I see signs of change in being invited to Houghton this week. This is very encouraging, and I think as long as we're allowed to talk about change, change will happen. But if we don't even talk about change, then it will never happen.

Star: What recommendations do you have for men and women who feel hindered by social and traditional roles?

Malcolm: Well, I think we need to study the scripture; we need to communicate; we need more of what we have done this week. You see, one Women's Week like this alone is not going to change things. But I hope you here on campus can give a whole day to discussing this subject and hear more about what Dr. Woolsey has to say about it. He's an excellent scholar and has a wonderful mastery on this subject. But it needs to be studied more so that people's thinking can be changed, and possibly there could be a course devoted toward it so you can get credit for studying this subject; it is that important.

Star: How has contact with non-Christian religions affected your impression of patriarchy?

Malcolm: Well, in America, patriarchy has been revived because it's looked upon as the opposite of Women's Liberation. The Evangelical Church has been very upset by some of the effects of the Women's Liberation Movement on the home, and I can understand that because I'm very pro-family. I've been married to the same man for thirty years, I'm a mother, a grandmother, and I believe in family very, very much. I can understand concerned evangelicals quoting situations where Women's Liberation has led to divorce and disintegration of the family. The reaction of the evangelicals is what I disapprove of, because they are reacting against a non-Christian movement in the U.S. while also joining a non-Christian movement in other parts of the world. While we're talking Women's Lib among non-Christians in America, all the pagan religions of the world are talking patriarchy. And so, you're afraid of rooting with the wrong side here, Women's Lib, which is a non-Christian movement, and so you join the other side, the side of pagan religions

What has patriarchy done to women around the world?

like Hinduism, Islam, and Buddhism. Most non-Christian religions around the world are promoting patriarchy, so I have a problem with going from one non-Christian side to another non-Christian side. We must be careful of who we're joining when we come out so strong for patriarchy. What has patriarchy done to women around the world? It has hindered many of them from ever hearing the gospel. It has caused the death of many who have been converted to Jesus. Patriarchy has been ill-forceful. I am sincerely troubled by the evangelicals trying to baptize it as an evangelical movement.

Star: Do you believe the New Testament gives us an egalitarian community of believers? Of all believers, of all races, education, gender, economic status, and so forth?

Malcolm: I think the New Testament definitely teaches equality. We're all equal before God. We were created male and female in the image of God. God's intention was not that anyone should lord over anybody else, either man over the woman or master over the slave. God's intention was equality, egalitarianism, but because of sin there have been examples through history of one group wanting to rule over another. So when we see signs of inequality and oppression, we can only conclude that it is the result of sin. That is not God's plan and yet the world is full of it. The rich rule over the poor; the strong rule over the weak; men rule over women. In the New Testament we see the



believers in the early church wanting to share, and the first expression of Christianity was that the rich would sell their property and give to those who were poor and needy. There was a beautiful mixture, a community of equality among people of different races, different backgrounds, slaves and free, men and women. That was just a beautiful expression of what God intends for today in the church. We must pray that we will return to that idea—not in an institutional way, but spontaneously, in gratitude for Jesus Christ having redeemed us and set us free.

Star: Are you implying at all that God favors the poor?

Malcolm: God favors the poor in opposition to the rich. The poor are poor because the rich are rich. The poor are poor because the rich have stolen from them. Whenever you start studying why a certain group of people have been poor for generations, it's because they've been exploited by a wealthy group. God favors the poor who are oppressed when the rich are the oppressors. God is not for one set of people and against another automatically, but it's because of our sin. He loves us as sinners but he despises the sin; and so, he hates the sin of the rich oppressing the poor and manipulating them and using them for their own end. He loves the poor and in a very real sense wants to come to their rescue. He wants to bring liberty to the captives.

Star: Okay, so in what way does that relationship relate to the exploitation of women in both feminism and traditionalism?

Malcolm: Well, women are also looked upon as persons to be exploited. A man will often look on marriage as a situation for him to get ahead. So it's good to get a wife who will take care of him, allow him to get ahead, allow him to find his dreams, and maybe not realize that his wife also has dreams, goals, talents, gifts, and potential. She also was created in the image of God. There must be a mutuality when two people get together so they can help each other develop and use all the abilities and gifts and talents that God has given them. **Star:** I'd like to ask you three questions about your book, *Women at the Crossroads*, but first Kari, why did you write it? What was the catalyst behind *Women at the Crossroads*?

Malcolm: It is the result of the culture shock I experienced. I had been fifteen years in the Philippines, and it is a culture where the women are extremely active in the proclamation of the gospel of Jesus. They were preaching; they were ordained; they were evangelists. So I saw women greatly involved in the Kingdom. But then two things had happened when I was gone. The first was the Women's Lib. Because of the reaction against Women's Lib by the evangelical church, I came back to find the great theme, "Women stay home and take care of your families; the family is going to be destroyed if you don't forget about your gifts and talents; forget about world evangelism in your hometown or anywhere else; just concentrate on the home." To me there was something wrong there, and *Women at the Crossroads* is my reaction.

Star: Upon picking up your book for the first time, I perceived that you were biased toward traditionalism, perhaps because you are a Christian. I perceived this based on certain wording you used to describe feminism. Is this true? Are you more strongly opposed to feminism than you are to traditionalism?

Malcolm: No, I think both factions have some truth in them and both have a lot wrong with them. I agree with both of them to some extent. For example, the feminists are demanding equal pay for equal work; I think that makes sense. But Women's Lib is not a Christian movement, so it's hard for me to support it. On the other hand, the Traditionalists are not based on the principles of Jesus either. I am condemning both and stating they are both wrong roads. Marching on the third road, the road of love with our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is the only way. There is only one way.

SENIOR ESSAYS



"Don't declare a final major until you are over forty."

There is something about becoming a grandmother that gives one the audacity to unload an accumulation of stored wisdom, that somehow the right to bend the ear has been earned. I have to remind myself of a prayer written for the middle-aged:

"Lord, thou knowest better than I would know myself that I am growing older and that someday I shall be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end."

