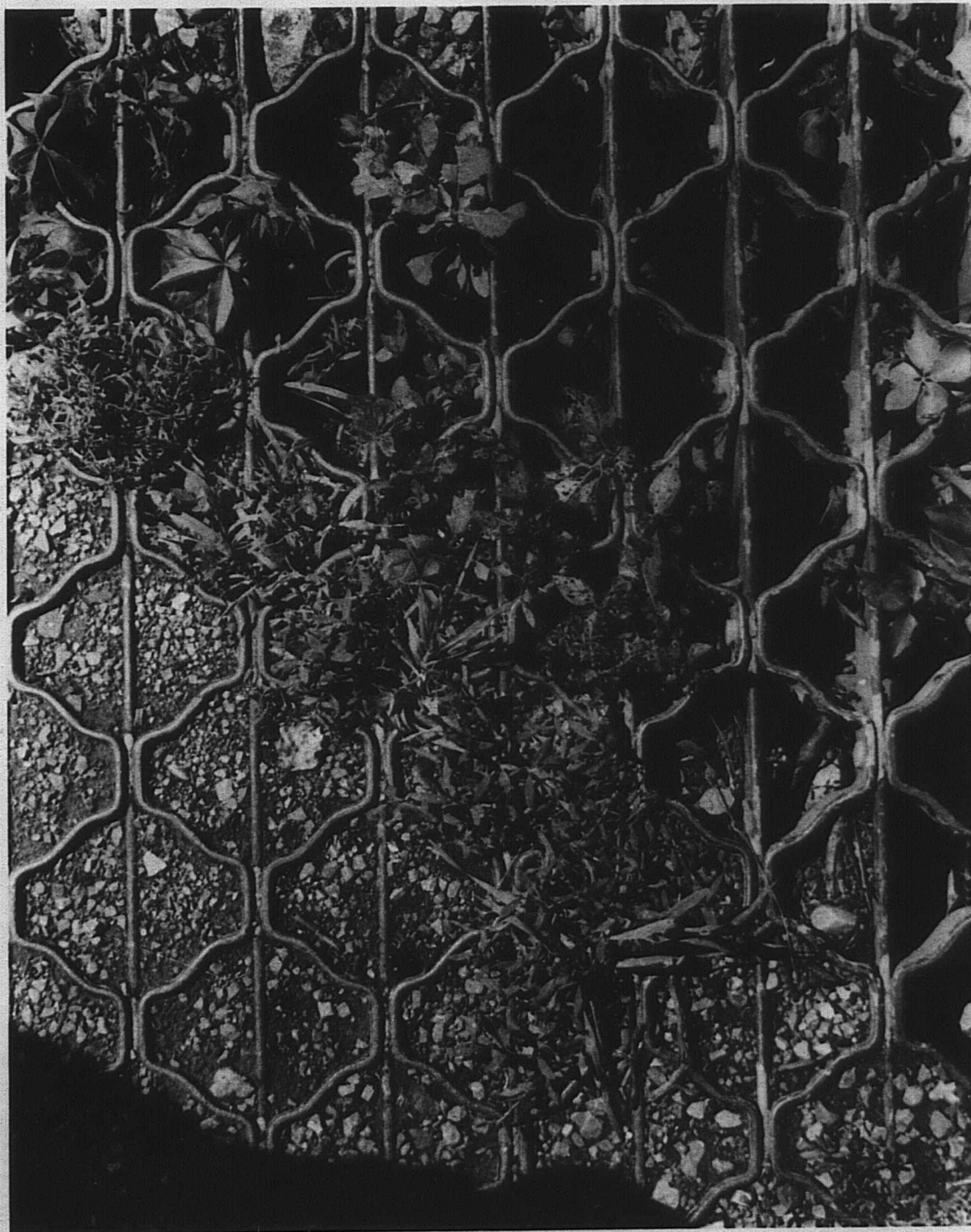


the houghton star



the houghton star



oh, and one more thing...

There's already more summaries of the year on the table than any medium sized mule can chew, so I'll try not to make a nuisance of myself by adding too awfully much to the pile. I do have a few short thoughts, though, that might last me the rest of my life if I'm faithful to them.

Ask a question to see if the year did me any good: Am I any wiser, and did I even learn anything about wisdom? I ask this question instead of other ones because I hear God talking often and vehemently about wisdom, and I rarely hear him give 'liberal arts' or 'education' even a passing reference. I think I may have learned what wisdom isn't. It isn't knowing smart type things, or snappy answers. It probably has more to do with knowing when *not* to insert what I think is right than knowing just what to insert.

It may have something to do with creativity — a creativity in thinking about life that anyone can exercise from farmers to physicists. It is never limited to the formally educated. The writer of Proverbs seems to think that it is available for anyone who will listen. I had better have been watching for wisdom this year, or else I have wasted a lot of time.

The path to wisdom is no more aptly placed in the universities and colleges than it is in the supermarket. The reason is this: Wisdom is not knowledge of this world, but rather an understanding of what God sees. There is no other path to true wisdom than to be right with God. The rest of the things that I may have learned this year amount to a notebook full of passwords — useful as they get me in the places I want to go in this world, but limited to this world. Wisdom may arrive alongside of our education, but there is no reason to think that it is contingent on the things we learn here.

Proverbs 8 says these things better than I could ever hope to. Time to get some rest — to sit and listen for a while.

J. Craig Henry

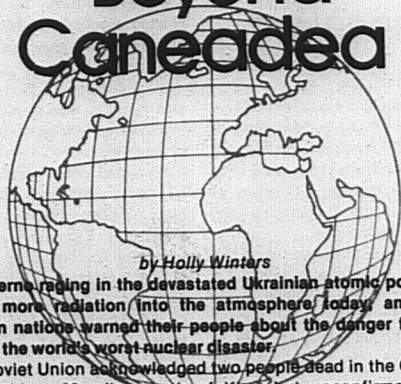
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The *Houghton Star* is a weekly publication representing the voice of the students of Houghton College. The *Star* encourages thought, discussion, and the free exchange of opinion; but the opinions expressed herein do not necessarily represent the views of the *Star* or of Houghton College or the editors. The *Star* encourages signed letters to the editors, however, the editors reserve the right to edit all contribution. All letters for inclusion must be submitted by 9:00 am Tuesday. The *Star* subscribes to the Washington Post Writer's Group, the Universal Press Syndicate, and the National On Campus Report.

