



the houghton star

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editorial

When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; and I played football like a child. As a result, childish disputes frequently stalled or halted an afternoon's play. A fractured rule, a few ruptured egos — brought about by the constant colliding of bodies inherent in the nature of the game — spurred countless squabbles that left behind them only bruised bodies and scarred emotions. Inevitably, someone picked up his ball and went home.

It is with sincere sadness that I recognize a similar situation on this campus. A student or administrator violates a policy and the ensuing squabble, rarely equitable if ever just, produces only needless injury to all concerned. Though before coming to Houghton I had never seen a child pick up his ball and send his teammates home, the point is nevertheless the same — someone is not playing according to the rules. And not to play at all is hardly the solution.

President Dayton has said that what is lacking is the desire to be "positive." I agree. And I suppose Noah Webster knows as well as anyone else exactly what this word means; among other things, he suggests that "positive" denotes:

- 1) "formally laid down or imposed; expressed clearly or peremptorily; as in **positive laws**."
- 2) "not fictitious; real; active and effective in social or economic function rather than merely maintaining peace and order; as in **positive government**."
- 3) "marked by or indicating agreement or affirmation; as in **positive response**."

We will always have certain rules, policies and procedures; if they are to be "positive laws" that are "expressed clearly," then, for practicality's sake we must write them down. If the terms "formally laid down" and "prescribed" impose a certain gravity on the affair, so much the better; we will think all the harder before we commit ourselves and our posterity to a specific set of values, a definite course of action.

If Houghton College is to have "positive government," one which is "real," "active," and "effective," then there must be a respect for what has been established. To approach every action with the conservative attitude that seeks to build on our past rather than ignore it, to use the proper channels, is to act positively. To abuse traditional channels to the point of allowing our actual morality to fall below the level we have fixed for ourselves, below that which the civil authority requires of us, is not to act positively.

If in these things our attitude is positive, surely the result will more likely be one of "agreement or affirmation." We probably won't blow it as often as we do now; and we might patch things up a lot better when we do. If students and administrators will write down our "positive laws," and rationales, if both will function within the formal structures of a "positive government" as they were intended to, then perhaps a "positive response" is not too much to hope for.

"When I became a man I gave up childish ways," says St. Paul. Let us do likewise; if we are going to play the game — and I think we should — let's play it right.

— Robert I. Barr, Editor

If one has attempted, as this one has, to enter the Campus Center via the south doors after the sun has dipped below the horizon, one has certainly been frustrated. I am convinced that some gnome is playing games. There are four doors on that end of the building, and the gnome, straight from Math 106, is intent on discovering whatever permutations and combinations may lie in the locking of the doors.

If I am wrong, if this is not some creature of the nether-world sporting with us, if the random door-locking is indeed a policy of sorts, I fail to see its purpose. The doors open from the inside at all times, so locking would not foil an intrepid food or cuestick thief. And certainly there cannot be objections to the use of these doors by the college community. The only other reasons I can imagine are either 1) a sadist enjoys watching folk destroy their shoulder sockets or 2) the nightwatchmen need practice handling their keys. These reasons are hardly feasible. I will stick with the gnome theory.

Doubtless it is futile to attempt to stop the little monster. He is far too clever. Therefore I propose that a nightwatchman be appointed to stand watch and unlock the doors whenever he finds them locked until Campus Center closing time. In this way we can be sure that the doors are open and in use as doors are intended to be.

— Robert A. Morse, Editor



the houghton star

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This year Houghton nominated Stephanie Gallup and Nancy McCann to receive Danforth Foundation post-graduate awards.

Who's Who in Houghton

Danforth Fellowships, 1973

by Steve Rennie

Each year two students are selected from the senior class as nominees to receive Danforth Fellowships from the Danforth Foundation which is located in St. Louis, Missouri. This year's nominees are Miss Stephanie Gallup and Miss Nancy McCann.

Academic Dean Frederick Shannon was in contact with the Danforth Foundation several months ago and was directed to select two names and submit them to the Foundation for review. Through the cooperative efforts of Dean Shannon, the Registrar's Office, division chairmen, and various professors, these two seniors were selected. Their names now become part of a large group of other college seniors from all over the country who will be reviewed by the Danforth Foundation. From this group a small percentage will be granted Fellowships.

Danforth Fellowships have been awarded by the Danforth Foundation since 1952. The purpose of the program is to give personal encouragement and financial support to selected college seniors and recent graduates who seek to become college teachers, and who are vitally interested in relating their educational plans to their basic values.

In selecting Danforth Fellowships, special attention is given to three areas: 1. Evidence of intellectual ability which is flexible and of wide range; of academic achievement which is a thorough foundation for graduate study. 2. Evidence of personal characteristics which are likely to contribute

to effective teaching and to constructive relationships with students. 3. Evidence of a concern for the relation of ethical or religious values to disciplines, the educational process, and to academic and social responsibility.

The Fellowships are open to qualified students of any race, creed, or citizenship, single or married, who have serious interest in teaching or administrative careers in colleges and universities, and who plan to study for a Ph.D. in any field of study common to the undergraduate liberal arts curriculum in the United States. Applicants must be under 35 years of age, and may not have taken any graduate study beyond the baccalaureate degree. The Graduate Record Examination Aptitude Tests in Verbal and Quantitative Abilities are required. This year's applicants must be planning to enter an accredited graduate school in the United States in the fall of 1974.

The award is for one year, and is normally renewable until completion of the degree over a maximum total of four years of graduate study.

Also at this time of year several seniors are selected to the Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. The selections are based on academic performance, involvement in campus affairs, leadership ability, and other related areas. This year's selections are Paul Adams, Sandra Bernlehr, Roger Brown, David Clark, Joanna Dotts, Paul Eckhoff, Stephanie Gallup, Connie Kilmer, Nancy McCann, Taffy Tucker, and James Spurrier.

Christensen Researches

Cottrell Science Grant

by Paul Eckhoff

Dr. Larry Christensen, professor of chemistry has recently received a Cottrell College Science Grant of \$9,000 from Research Corporation, a foundation for the advancement of science, to pursue research in electroorganic chemistry during the next two years. Research Corporation initiated these grants "to reassert the importance of research as a vital component of the academic program of the private, predominately undergraduate institution. The applications for grants are judged primarily on the scientific originality and significance of the research proposed and the demonstrated competence or promise of creativity of the principle investigators."

The title of Dr. Christensen's research project is "Novel Electrochemical Generation of Organic Intermediates." The technique of electroorganic synthesis is an old one but until recently has had limited applications primarily because of the interdisciplinary nature of the problem. Traditionalism in graduate education has not encouraged this interdisciplinary approach. Dr. Chris-

tensen will be depending on Dr. Piersma's expertise in electrochemistry to complement his own finesse in organic chemistry to attack this research project.

The nature of the investigation will be twofold in that it will explore both the possibilities of generating chemical species of unique molecular structure and also examine the possibility of providing new pathways for the synthesis of known molecules that have advantages over the classical routes.

A high degree of student involvement is projected on several levels. First there will be undergraduate research associateships offered for intensive research during the next two summers, which will carry over to senior honors projects. Independent studies and chemical projects based on the research problem are also envisaged. Students taking organic chemistry will be involved by preparing starting materials for the research as part of their laboratory experience. This will both introduce them to advanced techniques and provide the experimental excitement of actual research participation.

Winterim in the City

by Taffy Tucker

Some of the busiest, but most enjoyable hours of study and hard work this January are in store for those students involved in Dr. Hirsch's Winterim projects. In the area around Buffalo, five churches have taken on the responsibility of assisting students in on-the-job-training in Christian Education. The schedule will be different for each of the five churches, but each one offers a broad coverage of church ministries. Last year the students who participated in the program in one Buffalo church took part in children's church, Sunday School, visitation, youth group, choir, teacher training, Pioneer Girls, and even a Bible Study and Figure Control Class. The results: vital preparation for Mike Lama and Vera Clemenson as present Directors of Christian Education, and Esther Meier as a Christian Day School teach-

er (class of '73).

Eight students will be going down to Baltimore next month for the Winterim project to take part in the Metro-Maryland Youth For Christ program with Dave Brock and Jerry McFarland. Each student will team up with one full time staff member for a really personal, individual, learning opportunity.