I find myself trying hard to refrain from using this opportunity as a soapbox for bubbling on a favorite subject. So I shall proctor my exuberance and take the gamble that you can handle it. It has not exactly been the DAWN of a new age but, for me, going back to college has been a FRESH START. And YES, I can be BOLD enough to think someone from my ERA could tell ALL without getting TIDE up in a lot of non-essentials, if you get my DREFT. I don't want you to think that I'm speaking from some lofty IVORY tower but rather that this is one older student's SOLO attempt to CHEER you on.

First, a dozen bits of free advice from someone old enough to be your mother. (never mind how old):

1. Don't declare a final major until you are over forty.
2. Don't waste one hour talking about how much you have to do. Get on with it!
3. If you give your word, also keep it.
4. Have fun without hurting persons.
5. Don't waste time wallowing in regrets. (Only Jesus can give us the opportunity to live a life of no regrets.)
6. Value all of life.
7. Believe that God sometimes gives us the joy of doing what we've always wanted to do.
8. Avoid the adjective "boring." It only reveals your own lack of creativity. God's world is not boring. Ask an artist.
9. Don't ask artists if they are going to teach. The world also needs artists who do art.
10. Listen more, talk less. Stay teachable.
11. Kwitchebrelliachin.
12. Look on every day as a gift and live it well.

Three of my dreams:

1. For all my children, that they will always desire God's will for their lives and that they will be strong, independent, healthy, laughing, grateful, interesting, loving people.
2. For the ability to someday paint a painting that would provoke thinking people to consider their own direction toward another world.
3. For a thriving art department at Houghton College with beautiful, spacious, well-lit, warm facilities to encourage the young and the restless art majors.

If I could start over, I would:

1. Contemplate more.
2. Read more.
3. Pray more.
4. Spend less energy worrying and more in creative hope.
5. Be more adventuresome in trying new things.
6. Speak my love more often.
7. Be less pessimistic, (but of course, it won't work.)

Some random thoughts on:

1. **Self-esteem:** Mine lies in the knowledge that I am God's child, of infinite value and eternally loved, not in my being someone's spouse, mother, daughter or friend.
2. **Humility:** True humility smiles and allows others to get the credit. False humility says "I can't," but means "I won't."
3. **Laughter:** W. H. Auden has said, "Among those whom I like or admire, I can find no common denominator, but among those whom I love, I can: all of them make me laugh." Holy laughter is healing.
4. **Optimism:** I want to have eyes to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people and have the good sense to tell them so.

Finally, how I would like to be remembered:

"She saw life as a good gift from God and helped others catch her vision."

Roselyn Danner



"My let's-be-the-famous-cancer-doctor dreams fizzled during the General Bio frog-pithing lab."

I confess. My youth pastor, my Uncle Stan, and my eleventh-grade English teacher all went to different colleges. They never told me about Houghton. In fact, I had never heard about Houghton College until the Admissions Office sent me a parchment postcard announcing its participation in the 1978 Pittsburgh College Fair. "Parchment," I thought. "Must be classy."

Then I saw the infamous Money magazine article listing Houghton among the top ten private, four-year colleges. "Secular magazine," I thought. "Must have a good reputation."

And so I packed my high school yearbooks, my new, erasable-ribbon, electric typewriter, and my dreams of becoming the doctor who would discover the cure for cancer, and I came to the little Christian college in the middle of rural western New York.

My old yearbooks have been useful. Not only have I been able to page through them and gag at pictures of me fifty pounds heavier than I am now, but I have also discovered that they prop open windows and press flowers wonderfully.

My new, erasable-ribbon, electric typewriter is now four years old, has scuff marks on it, and is on its third ribbon reel (all black—much cheaper). In its four years it has typed, erased, torn, and re-typed approximately seventy personal essays, book critiques, research papers, article summaries, and letters to prospective employers.

My let's-be-the-famous-cancer-doctor dreams fizzled during the General Bio frog-pithing lab in which I hid under the lab table and screamed. I didn't panic about my future, however. By this time I had already discovered that my true calling was coming from the Woolsey-Fancher classrooms, not the Science Building laboratories.

And here I am now, the four-year sum of Western Civ all-nighters and POW sleeping sessions, forty-page word usage research projects for Mr. Bressler and three-week unit lesson plans for Mrs. Mollenkof, roommates who belch and roommates who do sit-ups in the nude, Friday Night Videos parties and Wellsville Pizza Hut binges, theatre pancake and silver gray hairspray.

God has taken care of me, my parents have supported me, my professors have challenged me, and my friends have laughed with me. Thank you.

Now not only am I about to receive a Bachelor of Arts degree from a pretty good, pretty tough college, but I can carry a stack of seven cups and saucers from the coffee machine to the table, too.

Jaynn Tobias

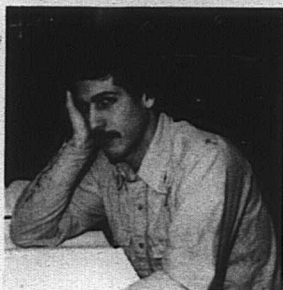


photo by JS Thirak

"No activity contains meaning, not even if it is done for the Lord."

"I devoted myself to study and to explore by wisdom all that is done under heaven. What a heavy burden God has laid on men! I have seen all the things that are done under the sun; all of them are meaningless, a chasing after the wind . . . Then I applied myself to the understanding of wisdom, and also of madness and folly, but I learned that this too, is a chasing after the wind.

For with much wisdom comes much sorrow;
the more knowledge, the more grief."

Eccl. 1:13, 14, 17, 18 (NIV)

That is my favorite summary of education—so much for the liberal arts. The Teacher also noted that nothing is new; I try to remember that when criticizing others' lack of originality or profundity. Whether or not I have anything to say will soon become apparent.

