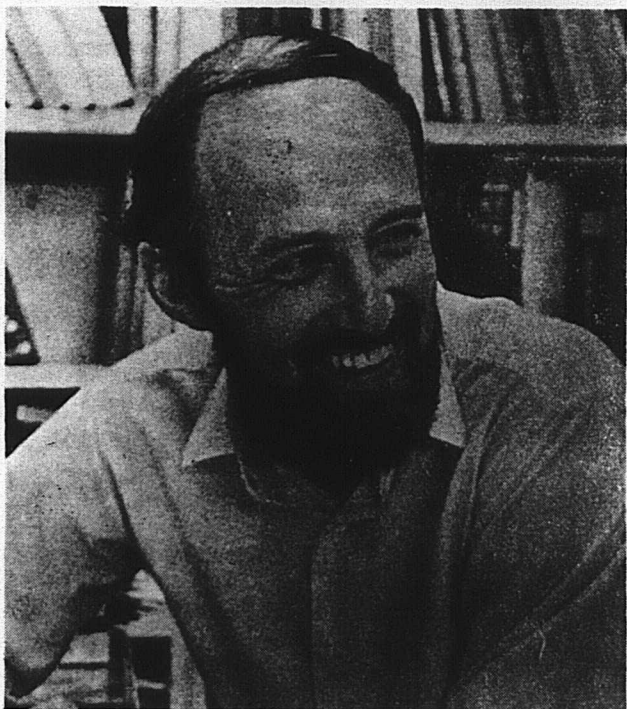


The Houghton Star

VOL. LXVIII

Houghton College, Houghton, NY 14744, February 13, 1976

No. 14



Dr. Jerry Gill

Philosophy Dept. Hosts Lecture Series Feb. 16

Dr. Jerry Gill, Professor of Philosophy at Eckerd College, will be on campus Monday evening, Feb. 16, to speak on the topic "Language, Language, and Art." This lecture is being given in conjunction with the college lecture series. He will also be speaking in philosophy classes Tuesday morning, and that afternoon will hold a colloquium on "The Nature of Religious Language."

Prof. Gill is a graduate of Westmont College. He did his graduate work at the University of Washington (M.A.) and Duke University (Ph.D.). He studied for a semester at Oxford University with Ian Ramsey and Gilbert Ryle on a Danforth Fellowship. He has previously taught at Seattle Pacific College and Southwestern at Memphis.

Dr. Gill's major area of work is in the area of analytic philosophy. Both major works which he has had pub-

lished to date, *The Possibility of Religious Knowledge* and *Ian Ramsey: To Speak Responsibly of God* deal with this subject. The former is an attempt to answer problems raised by logical positivism. Logical positivism, in its analysis of the logic of language, claims that all talk of God, and any kind of metaphysical speculation, must be done away with if we are to be logically consistent. Dr. Gill offers an alternative to this non-speculative kind of philosophy.

Although philosophy of religion is his major area of concern, Prof. Gill is also interested in social and political philosophy, philosophy and film, and the thought of Nikos Kazantzakis.

Prof. Gill has also had a number of articles published in theological and philosophical journals, and edited several anthologies. Both his lecture and the colloquium are open to the college community.

Three Weeks of Varied Chapels Were Difficult For Students And Teachers

"I hate this" is just one of many comments on campus about the three week series of chapels which ended today.

The idea for the chapels started three years ago and was tried during Winterim. Instead of taking attendance, an honor system was used which, according to Chaplain Bareiss, didn't work at all. Last Winterim, computer cards were introduced which lead to the Student Senate's recommendation to try the chapels for a month during the regular semester.

The reasoning behind the Senate's recommendation was the idea that a change in format would be welcome. Also, the series would provide students with a choice of chapels to attend, instead of forcing the student to attend one he is not interested in.

Unfortunately, students have had to settle for second, third, or even fourth choices when the chapels they wanted were closed due to lack of space. According to the chaplain, W326 holds only one hundred twenty people, Presser Hall holds one hundred fifty, and Schaller Hall, one hundred eighty. Everyone else filled in the remaining chapel(s). This has been one of the chapel committee's main problems, and also what in-

Social Science Department Drops ISS From Curriculum

The Social Science and History Department offer good news for those students who have been putting off ISS in hopes that it would be dropped from the curriculum. Introduction to the Social Sciences will not be offered next year. On page thirty-three in this year's catalog, under the General Education Requirement, on the first level letter "e," is the requirement of "4 hours in Introduction to the Social Sciences." Next year's catalog will read: "e. 3 hours in General Sociology, Government, or Introduction to Current Economic Problems."

Second level requirements in the Social Sciences allow for any three hour course in History, Economics, Psychology, Political Science, and Sociology. ISS was an attempt to integrate the four disciplines of Sociology, Psychology, Political Science, and Economics. The Social Science Department feels this no longer fits their needs.

The Social Science Department isn't the only department making changes. The Language Department has also made some major changes. Until 1971 every student, no matter how much language background he may have had, had to take twelve semester hours of foreign language. From '71 through '76 the student had to have "6 hours above the beginning level in a modern foreign language or six hours in either Greek, Latin or Hebrew at any level."

In the fall of '76 incoming Freshmen will need to complete an intermediate level course in any Foreign language — modern or ancient. Before students could take a beginning level course in one of the Classical languages or two semesters of Philosophy to fulfill their language requirement. These courses soon became escape routes. Under the new plan Philosophy can no longer be taken to meet the language requirement and the student must go on to intermediate courses in Greek and Latin.

The Language Department hopes students will begin to think seriously about the language they choose. It is also hoped that this change will

produce more majors and minors in Greek, Latin or the Classics since Houghton is one of the few Christian Schools offering majors in this area. Twenty-four hours above the introductory level are still required for majors in these fields, twelve for minors.

A fortunate point in this system is that those students who have had good language backgrounds can test

out of the Language requirement during the placement tests. Most students will only have to take six hours of intermediate courses. Those students who have to start in the beginning classes will have to take twelve semester hours of foreign languages. Hebrew is only offered as a beginning course and can not be used toward the language requirement.

Third World Hunger To Be Current Issues Day Topic

"It seems to be an all-too-common human ability . . . to bear other people's suffering stoically." This statement was made by Anne and Paul Ehrlich in the *Co-Evolution Quarterly*, Summer 1974.

"A study done for the U.N. World Food Conference in 1974 estimated that more than 460 million people are 'permanently hungry' and their capacity for living a normal life cannot be realized." This is a fact.