Dr. Hirsch states the rationale of her project as this: "The primary objective of this course is to offer the student a practical learning experience. The course will serve as a type of 'student teaching' for those students who plan to enter varied forms of Christian service." This course offers a unique educational opportunity: to watch Christian leaders in action, see how things are done from behind the scenes, and make the experience your own by immediate involvement.



STAR editor candidates Rhea Reed and Howard Chapman; LANTHORN editor candidates Ron Isbell and Kent Nussey.

Star and Lanthorn

Election Results

Howard Chapman will edit the **Star** next year, and Kent Nussey will head up the **Lanthorn**. The two sophomores won their posts in elections held Friday, December 14. They will assume office in April.

The electoral process got under way in early November when the Student Publications Committee began its yearly search for suitable, willing candidates. The list was narrowed by the end of November to a pair of nominees for each office. Chapman and Rhea Reed had decided to run for **Star** editorship, and Nussey found a reluctant opponent in Ron Isbell.

On December 14 in an election's chapel, Chapman and Reed, in speeches of their own authorship, both emphasized the need for the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the **Star**. Both promised responsiveness to student opinion.

Following the **Star** speeches, Nussey leapt to his feet and seized the podium, evidently angered by the plight of the Indians in the American Southwest. He also mentioned **Lanthorn** finances. Minutes later Isbell echoed Nussey's sentiments, although he did not seem to care about the Indians. He too mentioned **Lanthorn** finances. Both speeches were written by Kent Nussey.

The **Star** spoke with each of the editors-elect following the announcement of the election results and inquired about plans for the future.

Chapman emphasized the

role of the **Star** as an informative organ, serving not only to represent student viewpoint, but to clarify misunderstood Administrative policies. Above all, the **Star** will print the news as it happens. "There will be no whitewashes," said Chapman. "The Administration makes mistakes; the student body makes mistakes. The sooner we learn that we are all fallible the better off we will be." He went on to make clear that the **Star** will not function in a vigilante capacity. "There will be no broadside attacks on anyone," he declared. "The **Star** is not interested in that sort of thing. But we will print the news, whether it is flattering or not."

Chapman ended by calling for cooperation between the Administration and the student body based on increased understanding.

Kent Nussey has more definite plans for the **Lanthorn**. "The **Lanthorn** should come out more frequently than it is. I'd like to see a magazine published every month, if possible, although I'm not sure the **Lanthorn** budget could stand that sort of strain. But I think I can guarantee at least two issues a semester next year."

In regard to content, Nussey said, "I'd like to see more graphic art and photography represented, as well as literary material. The stress will be on quality. This magazine will not print the good and the bad representationally. We will print the best stuff we can get our hands on."

ACO

Essence of Christmas

by Joanna G. Dotts

The sidewalks of Philadelphia were lit only by the year-round streetlights; no reds and greens to bewilder drivers. Even the light show of John Wanamaker's was considerably censored. The "energy crisis" had taken its toll on Christmas regalia. I felt as if something was missing — as if the Christmas spirit was lost as the plugs were pulled.

But just as the essence of one is not lost when she cuts her hair or he shaves his beard, so the essence of Christmas is not lessened with the dimming of the lights.

So I understood — but I feared that over the years, as we had added more lights to the Christmas trees, town streets and buildings, we had somehow put ourselves in darkness. The coming of the King had been overshadowed by the garnishings of the Christmas season. And so this was where our good cheer had brought us. But what can we do to see through the glare of Yuletide splendor?

We must all return to the starlit stable (perhaps the

power shortage will encourage our journey). I know I must visit there. For it is there I will confront what are the essentials of Christmas. A child, who with no lights and no tinsel, offers hope to a fallen creation. A child, who with no wrappings and trimmings, will provide a way for all men to be reconciled to their Creator. This child's birth is the essence of Christmas. It speaks to all men. It cuts through the material concept of Christmas. It allows me to speak of this from a middle-class status to my ACO family, who lives off a welfare check.

For to speak as though the spiritual significance of Christmas transcends the physical is not to ignore the material needs of those around us. Rather, the essence of Christmas demands that each of us accept the responsibility of the pain and needs of others. We have our example in this Christ-child, who in his later years healed the sick and fed the poor, fulfilling his words with action. He charges us to do the same. Can we ignore such a command?

Winterim Chapels

by David Clark

The finalized plan for Winterim chapels has been completed by the chapel committee. The plan calls for provocative, thirty minute films on Tuesday and Thursday of the first two weeks, with worship chapels led by each of the classes on Wednesday and Friday. The third and final week features a series of discussion sessions where each student is assigned to a group of twenty-five, each of which is guided by a professor. The nature and content of the four discussion sessions will be left to the individual professors and their groups.

The four films have been chosen with their thought provoking ability in mind. The first, "Antkeeper," directed by Rolf Fosberg, depicts an overseer in a lush tropical forest who raises ants to add to the glory of the forest. The sonant comes to teach love and

obedience but is thwarted. "And They Forgot God," is set in a futuristic community where legalistic laws have displaced sensitivity and concern. "Wake Up, Charlie Brown" should provide us with a humorous look at ourselves and our hectic churchgoing chore. The fourth film has yet to be chosen by FMF.

The climactic week will involve more intimate situations with professors. Chaplain Bareiss hopes that this valuable week will enhance faculty-student relationships as they meet each other as fellow Christians.

Last year's Winterim chapels were unique in their format and the committee hopes to retain this feature. But one Winterim chapel aspect will change: this year attendance will be taken. The chapels, carefully and creatively planned, should be worthwhile experiences.

Buffalo Campus

Lambein Cornerstone Laid

Houghton College, Buffalo Campus, has a new building in the make. Slated for completion March 1, 1974, the Lambein Learning Center is a unique combination of classroom, library, and auditorium that will significantly complement the growing urban campus.

Cornerstone laying ceremonies for the center were held Friday, November 16, with more than one hundred West Seneca residents, students, and school officials looking on. Former Buffalo Bills linebacker, Harry Jacobs, represented the community during the ceremony and had this to say about the College: "I think Houghton stands for the spirit of Jesus Christ." He continued to say that as individuals, a community and as a nation, recent events have shown that we must build our lives on a stronger foundation than we have in the past. He said that God is "the strong rock" on which to build, and expressed his belief that the kind of education obtained at Houghton "offers young people of the

community a perspective on problems of the community... a perspective from which to see the challenge... and wisdom to discern" God's plan and how they fit it.

Following the remarks, the ceremony moved outside into a snowy dusk to watch West Seneca businessman, Carl Lambein, for whom the center is named, move the cornerstone into place. Assisting him were architect James Beardsley and contractor Lawrence Olson.

That night, following a buffet supper in Lyon Hall, the Houghton College Symphony Orchestra and Chapel Choir offered a public concert in the West Seneca Junior High School Auditorium. The concert featured first the Orchestra, directed by Professor Keith Clark and secondly the Choir, directed by Professor Terry Fern and culminated with the second performance of Dr. William T. Allen's "Fantasy On O Quanta Quailia" with the combined Orchestra and Choir and Mrs. Jane Allen on piano.

News of Buffalo Campus

The Buffalo Campus of Houghton College is more than moderately busy this time of year as off-campus students come in to take advantage of the campus' urban surroundings. This year sixty of Houghton's main campus students will be at HCBC during the winterim to take four main courses offered there. These courses include Urban Reconciliation taught by Dr. Willett and Mr. Hazard, and Urban Agency, taught by Assistant Professor Wayne Cox of the HCBC. Also offered will be Christian Ed. Practicum, taught by Houghton's Dr. Helen Hirsch, and Ministerial Practicum taught by HCBC's Robert Matke. This is a three week course which includes an opening week of training and lecture at HCBC, to be followed by two weeks at the University of Buffalo gaining some practical experience in evan-

gelistic service with Campus Crusade.

Also in residence at the Buffalo Campus during January, February and May 18, will be eighteen Roberts Wesleyan nursing students. The students are taking their nursing internship at Children's Hospital in Buffalo.

Another development on Houghton's Buffalo campus includes the emergence of a musical outreach team called the Master's Servants. The group was formed by Len and Ray Dueck from Manitoba, Canada, in the fall of this year. Ray's wife Robin was formerly a Taylor of nearby Cuba, N.Y. and presently works as a general secretary at the Buffalo Campus. Ray plans to complete baccalaureate degree courses next year here at Houghton. His brother Len and his wife Jan plan to go into full-time Christian service in music.



Bill Hill received the first place award for radio announcing in recent debate tournament.