I think that many of us hope to find meaning in our activities—studying, exercise, outreach—and that is a shame. No activity contains meaning, not even if it is done for the Lord. Obeying God has meaning, but the action is still independent of meaning. This idea helps me to discard ideas which only clutter my mind (instead of strengthening it). Do I have any wisdom to share (doesn't everyone want easy learning)? No; no advice, no wretched platitudes, no puerile encouragement—cure-all columns make me sick, not better. What makes me happy is the hope I have in Christ, and the life He gives me right now. If you want to know how to live, look at Christ. That may seem a simplistic statement, but it is as specific as I want it to be, and I do not wish to say any more.

"The more words, the less the meaning,
and how does that profit anyone?
. . . Fear God and keep his commandments,
for this is the whole duty of man."

Eccl. 6:11, 12:13 (NIV)

Jeff Myers

Part I. Sentimental Junk

Sometimes when I walk up to my house, I'd like to scream because I'm so sick of this place, the people, and the attitudes. Yet, when I go home, I actually miss Houghton. Why?

Thank you Dr. Lindley, Dr. Howard, and Dr. Perkins for your effort to educate. Your love for your discipline has only made me want to work harder, to remain consistent, to follow directions, to back up my generalizations, to debunk, to discern, to question, to love study, and to grovel. After a few years of mindless work in some quasi-shoe factory, I'll want to thank you again for getting me to think. I know it's a dirty job but somebody had to do it.

Part II. Serious Junk

Academically, Houghton has succeeded in "integrating" Christianity into various academic disciplines. Not in the sense that professors "mix" belief in the academic discipline directly in classroom (though some do); rather they present their discipline in a raw form for students to digest. Sayers in his 8:00am "Ethics" class presents a philosopher every M W F morning yet with little connection to the Christian faith. My purpose here is not to state whether this "integration" is good or bad, rather that it happens.

Faculty serve as models. They write articles, books, and give lectures that take their faith and integrate it into their disciplines. Perkins stated this integration of faith and faculty role models in chapel a few years ago. "The image of Christianity gained by watching us [faculty] live our lives will last. . .

whether for good or for ill. (1982 Boulder, p. 123)" Students learn from those constructs and mimic them amongst themselves on the academic level.

Only walk into East Hall, Shenawana, Gao, or Brookside and you will find students "integrating," (that is, when they're talking about academics) and this integration unconsciously takes place. (Yes, some do know that they are "integrating;" watch out for those people.) Students, for example, will take Marxism, Liberalism, or Socialism and contrast their faith to the ideology to see if the ideology and faith work together. They do this for understanding but also for stability. Students have institutionalized this integration of faith in various ways, one being Current Issues Day. Our confrontation with homosexuality was based on how this "trouble" balances with Christianity, rather than having another perspective.

What happens when we get beyond the academics? Can we "integrate" our faith into "secular institutions?" Can faith "fit" into the rational systematic institutions of the United States? What about the areas of business and government? Will faith "mix" here where profit and efficiency are maxims? Before I step off the brink, I'd like to touch a problem at Houghton that I believe relates to the above and inhibits us from collectively answering these questions.

The problem centers around the distinction between the community and the students. The community is that group of people associated with the management of the institution (whether that be a trustee or a custodian) and the villagers of Houghton. The breach between "them" and "us" minimizes the faith we proudly cling to. Maybe I'm naive, but I cannot see why this situation has to be.

The "integration" of our faith stops with academia. The extension beyond these limits occurs less frequently than one would hope. A "Christian" community—that institution that shares a common belief in Christ and the unity of believers—whose members act in the interest of each other, does not draw the lines as we have between student and "community" members. Our faith has the opportunity to come alive if we could only act as one community. If students didn't act so individualistic and if community members involved themselves in student life, I think I could see a sense of fellowship, belonging, and concern for each other. Maybe then students would understand some of the prayer requests brought up in church on Sunday morning. Don't misunderstand me; I think there have been valid attempts. The discipleship program is a step but not enough. ACO and CSO are steps but not big enough.



"Students need the example of the community so that issues can be dealt with later on in society."

Problems do exist in all this discussion (much less the logic), but if I could take a part of John Wesley's attitude as he expressed it in one of his sermons: . . . although a difference in opinions or modes of worship may prevent an entire union, yet need it prevent our union in affection? Though we cannot think alike, may we not love alike? May we not be of one heart, though we are not of one opinion? Without all doubt, we may. Herein all the children of God may unite, not withstanding these smaller differences. These remaining as they are, they may forward one another in love and in good works. (Wakefield, *Fire of Love*)

The unity Wesley speaks about can be applied through the integration of our faith into our daily lives. We begin to consider others when we turn down our stereotypes, begin to tolerate various viewpoints (including students), and begin to act in love. The problem is not this simple, but a large part of it is.

The orientation of students into Houghton is, I believe, a healthy experience but cut short when it extends only up to the first two or three weeks for a freshman. The process must extend through four years. Granted, the Mentor program attempts to alleviate this problem, yet the links between student and community are still too small. Students need to be able to internalize "the perspectives of the group into his other beliefs, values, and behavioral expectations." (Hobbs and Meeth, *Diversity Among Christian Colleges*) I do not be-

lieve this occurs in two or three weeks, much less the freshman year.

I've said all this about the distinction between community and student to say that these battle lines prevent the continuation of integration of our faith in our lives beyond school. Our faith needs to be forwarded beyond academic pursuits. Students need the example of the community so that issues can be dealt with later on in society. Will students know how to apply concepts like justice, peace, and unity in the faith in a world not so accepting of Christianity when they've never experienced the application? Students need to know how to apply themselves in business, science, medicine, and government; and we need to know by examples—models. Maybe then, we can minister to the poor of Allegany County. Maybe then, the hungry will be fed. Maybe then, we can talk about the kingdom of God on earth. Our faith would seem less stuffy and dry.