Beyond Canada



by Holly Winters

An inferno raging in the devastated Ukrainian atomic power plant spewed more radiation into the atmosphere today and several European nations warned their people about the danger from what could be the world's worst nuclear disaster.

The Soviet Union acknowledged two people dead in the Chernobyl plant accident 60 miles north of Kiev, but unconfirmed reports reaching the West indicated a much higher toll.

Radiation spread more than 1,000 miles over much of Europe and prompted Sweden to warn against drinking contaminated rainwater and Austria to advise parents to keep infants indoors. Children lined up at health centers in Poland for medication against possible radiation poisoning.

Several European leaders angrily demanded that Moscow explain why it had not quickly alerted the world to the disaster, which was first detected in Scandinavia on Sunday but not confirmed by the Soviet Union until Monday. West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Gensher urged the Soviets to shut down all power plants similar to the Chernobyl facility.

The Soviet government issued a terse statement Tuesday saying two people were killed and four communities evacuated because of the disaster. A Soviet official visiting Washington said that less than a hundred people were injured.

But other reports indicate the accident was of unprecedented proportions, and thousands of residents were fleeing "the death and fire." One top US official called it "the most catastrophic nuclear disaster in history," and experts warned of long-term health problems.

Dutch amateur radio operator Annis Kofman said he picked up a broadcast late Tuesday that appeared to come from near the crippled plant in which an unidentified ham operator said two reactors were on fire and "many hundreds dead and wounded." Kofman quoted the Soviet ham radio operator as saying, in a voice full of emotion: "We heard heavy explosions. . . you can't imagine what's happening here [with] all the death and the fire. I don't know if our leaders know what to do because this is a real disaster. Please tell the world to help us."

Unconfirmed reports state that approximately 15,000 people have been evacuated from Pripjat and taken to Kiev, 80 miles north of Chernobyl.

To Soviet citizens accustomed to reading between lines of official government newspaper *Izvestia*, the thick black borders around the small front-page story on the Chernobyl nuclear accident meant only one thing: death.

The afternoon newspaper's report on April 30, 1986 was brief, but the two thick black lines are rarely used, and only for major accidents such as airplane crashes and for deaths of Soviet leaders.

The *Izvestia* report and a brief announcement on Soviet television, along with word of mouth in the streets of the capitol, were enough to alarm the Soviet people. "Now it seems we're sitting on a nuclear time bomb," said a young Muscovite.

"Listen, when they [the official press] say there has been an accident, and then say it is a disaster, you know it is serious, very serious," said a middle-aged Moscow man. "The problem is there is so much we don't know, and it worries us."

news Graduation Stuff

HCP—Some 240 Houghton College seniors are expected to graduate during commencement ceremonies Sunday, May 11. Historically, commencement has always been on the Monday following the Sunday baccalaureate service. One hundred fifty-eight students will receive their diplomas that day, although 27 completed their course work in January. The remainder will complete degree requirements in August.

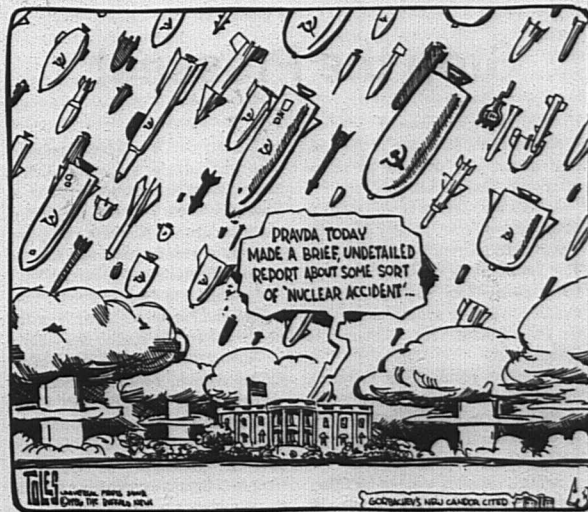
Alumnus and physician-author, Richard Dominguez, will deliver the commencement address at 2:30 pm. Giving the baccalaureate sermon at 10:00 am will be Wesleyan World Missions general secretary Wayne W. Wright. Following the graduation ceremonies, Dominguez, Wright, and emeritus professor of music, John Andrews, will be granted honorary degrees.

Dr. Dominguez, chief of staff at Glendale Heights Community Hospital in Illinois, attended Houghton for three years and was then accepted directly into the University of Chicago School of Medicine without ever completing a bachelor's degree. An orthopaedic consultant, he will be traveling next July as supervising physician for the US swim team at the Friendship Games in Moscow. Dr. Dominguez has written numerous articles for professional journals and is the author of *The Complete Book of Sports Medicine and Total Body Training*. His latest volume,

The Teen Body Book, will be published this fall. The Dominguezes have nine children ranging in age from 1-18.

Rev. Wright, a graduate of Asbury College, Butler University, and Marion College, served in the US Navy and spent 19 years as a missionary in the Philippines. Since 1970 he has served in various administrative positions with the Wesleyan Church. In 1984 he was elected general secretary of World Missions and is currently responsible for overseeing the work of missionaries in 41 countries and territories.

Professor Andrews, a graduate of Rochester's Eastman School of Music, played in three ensembles during college, including the Rochester Philharmonic, receiving in 1982 a B.Mus. in violin and in 1933, a B.Mus. in music education. Before beginning his Houghton teaching career in 1935, Andrews was a violinist for WBEN radio's string trio and with the Buffalo Philharmonic. He has served as concertmaster for area civic and community symphony orchestras, including the Houghton Orchestra from 1948-55. He is a former treasurer for the New York State Music Teacher's Association. In 1967 the music alumni named him teacher of the year. Since his retirement in 1974, Professor Andrews has given private lessons in his home studio and remains active in several professional organizations.



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Caution: This may be Hazardous to Your Health

"If a foreign agent wanted to poison the American people, he wouldn't change US hazardous waste policies one iota," charges Hugh Kaufman, director of the Environmental Protection Agency's waste program.

Kaufman will speak out on the subject of "The Great Hazardous Waste Scandal" on May 22, 8 pm in Wesley Chapel.

Kaufman is perhaps the most controversial figure in the environmental movement today. Known as the "whistle blower" in the recent EPA political scandal, his outspoken criticism of the Reagan administration policies have frequently made na-

tional news.

His testimony before Congress in 1978 was instrumental to exposing the "Love Canal" case. As one of the authors of the SUPERFUND Act, designed to control toxic wastes, Kaufman was at the center of the controversy which erupted when EPA administrators Ann Gorsuch and Rita Lavelle were accused of political misuse of the fund.