Forensic Union, 1973

by Dave Hansen

The weekend of December 7 and 8 brought to a close the semester's activities for the Forensic Union, otherwise known as the Debate Club. This little publicized organization travelled to Towson State College, outside Baltimore, Maryland on Thursday morning, December 6, and returned early the following Sunday morning.

Thirty-one colleges and universities from the east participated in the Towson State Tournament. Among those competing were: The U.S. Naval Academy, U.S. Military Academy, William and Mary, Penn State, Niagara, and the University of Maryland. Against such opponents, Houghton fared extremely well: Bruce Kaiser and Phil Birchall finished the weekend with a record of 3-3, Elaine Kilbourne and Tim Harner ended with a 2-4 record.

In individual events, Dan

Woods, Dave Hansen and Bill Hill competed, showing both poise and promise. Hansen and Woods fared well in the "After Dinner Speech" category and also in "Radio Announcing." The spotlight of the weekend, however, fell on Bill Hill as he humbly accepted the first place trophy for "Radio Announcing." Considering the keen competition, this was quite an accomplishment. By placing sixth, Hill also placed in the finals of the "Oratory" category.

The accomplishments of the team in the tournament would not have been possible without the advice of Professor Rozendal. Prof. Rozendal has promoted debate activities since he has been at Houghton, and has coached the debate team in two other tournaments this season. Prof. Rozendal found the tournament to be satisfying for the immediate performance demonstrated by the team and for the improvement evidenced for the semester.

Intended

Miss Cindy Campbell, ex '74	Robert J. Reamer, USA.
to Philip T. Wanck, '76.	Honi Doetsch, '76 to Pfc.
Debbie Sharp, '76 to Spec. 5	Paul C. Rayno, NYARNG.

The Mint Act of 1792 proposed that the head of the President appear on the obverse side of all coins. The House of Representatives attacked it as being "monarchical" and substituted a Liberty head which is thought to be a portrait of Martha Washington.

Corporate Everything

by Dean C. Curry

Sen. Abraham Ribicoff has called the multinational corporation the "most significant development of the twentieth century," and perhaps the Connecticut Republican is right. Certainly investments abroad through home-based and subsidiary companies are not unique to the past three decades; on the contrary the present day multinational corporations find their root in the eighteenth century with the formation of the British East India Company. These initial primitive trading efforts in turn helped to pave the way for the giant international mining and oil companies of the early twentieth century: Anaconda, British Petroleum, Standard Oil of New Jersey and others. Yet the significance of today's variety of multinational corporation lies not in its lineage but rather in its power, power defined in terms of size and scope, affecting not only the economic but also the political and social spheres.

Today there are approximately 300 multinational corporations; needless to say the majority are American owned. General Motors, the largest, has an annual sales of \$30 billion — a sum larger than the Gross National Product of all but fifteen countries. In more identifiable terms, GM's sales would overwhelm the total sum of goods and services of countries such as Greece and Turkey; likewise Ford Motor Company's annual income is larger than Austria's GNP and Standard Oil of New Jersey's annual income is equal to the GNP of South Africa. In toto the combined annual sales of all multinational corporations is equal to 1/6 of the world's Gross National Product. Moreover, this figure is more staggering when one considers that of the total \$268 billion in pooled capital, 50% or more is controlled by just fifteen of the 300 multinational corporations. This total of \$268 billion according to a just published United States Tariff Commission Report "is virtually uncontrolled by any sort of official institution (and amounts to more than twice the total of all international reserves held in central banks and international monetary institutions in the world." In essence, the

Tariff Commission Report has acknowledged, in a *de facto* manner, the existence of the economic nation-state — the "invisible empire" of the multinational corporation.

Consequently the expansion of the multinational corporation and its innate power structure has had a twofold effect on the traditional nation-state: first the development of foreign-owned subsidiaries has come to represent a significant percentage of all exports; nowhere is this more plain than in Latin America where American-controlled subsidiaries represent 40% of all exports. Hence in the long-run the ultimate decision as to where to produce and to whom to export is no longer in the hands of the national political authorities. Raymond Vernon of Harvard has aptly shown that the total exports of American-owned subsidiaries has included a heavy emphasis on "modern production" designed to benefit the more developed nations. Therefore, the host lesser-developed-nation often times finds itself drained of its resources — man-made or natural — by a foreign parasite intent on "feeding its own."

Secondly and certainly the result of the aforementioned, the multinational corporation has succeeded in eroding the basis of national political boundaries. As the terms of geo-political power move away from the traditional emphasis on armaments to a non-military economic emphasis the effects of this trend will become more important. Nevertheless the United States has not reacted in a negative manner to this development inasmuch as U.S. tax laws facilitate if not encourage investment abroad; in fact, U.S. tax laws operate in such a fashion as to impose a higher rate of aggregate taxation on profits generated inside the U.S. than on their counterpart operating abroad.

However, this period of mutual detente between the nation and the multinational corporation is not likely to last. Certainly the uncontrolled growth of an economically independent force exercising social and political influence will undoubtedly threaten the self-perceived core interests of the nation-state whose prerogative



to sovereignty remains sacred. Yet on the other hand one can only speculate as to what affect the multinational corporation has had or will have on influencing, even determining, foreign policy.

Amidst so much uncertainty only time will eventually arbitrate the final shape and role of the multinational corporation. Senator Ribicoff has already called the 1980s the decade of struggle between the multinational corporation and the nation-state; the extent to which Mr. Ribicoff's prophecy is fulfilled will in a large part be determined by how effectively the technocrats, the managers of the multinational enterprises, and the politicians are able to transcend self-interest. Both have a place in the social, economic, and political development of mankind. When stripped of their egocentricity the nation-state and the multinational corporation compliment one another.

As theorist Alexander King has noted, the world today is characterized by an increasing degree of interdependence, a phenomena which has grown apart from the direct intervention of government. Furthermore this interdependence has primarily been precipitated by developments in science and technology, and trade in technology has been greatly encouraged by the operations of the multinational corporations. The value of this is simple; as an independent entity the multinational corporation has been able to develop, economically, many lesser-developed nations without the stigma of ideology attached to tradition-

al governmentally allocated aid programs. While in the short-run the foreign-owned subsidiaries will benefit primarily the developed nations, the long-run results for the host lesser developed nation will be increased technological know-how, more self-sufficiency, and an eventual rise in the standard of living.

Likewise the total amount of gross dollars spent in foreign investments is likely to be much larger than that of the governmental foreign aid program. By 1975 only 7% of the combined GNP of the affluent countries will be spent on concessionary assistance (only half of which will be realized). As of 1967 The International Monetary Fund could find only \$3,000 million being spent by the rich nations on aid programs. In fact, private investments for that same year totaled \$8,400 million — more than double the governmental monies.

Thus the advantages of multinational investments are obvious: by their very nature they are de-politicized and they are simply more willing to be relatively liberal with their investments than the nation who is always less certain about her returns. However, one would be naive to see the multinational corporation as an altruistic entity, always seeking the best for the lesser developed nations, just as one would be short-sighted in thinking of the nation-state as perpetually pragmatic. In reality both extremes do exist, nonetheless what is needed is the cooperation of both powers, each contributing its own unique qualities for the benefit of humanity as a whole.

The year before we entered kindergarten Karen and I played together every day. We rode our bikes and rode the heifers on Aunt Margaret's farm. We smashed frogs and nailed snakes to the cutting board, then slit them lengthwise. We stuffed grass snakes down the front of our shirts and re-stuffed them when they came out the bottom. We squeezed the guts out of pollywogs by putting them in our hands and making a fist too tightly. But I remember serious times when we talked about Karen's mom being pregnant and about being writers. Karen and I would finish school and then be roommates at a writing college.

I had decided to be a writer for a good reason. I was talented that way. Karen should have chosen to be a professional horse-lover. She had thirty-three horse statues and a one track mind. It was always on horses. I couldn't figure how she could ever be a successful writer — she couldn't switch tracks. When I was five her horsemania made me so mad I composed my first poem:

Karen is a horse-nut

She doesn't even know what
Makes a good writer.

I was already a good writer because I had practiced. I copied all my story books over by hand. It was fun to make all the letters curl the right ways. They curled just like my mom's voice and eyes did

each time she read to me. Every time Mom and I went to town I talked her into buying me a 10 cent tablet. When I got it home I carefully copied the story my mom had read the night before. I had most of my books copied by the time I entered school. Karen's mom didn't read to her.