"On the average, we Americans now eat about twice the protein our bodies can use. Since the body cannot store protein, the remainder is either used as energy . . . or excreted." This is another fact.

"To give food aid to countries just because people are starving is a pretty weak reason." This statement was leaked from a National Security Council meeting.

Where do Christians stand in relation to the problem of world hunger? Where should they stand? These two questions will be the subject under discussion during the morning and afternoon sessions of Current Issues Day, February 18th. Speaking on the subject of practical solutions within the reach of all Christians will be the Eastern Area Director for World

Vision, Richard Hamilton. World Vision is a private Christian humanitarian organization whose main emphasis is on helping the people of the Third World with money, food supplies, and developmental projects. Cleo Shook, the Associate Director of Private and Voluntary Cooperation/Operations for the Bureau for Population and Humanitarian Assistance, will speak on the topic of the government's responsibility, with specific emphasis on that of his agency. Considering the Christian's responsibility to the hungry of the world will be John Alexander, editor of *The Other Side* magazine. He will stress the practical action within the reach of each individual.

Planners Jacqui Collins and Laura Woods are concerned that all of us turn out on the day in question. They would like us to feel a responsibility for those people's hunger and for the necessity of preventing needless death. They stress the fact that the program will not only present the problem itself, but possibilities for personal action and involvement as well. "We felt that this was something really important for Christians to think about and to do something about." In keeping with this, the theme for the program will be: "Do you care enough to act?"



Do you care enough to act?

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Editorial

One chorus popular at Houghton bothers me. When it is sung, I feel a coughing fit or gaze at my feet with my mouth motionless. Why? Because the song isn't true. I was brought up knowing that I should never tell a lie; it seems worse to sing one as part of a worship service. So I refuse to sing.

What is the song? Everyone knows it; it's well liked because it inspires a feeling of closeness, of brotherhood: "We are one in the Spirit, we are one in the Lord." It sounds nice, but it's a lie. "We are one." Ha!

Anyone who thinks there is a deep sense of "one-ness" on the Houghton campus hasn't looked around lately. There are walls all over. Sure, there are little unified groups around, a Bible study here, a prayer meeting there, but on the whole there is no unity. The students who don't go to Sunday evening services feel a sense of alienation from the ones who do, the classical violinists and the rock guitarists view each other with suspicion. These are walls, though admittedly small walls. There are larger divisions than those between student and student, or between faculty members. The most noticeable, and possibly most destructive, is the wall which separates students and faculty from administrators and trustees. The recently proposed governance policy is just a symptom of the problem. The policy represents an attempt to garrison Luckey Building against all opposing camps.

Why is it that there is so much discord, so little unity? One reason is that there is no trust. It is hard to trust a person different from oneself. If you don't go to movies, you will no doubt be suspicious of anyone who does. If you don't clap your hands while singing, you will be leery of the person who not only claps his hands, but stamps his feet as well. It shouldn't be that way, but that's how it is. That is also how it is in the larger scale conflict on campus. The administration expects the worst from student-run organizations while the students live in constant fear of the administration. Faculty is also mistrusted by administrators, hence the attempt to limit faculty input demonstrated in the new governance policy. At the same time, the faculty are not particularly trusting either. The blame for these divisions can't be put on any one group; if walls are being built, they are being built from both sides. Why does this happen? Is it because all students are wild-eyed radicals, all faculty members are subversives trying to undermine Houghton's foundations, all administrators are tight-lipped ogres? If only life were so simple.

If Houghton is a body, as some claim, it is a sick body. Imagine a body in which the eye is always imagining that it will be gouged out by a finger, one foot is always afraid of being stepped on by the other, and the tongue forever tries to avoid the teeth for fear of being bitten. How horrible! Such a body would have to fight just to stay in existence. Nothing could ever be accomplished, life would be a torment. So it is with Houghton. Houghton could have a great deal more to offer if the energy which should be spent constructively wasn't wasted on fortifications against imagined assaults.

Is there a way out of this mess? I think so. First, we have to stop seeing each other as "the enemy". We're all different, we have different opinions, different outlooks, different responsibilities, but we can still try to trust each other and work together. Second, we have to admit that we're all fallible. Too often when someone on "the other side" makes a mistake, we interpret it as an attack instead. We immediately retaliate, and the war is on. It would be more profitable, and more reasonable, if we would let each other admit mistakes and then forget about them. Third, we have to realize that no one is out to destroy Houghton. Everyone has a stake in the college. Most of us, no matter what our position here, want the best for Houghton, although we may disagree on what the best is. So the college governance system should be one in which we can all have a real voice in making Houghton what it should, and can, be. And finally, we should change the words of the chorus to a prayer for the Houghton College community: "Make us one in the Spirit, make us one in the Lord."

Carol Capra

Students Go to Civil Courts in Attempt To Secure Rights of 14th Amendment

(CPS) Ten years ago, the scenario was commonplace. A note arrived in the mail. "As of today," it read, "you are expelled from school." No charges, no hearing date, no appeal processes were mentioned. The school had effectively jumped from prosecutor to executioner, sentencing the student to a kafkaesque fate.

These days, after several court rulings, abuses of students' rights are less blatant. Yet at colleges across the country, students accused of violating school regulations are often denied their guarantee of due process.

In an attempt to secure their 14th Amendment rights to hear charges leveled against them, face their accusers, tell their side of the story and appeal their punishment, some students have deserted school judiciary hearings for the civil courts.

A veterinary student at the University of Minnesota, for instance, is presently suing the University for denying due process when he was suspended for a year. Accused of cheating on an exam, Robert Waag was brought before the veterinary school faculty for a hearing.

Although his accusers were allowed to speak against him, says Waag, his defenders were not permitted to tell

their side of the story. His appeal was denied by the school president and he was ousted from school.

Yet the federal court ordered the University to allow Waag to return to his classes until a preliminary hearing for his lawsuit comes up this spring.

The court decision did not make school officials happy. "It's extraordinary when a court interposes judgment into an institution of academic learning," lamented the University attorney.

Although some students are quick to sue for their rights, due process cases which never make it to court are more common. A student at Marshall University in West Virginia, for instance, was thrown out of his dorm and placed on social probation for throwing a wet ball of toilet paper out of his dorm window.

"It was no bigger than a baseball," says student Robert Rogers, "and it came no closer than ten feet to anyone."

Rogers was tried by the school administration and found guilty of misconduct. Yet Rogers maintains that his punishment was inappropriate, he was not informed of his right to have an advisor present during the hearing,

Dear Mark:

We don't have any Letters to the Editor again this week. Do you have any idea why? Is someone stealing our mail?