An engineer by training, Kaufman has been with the EPA since 1971, when the agency started. He is currently Assistant Director of the Hazardous Site Control Division in Washington.

Stop the Presses!

by Lorry Arnold

Allen Smith, manager of the college press, has decided to retire after forty years of service.

Allen's wife Esther is also retiring after working over twenty years as a part-time secretary for the press. The Smiths hope to spend some of their leisure time visiting their six children who are spread out across the United States from California to Connecticut.

In making his decision to retire, Smith thought that "forty years was a good time to quit," and that it is very important to "quit while they still want you."

Smith's vacancy will not be filled, per se, rather the college press will

be leased out to another company who will manage the press. Robert Beach, from Registered Graphics in Randolph, New York will be running the print shop. Other print shop employees currently working for the press will retain their positions.

According to Donald Frase, Controller and Personnel Director of the college, the main reason the college is leasing the press is to prevent having to invest money in maintaining and improving the equipment. Frase stated that it could cost from \$50,000 to \$150,000 just to maintain the present equipment. The Registered Graphics Company already has their own sophisticated machinery.

Staff recognized

HCP—Houghton College President Dr. Daniel R. Chamberlain cited 21 full and part-time employees—faculty, staff and administrators—and trustees for a combined 325 years of service at a recent Thursday evening staff recognition dinner.

For 40 years of service with the college, Mr. Allen Smith selected a gift of his choice. College press manager, Mr. Smith is the second generation of his family to work at the print shop. He graduated from Houghton College and served with the U.S. Navy in World War II. Al, who will retire in July, and his wife, Esther, have six married children.

Dr. Robert Luckey, former vice-president in development and past director of public relations at Hough-

ton, received recognition for 35 years of service.

Noted for 30 years of service were Ms. Alma Foss, Pioneer Food Service secretary, and Dr. Edgar Norton, associate professor of music education and music education coordinator.

Vice president for finance, Mr. Ken Nielsen, was given a watch in honor of his 25 years of dedication to the college.

Awarded gifts of their choice for 20 years with the college were: Mrs. Esther Burke, purchasing agent; Mr. Richard Jacobson, professor of mathematics; Mr. Larry Mullen, professor of Bible and philosophy; Dr. Donald Munro, professor of biology and head of the department; Mrs. Esther Smith, college press secretary (retiring with her husband); and Mr. Warren Woolsey, professor of New Testament and missions.

Ten employees and one trustee received gifts for 15 years on the job; another nine received gifts for 10 years of service.

Scholars Cited

HCP—Houghton College academic dean, Dr. James Barnes, has announced the honor students of the college's 1986 graduating class. At commencement of May 11 eight seniors will graduate summa cum laude while 26% of the 226 member class will qualify for honors. (Three Buffalo campus students will graduate with honors to complete a four-year degree program at the Suburban Campus).

Valedictorian for the class with a 3.983 cumulative grade point is James L. Mullen of Houghton, NY. The son of Professor and Mrs. Laurence Mullen of Seymour St., Houghton, James will complete his B.A. degree in May, having majored in English and secondary education with a minor in Bible. This past semester James has done his student teaching in English at Greece (NY) Central School in Greece, NY. He hopes to teach secondary English in an area high school and later pursue a graduate degree. Mullen has been named

to Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities and has received the Bev Taylor English Award. He is a member of College Choir and the English Expression Club. A Co-Captain of the varsity soccer team, he was recently named Academic All-American. Academic prowess runs in the family, Mullen's older sister was salutatorian in 1976.

Carole Buckwalter of Andover is salutatorian with a 3.895 cumulative grade point. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Buckwalter, Carole will complete her B.S. degree in May, having majored in mathematics and secondary education, with a minor in biology. As a student Carole has been a member of Women's Choir for three years, a chaplain in the German Club for two years, and Sword Bearers, a scripture memorization group. Miss Buckwalter wants to teach 7th-12th grade math at a school in Albany or attend graduate school in South Dakota.

"What could go wrong on a day like this?"

—Gumby

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sports

Track Conquers Eastern District Championship

by Ron S. Kerr

In a combined effort of tremendous talent, the Houghton College Men's Track team ran to a first place finish in the Eastern District Championships last week defeating Kings College by four points (58-54), while the women narrowly lost to Kings by two points (56-54).

In competition against Kings, Roberts Wesleyan, and Baptist College, the Highlanders were able to capitalize on both a strong sprint and distance squad. First place finishes by a host of individuals were crucial for the victory. High scorer for the team was Paul Allen, finishing first in both the 100 and 200 meter dash. Finishing first in the high jump at 6' 1" was a junior, Bill DeHeer. Finally, the men's mile relay team, consisting of John Monroe, Greg Gidman, Eric Pendleton, and Wes Dunham, sealed the team's victory by taking a first place in their event.

The woman's squad came a heart-breaking two points short of also winning the district title. First place finishes by Mary McCollough in the 800 and 1500 meter runs, and Cindy Antisel in the high jump made the Highlanders an extremely competitive team. Yet in the end, Kings managed to pull it off, winning 56-54.

Three new college records were set at the meet. Wes Dunham powered his 6' 4" frame to a 1:58.1 finish in the 800 meter run, smashing the old record by seconds. The Button sisters, Stephanie and Julie, had a tremendous day, both breaking previous school records: Stephanie in the 400 meter hurdles with a 72.3, and Julie in the triple jump with 32' 1/4".

Both the men and women's teams are having tremendous seasons. "We've all worked incredibly hard, and I think it is working off", says Bill DeHeer.

Baseball Swings Away

by Roscoe Duttweiler

The HC varsity baseball team, after a hard week of practicing in the bright sun of beautiful Florida, responded with back-to-back wins over a tough Central Wesleyan squad in South Carolina. Behind homeruns by senior co-captain Joel Steindel and junior Josh Merrill, Houghton was able to hold off Central 6-5 and 11-10. Sophomore Chuck Janke and Merrill picked up the wins.

Following the disappointment of games rained out, the team was back into action vs. Pitt-Bradford. Without a lot of time for practice due to the weather, the Highlanders dropped the twin-bill but not without a fight. Playing on an unfamiliar field in Belfast under cool, cloudy conditions, the Highlanders lost the first game 3-2 in 10 innings. Excellent defensive play kept Houghton in the game but lack of bat power resulted in Houghton being on the short end. The second game was also a loss for

Houghton 7-2. Again, poor hitting was a major cause for the stumble.