Unfortunately, I do not see this happening on the scale I believe Houghton can employ it. We act, but we act timidly. I can only hope that Christ's grace will spark some action during this moment in life. If we'd only throw the hurdles off the track and start running the race more simply, I believe I wouldn't have to scream so much while walking up to my house. Then again, no utopias exist either, so just give the best you can.

Let me qualify all I've said, so I can live peacefully. I do not believe anyone has been deceived into entering Houghton; rather this "problem," in a sense, all Christian institutions face. Also, the socialization of 300 smiling freshmen is no easy process nor is accepting them into a community of believers. The task is tough, requiring lots of prayer and answers beyond my immediate comprehension and/or ability.

Part III. Besides the Junk

Please do not blame the above mentioned professors in Sentimental Junk for any failure in this piece of writing. They've tried—believe me. And, if you'd like to talk, I'll listen and I'll tell you what I really meant. And also...

Why doesn't Ron Duttweiler kiss R.M. for \$15?
and

How did Nancy Haven ever get engaged?

John Yarbrough



photo by JS Thirk

"At Houghton, it's easy to complain about the weather."

Throughout my many years at Houghton I've found plenty of things to complain about. At Houghton, it's easy to complain about the weather. In the fall and spring it rains too much. In the winter it snows too much, and it is definitely too cold. You can complain about vacations which come too few and far between, and when they do arrive they're too short. The workload is by far too overwhelming. And who can stand living in the dorms at all? It's too hot; it's too cold; my room is too small; my closet can't hold my clothes; my roommate snores and never takes a shower; my roof leaks; I don't have a roof; it's too loud; I can't play my stereo loud enough; and worst of all, I have to be in by 12:15. But then you can always live off-campus. Yeah, and then I can walk half a mile through the snow and rain to breakfast only to find out that they ran out of Apple Jacks. How about weekends? If I'm lucky I can see the latest Disney movie at Wesley Chapel. Oh no you can't; Disney is making horror movies now, and sometimes they even say the "F" word. Maybe I can get a good book from the library, sit on the quad and read in the sun. Never on Sunday. And my favorite complaint of all, the food. Especially now as the year draws to a close and Pioneer is trying to come in under budget. Does World Relief get the extra money when we have to eat meatloaf, Itallerine, and the most bizarre assortment of cold cuts ever assembled under one roof for days on end? I think we need relief.

Now it's time to make my point. The point is, after four and a half years of complaining, I'm ready to say something with a happy and cheerful tone. I'm getting out!

George Adams



"How many music majors spend their afternoons in Accounting lab?"

It's hard to leave a home after five years, and as I pack up my boxes and reflect upon college, I realize just how big a turning point in my life Houghton has been.

The basic change was becoming a Christian. From that came a host of other changes, including the question of "finding God's will for your life." A career to me had meant doing some job that didn't bore you stiff and provided a reasonable amount of income. It didn't take long to realize that what I really felt called to was music, but what in the world was I to do with it? One of my professors suggested church music. What a novel idea—people are paid for directing music in a church? There were some minor problems with this idea. I had no background, having rarely attended church before Houghton, and there was the small aspect of learning to play the organ. I'd never touched an organ in my life. Then came the conflict when I brought the idea home to my parents. Music was not their idea of a stable career. The resulting compromise was two majors—one in business and one in music. Surely the Lord's will isn't always this difficult? How many business majors get up at 5:30 to practice and analyze Bach cantatas? How many music majors spend their afternoons in Accounting lab and write reports on *The Making of Economic Society* while on choir tour? Blessed with understanding teachers and supportive friends, I survived.

The hardest part of my new life, however, was not academics. It was understanding Christian love. How amazed I was at people showing an interest in each other, sharing problems, and hugging each other all the time. I had developed the view that the less people knew about you the better off you were, and you certainly didn't touch people any more than was absolutely necessary. Such an outpouring of emotion was a shock.

The Christian is a channel for God's love; the love of Christ will never emanate from us, or the message of His grace will never be read in our faces and lives. It's not just the praying in private for people, though that's important, but the day to day example of caring that gradually influences a non-believer or encourages a fellow Christian who has begun to feel the Lord has given up on him. Hitting people over the head with the gospel may be necessary at times, but it isn't always the best method. You need to be persistent, but not obnoxious.

Such a constant opening of yourself to others is a risk. It makes you vulnerable. What if your love is rejected, or used to take advantage of you? Did not Christ suffer such pain? We need only to go back to the source to find the understanding of our sufferings. How many times I have tried to build the walls back up, and the Lord held me back. This loving is not a choice; it's a command. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Learning to love yourself can occupy a lifetime, but that doesn't mean you can't do a bit of the first part of the command before mastering the latter.

As I face graduate study at a large secular university, I face many fears. For all that I've learned at Houghton, there are so many things I don't fully understand. It's so hard to comprehend God's love. He loves everyone with the same intensity, listens to all the prayers, bends over them to lift their burdens. What a challenge to face such an example of perfection. What a blessing to be a Christian and have the power behind you to face that challenge, and any other, realizing that as long as you rest in His will, nothing can stand in your way.

Joan Kirchner

God may be subtle, but he isn't mean.
—Albert Einstein



"Writing is something I do."

Am I a different sort of Christian than I might otherwise be because I am also a writer? Do I behave differently that I would if I weren't a writer? If so, is the difference positive? If my writing—the way I see, the things for which I spend time and energy and thought, the work I do—affects my behavior, my life, is that work undermining, limiting or destroying the work that God has promised to complete in me? Or is my work a part of the integration begun in me—the act of making whole, the process of working out my salvation? Does my life—now hidden with Christ in God—demonstrate integration, that is to say "behavior in harmony with the environment (Random House Dictionary, 1975)" where I live and move and am?

Writing is something I do. If people think I do it well, I'll be known as a writer. But the discipline provides me with more than a label. It is a means of grace, a sacrament.