Carol

Dear Carol,

Regarding your intra-office memo of the 9th. For those asking why there aren't any Letters to the Editor, the official reply should be "With hundreds of bright and active students in an age of involvement and political concern, how could there not be any mail. We believe 80-100 letters have been lost in intra-campus mail." But I have a growing dread that our secret is out. I moved the letter shredder from behind my desk to that corner in your office, behind the file cabinet, where we keep the boot-legged Jefferson Airplane tapes, the transcripts of over 100 radical speeches made on college campuses in the 60's, (with no expletives deleted) and the collected underground memoirs of past Star editors. I think possibly the leak can be traced to Sherm Wolfey. I saw him copying down the make and model (the same kind they used in the White House). Perhaps he is preparing to deal with higher ups, in return for amnesty for all those stories he's written. At any rate, we can't let it out that we've been shredding all those letters. Think what it would do to our credibility.

Mark

Mark!

I thought you had gotten rid of that

The Thinking Christian The Evangelical Cliche

by Kathleen Confer

When I used to hear phrases like "greatly used of God", "sharing time", "soul winning", "a real blessing", and "Lord willing", I was overcome with a desire to get away from their source as quickly as courtesy would allow. Recently my attitudes have changed. I readily admit that I still cringe inside when I am invited to "fun, food and fellowship". Sometimes I do run, politely. Nevertheless, I have become more tolerant. Here

with, my thoughts on the Evangelical Cliche and How To Live With It.

As an English major, I am duty-bound to detest the cliche. And detest it I do. For example, "blessing" was at one time a very beautiful word. If I am not mistaken, it connoted special favour from God, divine outpouring of health and goodness. However, through cheap overuse, it has degenerated into a sanctified catch-word for anything that happens to tickle one's fancy. Worse, when one does use the word as it is properly defined, he runs the risk of being misunderstood, of sounding trite.

Too often evangelicals become entrapped in cliches. Testimony meetings lose their intended vitality and become plodding studies in sameness and superficial piety. In extreme cases, a sad misunderstanding of God's gifts is revealed by a sanctimonious referral to a dinner date as a "wonderful time of fellowship".

Though I have painted a dismal and somewhat cynical picture so far, there is another facet of the issue. Here is where my change of attitude comes in.

Often, content is lurking within a cliche. We cannot afford to tune out cliche-ridden discourse on the basis of word choice alone. Take two examples close to home: "integration of faith and learning" and "all truth

is God's truth". Many Houghton students have come to view these statements as mere platitudes, "intellectual" cliches, but cliches nevertheless. Granted, these two statements have been overused. They are sprinkled liberally throughout Public Relations literature, professors remind us of them, and chapel speakers revel in them, until most of us are thoroughly tired of hearing them. However, we must admit that the contents of these two statements are vitally significant. When we fail to "integrate our faith and learning" and forget that "all truth is God's truth", we might as well pack our bags and go home, for, theoretically, this is what our education here is all about.

In summary then, what should be our attitude toward the Evangelical Cliche? I suggest that two things should be kept in mind.

First, we should examine our own speech. When there is a fresh, new way of saying something, let us say it that way. It could start a trend.

However, when we hear someone speaking in cliches, we should try to honestly evaluate the statement's content. Yes, it can be very exasperating, hacking one's way through trite verbiage. Sometimes, of course, there will be very little content. In many cases though, I have found it to be worth the try.

Mark

Sherm



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The STAR is published weekly during school year, except week of Thanksgiving, Easter and 5 wks. at Christmas time. Opinions expressed in signed editorials and columns do not necessarily imply a consensus of STAR attitude, nor do they reflect the official position of Houghton College.

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Bob Burns
Business Manager

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Musical Based on Gospel of Matthew Shown in U of R's Eastman Theater

reviewed by Dan Hawkins

Two weeks ago, after the first issue of the new semester had been tucked into each mailbox, we went to Rochester for a night off. We went to see "Godspell" at the Eastman Theater.

The Eastman belongs to the University of Rochester and is named after George Eastman, who gave it to the school in 1921. It was, at that time, an elegant building done in a sort of neoclassical style: marble everywhere, scenes from Greek mythology adorning the lobby, brass fish for the water fountains, niches in

the wall for busts of Bach and Beethoven.

In 1971, it was renovated by Eastman Kodak, the camera company George Eastman founded. The fish were replaced by dish-like copper dispensers, durable carpet was laid in the aisles, ornate signs ("Men's Cloak Room") were removed in favor of more readable logos, foam and vinyl seats were installed. It is no longer elegant, but perhaps easier to sit still in.

Our seats were in the second last row in the middle section of the main

floor. The floor of the lower balcony jutted out over our heads, which prevented us from noticing the upper balcony and chandelier (until intermission, when we looked for them). The main floor is huge, about twice the size of Wesley Chapel. With the two balconies besides, we estimated a seating capacity of 4000.

The theater was almost filled for this performance. The audience's expectant buzz continued through the announcement that flash photography was prohibited in the theater, through the dimming of the lights, and through the entire prologue in which the company came out wearing sweat-shirts with the names of famous philosophers emblazoned on them, saying things we couldn't hear.

That soon ended, however, and we were into the show. "Godspell," as you may recall, is a musical based on the Gospel of Matthew. It is set in a modern city and all the actors wear bright patchwork costumes. They retell Christ's parables, bringing them to life with amusing detail. It is not so much the story of Christ's life as it is a celebration of His appearance on earth.

The members of the company played their parts with spirit, as befits young actors who are looking for breaks, touring the country with an established hit. John the Baptist was particularly good, having first surprised us by appearing in our aisle (only a seat away) and giving a great blast on his ram's horn. Later, after he dropped his John the Baptist role (the players, except for Jesus, do not portray any one character throughout), he refused to cast the first stone at a woman taken in adultery because it was his pet rock.

The audience responded enthusiastically, applauding after each number and (to our surprise) giving a standing ovation to the players at the end. We had to stand up to see the curtain call.

Movies:

Dog Day Afternoon; Three Days of the Condor

Dog Day Afternoon

reviewed by Joy Clements

Can anything good come out of Hollywood? Of what possible value is a movie about bank robbery, homosexuality, threatened murder, double-dealing, and killing? Is it not our duty as Christians to guard ourselves against the coarse language and questionable subject matter of *Dog Day Afternoon*?