On Saturday, April 19, the Highlanders played host to Roberts Wesleyan. Many fans came out to encourage the squad and enjoyed the excitement of college baseball. The results of this double header were much more in favor of Houghton. After losing the first game 5-4, Houghton rebounded with a convincing 10-1 win. Sophomore Brent Thompson pitched a superb game allowing only one hit, none out of the infield, and striking out 13. Solid defense and good all-around hitting helped power Houghton to the victory. In the first game senior Greg Harvey hit a homerun in the losing effort.

The Highlanders fell to 5-6 after five games last weekend; two victories against Daemen on Friday, two losses on Saturday against Genesee, and a single loss last Monday against St. Bonaventure.



No Pain, No gain

by Ron Kerr

I have always thought that aerobics are nothing but a waste of time—overweight, middle-aged, pregnant women wearing gray sweatpants, jumping up and down in front of a short quasi-male on TV was not my idea of fitness. These people were nothing more than junk food addicts whose Yuppie mentalities had found a way to correlate Captain Crunch and Madonna.

When it was suggested that I write a story on these "pseudo-athletes" and their bi-weekly activities in the auxiliary gym, I chuckled and thought of myself doing a live interview with some hefty babe in the pretzel position, "exercising" her left index finger to the beat of Chariots of Fire. This was going to be an easy assignment.

I thought it only appropriate that I spend an evening with "the gals" going through one of their "workouts" so as to get a first hand account of what happens. Tossing the idea to some male friends at dinner in a "wouldn't it just be hilarious to go to aerobics" tone of voice, I cajoled three of them into going (perish the thought of being seen in aerobics by yourself—there is safety in numbers).

My suspicion grew when the hefty babes never showed. Of course their suspicion was never expressed, and I glanced over at my comrades with a little smile and said sarcastically, "I'm tired already." We laughed.

Our leader found the presence of four males most interesting, and introduced us to the other participants. With a little smile she said they would

use the "easier" workout on our account. They laughed.

The next fifty minutes is somewhat of a blur. Pain is the only thought that comes to mind.

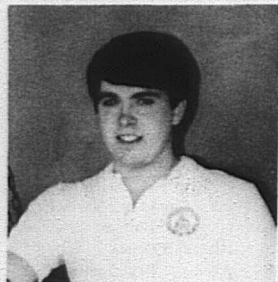
After ten minutes of stretching, lifting and holding my body in a variety of positions to the beat of "Footloose," my fatigued frame was informed that warm-ups were over, and that the regular workout was about to begin.

Nervous glances from each of my compatriots throughout the session revealed the same thought; this was not the same aerobics that I'd seen on TV. These aerobics were causing perspiration and pain. I was sweating, sweating profusely.

I lifted, stretched, twisted, turned, contorted, hoisted, and held my body in so many positions for so many repetitions that it has all merged into one fatiguing thought. I do recall lying on my back holding my legs out in front of me until my stomach burned with pain. Oh, and I do recall being down on my hands and knees, lifting my bent leg outward in a continuous painful motion, an exercise known as the "hydrant." There were also parts that may have been interpreted as dancing, yet sex was the furthest thing from my mind.

It's been three days since my aerobics experience and my body is just now returning to a state of peace. There is nothing easy about aerobics. If you don't believe me, try it. Besides a fantastic way of exercising that is great for your body, you might even get a date. I did.

Senior



"I am the one who changed..."

The door slammed into place as I dropped on my bed and inspected the array of boxes and clothes jammed into my room—my new room. Gao did not appear very new, but the faces which washed by me were new. The people, buildings, music, accents, et al., differed from what I had known. Although I anticipated many of these changes, I did not expect to find any major differences in the ways that people thought. Except for a few radicals (few, as in "close to three"), I believed that all students and faculty would be pro-Reagan, pre-millennial, pro-capitalism and pro-Wesleyan. How was I to know that so many people did not know the basics of ultimate truth?

Four years later, I find that I am the one who has changed. I now recognize that all information which I receive comes with a bias or from a particular frame of reference. I realize that most of my values as a freshman came from my parents perspective. Houghton has performed its extensive unction, preparing me for the next world as a critical thinker. I have been trained to critically evaluate and question the validity of the philosophies and presuppositions of others.

The Master and a man met one day. As they traveled together, the Master discovered that one of the man's hands was crushed and bruised. The Master asked the man if he was in pain. For minutes he listened compassionately as the man relayed the searing pain and mental anguish which he felt. The heart of the Master was moved and He told the man that He could make him better again. The man burst into a tirade, claiming that healing was not a simple matter. The pain had caused him great suffering for years. He whimpered that no one could understand.

The Master responded that He had healed other hands. The man said he wished he could be healed, but it could not be. No one could understand. The problem was too complex. His life was bound by fate and it would ruin him. He could not continue with just one hand. In a fit of self-pity, he turned to the Master seeking sympathy.

The Master was gone.

This adaptation of a story written by Calvin Miller reflects an attitude than can be found on our campus. Armed with the skills of critical thinking, we discern areas which need improvement, but often we make no effort to rectify the problem. We revel in working with dilemmas. In fact, we enjoy this so much that we do not want to let the problems go after we have resolved them. Often we do not work to resolve issues; we only work to march forth into debate. I fear that many of us do not wish to be healed from areas which need improvement.

We are satisfied that we know what the proper response to a situation should be and would rather indulge in self-pity. I hope that at Houghton we not only try to become critical thinkers, but practitioners of our critical thinking. If we do not practice what we think, we become salt which has lost its savor.

No person is so helpless as the man in whom joy and misery sleep comfortable together.

No physician can give health and happiness to the man who enjoys his affliction. For such a man health and happiness are always contradictory.

—The Singer

Jim Leningier

"I entered school as a shy... silly freshman."



change (chanj) Denotes a making or becoming distinctly different and implied; either a radical transformation of character or replacement with something different.

Houghton has changed a lot over the past four years. For instance, do you remember when: ice cream was served on line? the president jumped out of the homecoming cake? WJSL broadcasted in the fine arts building? hot air balloons floated above the quad? the "short cuts kill" signs appeared and disappeared?

class of '86 moves on. But the changes that took place from my own "Houghton Experience" will always remain part of me. Looking back, I can now say change is good, but while going through the changes, it was far from the pleasant.