The sacraments are outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace, given by Christ as sure and certain means by which we receive grace. . . . Grace is God's favor towards us, unearned and undeserved; by grace God forgives our sins, enlightens our minds, stirs our hearts and strengthens our wills. . . . [The Church identifies seven officially named sacraments, but] God does not limit himself to these rites; they are patterns of countless ways by which God uses material things to reach out to us. Sacraments sustain our present hope and anticipate its future fulfillment. (The Book of Common use of the Episcopal Church, 1979.)

Evelyn Underhill writes:

Sacramentalism, emerging as a primary means of worship, appropriate to the nature and situation of man, grows and deepens with our growth. . . . It reveals God, the Supernatural, ever at work seeking and finding us through the natural; the objects and actions of our temporal experience [are the] most transforming apprehensions of Eternity, and our most insistent invitations to worship, coming to us where we are and taking us as we are—creatures of soul and body, conditioned by time and space. . . .

Those who have reached out through the sensible to an apprehension of the supra-sensible [are those] who realize most fully the deep mystery and unexhausted possibilities which abide in the world of sense and [who] therefore realize its power of conveying to us that which lies beyond and gives [to the world of sense] significance and worth. Evelyn Underhill, Worship. (London: Mowbrays, 1976.)

How this works itself out in my life is hard to describe. How do I explain the way choosing words for hurt both eases and intensifies that hurt, how hearing a character's voice both clarifies and blends into my own, or how thinking and writing about truth I've seen enables me to see the truth about which I write, except to say that grace, existing beyond time, reaches in and draws me out? That I am saved by grace, and am working out my salvation—that I am in Christ, and am looking for the day when I will be found in him—that I expound the Word with words, and the words fail, yet the Word stands for ever—is the dilemma, and the answer, of grace.

r.l. redman

I blow chunks; I don't blow kisses.

—Jaynn Tobias

another terrifying dream fades
tossing I stare at
the frozen moon
floating outside my window

sweat wet cheeks
cool in the pillowcase
turgid muscles loosen as I hear
my rapid spit breath slow, slow down

sleep gone, conscious
I lie warm and weak
mindful of morning
another lonely morning

(washing your face
looking at bread and cereal—
shoe strings and garbage cans—)
I kick away crumpled blankets and yawn

POETRY

by STEVE EARL

We left at twelve or thereabouts
(it didn't matter to the minute—then).
Signposts flicking past outside my window
told memories of miles which lay ahead.

Little towns and redeemed attempts at cities
filtered by and winced in our exhaust fumes;
we didn't stop but once to grab a bite
and maybe, too, to recall who we weren't.

The petty haste of college behind,
the jet-like roar of pistons sucked us back,
down beneath the heavy cloud of smog
through asphalt lots, towered with cubist death.

The weight of synchronicity—my home
closed in upon my mind in lonely truth;
those window sockets reached with outstretched arms
who I, at 55, should not have seen.

LETTERS

Earplugs Wanted

Dear Beth,

With the amount of time that the library is closed, you'd think the workmen and cleaning people could do their work then instead of disturbing students during the otherwise quiet mornings and early afternoons when the library is free from the evening noise. Instead of whispering, giggling, and talking, we get hammering, sweeping and buffing.

Wishing to be far
from the maddening crowd
and noise,
Jen Thirsk

Intramural Frustrations

Dear Beth,

Something has concerned me for quite a while, and it has reached the point where I feel the need to vent my frustration. It deals with a situation that can accurately be described with one word—*incompetence*. If you have been involved in any form of intramurals this year, you may have already guessed what's bothering me. Let me clarify here that I am not writing this letter to criticize any one person, rather, a system. If one person is predominantly responsible for that system, then he or she may feel the need to accept such criticism as personal. Frankly, if it remedies the situation, so be it.

I will only mention two examples here; however, if you want more, I've got a stockpile—just ask. Better yet, join an intramural team. The incompetence will be apparent. Example No. 1: It is very frustrating for two teams to show up ready to play a game, and have neither referee assigned to officiate that game show up. This is understandable, and therefore excusable for one, maybe two, games in a season, but four out of ten games borders on unforgivable. It is within reason that busy students may shirk refing responsibilities during a pressure period when exams and/or papers abound. However, it is not understandable that an intramural system which relies on refs who are college stu-

dents does not have an adequate backup system to cover for this. I could suggest a feasible backup system; however, I am sure the majority of students in this school could easily do the same, i.e., one is not stretched to the limit of one's intelligence for such information. Let me word it succinctly—a simpleton could do it! However, if the person in charge of the intramural ref system needs any help, I am perfectly willing to give a few suggestions.

Example No. 2: When people show enough interest in an intramural activity to form twelve teams, is it too much for them to ask to play more than one game a week? (Please excuse the loaded question, I'm too upset to worry about informal fallacies.) I am referring to team racquetball intramurals—a very good idea. Why does it have to be limited to poor scheduling?

Now Beth, please understand, I am not expecting any changes to come about as a result of this letter. If that were the case, I would have written long ago. This is simply a vehicle to vent my frustration, and is therefore of little constructive use—but then, few such vehicles are. They do, however, make the venter feel somewhat relieved. Perhaps, if anyone has experienced these same frustrations, this letter has serviced them in that way.

Relieved, but still unsatisfied,
David Vautin

HC RC'S

Dear Beth,

I made it! It's been quite a chore—four years at Houghton College and still a Roman Catholic. For a while there I didn't think I was going to make it—I'd quit going to a Catholic church, I argued with my parents about Catholicism, I attended Baptist and Wesleyan churches, etc. You almost succeeded, You almost had me convinced that the only way I could be a Christian was to forget my Catholic background and become a Protestant. In the process You almost drove me away from the Church entirely.

I'd like to share something with You, there is such a species as a Christian Roman Catholic. Are You surprised? You don't believe it? Oh,

You are worried about me—You want to know what has gone wrong in my life to cause me to backslide. You can quit worrying; I'll assure You that my soul is just as saved as Yours. You can't believe it—not as long as I continue to want to be a Catholic. Well go ahead and continue to pray for me, but I wish You would consider praying that God would increase Your understanding of the Catholic students at Houghton College.