* * *

The year I entered kindergarten I visited my grandparents every day after school. These were my father's parents but they were from Germany. Grampa always sat in a big worn rocker that had broken springs and misplaced stuffing in the cushion. Every time I visited him I ran to that rocker so fast I almost ran into his knees. Then I smiled at him and he knew that I wanted

to sit on his lap. He lifted me to his knee. I looked through his reddish-brown wire-rims into his weary eyes. Sometimes I looked above the glasses and saw those tense lines in his forehead. Other times I looked around the glasses and saw the roughness of his face. He was ugly, but he didn't scare me. I wanted to hear his watch.

Grampa took a round gold pocket watch, on a long gold chain, out of his pocket. Someday I'm going to count all the links in that chain, I thought, as I listened to the ticking. Grampa hugged me and mumbled something in German. I repeated what I thought he said. I had to remember it so that I could write it when I got home. My grandparents didn't

know much English so they warbled at me in German most of the time. Because it intrigued me, and because I didn't trust my memory, I wrote down everything they said. I then studied it so that I could intelligently converse with them. Many times in the midst of Grandma's German singing, I'd look up from her lap and babble my best imitation German. She always smiled, and paused long enough for me to finish, then continued. I never completed one of Grandma's songs in my notebook but I wrote everything I could remember.

* * *

The year I entered first grade my mom and dad gave me a baby sister. She wasn't all mine, but they said I could help take care of her. I watched my mom talk to her. I moved my lips very slowly, pronouncing my words clearly and pleasantly. I pasted a surprised look on my face and "read" my stories to her. I saved the German for when she would be older.

* * *

The years after first grade . . . I played. I read. I wrote poems. Karen got two horses. I wrote fiction and non-fiction. I wrote things I wanted to remember. Karen got married.

* * *

Now . . . I remember serious times when Karen and I talked about Karen's being pregnant and my being a writer. I write.

by Sally Keller

"O love so brief, so brief appearing
within a summer's day,
As rapture in a temple
whose colonnades are clay . . ."

by Nancy McCann

"O love so brief, so brief
appearing
within a summer's day,
As rapture in a temple
whose colonnades are
clay . . ."

Idealism is in sad shape, "Man of La Mancha's" popularity notwithstanding. It could be that mechanization and the fast pace of society have run roughshod over imagination, the lily withering in the iron glove. People's values have changed and therefore they do not hope. I don't know. I only know that the "the ironic vision" is no textbook term to smirk knowingly over. It's too close to home, a perpetual worm gnawing at the innards of humanity. More crucial than pollution of the water we drink or the air we breathe is the pollution of that rare essence that is supposed to spring eternal in the human heart — hope.

People *en masse* seem curiously callous to beauty. As far as I could figure out, one group of college students I observed in Europe were suffering from a severe case of cynicism. They went to the Continent for the food and the prestige of going, and something vaguely but enthusiastically referred to as "atmosphere." "It was so quaint! They had these little stone walls, you know, and the man spoke nothing but French. . . ." Personally, I think it's America going slumming. Jaded pilgrims to the shrines of Western imagination. I cringed at the bright orange Kodak film rolls they juggled before the friezes at Chartres. There was hell and heaven peopled in stone procession, and they were taking pictures of each other! I know, they were paying respects to somebody else's idea of culture, dutifully buying up bracelet charms and postcards at every stop. Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink. The Jews looked right past their Messiah. Well, the real cripples in this group just played the jukebox and drank Schlitz all day in the hotel bar. The ambulatories at least paid their respects to a chateau or two before fleeing to a movie. What they needed

was just to hang around, look around, asking nothing, long enough to meet people, exchange the social graces that put the frosting on our living.

The thing that bothers me more than our dullness to beauty is our dullness to people. Not only do we mistreat objects, we treat *people* as objects. Nobody expects much of each other.

There was this little grocery store I frequented in a small village in France, that had sausages hanging to dry from the ceiling — red and round, brown ones coiling intestinally, short fat ones tied with string. Big cheeses stood behind the crates of lettuce and green beans, cheeses yellow and runny or white and firm. The little ones in boxes were the local brands that my father said smelled like goats' feet. The packaged ones were bland and safe, but I risked the scorn of the clerk in buying a "manufactured" cheese. I would forfeit my pretense of being French. I looked at the plump Pillsbury-looking lady fetching things for the man ahead of me. ("Oui monsieur tres bien, monsieur . . .") She pursed her lips as she tallied up his bill on a scrap of paper, made change, ("Merci monsieur, au revoir, monsieur.") and turned to a fashionably skinny lady with bronzed skin. She wore a white peasant blouse and a fine gold chain glistened on the curve of her neck. The way she paused between orders, hand on hipbone, said "rich." The Pillsbury lady turned silent as she fetched a bit of butter, two shiny avocados. The skinny woman was violating the rules of the playful customer-hostess game, but she didn't seem to notice. She said "merci" dis-

tantly, in a sing-song, and departed from the silent shop.

I asked for a loaf of bread for my hike, explaining that the bakery was closed, but the grocerwoman regretted to say that the basket of long crusty loaves in the corner was already bought. I was in dismay. The man behind me asked to be allowed, and cut his loaf in half, placing half in my basket. Bits of crust fell on the floor. The look on his ruddy face was restrained and decent. He gazed intently at a Swiss cheese behind the glass. The game had gone too far, his action seemed to say, and one must at all costs have bread for one's hike. I tried to pay him, but he started questioning the grocer lady about the relative merits of Gruyeres and Swiss cheese. Actually, they taste about the same. I pocketed my franc and stepped out past the smiling women in line with their baskets.

Now in poetry of all places, you'd expect to find sweetness and light, right? We read Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* in a course I took, and I once pointed out a passage I found very touching, Arthur's puzzled dying words in the "Passing of Arthur" section.

O me! for why is all around
us here
As if some lesser god had
made the world,
But had not force to shape
it as he would,
Till the High God behold it
from beyond,
And enter it and make it
beautiful?
Or else as if the world were
wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men
are dense and dim,
And have not power to see
it as it is . . .

The girl on my left pushed the glasses back up on the bridge of her nose and stared at me. After a minute she said she wanted to know if I didn't think that was a little unrealistic of Arthur.

"Unrealistic?" I echoed.

"Well, yes. Like Guinevere said, he's being petulant. 'A moral child without the craft to rule.' I just can't see how he expected to keep his head in the clouds and have the knights live up to those impossible standards."

I tapped my pen on the table and found the lines I was looking for.

"On page thirty-three: 'The king / will bind thee by such vows as is a shame / A man should not be bound by.'"

"Yet," she finished for me, "the which no man can keep!" She looked up at me, and pushed up her sliding glasses.

I saw her point. I wanted to know more about Tennyson, but the girl across the table was twisting a strand of hair and the boy next to her glanced at his watch. I let it drop.

It just seemed like we should have discussed it a little more. I don't think Tennyson meant for us to swallow his pessimism so blithely, no questions asked. Lancelot and Galahad politicking against their bumpkin chief. I looked around the faces. My classmates were bored with the Round Table like they were bored with Watergate. Both were too remote and subtle to comprehend. And what bothered me was, I didn't want to fight it either.

Matthew Arnold's lines came to mind as we shuffled our books together and clattered the chairs back, pulling on raincoats:

for the world which seems . .
So various, so beautiful, so
new,
Hath really neither joy, nor
love, nor light,
Nor certitude nor peace, nor
help for pain . . .

I've been trying to repair the cracks when I see them, but it's like patching packed sand or brown sugar. Idealism is really in sad shape.

by Suzanne Nussey

— I —

Because

I was looking for a voice.

— II —

I've always figured that the only reason anyone stays here is that he can't leave — no money, no ambition, no car. Maybe I deduced this from Allegany's distinction as the poorest county in New York. Still, even the homes I've seen, dirt floors, racoon hides on the outside wall, also include a gleaming Ford or Chrysler parked in the yard. They could go. But the names on the tin mailboxes along the R.F.D. route have been here since the first settlers came from New England in 1800.

There is nothing to keep them. For the most part, farm land is poor; even the good soil is shallow and soon tired out. Factories producing minnow-traps and cheese comprise the industry. Few landmarks — the site of an Indian village now a slick green lawn; pieces of the Erie Canal; a state highway that once doubled as a race track, are the highlights of a rather dim past. Saturday night at the Tom Duffy Hotel is the one unshakable tradition.