This movie, starring Al Pacino as Sonny, is the story of one of the most unusual and ill-fated bank robberies of recent years. The screenplay is based on a *Life* article about the actual robbery, which took place in Brooklyn on a hot and muggy afternoon in August of 1972.

Sonny and his reticent associate, Sal (John Cazale), entered the bank about closing time. They started the robbery, but before they finished they found the bank surrounded by police. The robbers held the bank employees as hostages and bargained with the police for Sonny's "wife", a safe trip to a nearby airport, and a jet ride out of the country.

The arrival of Sonny's "wife", Leon (Chris Sarandon), "a woman in a man's body" adds a new twist to the plot. As the story unfolds we learn that Sonny also has a female wife and two children. Sonny's low paying job does not provide him with the funds to support his family and the demands of Leon, who wants a sex-change operation. In desperation, he is driven to bank robbery.

Judith Christ says that in *Dog Day Afternoon* "the stranger-than-fiction truth becomes overwhelming as the sad complexity of the human comedy is laid bare." This truth is revealed in a glimpse of the life of Sonny who is trapped and frustrated by his circumstances. The almost inevitable result of his lifestyle was the crime which led to his entrapment in the bank and the climax of his feelings of hopelessness and frustration. As I watched the movie, I never forgot that Sonny's actions were wrong but I could easily understand his motive and sympathize with his feelings. I tried to imagine a way to relieve the robber of the pressures of his situation.

It occurred to me that Sonny's problems were not so different from those of any person who is a partner in a difficult marriage, who is unable to adequately support his dependents, who is bound by some vice, or who for any reason is frustrated because his actions and the circumstances of his life do not match his hopes.

It was then that my mind drifted to the message of the gospel and I realized that Christ is the only hope of this hopeless and despairing socie-

ty. I grasped, as I had not before, that Christ came because there was no other way to redeem human lives from the desperate merry-go-round of existence.

Dog Day Afternoon gave me a better understanding of the society and time in which I live. It reinforced in my mind the significance of the gospel and the importance of learning to communicate the message to those who need it.

Three Days of the Condor

reviewed by Dan Hawkins

"Three Days of the Condor" is calculated to be a crowd-pleaser. Robert Redford is the star. The hottest issue in the news, the role of the CIA, is the subject. The latest electronic gadgets and the deadliest pistols play important roles. Romance, intrigue and danger are what an audience wants to be thrilled by, and they are what "Condor" promises.

And, to a certain extent, they are what the film delivers. Redford works for a CIA front organization in New York. He uses computers to examine newly published books from all over the world and extract vital intelligence. By this method, he finds traces of a previously unknown intelligence network. He passes this information on to Washington.

Then one day he returns to work from lunch and finds his colleagues (six of them) murdered. He suddenly becomes a very wary man. He calls in to headquarters (using his code name Condor) and arranges to be brought in. But his contact tries to shoot him. So Condor goes on the run and decides to track down the mysterious network and its assassins on his own.

He forcibly enlists the aid of a girl named Kathy (Faye Dunaway), whom he has never seen before. She affords him safety and a base of operations in her apartment. He persuades her to help him and together they go to the top of the CIA to get to the bottom of the affair.

Books:

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, by Annie Dillard

reviewed by Carol Capra

The creek, Tinker Creek, is a sizeable stream in a valley in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. The "Pilgrim" is Annie Dillard, a contributing editor to *Harper's* magazine, a columnist for the *Wilderness Society*, and, by her own confession, an explorer and a stalker. The book, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, is a record of Dillard's wanderings in and around Tinker Creek, and a diary of the creek's seasons. Though the book centers on the creek, it is not based entirely on phenomenon observed there; Ms. Dillard has included a wealth of extraneous material covering topics from New York City's water pipes to the natural habitat of Eskimoes (she is obsessed with Eskimoes). Woven into the text of the book are quotations on miscellaneous little sidepoints such as lights in trees, and barnacle behaviors from artists like Gerald Manley Hopkins and Picasso, and from a sea of minor scientists with such unlikely names as Sir James Jean and Edwin Way Teale.

As a source book for biological trivia, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* is excellent, but it was meant as more than just a guide to minor natural wonders. Not only is it the record of a physical exploration in the ob-

servable world, it is the chronicle of a mental exploration into the philosophical realm. Ms. Dillard shares her journeyings through the problems of death, pain, beauty, innocence, God. The questions she poses are troubling: "How many people have prayed for their daily bread and fasted? They die their daily death as utterly as did the frog, *People*, played with, dabbled with, when God knows they loved their lives." Some of the answers given are even more troubling than the questions: "The universe that suckled us is a monster that does not care if we live or die — does not care if it itself grinds to a halt. It is fixed and blind, a robot programmed to kill. We are free and seeing; we can only try to outwit it at every turn to save our skins." But there's more to it than that, and she knows it.

Annie Dillard writes well. Some of the images she creates have a timeless, breathless quality to them; she has a way of transforming the seemingly mundane aspects of life into startling and vivid grandeur.

"One day I was walking along Tinker Creek thinking of nothing at all and I saw the tree with the lights in it. I saw the backyard cedar where the mourning doves roost charged and transfigured, each cell buzzing with flame. I stood on the grass with the lights in it, grass that was wholly fine, utterly focused and utterly

dreamed. It was less like seeing than like being for the first time seen, knocked breathless by a powerful glance. The flood of fire abated, but I'm still spending the power . . . I had been my whole life a bell, and never knew it until at that moment I was lifted and struck." One reviewer said of the book, "On any page it offers a passage one can scarcely wait to share with a friend," which is true. Unfortunately, the bits of insight revealed in *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* are buried in paragraph

after paragraph of un-needed (and unwanted) information. If Ms. Dillard had kept closer to the point, if she had refrained from being quite so enthusiastic about the beetles and the birds, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* would have been excellent. As it is, the moments of epiphany, of acute awareness, are hard to find. Reading the book is like slogging through a bog, knee deep in mud, looking for diamonds. It would be nice if they were easier to get to, but they're still worth the effort.

Schedule of Events

Friday, February 13

Artist Series: Anton Kuerti, pianist
Wesley Chapel, 8:00 p.m.

Saturday, February 14

The Original Dave Brubeck Quartet (Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, sax; Joe Morello, drums; Gene Wright, bass)
Alfred State College gymnasium, 8:00 p.m., \$3.00/person
Call 607-871-6326 for reservations
"Godspell", Wesley Chapel, 8:00 p.m.