I entered school as a shy, dependent, silly freshman, and it was wonderful! I found security in the constant, unchanging activities such as going to dinner at 4:45, eating popcorn Thursday nights, and venturing to Gao on open house. all with the same small group of people who grew to be my closest friends. I never realized the extent of my love for these friends, until changes took place. Time would soon take them away from me. One morning, while sitting in chapel, I found myself disillusioned as the chorus of "Friends are Friends Forever" repeated endlessly. Change hurt and I hated it.

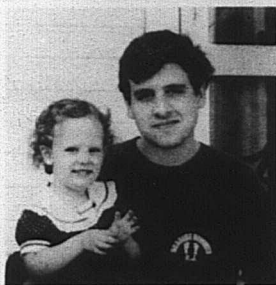
Yet through all of the pain (of change), I recognized the inadequacies and failures of my own being, and of my need for God's constant love. Furthermore, my friends had helped me to become Real. The Skin Horse of The Velveteen Rabbit says it all:

When a child [friend] loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but really loves you, then you become Real. It doesn't happen all at once. You become. It takes a long time. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. . . In the end the hurt and the change does not matter at all, because you are loved.

Looking forward to graduation, I know that there will be new changes in my life, but I am prepared to face them, knowing that friendships are part of my identity, and that my God is solid and sure.

Barb Vogt

Essays



"Don't be afraid to argue..."

A senior essay... I suppose this should be a sniffing salutation to the "ole Alma Mater." Well, walls and files do not a college make. If "alma mater" is meant to be a collective term representing the people that support, run and teach at a particular institution, then I may have some words of thanks (and some accompanying sniffles). Yet I will spare you and try and thank those people individually (besides, I'm limited to 500 words). I would rather leave a few words of aquired wisdom (fairly new to me, old in the scheme of things) to those students that remain and bother to read this issue of the Star.

To save time, effort and printers ink, I've listed each issue to address some particularly salient or irritating points.

1. Forget your GPA. Ten years from now, no one will care. Just do the best you can do every day for every class. A grade does not determine what you know.

2. Don't be afraid to argue. Too many Houghton students are afraid to argue (in the purest sense of "argue"), either because they don't want to be "devisive" or they aren't sure wether what they are arguing for is "right." But how else will you find out if you are right or wrong (since you're not sure) unless you test your theories, ideas, beliefs (oh my) against those of others. Just don't be abrasive—if it gets emotional, drop it.

3. Abandon relativism. (The modern epidemic of relativism scares me). Too many students acquire a modicum of critical skills, turn those skills on their own beliefs, to find (at least they think they find) that their own beliefs are "no better than anyone else's." This may be true. But don't be so quick to abandon your faith because your neophyte critical skills discovered a few flaws.

There is a truth, a right (and a wrong). (I'll leave it to you to find the answers, but I can assure you the answers are found in the Bible.) Sure, some articles of faith are based on unproven assumptions. So? When you were a child you assumed you would stay on the ground—you had no conception of gravity. Does your further understanding of gravity change its affect on you? Of course not. So beware.

4. (related to #3). Be willing to take a stand. To quote Kennedy (republicans are fond of that these days): "We must think like men of action, and act like men of thought." Be courageous, put yourself to the test. So you don't have all the answers? Who does? Yet, be willing to say "bases on what I know..." Don't get hamstrung by the attitude that you must "have examined all sides" before you can come to a decision. Do the best you can with what you have been given, whether knowledge or counselors. A trully educated person (especially a Christian) knows when to say "this is right, and this is wrong."

5) Respect civility, manners, traditions, and morals. Such are the lubricants of society, allowing us to interact without becoming too abrasive.

6) Never criticize anything, anyone, or any idea more than you have already criticized yourself.

and a few words about marriage:

Don't go looking for the "perfect mate" (unless you are perfect). Rather, look for someone whom you are willing to work with. Marriage is like gardening; the work can be made much more enjoyable if you can see the fruit while you're turning the ground.

Oh yes, an old favorite, the "Three stages of education:"

1. You know nothing—yet you're not aware there's anything to know.
2. You know something, yet you think you know everything.
3. You know only one thing for certain: how little it is you know.

And finally, a quote from Lincoln, which makes good sense: "You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift. You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer. You cannot further the brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred. You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn. You cannot build character and courage by taking away man's initiative and independence. You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves." The wisdom comes in knowing what it is that men could and should do for themselves, and then reaching out and helping them achieve that stage.

I cannot end without a public thank you to Professor Kay Lindley. Those that know her will understand why I singled her out. Also, a thank you to Mr. Bob Brown—he is constantly trying to live by the aforementioned Lincoln quote. Fortunately, he helped us. And finally, a Thank You to my wife Janet. You and Melissa have made it all worthwhile.

Dan McCormack

"Don't live boring lives."



After wondering what to write these past three days, and trying two or three drafts, I've discovered that either I don't have much of an opinion or that I'm subconsciously not willing to share it, which is no surprise to me. The same thing happened with my senior quote for the Boulder, which I ended up changing twice (to the chagrin of the editors) and having the quote actually say very little about me personally.

I'm satisfied with the outcome of my "Houghton Experience" because perhaps I ended up receiving what I originally came to Houghton for: an education (as much as four years can give anyway), and some leadership experience. Whether that means anything or not remains to be seen, but I'm not too concerned about it.

I've appreciated the opportunities Houghton has afforded me, and the people who have succeeded in understanding me. All in all, I guess I have gotten a pretty good deal out of this lib'ral arts thing.

Things I liked best: Spring and Fall, music-building sounds, art classes, Charles Bressler, "community unity," and Betty the Cat.

Things that weren't so hot: Chapel, the INHERENTLY-GOOD country setting, Winter, and Frankenchristians.

Things not worth worrying about: grades, engagement pre-graduation, the Pledge, and what to wear.

Some important additions Houghton could consider making would be to emphasize creativity in more areas than just fine arts, to encourage students to develop creativity within their own lives, and not to worry so much that "different" is somehow evil.

This is all I have to say, except thanks a lot and don't live boring lives.

Sue Budz



"Presbyterians can be okay; I'm planning to marry one."

This is my fourth and final appearance in the *Houghton Star*. Appearance #1 saw me as part of a cover photo (not during the 85-86 Cow Year). Next I answered a "Man on the Street" question. And then last week I was honorably mentioned in Ron Kerr's volleyball article. So, I haven't been all that outspoken with my opinions and thoughts on life/existence at Houghton. My few letters to the editor never saw the world beyond my wastebasket.