It is not wealth or culture that keep them.

The people of this county are here, according to their reasoning, because they live here; they live **here** because this is where they happen to be. I suppose that I should say "we", not "they." But I cannot shake the feeling that I am not original — am an import. Ten years have not changed this. True, I don't get nauseous any more driving through the gray towns (they used to remind me of a Western-movie set — always wondered what, if anything, was behind the cardboard storefronts on a rainy, autumn afternoon.) And though I know my way around the backroads pretty well, I also know that I'm more an observer than a native. I am too conscious of being here. I will not stay.

They will not leave, because here the Cartwrights from Hume and the Oths from Friendship can get drunk at the Hotel Saturday night, start a brawl, and end up dancing in the streets, without fear of the law or castigation from their neighbors.

They are here because on a summer night in Wiscoy, you can hear the rush of water over rocks, and the people at the top of the hill putting their children to bed. Because you use flashlights to walk around after dark.

They are here because this place, with its comfortable poorness and lack of pretense, is where they have found a voice.

III

These are the voices I have found:

tom cat's yowl under a black sky
night trains across the river
cicada screeching summer's death
and the whimper of a coward dog;
the sound — of sap in tree tubes,
and woods after rain
the kitchen at five
— of a door pushed part way
open at midnight,
a gasp.

by Jennifer Thomas

NARRATION ON TWO SISTERS

1.	2.
with holbein fingers that touched life with the delicacy of a japanese watercolor, she fugued thought and action into life.	she could have been a brueghel peasant stomping her feet to joy or sorrow, saying 'yes ma'am, no sir' timidly to strangers.

finding that all cards were stacked, she refused to place her bet, and not winning or losing, she became a river: flowing changing, to sea, to cloud, to rain and river again.	not knowing lust or its loss, she found a man to be her father and son, and upon marriage became his darling, saying 'yes sir, no sir', and dancing to his sorrow or joy.
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ADVENT

the season of the,
of the coming,
the coming of the lord.
four weeks before the fact of
fleshly word we prepare:

1.	gather fir clippings, make a wreath, a wreath with four candles, light one a week as you prepare.
2.	collect offerings, give beyond your tenth, give gifts to poor christians who can not celebrate properly.
3.	sing (prayerfully), songs of the Messiah songs of the hope of his coming, o long expected one,when?
4.	all candles are lit, the world's light almost, almost appears. . . sum the wreath, the gifts, the songs in celebration. modern prophets clip a thousand years to a week, foretell the inevitable, see with sight. (sigh). . . we have waited, we have seen, christ has come another year.

Flak and Feedback

Dear Editors:

In reply to Tom Crawford's letter (Nov. 16) I would like to make a few remarks.

1. "the outside world and its foolish problems" aren't things we can retreat from. Houghton has, to a greater extent than most people would like to believe, some of those very same problems. They are real and they are here and we must be aware of them and must deal with them. If Current Issues Day does nothing else at least it should open our eyes to what is happening right here.

2. It is absurd to suggest that we "Leave campus on all my free afternoons" — But being aware of the problem is necessary. Last year we as 18 year olds were given the vote and its usage is absolutely necessary. As Dr. Campolo suggested — our vote can really make a difference and as Christians we should use every means we can to aid our brothers and sisters.

3. Tom Skinner said "Pour money into the slums and you will have the biggest crap game in history" because money is not fulfilling the purpose — people who are committed to helping are needed more. Tom Skinner also said "Any person who receives Christ and His power into his life will also become a radical. He can go out into a system in the name of God, directed by Godly principles and the Word of God, to change the system." And he also said "Christ was concerned about poor people. He was concerned about people who were being mistreated. Christ was concerned about freedom and justice. For those who had no interest in the needs of men, He had words of judgment. Jesus said they would be banished to everlasting punishment. And they replied "Oh, no, Lord, we're religious leaders. Lord, did we not preach in your name? We sang in the choir. We were deacons. "and we even went to a Christian College to look at you and leave those foolish problems behind.

Christ calls us to be involved and to care! Let's not try to escape but rather keep our eyes on Christ discovering that "Christ was concerned."

Thank you,
Julia Beadle

Dear Editors:

I would like to voice a protest against the recent "worship chapel" series and the brand of worship mentality to which it has caused us to be exposed, since our attendance is mandatory.

My complaint and dissenting opinion concerns the unison repetitions included in the services. This admonition is given with a loving sensitivity in Christ.

First of all is the unison quoting of "The Lord's Prayer." In Matthew 6:9, when Jesus gives His disciples a model of effective prayer which is pleasing to the Father, He says, "Pray, then, in this way . . ." N.A.S.) He does not say, "Listen up, every one, and repeat after me." Note that He prefaces this model — which, I believe, is all I can see He meant it to be — with a warning against vain and meaningless repetition. I believe that this is exactly what this form of prayer, as a unison repetition, can and will become if it is incorporated into the worship of the body of believers here at Houghton.

Second is the unison affirmation of the Apostles' Creed. Who in creation are we saying this to?! Ourselves?? Surely we know what we believe. Our fellow worshippers? I would hope that our lives would be such that they too would know what we stand for. The Lord?? Certainly He is aware of what our faith consists. I believe that such a repetition is also quite wrong and I would suggest that James' injunction, "I will show you my faith by my works," is not only an adequate response but a much more valid and practical manner of demonstrating one's trust and belief in Christ, and one with which our Father is sure to be pleased.

Finally, the unison corporal confession also seems to conflict with a Scriptural view of what true worship includes. Surely we are told to "confess your sins to one another," but is this what we are doing in this repetition?! Are we acknowledging our pride, jealousy, greed, lust, hatred, etc., to the Lord and to each other, or are we simply generalizing our depravity and sinful nature? I strongly question this type of unison confession as to its validity as a meaningful

structure in our worship as believers, its efficacy in dealing with our sins in a Biblically sanctioned manner, and also as a form of seeking cleansing and forgiveness which is pleasing to the Lord.

I hope that each of us will examine his own attitudes, motives and desires, looking into our very beings to see whether or not our corporate worship is structurally sound and edifying from a Scriptural perspective as well as the proper response which our Father desired from His children.

Sincerely,
Pete Huddy

* * *

Note: Because of the seriousness of Mr. Huddy's observations, the Editors invited Prof. Irwin Reist, Acting Chairman of the Division of Religion and Philosophy, to answer the objections. This is his reply.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I welcome the opportunity to respond to the letter of Mr. Huddy, since one of the purposes of the Chapels of 2 weeks ago was the stimulation of dialogue between and among differing Christian "mind-sets" at Houghton.

First, Mr. Huddy's letter may easily be understood as implying that the chapels were trying to legislate one type of corporate worship as final. This was not so; rather the Chapels were being offered as one kind of corporate worship which is important but not exclusive. Second, the Lord's Prayer is a model, but this need not mean that it cannot

be used in the way it was used; and notice that Jesus spoke of vain and meaningless repetition, not against repetition. He who prays the Lord's Prayer from the heart is heard. Third, the Apostle's Creed recitation occurs as part of worship which is communion with God, i.e., prayer. The objections Mr. Huddy raises against it can be used against any form of prayer, i.e., God already knows our needs, desires, etc. The New Testament emphasis on works as demonstrating faith includes the confession and declaration of doctrinal belief else we are tending to side with theological liberalism. Fourth, the General Confession is an attempt to safeguard in public worship the need for corporate recognition of the sinful state of all without trampling upon the personal lives and rights of each. The pastoral office and personal sharing are proper ways to confess the corrupt desires, and sinful acts of individuals.

In conclusion let me say that the Bible is not a codebook which meticulously legislates the form of corporate worship; rather it is a revelation which includes principles that must be functionally applied as occasion demands. One way to do this is the way suggested. Each of us should seek the freedom to worship God in all ways possible else we all become formalists.

I have tried to speak directly to each problem and in so doing have not wished to speak harshly. This is offered in the love of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Sincerely yours,
Professor Irwin Reist

Glory to God in the
highest, and on earth
peace, goodwill toward
men. Luke 2:14



May all the joys of the
Christmas Season
be yours today and always

Office of the Dean of Student Affairs

Entertainment Or Enlightenment?

by L. R. Kamp

Traditionally aesthetics has been defined as a study of the beautiful, the goal of which is the establishment of a standard against which the beauty of any particular work of art may be measured. Thus a work of art is either beautiful or it is not. Yet even a cursory glance at such a definition reveals its inadequacy in the face of many creations not beautiful but which possess artistic merit. The definition is outdated. In re-thinking the nature and aim of aesthetics some viable definitions have been offered to include all genre; however, a statement by Willi Apel (somewhat paraphrased) probably best serves the purpose: "Aesthetics is the study of the relationship of the arts to the human senses and intellect."