Local Movies

Wellsville
Babcock — "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs", 7 & 9 p.m.
Olean
Castle — "The Hindenburg", 7 & 9:15 p.m.
Palace — "Dog Day Afternoon", 7 & 9:15 p.m.

Achievement

A place to learn, we at Houghton believe that college should be a place where you learn to live - a place where you develop your sense of existence - discover your identity in the world - where you will begin to fulfill your potential - unique, with a mission.

This emphasis is what a Houghton Christian liberal arts education is all about.

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Tell me more about Houghton. Please send me full information and literature.

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HOUGHTON College

Evangelical - Fully Accredited - Liberal Arts, Sciences, Music etc.

advertising department:

Houghton Island and the Beach Boys

by Griswold Draz

Almost one week ago a Baptist-Marxian friend and I were enjoying a pepperoni pizza for lunch down at the Houghton Inn. My friend was explaining his theory that all pregnancies after 1954 were the work of subhuman space creatures when I noticed a curious automobile pulling into the parking lot outside. It was a late model Woody wagon with several long, brightly colored objects projecting through an open rear window. A second look lead me to conclude that these objects were surfboards.

A moment later a tall blonde fellow hopped out of the Woody and came stamping snow into Houghton's humble dining establishment. He was wearing white Levis, a thin candy-stripe T-shirt, and his face was blue with teeth chattering from the cold. He had a tremendous enviable tan.

My friend picked a piece of pepperoni from his beard and pointed at the newcomer.

Book of the Year: 'Singer'

The Student Senate has named *The Singer*, by Calvin Miller, as Book of the Year for 1975-76. It was chosen by the Book Store Committee, which consists of John Reinhardt, Katryn Hansen and Georgette Sawtelle. Other books they considered include *The View from a Hearse*, by James Bailey, *Man as Male and Female*, by Paul K. Jewett, and *I Loved a Girl*, by Walter Trobisch. The group decided on *The Singer* because of its availability, readability, and its straightforward presentation of the Christian message.

To quote its cover, *The Singer* is "a narrative in the tradition of C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien — a retelling of an age-old story whose significance is unmatched in human history." The book is an extended analogy of Christ's life and resurrection. It offers a view of Jesus as a living, believable personality, capable of joy and sorrow.

The Singer is not available in the Book Store at present. It is on order, and will be on sale soon.

Intended

Marie Hamersma '78 to Donald Cool '78

"Dig young Troy Donahue over there," he said, "Look's like he just stepped out of an old 'Beach-Blanket Bingo' movie." It was true. This guy had sunny good looks that exist only on physical-culture commercials and old Jan & Dean records.

"Don't look now but he's coming over here." The blonde kid shivered up to the table and smiled a huge, good natured grin.

"Hey fellas, mind if I pull up a chair?"

"Not at all. By all means."

"Thanks fellas." He squaked a chair around backwards and dropped into it with his hands in his pockets. "I just got in town and I'm looking for the beach."

"Beach?"

"Yeah, I'm here to catch me some waves." My friend rolled his eyes and asked the blonde kid when he was born.

"In fifty-six, why?" My friend ignored his question and nodded at me.

"Anyway, I was just wonderin' if you fellas could direct me toward the water. Say, it's a bit nippy up these parts ain't it?" He shuddered in his T-shirt and smiled. I looked out the window. It was snowing.

"Now what is it you're looking for friend?"

"Why, the beach, I told ya. I'm plannin' on doin' some surfin' for a few weeks."

"I see. What made you think you'd find that kind of action here?"

"Well, I know it's not really the season yet but I figured if they advertised there must be waves all year long. Gotta admit that water must be a little chilly, but that never stopped me before. Say, does this place sell cocoa butter?"

"You mentioned an advertisement. What advertisement?" He frowned and rummaged in his pocket, finally extracting a crumpled wad of paper, obviously torn out of a magazine.

"Why this one right here." He smoothed the wrinkled scrap on the table in front of me. "See, says right here . . ." In broad white lettering the word **ACHIEVEMENT** was inscribed across the top of the page and there was indeed a picture of somebody cutting across the watery foam on a surfboard. Immediately beneath this photograph was the name **HOUGHTON COLLEGE** and a kicker that said "This emphasis is what a Houghton Christian Liberal Arts education is all about."

I wasn't going to tell him at first.

After all, who knows how far he'd trekked in search of the perfect wave. I'd seen that movie "Endless Summer" plus a whole lot of old Frankie Avalon films and I know how serious these guys took their surfing. I didn't want him to blow up in the Houghton Inn.

But the fact remained, the only sizable body of water in Houghton-town is the skinny moat protecting the women of Brookside dorm, and we all know how ineffectual that stuff is.

"Listen," I said, "you've made a mistake, an understandable mistake, but fact is there just aren't any waves around here, and nobody surfs 'em."

"Nobody makes 'em," said my friend.

"Whaddya mean, no waves?" The poor fellow began to look alarmed.

"I mean there are no waves. You need an ocean and warm weather to surf. There is no ocean around here and we live in the North Temperate Zone. See, it's snowing outside."

"Yes, I noticed that on my way in. I was hoping it was just a freak flurry."

"No, it does that all the time." He sighed and propped his elbows on the table.

"Shucks," he said, "and I came all the way from the coast. You know what gas costs nowadays?"

"You should have called or something."

"I did call!" He was starting to get mad. "I did call and some fella with a high voice told me he didn't know where the waves were but he was sure there was someone here who did!"

"Well, you could always hang around and sit in on a few classes or something."

"Yeah? Whadda they teach here?"

"Oh all kinds of things. What does it say in your clipping there?"

"Says 'we at Houghton believe that college should be a place where you learn to live — a place where you develop your sense of existence'. Now what does this mean? Why should I pay money to learn how to live? I've been living for the last nineteen years and no one's had to coach me on how to do it yet."

"This obviously refers to the quality of life rather than the mere physiological endurance of the human metabolism."

"Yeah? And what's this 'sense of existence'? Don't I sense I'm existing? No one's gotta tell me that!"

Presidential Hopefuls Wallace

by David Mills

Civil Rights is an issue once important, now forgotten; the murder of three young activists in Mississippi pales beside the immediate worries of crime and the economy. But one man, a symbol of the passionate defense of white supremacy, is once again running for the Presidency: George Corley Wallace. The man who once promised, "They out-niggered me, I'm never going to be out-niggered again"; who stood in a school house door and refused to let two black students into the "public" university; who once trumpeted, "segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever"; now proclaims, "I love everybody, black or white . . ." To a child who grew up during those troubled and tragic days, Wallace's claim of love sounds like a deliberate lie.