Don't work so hard to convert Catholic Houghtonites to Your denomination. Don't judge them for being uncomfortable with evangelical Christian jargon (born again, coming forward, saving souls, daily walk with God, etc). Realize that You have been raised with this terminology and thus it doesn't have the impact upon You that it does on someone who is not familiar with it. Don't be so quick to say that someone who doesn't apply this terminology to their lives isn't a Christian. Catholics may have a lot to learn from Protestants, but Protestants could also learn a few things from Catholics. The judgments, criticisms, and even the jokes that are frequently uttered by You are detrimental to this relationship and thus detrimental to the spiritual growth of both You and me.

You have a family and if You stop to think about it You would realize that Your identity and beliefs are greatly determined by what Your family taught You as You were growing up. Think about the confusion and/or anger that You might feel if You were put into an environment where You are a minority and everyone around You is telling You that You have to burn all Your roots and join the majority. Realize that people are not going to do this—You can't take away their identity and create a new one that is pleasing to You. Let people be who they are based on where they come from and let them learn from You and not be burned by You.

Catholicism is not a heathen religion and people can be Catholics and Christians at the same time—one does not exclude the other. Accept this and help those of us that are Catholics to be better Catholic Christians. Join us in praising the Lord and let us know that we really are a part of You through Jesus Christ.

Colleen L. Hebdon

Prison Ministry Opportunity

Dear Beth,

The College received this letter from an inmate. This is an opportunity for a long-term ministry.

However, there are some problems and pitfalls. It would be worthwhile to read some of the literature available, such as the material Prison Fellowship (Colson) has developed for correspondence with inmates. The library also has several books about prison work in general.

Be aware of the commitment that is involved.

In Christ,
Lowell Cleveland

(The letter is as follows:)

Dear Friend,

I am James Session, a "Death Row Prisoner" and I would like very much to have good, honest and open minded Christian pen pals.

Please "post" my request on your bulletin board, in hopes that some may read and care to write and become my true friend.

I will be open, honest and loving to all who care and do write me. I am real people.

I am also a Christian . . . I'm 26 years old. And very lonely. I am hoping this letter to you will bring me joy of those who may wish to write me.

I will answer all questions and respond to all comments plus be trueful in our dear friendship . . . Thank Ya!

Love,
James
James E. Session #669
Ellis Unit J-21 2-4
Huntsville, Texas 77540

Care-frontation

Dear Beth,

What's wrong with you?

With concern and worry,
Peggy Wraight

ENTERTAINMENT



Virginia McCaffrey toasts Beverly's many conquests as David Shoemaker and Bryan Vosseler look on.

Shadow Box Examines Death

A small audience of about forty-five trickled into Fancher Auditorium to watch Michael Cristofer's *The Shadow Box*, produced by the English Expression Club on Thursday, April 5th. Slightly dissonant and faintly ominous music floods the room, drowning out conversation and setting the mood for an evening of bitter humor, lost hopes, and fading dreams; of past regrets, present urgency, and future fears; of emotional agony, physical suffering, and death.

The two hours and fifteen minutes of intense drama revolve around three terminally ill people—a husband and father, a senile elderly mother, and a bisexual hack writer—living out their days in a hospital out-patient facility for terminal cases, secluded from the world's hustle and bustle in quiet Californian countryside cottages. Joe's wife Maggie and his 15-year-old son Steve struggle to accept and understand the middle-aged factory worker's death. The audience views a devoted wife who cannot face up to the truth, and a loving son ignorant of the condition of his father, trying to understand why his parents are fighting and why his dad can't come back to New York. Whether it be by an exaggerated concern with groceries or her inability to inform her son, Maggie illustrates the pain and ineffectiveness of denial. Only in the end does she enter the cottage that symbolizes Joe's parting in order to support her husband as they face the final separation together. Denial and avoidance of another sort drowns Brian's visiting ex-wife in scotch and frivolity, while hard and serious Mark turns to guzzle a bottle of champagne. Neither Beverly's antics, dancing, or laughing crudeness, nor Mark's shouting and bitterness can cover up the awkwardness and the cortisone-whitened face or painful weak spells caused by Brian's dying. The third cottage stages the most hopeless and depressing scenes of dying. A single and unattractive daughter, Agnes, sacrifices her life for her senile and ornery mother Felicity, serving her tea; enduring insults, constant complaining, and seven verses of "Roll Me Over In the Clover," giving medication; and writing forged letters to Felicity from her beautiful and favorite daughter who died in a car accident years before. Agnes wants her mother to die and end the suffering, but ironically the letters she writes give Felicity her sole reason for staying alive.

Several times throughout the play, the action stops and the lights dim except on one of the characters who talks to the audience. The Interviewer, sitting alone or in front of the audience, represents them as the characters stare at him and the audience as if through a two-way mirror. This communication

between actors and audience creates the confidence and identification necessary for empathy.

Under the awkward and cramped facilities of Fancher Auditorium, the set crew and designer, Jaynn Tobias, did a remarkable job. From the ratty dish rag in Felicity's cottage to the believable sketches in Brian's and the three-sectioned stage, the props and sets were functional and helped the effort to make the play as real as possible. My only criticism of the set was the lighting, which created a spotlight effect on two of the three stage sections and cast distracting shadows. Overall, however, the set itself was an accomplishment.