A question arises: does the study have relevance to all or is it in fact an activity limited to the practitioners of art, having little or no bearing upon the lives of the other members of the culture? The records of history, anthropology, and archaeology indicate that it has been a part of any civilization; there are virtually no art-less societies. Art is a fixture, evidently a permanent and necessary fixture, for over the history of man we have not yet found reason or means to rid ourselves of it.

As to its relevance as against its diversionary qualities, there is some argument, arising, I feel, more from ignorance than logic. I recently viewed a film having superior dramatic qualities and moral sense, a masterpiece in the art of the parable or the fable. Yet as the dialogue contained some objectionable language and a rather tame bedroom scene, another member of the group denounced the film as "trash." From the standpoint of socio-cultural differences and idiosyncracies, such a remark is understood (though never excusable). But his next words were striking: "... what's the purpose of this film. It's certainly not entertainment." And he dismissed the film on that basis. The film does not entertain, therefore it is not a good film.

Such a remark is, to me, representative of all that is ignorant and insensitive in the human mind — the concept of art as entertainment. Art must make you feel good? Can it not prick? To be sure man

needs entertainment or diversion of some type to relax the intellectual activity but I don't think that art is the place for it. Appreciation and understanding of art elicits not an emotional response only, but warrants the joint participation of mind and soul. But there is evidence of reluctance to exercise the mental faculties when it comes to the experience of art; some will go so far as to modify (and thus pervert) an existing art-work for their own purposes. The butchering of *Doctor Zhivago* by David Lean and his film-makers is a glaring example of artistic excellence obliterated by a capitalistically-motivated desire to succeed through entertainment. ("Look Boris, you wrote a pretty good book, okay? But it just ain't box office stuff.") In very few ways if any did Lean's film capture the spirit and essence of Pasternak's book. Still, the movie was popular and financially successful; had the producer been faithful to the text, the film quite possibly would have gone largely unheard of. The mass of the American public will not tolerate intellect when it can easily have soap opera.

Why do I rankle at the word "entertainment"? This problem is more familiar to me in the musical realm than in the other arts, and by dealing with the question on familiar ground, I think I am also speaking to parallel aspects in other art forms. Musical aesthetics for nearly 300 years has been permeated with the doctrine of affections, a belief that music is the expression of human emotions and temperaments. The doctrine came to full realization during the Romantic era, a movement which has not entirely died yet in this country. The act of listening to music lost most of its intellectual quality and became an experience of sensuous intoxication and hallucination; music was thought of as "struggle and resolution", the old "fate knocking at the door" motive.

To be sure, music is an emotionally-charged art, but it is also autonomous and can be understood in its own terms. A new school of aesthetics seeks to effect a complete divorce between the emotions of both the composer or listener and the work itself. I do not advocate this position either as it appears to be a super rationalization of the art. But I do not view aesthetics as an

"either-or" proposition; both views contribute much to the formulation of an aesthetic.

Is such a formulation necessary? I think so, in light of a prevailing view of art as entertainment or as sensuous experience. An educated person must not only deal with the "how" but must also begin to probe the "why." Others have been too busy fighting wars and teaching patriotism to be concerned with art, resulting in a culturally ignorant generation. A falling away from a truly liberal arts motivated education and a trend toward vocational specialization at a relatively early age has resulted in doctors who do not know of more than three composers and musicians who do not know how their brains work. Both are equally uneducated. And undoubtedly the most gross offender of all is the artist who will not probe his art nor concern himself with "why," who cannot articulate the nature of his work, but can only shout "if you don't understand I can't explain it."

Formulation of an aesthetic of art is important also because of the fact that we are often in a relationship to any one of the arts in the shape of televisions, radios, films, or even academic courses ("Literature of the Western World"). Yet many of these activities escape our intellectual recognition, and we sort of stumble our way through them, coming out either entertained or very bored. Technology has desensitized the human reaction to artistic experience. What is needed is large-scale education or re-education of a society oriented towards shallow

sensual perceptions of experience, an education aimed at establishing some criteria other than emotional response to evaluate the art-work.

Of course it is foolish to think anyone is going to tell you how you ought to react; there will always (and should always) be a human subjective element in response. Yet many persons claim that there is a great difference between Beethoven and Bacharach, or Bacharach and Lennon, or Lennon and Donny Osmond. What is the difference?

You see, even those of you who would not consider listening to Bach or the "long-hairs" (archaic term referring to musicians of the pro-Beethoven genre), you citizens of KB Country, make value judgments as you sit glued to the Sandy Beach show. John Lennon is better than Donny Osmond. Why? Elvis Presley is no longer number one on the charts. Why? One McCartney song is said to be terrible and another one is "great." On what basis? Serious musician and disengaged listener are alike participants in the task of aesthetic judgment.

There are I believe, three views of art; art as entertainment, art as elitist, or art as a part of life. The diversionary character of some art is acknowledged, but it is fallacy to regard all as entertainment or as a sensuous experience. There are varying degrees of contact with artistic experience, but it is certain that nearly all humans make that contact every day. What remains is art as a part of life. What is art and where does it fit in?

Arts and Letters

Houghton College Associate Professor of Music, Mrs. Gloria Bugni McMaster will be a featured guest panelist when the National Convention of the National Association of Teachers of Singing presents a forum on "Diction for Singers in the United States," Dec. 27 at New York City's Waldorf Astoria. Mrs. McMaster's field of expertise is French, German and Italian diction.

Chairing the panel of distinguished musicologists is Dorothy Uris, authoress of *How To Sing In English* one of the best-known books in college-level voice instruction.

A frequent soloist with the Buffalo and Rochester Philharmonic Orchestras, Mrs. McMaster has performed in numerous operas and oratorio concerts, made several TV appearances, and cut a record of Mozart chamber music. She holds a B.S. degree from the Juilliard School and a M.Mus. from Eastman in Rochester. She is listed in *Who's Who in American Women* and *Who's Who in the East*. A resident of Dansville, N.Y., she is the director of the Dansville Music Theater.



Last Wednesday, Dr. William Allen presented selections from his forty years of music composition.

Composer-in-Residence

Dr. William Allen

Creation is more than an act of God — it is His gift to man, manifested not only in the aspect of the created universe, but also in the subtle creative tendencies implanted within each individual. In some, the creative bent is not so subtle, does not rise to the surface only occasionally. Sometimes the creative act spans a career of years; in the case of Dr. William Allen, it is forty years since Houghton's composer-in-residence wrote his first piece of music.

In November 28 of this year William Allen presented a "Compositional Retrospective," playing works composed from his childhood until the present. What one heard, however, was not what is usually associated with music of the twentieth century; there was an absence of cackling dissonance and ear-taxing cacophony. The piano was played in a normal manner, no banging on the wood, or kicking the pedals. Dr. Allen's music, in contrast to that of many of his contemporaries, displays the element of Romanticism, an element which at a glance appears to be disappearing from the musical mainstream.

"My music, I think, is basically a reflection of myself. I am impressed and intrigued by the (compositional) devices and techniques of other composers, but it just isn't me, not now at least." Yet his music does not stagnate. In the short time that this writer has lived here, he has seen the comple-

tion of several Allen compositions, and there is definitely a progression of style. Where is it going? Dr. Allen has assimilated many of the twentieth century idioms, as was demonstrated in the November recital. Innocent simplicity is still a basic element in any of his works, but in the more recent works elements of tension are introduced. Nonetheless, tension or tragedy are not sources of inspiration for a composition.

Dr. Allen's inspiration arises from varied sources — within himself, his family, his environment. As an individual, Dr. Allen stands out in the minds of many musicians at Houghton, as he eases the pain and suffering one encounters in Theory III and IV. He is a jovial man, sympathetic to student lives, yet an exacting teacher. He and his wife maintain open and friendly relations with those whom they teach, acting as friends as well as instructors. The Allen class is somewhat more than a traditional and formal exposure to knowledge.

Has Houghton influenced his writing? Yes, to some degree Houghton has figured strongly in the act of composition. But it is not Houghton the academic community, the "halls of learning," the rules and conflicts; it is Houghton the peaceful community, the pastoral setting and tranquility. And intrinsic in all of his work is the element of love for God and man.