Wallace and Reagan share the same popular support: the increasingly alienated middle class. Reagan

attracts the educated and affluent; Wallace, the poor and uneducated, "a dark, silent, brooding mass of people" haunted by a world moving beyond them. They mold their fear and confusion into a hatred of Washington and Wallace becomes the symbol for their protest. The future is crowding in on them, the present is disappearing. They are afraid, and George Wallace is using their fear in his newest attempt at the Presidency.

He frenzies them with stock phrases aimed at common enemies: the press, Washington, the liberals. He deliberately mispronounces whole phrases, he calls detente a "highfalutin word"; they roar. Reporters and bureaucrats become "pointy heads", sneering at the common folk, who at that moment become one with Wallace. They cannot fear when they laugh, and Wallace understands.

Freedom is a recurring theme in Wallace's rhetoric, but he strangely admits that he doesn't mind "dictatorships abroad, provided they are pro-American." He thinks "we were fighting the wrong people, maybe, in World War II."

Wallace apologists sometimes claim that the private Wallace is different, that his public image is merely a response to the people he believes he represents. If so, Wallace is simply an opportunist trading hatred and fear for power, an image even worse to post-Watergate Americans.

Wallace is the only candidate whose health is an issue. The English *Daily Telegraph* described him as a "small, strained, pathetically helpless figure . . .", and getting worse.

Wallace controls almost 1/2 of the Democratic party, but he cannot win the nomination, for even more oppose him. He is not a committed Democrat. Denied the nomination he may form a third party, walk out of the convention, or attempt to force the convention to his will. Whatever Wallace chooses, his power for mischief is dangerous.

News Briefs

SALT LAKE CITY (UPS 2/12)

Motorists in Salt Lake City probably won't have too much trouble spotting the new police cars the sheriff ordered to celebrate the 200th birthday of the United States. The 40 cars which go into service April 1st have red tops, white trunks and hoods, and blue bottoms. The special paint job added 50 dollars to the price of each car, but says the sheriff's secretary, "They're going to be beautiful."

LOS ANGELES (UPS 2/12)

Police in Los Angeles didn't think the passenger in Linda Arbiter's car was beautiful. In fact, they thought the rider looked pale and lifeless. So they stopped her and found she had an inflatable dummy in the passenger seat. In order to encourage car pools special lanes on Los Angeles area freeways are marked off for cars carrying more than one person. Miss Arbiter conceded she carried the dummy around just so she could get into the quicker moving lane during rush hours.

JOHANNESBURG (UPS 2/12)

South African Prime Minister John Vorster says the west, in his words, "shirked its duty" in not backing anti-Soviet forces in the Angola Civil War. He says Moscow will now feel free to try to subvert any African nation it wants to.

SAN FRANCISCO (UPS 2/12)

The prosecution in the Patty Hearst trial expects to wind up its case today or tomorrow. The prosecution won a major victory yesterday when the judge ruled Miss Hearst voluntarily tape recorded a message saying she had decided to join her terrorist kidnappers.

PAHUTE MESA, NEVADA (UPS 2/12)

An underground nuclear test is scheduled in the Nevada desert 100 miles south of Las Vegas this morning (8:30 EST). It is the fourth announced US test this year and involves a large nuclear warhead.

(CPS) — Like the Marines, McDonald's builds men, according to General Creighton Abrams. Abrams claims that "it's good for a young person to work at McDonald's. It makes you an efficient person. If you make the wrong sized hamburger you get fired. It is a smooth running machine that the Army should emulate."



Thawing

Watercolors by Saunders in Basement of Wesley Chapel

by Meredith Bruorton

Until February 15, Richard Saunders is having a one man show in Wesley Chapel's basement gallery. Saunders' medium is transparent watercolor; his subject matter brings to the surface "the underlying abstract qualities of nature."

A graduate of the Art Institute of Boston, Saunders considers his approach to painting strongly allied to that of the Transcendentalists. For him, "art on the highest level," must be of inspiration and is far more important than formal problems and solutions."

My overall impression of this exhibit was good. His style resembles that of Andrew Wyeth although Saunders is not so abstractly photographic. Like Wyeth, he has a good eye for significant detail and a good sense of composition. His work is very pleasing when viewed at a dis-

tance. The details form a unified whole when seen several feet away. The collection exhibits an overall unity of style and an obvious love for the earth and pastoral settings. In an attempt to combine observation and imagination he realizes the threshold between realism and abstraction. His brush strokes are not terribly precise, which enables him to catch light and shadow, those visible energies which are loose yet controlled. The particular paintings on exhibit here display the vast, lonely and barren moods of winter. Rampant and inexplicable, the workings of Fate appear spontaneous and fluid.

Saunders' philosophic approach to painting is visible in this exhibit. Yet the actual execution of his ideas falls short in two respects. First, his colors tend toward muddiness. I especially noted this failure in "Snowwinds", and "Winter Ridge". His primary color selection was blues, browns and grays. The juxtaposition of these cool, dark colors left the paintings blurry and dull. Second, his ability to draw buildings appears limited. The proportion and angles of the buildings in "Cowesett Farm" and "Midwinter", are not the least bit professional. I sensed in them a hesitancy to paint barns and sheds. The result was a blank and unemotional space in the corner of the picture.

Particularly attractive paintings were "Windfalls", "The Cliffs", and "Winter Sweep". Saunders' ability for composition and detail excelled in these three pieces as he went beyond surface appearance and portrayed the essence of and mystical content of Nature.

Bloodhounds and Burglars:

The World of James Thurber

reviewed by Kathleen Confer

After a fruitless attempt to analyze the work of James Thurber, a *London Times* critic concluded his review by exclaiming in exasperation, "Thurber is Thurber." I think I know how that critic must have felt. For several years now, I have been trying to figure out why Thurber makes me laugh. So far, I'm not sure; I only know that he does. Thus, this essay is appreciative in nature, an attempt to share my enjoyment of a great humorist with those unacquainted with his work.

Thurber's craft was basically twofold: essay and cartoon. Of the two, the cartoons are the more baffling. They look like the scrawlings of a fourth-grader. The people are shapeless, possessing paw-like hands and colossal noses. Paradoxically, these "sloppy" drawings are infused with amazingly imaginative wit. Again, the "why" of their humour escapes me. But for some reason, the sight of an irate woman asking a hippopotamus, "What have you done with Dr. Millmoss?" strikes me as extremely funny.