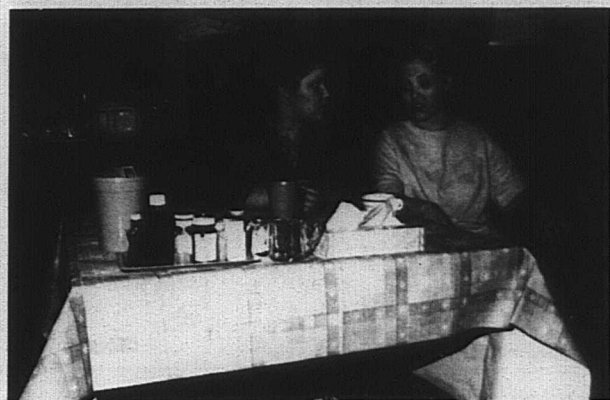
Furthermore, the actors soon turned the attention from the setting to the characters themselves. Ramona Ranalli as Maggie played a 45-year-old well and cried realistically, although her narrow range of emotions and facial expressions became a little tiresome. Craig Henry successfully revealed the character and emotions of a dying ne'er-do-well. Of all, he was the easiest to identify with. Allen Helbig as Steve made the most of his role with the help of a 15-year-old face. He shows potential for future parts. Barb Baker came through with exceptional realism at times but failed to compel the audience with the depth of inner conflict that the role demanded. Lisa Burhans as Felicity could be my grandmother anyway. By far, she did the best job at portraying a non-typecast character. David Shoemaker with a sense of calm and realism carried the show along with Virginia McCaffrey, who succeeded an obnoxiously frivolous and flamboyant Beverly. Combined, they created a realistic pair. Aside from over-used hand gestures and slight lack of hardness necessary for the role, Bryan Vosseler performed adequately. Of course, Lionel Basney portrayed the cool yet compassionate Interviewer naturally, as only a professional can. The highest praise of any cast is that they portray reality. For 90 percent of the time this balanced and talented group did just that. My congratulations and respect.

Little good should be left unsaid about sophomore director David Shoemaker. It was obvious that his professional guidance held a very complex play together through script cuts, timing of lines, and stage construction. Houghton theater has much to look forward to in Shoemaker's talents in two remaining years. Just one question: was the compelling subject matter and the powerful theme worth the questionable activities and attitudes depicted in the play? As a dabbling actor I know of the conflict of how to reconcile secular theater with Christianity and I haven't the answers. However, I was uneasy enough at the pledge-conflicting actions and values presented that I advised President Chamberlain not to take visiting friends.

All said, the set, the acting, and the direction—the entire play—was a compelling and thought-provoking theatrical success. Hopefully all present allowed the reality of death represented to inspire reflection on, and confidence in, our Christian hope when life's lights go out, for the humanistic final plea to live each moment to the fullest and to "leave nothing undone" was a shallow and painfully unsatisfactory response to death.

Jamie Mullen

Barbara Baker watches as Leisa Burhans drifts into senility and dreams of Claire.



SPORTS

Photo by S. Sprowl



Rick Otis swings through against Fredonia.

Team Splits Games

by Jon Merrill

The Houghton College team's record stands at 2-3 after a road trip to Pennsylvania and a double header at home.

Starting their season with no outside practices, the Highlanders lost their first game April 2 to last year's NCCAA Northeast Division champs, Philadelphia College of the Bible. Freshman Vinnie Coniglio pitched nine strong innings, but Houghton lost 7-6 in the final inning.

The team traveled to Allentown to play United Wesleyan in a double header April 3. Having lost the first game 5-2, the Highlanders came back in the second to trounce U.W. 19-2. The hitting star of the three games was Joel Steindel, who had six hits in eleven trips to the plate.

On Monday, April 9, the team opened their home season in a double header against Daemen College. Houghton won a thriller as Steindel cracked a seventh-inning homerun to

give the Highlanders a 11-10 victory. Bill Baker was the winning pitcher, after relieving starter Coniglio in the sixth.

In the second game, Daemen won 6-5, after ending in the fifth due to darkness. Steindel had three hits in the double header, while Carl Holmes and Craig Harvey each chipped in two hits.

Although he finds the season disappointing so far, Coach Kettlekamp recognizes that the team didn't have adequate time to prepare compared to their opponents. Since spring break fell earlier than usual, a trip to Florida wasn't planned. Kettlekamp claimed that such a trip is "essential" in preparing or the team might as well not have a season.

Hopefully as the season progresses, marked improvement will characterize the team. Houghton next hosts a double header on Saturday, April 14, against Fredonia, the SUNY baseball champs last year. ★

Photo by S. Sprowl



Rick Otis and Gregg Harvey cover the third base line.

Volleyball Play Intensifies

by Ned Farnsworth

Men's, women's, and co-ed intramural volleyball action continued last week as Cookies 'n' Cream (5-0), the Twig Snappers (4-0), and Minus One (3-0) emerged as the only undefeated co-ed teams; Bernie's Bandits dominated women's play; and Conflict remained unbeatable in men's competition.

In co-ed action, Cookies 'n' Cream maintained its winning record in a 15-12 and 15-7 series with Anything Goes. The Celibates carried Cookies 'n' Cream to three games, but lost the crucial third by two points. The Twig Snappers climbed over Worthy Is the Slam in a pair of 15-8 and 15-4 games. Phi Slamma Bamma grabbed game one in a match with the Twig Snappers. The latter bounced back to dominate games two (15-4) and three (15-12). Minus One beat Where's the Beef? via forfeit and outlasted the Deceivers in a 15-13 and 15-9 series.

After losing its first two games, John House collected two wins. After Split Second took game one in 15-6, John House grabbed games two and three

15-11 and 15-3. Next Sonoza crumbled under John House in a 4-15 and 1-15 series. Cheese Factory handed We're Bon-kers its first loss in a close first game (17-15) followed by a strong effort in game two (15-8).

Conflict continued to dominate men's play in a quick victory over Musk (15-1, 15-4). The team bounced back after a first game deficit with Quick Set (4-15) to steal the match in a fast 15-0 second game and 15-10 clincher. Steve Waller's Servin' Up grabbed its initial win over Musk.

In women's play, Bernie's Bandits eliminated all the competition after two games. The Tuck-in-Service fell under the Bandits in a 7-15, 4-15 series. The Bandits shot down the Mainline Buzzards 15-4 and 15-9. Garfield and Company ended an undefeated streak after experiencing a 12-15, 1-15 loss to the Bandits.