Winterim Concert

Gina Bachauer

Gina Bachauer, who will perform in Houghton on January 11, 1974, has thrilled audiences around the world for more than twenty seasons and has drawn the ultimate in accolades from the press wherever she plays. She has made coast-to-coast tours of the United States in all those seasons, each lasting four to five months, with numerous repeat engagements each season.

The last two seasons have been among her busiest. During 1971-72 she opened with a series of concerts with the New York Philharmonic and a month long American tour in the summer, then returned to Europe. As a Founding Artist of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, she interrupted her three months of continuous concerts to play the first solo piano recital at the Center, flew back to Europe and resumed her schedule of concerts, which included fifteen appearances in nineteen days with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. She concluded her 1971-72 season with a five month tour of the United States.

During 1972-73 Miss Bachauer appeared at summer festivals with the Chicago, Boston and Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestras, followed by a thirteen country, three months tour of Europe, playing forty-three concerts. Miss Bachauer made her second appearance in the United States, for her twenty-second annual coast-to-coast tour — a tour which was completely sold out — extending from January through May 1973.

Born in Athens, Gina Bachauer is the descendant of Austrian forebears who had settled in Greece; "Bachauer" is an Austrian name, and the family traces its lineage back to the seventeenth century. The family has lived in Greece for four generations, and Gina Bachauer feels she is Greek. She gave her first recital in Athens at the age of eight, a small program to raise money for wounded veterans. She began serious piano study at the Conservatory of Athens, but considered herself only a part-time student, her father believing that a professional career was impossible for a woman in the highly competitive international musical field. After two years at the Athens University studying law and practicing the piano far into

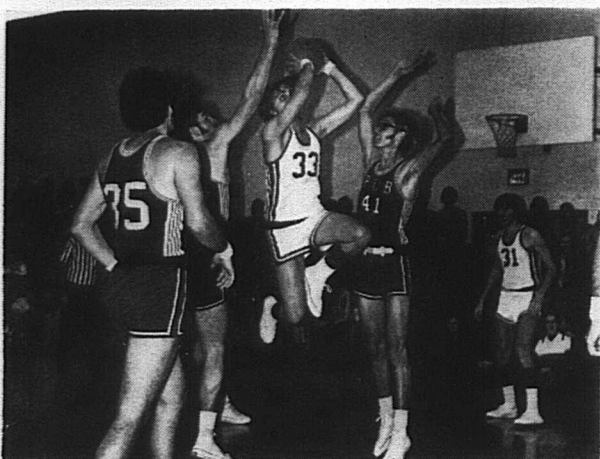
the night, her father faced the inevitable and allowed her to go to Paris to study at the Ecole Normale with Alfred Cortot. Later, she worked with Sergei Rachmaninoff.

Graduating from the Ecole Normale with high honors and with her first concerts great successes, Gina Bachauer was suddenly called home by a family crisis, gave up thoughts of a career and began teaching at the Athens Conservatory. Teaching all day, she managed, nevertheless, to practice and study at night, gradually saving enough money to venture forth again into the concert world. No sooner had she done so, however, than World War II broke out and she found herself stranded in Cairo.

During the war she played more than 600 concerts for the Allied troops in hospitals, warships and military base camps. At the end of the war she went to London to begin her career for the third time. Her first concert there created a sensation and, in 1950, her triumphant New York debut began an unparalleled career in the United States.

Every season she plays with the world's most celebrated orchestras and gives innumerable recitals. For the past twenty years Gina Bachauer has reigned throughout the world as one of the greatest artists of our time and has received many honors in various countries, the most recent being an honorary Doctor of Humanities degree conferred upon her by the University of Utah.

Typical of the critical acclaim that greets her wherever she plays is that of Harold C. Schonberg of *The New York Times*, who wrote in 1969: "Governments rise and fall and the seasons change, but Miss Bachauer's playing remains a constant — she, with her enormous technique, her big and penetrating tone, her great love for the piano as a great steed upon which to ride. Miss Bachauer has brains and is a good musician; but more, she has instinct. Her rhythm is simple, never flagging but full of delicate variation. That cannot be taught; it is a part of her way of thinking. She has a superb ear and delights in coloristic effects. That, too, cannot be taught. Gina Bachauer continues to be one of the great pianists."



Steve Wilson, evading two PCB defenders, clutches the ball firmly in both hands. He will shoot in this unusual manner.

Fubarroots Roll

by Paul Adams

Eighteen teams have been going head to head in a highly competitive Houseleague basketball season, displaying the great interest and zeal of the campus's male athletes.

The mighty Fubarroots have established their domination of the intramural action for the first semester by posting a perfect 5-0 record. Senior Panic, likewise undefeated, but with only four wins, appears to be in contention for the Class A title, but have the big game with Fubarroots remaining. This contest will most likely determine the champs for the season.

The Fubarroots have thus far rolled over all opponents in breezing to their first place standing. A well-balanced attack features Bob Burns, Gary Housepian, Tom Bowditch, Dean Curry, and Larry Cornell as the scoring punch, and utilizes all members of the squad to outrun and outscore opponents.

Results of B league action

to date shows The Boys Without Roy in first with a 3-0 slate, but Maude's Mangy Mutts could easily take over the top spot with their 6-1 won-lost record. Shank follows closely behind at 3-1.

Following is a report of A and B league standings, containing games played up to and including December 10, 1973:

A-LEAGUE

	W	L
Fubarroots	5	0
Senior Panic	4	0
Los Hombres	3	3
Duffey's	2	2
Inky's Rinky Dinks	2	2
Sons of Shenawana	2	3
Mad Bombers	1	5
Beaver Patrol	0	4

B-LEAGUE

	W	L
Boys Without Roy	3	0
Maude's Mangy Mutts	6	1
Shank	3	1
Zeke and the Freaks	4	2
Adams Family	3	3
Hazlett Raiders	3	3
Mother's Truckers	2	2
Burnt Weenie	1	4
Music Majors	1	4
Squalis Acanthia	0	6

News Brief

Houghton College received an unrestricted grant of \$800 from the Sears Roebuck Foundation in ceremonies Monday, December 10 when Mr. Howard Allen, Manager of the Hornell, N.Y. Sears Roebuck store presented a check to President Wilber T. Dayton. The grant is based upon enrollment.

Houghton College is among 92 privately supported colleges and universities in New York State and 950 private institutions across the country which are sharing \$2,750,000 in Sears Foundation funds.

Dr. Dayton told Mr. Allen that the money will be used toward debt retirement on the \$600,000 yet outstanding for the Reinhold Campus Center.

Cagers Even, 2-2

The Highlanders opened their 1973-74 basketball season by trouncing a previously undefeated Berkshire team 114-70. Houghton gained an early lead and was never challenged the rest of the way. Harold Spooner ran Houghton's fast-break almost to perfection as he handed out thirteen assists. Steve Wilson lead all scorers with 24 points while hauling down a game high 17 rebounds. Boonie Robinson also had 20 pts. for the evening. Houghton made 53 of 96 shots from the field for a sizzling 55 percent while out-rebounding Berkshire 60 to 28.

With little rest from the Berkshire game Houghton took on a strong Philadelphia College of Bible team at the Academy gym. It was a close battle for the entire game with the lead changing hands several times. Houghton, led by Spooner's 28 pts. and 11 rebounds, finally overcame P.C.B. for a 80-75 victory. Dave Clark helped with 20 pts. and Steve Wilson also added 16. Houghton was out-rebounded 53 to 40 but made five more field goals than P.C.B.

Houghton had its first "away" game when the Highlanders traveled to Elmira to meet Elmira College on the 7th. The inability to convert key opportunities cost Hough-

ton this contest as they lost 78 to 74. Spooner was high man for Houghton with 26 points. Steve Wilson grabbed a game high 16 rebounds and also chipped in with 15 pts. Houghton plays Elmira once more this season and its a good guess that Houghton will come out on the victorious end.

On Saturday, December 8, Houghton took on a tall, strong Hobart team and came out on the short end, 95 to 72. Harold Spooner fouled out early in the second half and Houghton just couldn't pick up the slack. Although the Highlanders lost there were a few bright spots. Sophomore Gary Morris played a fine game while scoring 12 pts. Boonie Robinson also added 20 points. Steve Wilson played what was probably the best game of his college career scoring 23 pts. and getting 20 rebounds — both of which are game-high statistics.