Most of us have read such Thurber classics as "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" and "The Night the Ghost Got In" in high school. In these, and most of his essays, Thurber shows great insight into the ordinary. He believed that "any humorist must be interested in trivia, in every little thing that occurs in a household." The best-known of Thurber's essays illustrate this interest — the wild, but low-key stories about his family.

My mother, for instance, thought — or, rather, knew — that it was dangerous to drive an automobile without gasoline: it fried the valves or something. "Now don't you dare drive all over town without gasoline!" she would say to us when we started off. Gasoline, oil and water were much the same to her, a fact that made life both confusing and perilous. . . . She came naturally by her confused and groundless fears, for her own mother lived the latter years of her life in the horrible suspicion that electricity was dripping invisibly all over the house. It leaked, she contended, out of empty sockets if the wall switch had been left on.

"The Car We Had to Push"

Even the Thurber dogs were eccentric:

We couldn't find him anywhere, although we whistled and shouted, until old Mrs. Detweiler called after dinner that night. Muggs had bitten her once, in the leg, and she came into the living room only after we assured her that Muggs had run away. She had just seated herself when, with a great growling and scratching of claws, Muggs emerged from under a davenport where he had been quietly hiding all the time, and bit her again. Mother examined the bite and put arnica on it and told Mrs. Detweiler

that it was only a bruise. "He just bumped you," she said. But Mrs. Detweiler left the house in a nasty state of mind.

"The Dog That Bit People"

Other, lesser-known essays merit mention. "The Macbeth Murder Mystery" where Thurber encounters a detective-story addict convinced of Macduff's guilt, "Here Lies Miss Groby" ("she hunted for Topic Sentences and Transitional Sentences the way little girls hunt for white violets in springtime.") and "The Greatest Man In the World", saga of Pal Smurch, an uncouth loudmouth who flew solo around the world, are all

excellent.

It is unfortunate that Thurber's ability to laugh so often degenerated into cynicism. Sometimes, in his essays, I sense a sad pessimism, the dilemma of a genius who sees beyond his own laughter.

Thurber was indeed a unique artist. Perhaps it is his great insight into the foibles of the human race. Perhaps it is his sophisticated and subtle brand of humour. Whatever it is, Thurber has left his mark on American humour. Yet, while he may be imitated, I doubt that he will be paralleled, for it is quite true that only "Thurber is Thurber."

Records

Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan

Bruce Springsteen: *Born to Run*
reviewed by John Kelley

I have always been controlled by skepticism. It took me about ten years before I rode an escalator. When Nixon resigned, I was waiting for him to call martial law. And when I heard Bruce Springsteen was the future of rock and roll, I had to control that great fountain, my tongue, from pouring out abuse.

But college breeds objectivity, thus I decided to give Springsteen the benefit of the doubt. "So what if he's been praised by *Newsweek*, *National Enquirer* and *Tiger Beat*, I'll still give him a fair shake," I thought. So I've been listening to his third album, *Born to Run*, for a month now, and I'm ready to make my judgments.

Born to Run is a highly successful album. Springsteen's band is amazingly "tight" throughout the record. They bring excitement usually found only in live concerts. Springsteen's throaty baritone is ideal for the music he and the band play.

The lyrics, for music, are of the highest quality. They deal mainly with Springsteen's home territory — the lower class towns on the New Jersey flats and the sidewalks of New York. In these lyrics there lies Springsteen's great gift for creating images: "The midnight gang's assembled/ And picked a rendezvous for the night/ they'll meet 'neath that giant Exxon sign/ That brings this fair city light."

It's impossible for me to sit back and say, "Well, the second song loses its vision towards the end" or "The song, 'Jungleland' is too monoto-

nous." Why? Mainly because I really can't find a weak song on the album. I told you I was a skeptic, believe me I tried!

But, of course, some songs are better than others. One, the title song, *Born to Run*, is a masterpiece. Another, *Thunder Road*, holds the finest music lyrics I've heard in five years. (In this song, Springsteen talks of young boys dead in their hearts with "ghosts in their eyes.")

When the album is over, you leave open-mouthed. Springsteen has definitely created a classic. New Jersey can rest in peace. It may have given America Tony Orlando, but it comes back with Bruce Springsteen.

* * *

Bob Dylan: *Desire*

Reviewed by Randy Baker

I remember one night during my high school years when I was riding around with a friend in his jeep. He had a tape player and a tape of *Dylan's Greatest Hits Vol. 2*. I asked him which program I should put the tape on. "It doesn't matter," he said, "they're all good." The same might be said of the cuts on *Desire*. They are all good.

The first cut, the one that everyone has probably heard of, is "Hurricane", the story of ex-middleweight contender Reuben Carter, who is presently doing a triple life sentence in New Jersey State Prison for a murder which he claims he didn't commit. "Hurricane" is Dylan's first important protest song in a while. It is a different kind of protest than the Dylan traditional. "Hurricane" contains no pleading for justice and

no amazement at injustice a la "Who Killed Davey Moore" or "The Death of Emmitt Till." It is a song of strength. In "Hurricane", Dylan demands justice - claiming the facts as Carter's redemption.

The album as a whole follows the pattern of "Hurricane". It is a positive statement and not an album of regrets. This is best shown in "Sara", a song written to his wife from whom he is separated. As in the *Blood on the Tracks* love songs, Dylan expresses his vulnerability. In fact, his confessions in "Sara" are even more particular.

"Staying up all night in the Chelsea Hotel, Writing 'Sad-eyed Lady of the Loylands' for you."

However, these lines are followed by "Lovin' you's one thing I'll never regret."

Although the subject of the song is sad, the tone and the lyrics make it

clear that Dylan will not be defeated by his sadness.

Most of the rest of the songs have less well defined themes, but are rich in poetic imagery. Songs like "Durango", "Black Diamond Bay", and "One More Cup of Coffee" are basically ballads, but Dylan leaves blanks in his story lines for the listener to fill in as he likes.