Some of my opinions got vaguely categorized last week on the familiar groan-provoking "Environmental Survey." I groaned appropriately as I evaluated Houghton on academic, social, and religious matters. But each opinion describes only the small part of Houghton that I saw and made my own. Everyone sees and makes something different.

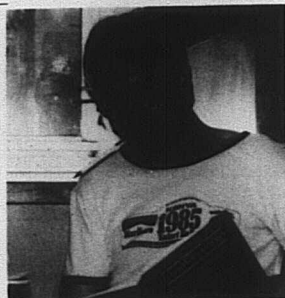
What I am saying is, Houghton is what you make of it to be. An overused statement, perhaps, but it won't be true of just anywhere. Here, if you're a committed Christian, you'll find friends. If you like to get drunk on weekends you'll find friends (or so I hear). And so on, for practically every combination of lifestyle characteristics. Houghton can be most anything. Academically, this is true too. We've all heard lines like, "If you take the course from Prof. X you'll learn a lot, but Prof. Y is an easy A." I make the choice, and I create part of my own picture of Houghton. My opinions are based on my decisions.

To change the subject . . . the biggest way I've changed at Houghton is in open-mindedness. At extremes, open-mindedness can be bad. It can be a spineless excuse to have no convictions. I hope I haven't changed to that. But I have learned to be more accepting of people. As for many of us, Houghton was the first place where I was plopped down to live with people very different from myself. Different church denominations—that was something I knew very little about. I was raised in an Assembly of God church, and knew only a specific set of doctrines. (No, I've never danced in the aisles, or between the pews either.) I also had a glimpse of Presbyterians, having visited a few churches a few times with high school friends. I concluded that for the people there, church was a social activity. Their Christianity did not change their lives. Here at Houghton, I finally grew to understand different doctrines and beliefs. Through discussions, debates and deep contemplation, I have reached four conclusions. First, on the issues that theologians have debated for centuries, I am content to have no answer. Second, God is not impressed by man's intellect, logic or "wisdom." Third, the quality with which I serve God is not dependent on the answer to the creation-evolution debate, nor on what percent of my salvation is predestination and what percent is free will. Fourth, some Presbyterians can be okay; I'm planning to marry one.

The essay has not had a central theme, so I'll continue that trend and tell you what I'm learning in school. This semester in Chemistry, I learned about quantum mechanics—a field that seeks to explain what nobody understands. The saying goes something like this, "The first time you learn quantum mechanics, you don't understand it; the second time you think you understand it; the third time you realize you didn't understand it before, you still don't know, and you probably never will. By this time it is too late to change your major. At least in Chemistry we get to make pretty colors and play with expensive equipment.

Barbara J. Carini

"It's not really all bad here, honest. . ."



Dear Craig and Gerry,

I just got your note requesting that I do a senior essay. One question: you guys still remember me? I haven't written you in months.

So, you want an essay? What can I say? My pen's been capped this semester, except for assignments. Thanks for considering me, but I'll have to say "no, sorry, unh-uhh." Really, you probably should find someone else.

I don't know what I could say of any worth anyhow. I'm sure you'll get a handful of the traditional what-Houghton-means-to-me and Houghton-friendships last-forever type essays. I'm sorry, but I'm not up to that. Not that I found Houghton meaningless, or that I'd give up my friends (what, you have friends?), but I'd rather not spill my guts all over the *Star*. Besides making a mess it'd probably make for dull reading.

I could give more advice to the Freshmen. There's a great place down by the Genesee River, just past. . . Well, we all remember the trouble that can lead to. Besides, Jim Ladine and Barb Carini are down there right now.

I could point out all of Houghton's faults. It seems I've done enough of that anyway. Sure, the food's still inedible, the banquet situations intolerable, the Prospective weekends unbearable, and we still can't dance, but it's not really all bad here, honest. (Jackie Corey still laughs. I've heard her.) I've had fun here—twice.

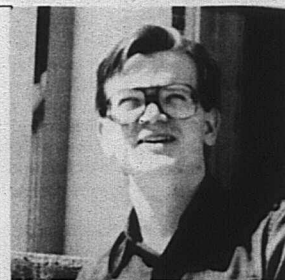
I could get all philosophical on you and try to espouse the worthwhileness of liberal arts. But, chem majors don't know about that stuff anyways.

I thought about trying to be creative, or something. But I don't need more insults from Leax about my style (or content).

Well, I guess you can see that I really don't have much to say. I really appreciate your asking me though. I hope you'll be able to find someone else to fill my space.

Hugs'n'kisses 'til next time
Dan Gettman

"I've blown a mental fuse. . ."



What does Houghton College mean to me? Right now, a lot of late papers, inadequately fulfilled assignments, and close brushes with academic disaster. I consider it a clear manifestation of the grace of God that my graduation is within sight. Around this time in the semester, I traditionally feel as though I've blown a mental fuse, which only exacerbates my dread of impending F's. As I will soon cease to be a thorn in Houghton College's administration's flesh, however, I should probably take a more panoramic view, and consider how Houghton's curriculum has changed, and possibly educated, me. Perhaps the greatest benefit I have received is a heightened sense of my own ignorance.



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I came to this school with the idea that I could master most any curriculum that I set my mind to (always excepting music, in which I have no talent, and art, toward which I have no inclination). A semester and a half of biology, however, taught me that I had little desire to spend my life looking through microscopes at drosophila eyes. Abandoning the Temple of Facts, I thereupon turned to the House of Truth, where true scholars sit at the feet of Dr. Charles Bressler. In my new life as one of the Enlightened (read English major), I discovered how dangerous a little learning is, and that one must drink deep from the Pierian springs, or leave it alone. I read that learning resembles mountain climbing, in that the higher one climbs, the more mountains one sees. Somewhat daunted by education's Sisyphean prospects, I am still grateful that I have had a chance at the mountain of English literature. I am inclined to think that the experience of failing to master a particular field of study, yet still studying will prove to be an object lesson for a Christian who will never in this life achieve perfection, but will refuse to use that fact as an excuse to stop trying.