In women's league A, the Bug Outs shined after rebounding from a first game loss to Mass Confusion (10-15) to grab the win. Adam's Ribs also fell to the Bug Outs in a match that ended after two close games (14-16, 12-15). ★

McCullough Sets Record

by Paul Allen

The Houghton College men's and women's outdoor track teams travelled to R.I.T. on Saturday April 7. Competing in freezing temperatures and strong winds, the men's team managed to score 32 points. Freshman Mary McCullough set a college record in the 1500 meter run.

Dave Riether led the men with 14 points. He placed third in the 400 meter hurdles with a 51.7, took fifth in the 100 meter hurdles with a 17.1, and was on the third place 440 yard relay team with Paul Allen, Mark Hillis, and John Monroe.

The sprinting duo of Allen and Monroe again displayed power in the sprints. Allen took third in the 200 meter dash with a 24.0 and placed fifth in the 100 meter dash. Monroe placed fifth in the 200 and took sixth

in the 100 meters with an 11.54.

High jumper Shawn Skeele placed third with a leap of 5 feet 10 inches. Chuck Budney ran the 3000 meter steeplechase for the first time in his life. Running on pure determination, he placed fifth with an 11:21.52.

The women's team was paced by distance ace Mary McCullough. She placed second in the 800 meters with a 2:34. In the 1500 meter run, she took third. Seemingly unaffected by the icy temperatures, she captured the college record with a 5:02.

Gloria Mosher continued her hurdling prowess by taking second place in the 100 meter hurdles. She placed fourth in the 400 meter hurdles with a 75.04.

Mimi Hale showed her speed in the 100 meter and 200 meter dashes.

The two teams race next at Alfred on Friday the 13th. ★

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Photo by Cire Renhod



The 1984 Water Polo Champs—The Connection: (front) Jon Bersche, Lane Jarvis, Lois Kelley, Joe Conway (back) Bob Morrison, Thea Hurd, Deb Fink, Dave Landry, Warren Smith (missing) Cindy Brenner, Chaz Beach, Beaver Leavitt, John Monroe.

The Connection Sinks Water Bunnies For Championship

by Charles Beach

Jon Bersche scored two goals and Bob Morrison and Dave Landry each added one as The Connection defeated the Water Bunnies 4-2 in the water polo championship game last Friday.

Morrison's goal came early in the first half as he slipped the ball past goalie Wilson Jones. Bersche scored both of his goals in succession right after Morrison's score. Bryan Wiggins made a shot past The Connection's

goalie John Monroe just before halftime.

Landry scored just a minute into the second half to put The Connection up 4-1. After that both sides made many shots, with Brian Earl's goal just before the buzzer the only scoring.

"It was a good team effort," Lane Jarvis, captain of The Connection, said after the game. "We passed well and had strong defensive play from Lois Kelly and a fine overall performance by Dave Landry." ★

Photo by S. Sprowl



Lane Jarvis, Dave Landry, and Lois Kelley dominate water polo action in their first game.

Academy Faculty Nip Houghton Hoopsters In Donkey Basketball

by Peter Roman

On Saturday, April 7th the much announced and highly publicized Donkey Basketball Game took place at the Houghton Academy Tysinger Gym. A full house witnessed the show, billed as "more fun than a circus." It was a fun-filled evening indeed, as the Houghton Academy faculty prevailed over the Houghton College Hoopsters by 2 points in overtime (4 to 2).

The evening began with 4 teams: Academy Faculty, which included Phil Stockin; Houghton Townspeople (Dr. Nystrom & Mrs. Beardsley from the Wooden Shoe among others); College faculty & staff (Big Al, Mr. Greenway, Mr. Kettlekamp) and several players from the College men's Basketball team made up the fourth team (Ron Duttweiler, Jeff Anspach,

Billy Greenway).

Four players on four donkeys form a team. The teams line up with their donkeys at opposite ends of the gym. When the referee blows his whistle, the players (or victims) mount, or try to, their donkeys and go after the basketball. This sounds simple enough, but often isn't. Many of the celebrities involved in the evening's activities spent a greater amount of time on the floor than on their donkeys. The object for the players involved is, of course, to try to stay on the donkeys as much as possible.

The evening was made possible by the Houghton Academy Athletic Association and its advisor, Mark Alderman. The money taken in went towards the purchase of new basketball uniforms. ★

Professor Greenway shows why he's the brains of the team.



Photo by S. Sprowl

We've done enough
thinking—
couldn't we just dance for
a few years?
Michael Cristofer
— The Shadow Box

classifieds

2nd Main and 3rd North of
82-83 are pleased to an-
nounce the engagement of
Dawn Cote
to

Timothy Frenz
Best wishes. We love you
madly.

J
Here's a hint:
Bunny knows, but don't
bother asking him.

Houghton College
Another fine game by
Milton Bradley

Dearest Mama, Beverly,
Brian, Mark, Joe, Maggie,
Steve and Jaynn,
You made my first play the
one I'll love best.

Thank you all.
"Our dreams are beautiful,
fate is sad, But day by day it's
generally pretty funny."

Love,
Agnes

T We salute Patricia Brackett
as the winner in this year's
competition. Congratulations!
The A-Team, VBN.

Dear Hoot,
Who the heck
are you and
what do you
want with us?



*"We have tried to
sensitize you to the
needs of the poor
and the oppressed.
Now we want to
invite you to join us
in meeting those needs."*

Ron Sider and
Tony Campolo



We've started a new MBA program at Eastern College which will prepare you to be an entrepreneur for Biblical justice. We will teach you to go into a Third World country or an urban ghetto and organize the poor into small businesses and cottage industries. By creating jobs for the hungry and desperate people in such settings you can provide a means to help them escape from poverty. We'll teach you the Anthropology to work in a cross-cultural setting, the skills to organize businesses and industries among the poor, and the Biblical basis for a theology of socio economic programs. Why not apply?

MBA Office
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David Meece and Connie Scott

in Wesley Chapel
April 14th at 8:00 pm
\$4 with Houghton College ID
\$6 General Admission



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