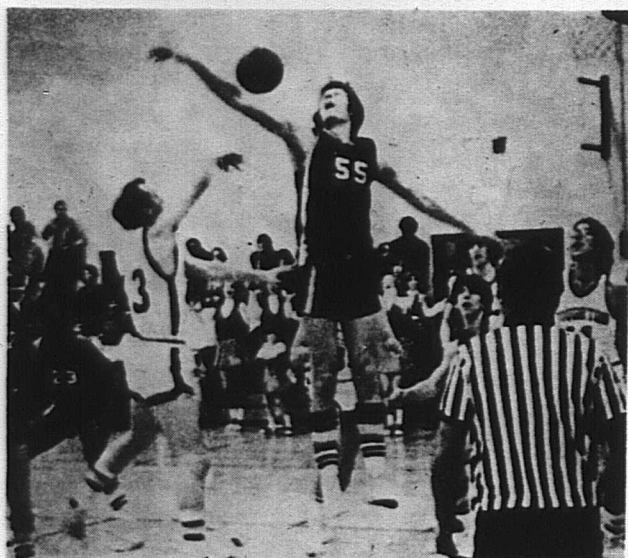
As usual the music of the album is not central to his purpose, but the addition of an effective violin to the back-up band and some fine background vocals by Emmy Lou Harris and Ronee Blakely do add a special flavor to *Desire*.

Blood on the Tracks has been hailed as Dylan's comeback album. It was a comeback in the sense that it affirmed his talent, but *Desire* is a more important album. It affirms his being. The Dylan of *Desire* is stronger, more mature, and better than ever.

Goldovsky Grand Opera's "The Barber of Seville" Rescheduled

Those who have been planning to attend the Artist Series scheduled for Friday, February 27th, will want to note this change in plans. The Goldovsky Grand Opera Theatre scheduled to perform "The Barber of Seville" has had to change dates, and will be here on March 2nd instead. The Company had to change dates because the concert will fall outside of the scheduled tour, and union

regulations require overtime pay for the "roadies" who unload the company's equipment. Thus, arrangements have been made so that the school will provide people to unload. Since the concert will be held after the Tuesday night prayer meeting, it will not be a formal Artist Series. The Houghton College Choir concert scheduled for March 19th will assume the formal status.



Gary Morris pops a shot up over his foe's head.

Houghton's "Stack" Team Holds Score Within 3 Points of Behrend College

The Houghton basketball team lost in a close game to Behrend College last Saturday night with a score of 81-81. The Highlanders played well, as they have for the past few games, but were unable to generate enough momentum to take and hold a lead. The Highlanders were never out of the game and were threatening to push ahead at the final buzzer but, as the score indicates, fell three short.

Houghton matched baskets with Behrend in the early minutes of the game. The Highlanders started their "stack" team; two centers, Whitney Kuniholm and Russ Kingsbury, two forwards, Mike Pitts and Steve Wilson, and one guard, Gary Morris. This gave the Highlanders good rebounding strength. Houghton out rebounded Behrend 49-39. Also, the

"stack" team made their 3-2 defense cover more area on the court and thus were more effective. The Highlander offense, which had paced Behrend's hot shooting, slumped at the close of the first half. The halftime score was 41-34.

The beginning of the second half brought the Houghton offense back to life. This was mainly due to an 18 point second half by Mike Pitts and a tremendous 23 point second half by team captain Steve Wilson. In the last two minutes of the game, Hough-

ton toughened up considerably on defense and went to a full court press. It was a good half, but not good enough.

Two Houghton players, Steve Wilson and Mike Pitts, have excellent possibilities of reaching the 1000 point career total mark. Steve needs about 60 more points and Mike needs about 100 more. Both will probably reach the 1000 point total before the end of the season. The next game is an away game with Medaille College of Buffalo on Saturday, Feb. 14.

Houghton's Hockey Club Defeats Roberts Wesleyan At Brockport, Nine To One

Houghton College does not have a school supported ice hockey team, but it does have a spirited hockey club. Three years ago David Haas and Mark Moore began their attempt to form some sort of hockey organization. Their work paid off, and today the club consists of approximately twenty-five men who travel to

Geneseo every Monday night, where they make use of the Geneseo State College's ice rink. Although the trip takes forty minutes each way and the evening usually costs each player \$3.00, the men view the difficulties as only minor inconveniences in their hockey careers.

The Highlander hockey club travel-

ed to Brockport on Jan. 31. The occasion was a meeting between Houghton and Roberts Wesleyan within the confines of the ice hockey boards. The outcome, Houghton 9, Roberts 1.

Contributing to Houghton's victory was a strong defense and an overwhelmingly hard-skating offense. The team saw Peter Wilcox bang home a hat trick. This was one of Wilcox's best showings this season. Other goals were scored by Mark Moore, Dave Downie, John Cox and "Killer" Steve Cain. Other standouts were left winger Dave Haas and right winger Kirk Musselmen. "Ant man" Steve Van Adder added excellent coaching from behind the bench.

The decisive feature in this game was Houghton's hard-hitting defense. Dave Bither, "Crazy" Steve Davis and Dave Sanborn broke up many scoring plays before they had a chance to materialize. Steve Melson, Houghton's goalie, made many fine saves, including three breakaways.

Roberts lone goal was scored by Lloyd Ayre, captain of the Roberts team. Houghton is looking for a rematch in Geneseo in the near future.



Steve Melson jealously guards Houghton's goal.

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Presidential Poll

The student newspaper at Amherst College is conducting a survey of 300 colleges and universities to determine student preferences for the 1976 presidential election. The Star has been asked to participate. Please complete and cut out the following survey or, if you wish to keep your Star intact for posterity, simply write your choices on a sheet of paper and send it Intracampus to the Star, by Wednesday the 16th. Results will be published as soon as they are available.

A. PERSONAL BACKGROUND

1. Are you a) a registered Democrat b) a registered Republican
c) an Independent (Circle one.)?

2. What is your home state? (Fill in.)

B. PARTY NOMINEES

1. What candidate do you prefer most for the Democratic presidential nomination (Circle one.)?

- | | | |
|------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| a) Birch Bayh | e) Fred Harris | i) Morris Udall |
| b) Lloyd Bentsen | f) Henry Jackson | j) George Wallace |
| c) Robert Byrd | g) Milton Shapp | k) other |
| d) Jimmy Carter | h) Sargent Shriver | l) undecided |

2. What candidate do you prefer most for the Republican presidential nomination (Circle one.)?

- a) Gerald Ford b) Ronald Reagan c) undecided

C. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

1. You have selected a Democrat and a Republican nominee. Which do you prefer most for the presidency? (Fill in.)

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The Stonyd Corner

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answers can be obtained in the Star office.

XLE ADYMDZ; YODZ SXO QO VLNA

LOG NDKEEYOA YDG QO AQO

SQAEELUX ERXSAXDIXA CYV BLVHXE-FLNA

LOG EKSFDX IQBEKLDA QO.

— AQV MLDEXV VLDXQNR

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