Gordon Miller



*"I am not troubled
with what I have
become..."*

Houghton: four years in this place and now what do I say about it? Something compels me to be truthful, and if I am truthful, then I don't know what to say about my 'experience.' If I say I've had a great time, I lie. If I say that I've had four wretched years, I lie again. So what can I say without somehow being untruthful? I don't know! I can already hear the cries of pessimist, cynic, apathete. Well fine! Pin those labels upon me, but that is what I am after four years in this place. I am cynical about many things. I am a pessimist, and about a great many things I am apathetic. Four years of toiling for a B.S. have made me into this. Those individuals who determine the purpose of this school can put another notch in their belt. They have again succeeded in transforming a once naive Christian into a pessimistic, cynical scientist who questions everything.

Now don't misunderstand me, I am not troubled by what I have become. You see, what I am now is merely the result of my strivings for learning. I chose to be educated. If that education somehow changed what I was, then so be it, I chose it. I could have left after my freshman year, but I didn't. I chose to stay and now I live with the consequences of my choices. In retrospect, I am glad I made that choice. These arduous years produced some friendships which will last a lifetime. These years have shown me the value of people and their ideas, even if I don't agree with them. You can see my cynicism and pessimism have helped me. These traits have shaped how I think about people and issues for in being cynical I think about things and further develop my thinking on the subject. One thing feeds into the other and then I develop as a person.

So what am I trying to say? I am not sure. Four years here have changed me. I am not the same person who entered in 1982 as a freshman. I will ask myself if the changes were for the better or worse. I cannot answer that question yet.

Tim Coetzee

Vocabulary is opiate of the people.

—Tonio K

flat till things need done

by Residuele Felicity Bookbender

We spent the summer learning to wait,
and let the ticking, screeching days that pound
on our legs and face
blur into a warm silence.

Flesh to forge and hammered thin,
So against the sunlight you can see the veins,
the wound white gristle of tendon,
the crushed shadow where bones have been.

Spent and flat, we catch the rain
and streamlets roar in our ears.
Rabbits flip by, kicking up dry clumps of earth.
This dirt stuck to our skin and even the rain
couldn't wash away the courser grains.

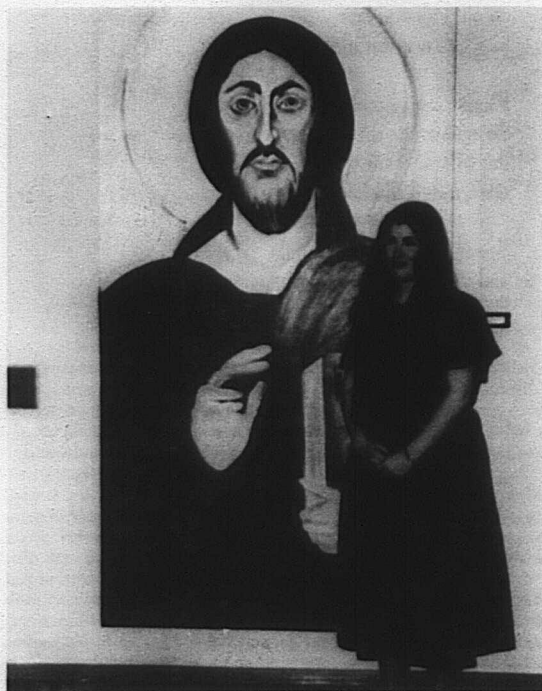
"Let enough of it roll over you,"
she said, "and things get quiet again."
"Just so much and it drowns itself out."
"God's elastic acre," the song goes,
(flattened between huge stones)
and after that, folded up and pocketed.

Morning comes:
Time to stand ourselves up and inhale:
once to take shape, twice
for strength to take a step.

The edges can't be softened
just to let the stuff seep through.
In saying 'yes' to rainfall
there's carrying to do.

And your hands have to stay tightly cupped
and steady the water
and then you have to dance on a rope
that wanders across the sand
and then you have to talk about things
like neighbors and your family
and still keep a clear conscience.
And when you're done with that
it would be smart to sit in the rushes —
never mind the cuts, their curve will catch
the wind and mix it with your own body's salt —
showing that distractions can't bend a thought.

learning to wait:
for more water to carry.
for grace in its transport
for forgetfulness and sleep at its dispersal.
Winter: we remember what it was like to wait in summer.



Eclectic: Diversity

by Gerry Szymanski
with help from Barb Pinto

This year's senior art exhibit is titled "Eclectic," and the name more than adequately describes the variety of expressions and talents of three of Houghton's graduating art majors: Tammy Crane, Shelly McCaw and Deb Peters. Their show, which encompasses pencil drawings to assemblages, will be on display until graduation in the Wesley Chapel Art Gallery.

Tammy Crane is a local resident of Houghton, and has been artistically inclined since she was a child. She describes her pattern painting style as a form of minimalism. Her work is a striving to integrate part of her life through artistic expression. In *My Time and My Space* is a series of acrylic panels in wide brush strokes and bright colors, set on end and held together with duct tape. Tammy felt it hard to express in words what she has said with paint, but she gave some insights as to her feelings: "The seemingly random brush strokes can represent parts of life that don't integrate in a person or that they can't control, there is so much of our lives that happens to us that we can't control. This work and much of my work is a form of spiritual therapy and cleansing."

In her *Apologia*, Tammy describes her art as "egocentric" in that she doesn't work for an audience, but for self-expression. She confided in an interview that the audience is "also ego-centered in that they will view and art work with the idea of 'what's in it for me?'"

Tammy's set of aquatints, based on 19th century photos, are "still pattern oriented. They're like stage sets. There is a void between the people in the photos and me—a void in space and time."

Three assemblages round out Tammy's part of the show, and use a variety of sarcastic pokes at American society and Evangelical Christianity.

Shelly McCaw comes to Houghton from Milford, Ontario. In one of her first paintings, *Elevation of Pretense*, McCaw explains the cross as a "cheap emblem of Christianity. The Christian church makes some hard concepts easy and spiritual." The background depicts the earth in turmoil at the crucifixion.

A later work, *Tranquil Wattles*, displays a more meditative mood with repeated patterns of turkeys. "I find appealing images in old photos and transform them to suit my needs."

In another work, a tremendous Byzantine-like portrait titled *I Con, You Con, We All Con For Icons*, McCaw wants to "evoke the idea of art integrated with Christianity, not just a decoration." She adds, "at first I painted the figure with a gilded halo, but decided to remove it; it detracted from the omniscient stare."

Deb Peters, an MK from Quito, Ecuador who now lives in Miami, inherited her interest in art from her mother, an artist. Deb's work embodies her interest in mathematics which, she explains, is "control in drawing." Her art is photographic, realistic, and easily recognizable. She says, "I don't spend much time on abstract art. I can understand where it comes from, but it doesn't express the way I feel so much."