As a team Houghton has outscored their opponents 340-318. They've outrebounded their opponents 189-178. In four games the Highlanders have connected 150 of 329 field goal attempts for 46 percent.

Individually Steve Wilson is leading the scoring and rebounding with a 19 pt. and 15 rebound per game average. Spooner is second in scoring while Robinson is second in rebounding.

Drybones on Top

The Drybones are alive and well with the addition of former varsity players Dave Smith and Ron Johnson, they have stormed to a 6-0 record with just two games left to play before Christmas. Bolstered by "airport" Rhoades, "Junk" Greenway, and "Bones" Stockin, the Drybones look invincible.

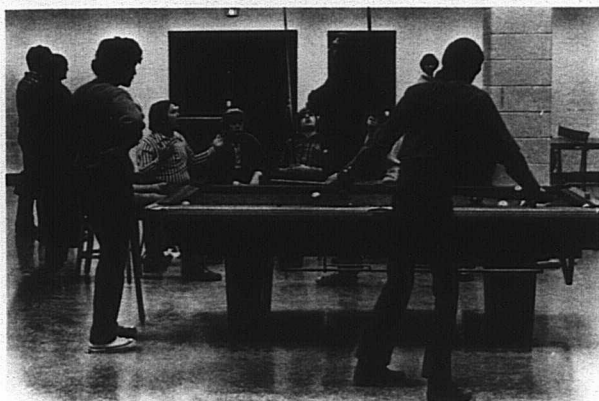
Led by Dave Miller, the Juniors are close behind the Drybones with a 3-1 record. With rookie Wes Tabor and regulars Dan Johnson and Bill Regeness, the Juniors have a new look of aggressiveness and hustle.

The Seniors with a 2-3 re-

cord have not looked impressive. They have height in Brock Baker and Jim Spurrier and shooting in Carl Tyler and Jerry Jamer but their defense has been sadly lacking. Two of the seniors' three losses have been by one point and two points.

The Sophomores are in 4th place with a 2-5 record. Faced with a lack of height, the Sophs have turned to Terry Eplee for rebounds. Their three guards, Tim Schwartz, Greg Fortune and Roy Feller are small but extremely quick. Marc Guinias has provided plenty of points with his sharp shooting but again they have lost their games on the boards.

In December, 1960, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported a patient, who complained only of swollen ankles, who was found to have 258 items in his stomach, including a 3-lb. piece of metal, 26 keys, 3 sets of rosary beads, 16 religious medals, a bracelet, a necklace, 3 pairs of tweezers, 4 nail clippers, 39 nail files, 3 metal chains and 88 assorted coins.



Mike Metcalf enlightens a throng of attentive disciples on the dynamics of pocket billiards.

Cellar Dwellers

The Boys in the Basement

by Sherm Wolfey

For about a year now the student body has been enjoying the diverse entertainments provided by the battered recreational equipment in the basement of our Campus Center. Who would guess such untold joys and simple downhome pleasure can be found right in our own stomping grounds?

Foremost, there are the congenial pool tables, worn to a dull fiberless moss from the hours of endless use they are put through by lonely Saturday nighters and callow Freshman youth striving to prove their manhood on those halloved green cushions.

The regulars here know every warped rise and each furrowed divot taken out of that sacred-green spread. And why not? What better place to forget the agonies of a bungled exam or the barbed shaft of a terminated romance? Already there are scores of folk fables surrounding certain esteemed personages who have won the precarious glory of the small-time pool hustler: the day a freshman girl trounced a senior male of no uncertain athletic ability, the time a bio major missed the ol' cue ball and plowed a trench from pocket, to pocket, or the time Mike Metcalf defeated fifty Viking Huns in a game of eight-ball.

With this I moved to the more vigorous, less addicting sports, such as shuffleboard. Perhaps everyone has danced his way across the shuffleboard courts, juggling an armful of books and a large Pepsi while hopping on one foot to avoid those whizzing red discs that shoot by to a chorus of curses from indignant coeds going a-

round with a pimply roommate or a visiting mother. Such a pastime is not without its rewards however, particularly when one finally whacks someone in the ankle and watches him drop like a downed duck to the cold linoleum. It is no wonder this game is not recommended for old ladies with foot problems.

The last of these cellar excitements is the ever popular ping pong pastime. On any given night one may watch these supple paddlers smashing, spinning and lobbing that little white ball back and forth until his opponent succumbs or the ball is stepped on by a billiard player next door.

There is no typical table tennis player, as all shapes and sizes can join joyfully into this sport. Of course, there are the "Pros" of the game: those long-limbed slammers in training suits and headbands who are perpetually puffing and perspiring like they have just run five miles. These are the smart veterans who scramble about on specially manufactured Adidas sneakers, wielding those forty dollar custom paddle jobs, handmade by a blind Buddhist monk in a Tibet monastery. At the end of a match (hour long spectacles in which the players grunt nothing but "nice shot" or lurid monosyllables) one is relieved to see the opponents relax with a smile and discuss the inferior style of a common foe or the subtleties of athlete's foot.

So the next time you're contemplating suicide before a physics exam, unwind with a little shuffleboard or pool in the nearest big building with a lot of glass around it.

Sports Editorial

by Tom Bowditch

Now that the basketball season is upon us again, a word of warning is in order: don't be deceived by the consecutive Houghton victories in the first two games of the year. It may not happen again this season.

I'm not knocking Coach Rhoades or the team. Houghton has several players of outstanding ability, and Rhoades has done a favorable job of molding this talent into a fairly solid unit. But let's be realistic — we simply don't have the talent necessary to compete against schools like Fredonia, R.I.T., and St. John Fisher. In my four years here, I've seen Houghton get totally humiliated on numerous occasions. And it wasn't a case of not trying to win. Houghton was badly outclassed.

Our basketball team would enjoy a winning season (which we have yet to come close to) if the schedule was loaded with colleges within our category, as indicated by the two wins against Berkshire and

PCB. For a small Christian college, we have a fine team. But competition against the larger state schools demands more than we have to offer. Unfortunately, Houghton simply cannot yet compete equally with such schools, at least in basketball.

Frankly, I am tired of watching Houghton get beat by 30-40 points (it hasn't happened yet this year, but it will), particularly when it isn't the team's fault. I suggest the "powers that be," whoever they are, take a close look at the situation and do one of two things: either develop an athletic scholarship fund to attract high-calibre athletes and thus compete with state universities on a respectable basis, or drop to a lower level of competition by playing only small Christian colleges.

In the meantime, don't be surprised when the same team that outclassed Berkshire by 40 points becomes the unhappy victim of similar thrashings, a la Fredonia, R.I.T. . . .

Women's Varsity V-Ball

by Mary Shaughnessy

The women's volleyball team finished their season 12 and 3 by capturing the PCAC tournament. The first match at 10:30 a.m., Saturday, December 1, found Houghton defeating the newly organized Roberts Wesleyan team in the first three games. However, the second match at 12:00 N was more challenging. Houghton won the first game with the host school Elmira taking the next two, but the Highlanders bounced back in the next two games to win the match and the tournament. Darlene Ort was named to the all star team as was Janice VanSkiver from Roberts, twin sister of sophomore starter, Janet VanSkiver of Houghton. Success did not come as easily to the women at the state tournament as they

ran into trouble getting started. Traveling to Geneseo Friday night, November 16, the ladies lost to a well drilled Dutchess team. On Saturday the first match was played against Fredonia with three hard fought games, Houghton ending on top. Brooklyn was next on the schedule, and the women fought hard after losing the first game. However, Brooklyn came back in the third game to win the match. Brockport ended victorious defeating Brooklyn in two games.

This year's team had eight seniors: captain Carolyn Leach, Donna Cole, Barb Jones, Nancy Clow, Nancy Earhart, Carmen Morales, Merita McKenzie and Mary Shaughnessy. The leadership, help and knowledge of all the seniors was greatly appreciated by everyone on the team.

The greatest number of children produced by one mother is 69 by the wife of the Russian, Fyodor Vassilet. In 27 confinements she gave birth to 16 pairs of twins, 7 sets of triplets, and 4 sets of quadruplets. She became so famous that she was presented at the court of Czar Alexander II.

The 14th of January is celebrated as Mallard Night at All Souls College, Oxford, in commemoration of the discovery of a very large duck in a drain when digging the foundation of the college.

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