MYSTERY OF Time, her only titled landscape, portrays life and death through the ideas of shadow. The abandoned house and the dead tree are in stark contrast to the freshly plowed field and the newly reaped bales of hay.

Two untitled pencil drawings bring a macrocosm into a smaller dimension. One portrays mountains growing out of a fast food bag while a shake cup stands by. Peters says that we carry landscapes around with us like postcards "when you're eating, your mind wanders."

All three artists were asked about Houghton's art department and all three gave carefully worded answers to what was apparently a subject that had received a lot of discussion. Tammy and Shelly: "There is a lot of instability in this department in that we won't know who our profs will be from one year to the next, it hurts the students. Also the college seems to stress high academic standards but they aren't applied in the art department as much." Deb: "The continuity on a personal level is very important, when an interim teacher comes in, he may not understand your artistic background or growth. The department is so small that one change in faculty effects the whole body of art students. Houghton also needs new facilities. At Messiah, it's all in one building, here we have to go from art building to Gao to our printing press. The prospective students will be attracted to a place that is better equipped."



TO DO...

MOVIE—
THE DARK
CRYSTAL
8pm 5/3
WESLEY CHAPEL
\$1 w/ I.D.

CONCERT— CHINA BLUE

2pm 5/3
ON THE QUAD

TAP: the Last Word

Dear Editor,

I would like to correct an error in last week's article regarding the increase in TAP awards for next year. I was quoted as saying, "We were asking for \$10 million, but got \$36 million. I wish we could have gotten more, but some is better than none." I actually said, "We were asking for \$70 million, but got 36 million..." A \$70 million increase would have raised the maximum award by \$500 (\$2,700 to 3,200 per year) and also the maximum income limit by \$4,000 (parents could earn \$33,000 NYS net taxable income rather than the current \$29,000 and the student would still receive a minimum TAP award.)

Our goal was to lobby for a noticeable increase in state grant awards to better meet the financial needs of New York State students.

The Commission on Independent Colleges and Universities recommended a \$70,000 increase to best achieve this goal. The state legislature actually approved half our recommended increase in appropriations.

The error in the *Star* may have caused me to sound ungrateful for the \$36 million increase. The opposite is true; I think the increase will help many of Houghton's 720 NYS residents, even though we do not know yet what the increase will mean to individual students.

Troy Martin
Financial Aid Counselor

Quote Quibbles

I was dismayed to see that last week the student newspaper ran an anonymous faculty quote. You did this

despite the fact that you refuse to print anonymous letters to the editor. I was not the person quoted and I do not know to whom the quote should be credited. Maybe you just made up the whole thing. How are we to know? Perhaps you should examine the consistency of your policy.

Sincerely,
Richard A. Halberg
Dept. of Business Administration

Quote Quibbles Continued

Dear Prof. Halberg,

Anonymous quotes are not the same as anonymous letters. Letters are printed to represent someone's opinion and unless there is a name behind the opinion, I won't print it. Quotes are added to the paper by the editor for entertainment, edification, or shock value (very closely related to entertainment). It is not at

all a contradiction in policy to print an unsigned quote. In fact, in the case you described, the purpose was to keep it anonymous, because attention need not be drawn to the fact that someone in particular made the statement, but to the fact that it was made at all.

The quote was overheard from the cafeteria. If you do not believe its authenticity, or want to call me a liar, I have no real defense, because I won't attach the name to the quote. We are not in the business of hurting individuals.

An added thought: *Newsweek*, for example, won't print unsigned letters, but will print overheard quotes without listing specific sources in their "Perspectives" section. [*Newsweek*, April 28, 1986 p. 15].

Thank you,
J. Craig Henry, (ed.)



Man on the Street

What have you learned this semester?

Jeff Crocker



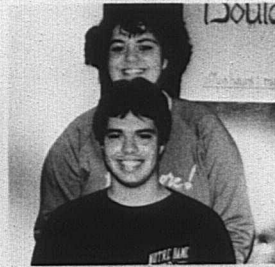
**John Amick
(and David Byrne)**
Don Juan

"Perhaps a better question would be, 'what haven't I learned?'... Perhaps not."



**Josh Merrill
Jim Leventis**
Juniors

"We've learned that Darnel Lyles' wallet is like his American Express Card, he always leaves home without it."



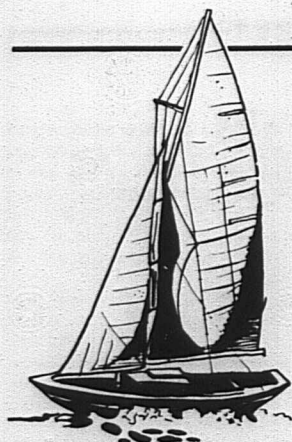
Beth and Bill Allen
Houghton Kids

Beth: "I've learned just enough to know that I don't know very much!"
Bill: "I've learned that no matter what Dad says, I really like my sister Beth."



Ron S. Kerr
Entrepreneur

"I've learned there's a sucker born every minute."



ads / personals

H.C. Sailing

team photo
Monday, May 5
Quad Campus Center
Steps 6:45 p.m.
(wear your shirt)

Hey Kathy the "Creep",
The "secret" is
"PSSPSSPSST"
The Godmother and Co.
(Stud, Babyface,
Frenchman, and Fingers

P—
the Rabbits are out
and everybody is happy
X

Good luck Jonathon
and other somnophobiacs.

the editorial us

Buckwheat,
*I think I'm falling
in like with you!*
love,
Moon Unit

O my soul, be prepared for the coming of the Stranger,
Be prepared for him who knows how to ask questions.

O weariness of men who turn from God
To the grandeur of your mind and the glory of your action,
To arts and inventions and daring enterprises,
To schemes of human greatness thoroughly discredited,
Binding the earth and the water to your service,
Exploiting the seas and developing the mountains,
Dividing the stars into common and preferred,
Engaged in devising the perfect refrigerator,
Engaged in working out a rational morality,
Engaged in printing as many books as possible,
Plotting of happiness and flinging empty bottles,
Turning from your vacancy to fevered enthusiasm
For nation or race or what you call humanity;
Though you forget the way to the Temple,
There is one who remembers the way to your door:
Life you may evade, but Death you shall not.
You shall not deny the Stranger.

T.S. Eliot

Choruses from "The Rock"

**the
houghton
star**

entered as
first class
mail at
houghton, n.y.
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