



the houghton star

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No. 3

editorial

A long-time resident of Houghton once wrote to me that "ghosts" walk in this town and on this campus. What she meant was that this community, perhaps this peculiar piece of geography, had woven her inextricably into the Houghtonian fabric. In the midst of my fourth year as a Houghton student, I too have begun to see ghosts.

Friendships, memories, "enterprises of great pitch and moment," all have left deep impressions on me. In my short tenure I have come to see many of the flaws and some of the complexity of the college community, but I have also developed a certain degree of affection and even of belief in the Houghton edifice. I have begun to feel what I can only call kinship.

That does not mean that I can, in good conscience, sanction every action and policy of the college, nor does it mean that I shall spend my earthly days pulling weeds from around Chief Copperhead's boulder in reverence. It does entail loyalty, but a loyalty within the bounds of my acquaintance. I should find it difficult to drum up any feeling for the Quad or the New Science Building. I have no sympathy for the image of "God's Little Island" and the connected "hothouse" theories. And as great a man as A. R. Dodd may have been, not a nerve in me thrills at the sound of his name. I am not acquainted with these Houghton landmarks; no personal memories tie me to them. In these things, I cannot be loyal.

My loyalty lies in other areas — in the *Star* office, in Fancher Auditorium, on the sidelines of Stebbins Field. My kinship exists in memories and in friendships with students, administrators, staff and faculty members. The ghosts are specific; they are the shadows of involvement.

Some of my readers are undoubtedly skeptical at this point. I can hear the protests of those of my fellow upperclassmen who are void of any sense of kinship. Through their careers they may have registered occasional disinterested approval, more frequent vocal opposition or even blanket cynicism, but loyalty has always seemed a bit ridiculous.

They are right, of course. Loyalty is ridiculous if ties are lacking. A personal commitment demands a basis in personal experience. The key is involvement.

It is a three-dimensional proposition. It extends from the highest levels of authority to the lowest opinion, as deep as one cares to immerse oneself, across the whole spectrum of campus activities. Commitment can be made in any degree, and I think I can safely say that the degree of commitment will determine the strength of the kinship.

The question remains as to whether the kinship is worth the cost of involvement. Is Houghton College, with all its obvious imperfections, worth the blood, toil, tears and sweat of its constituency?

I think so. One can scarcely deny that God often has channeled His grace through the college for His glory. And although one can argue with some truth that the scholarly and Christian right to academic freedom is not always honored, Houghton nevertheless works as an effective learning institution and discussion center. That, I believe, is ample reason for us to work together not only for the perpetuation but for the improvement and perfection of the college.

— Robert A. Morse, Co-editor

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The *Houghton Star* wishes to add its thanks and appreciation to that already offered Wednesday night in the Church Community Room to three men who have served the community long and faithfully. Dr. Fred Shannon, a town councilman for six years; Mr. Robert Gilmore, for nine years Houghton fire chief; and Mr. Allen Smith, a Justice of the Peace for twenty-four years, deserve our accolades as they step down from their posts.

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houghton star

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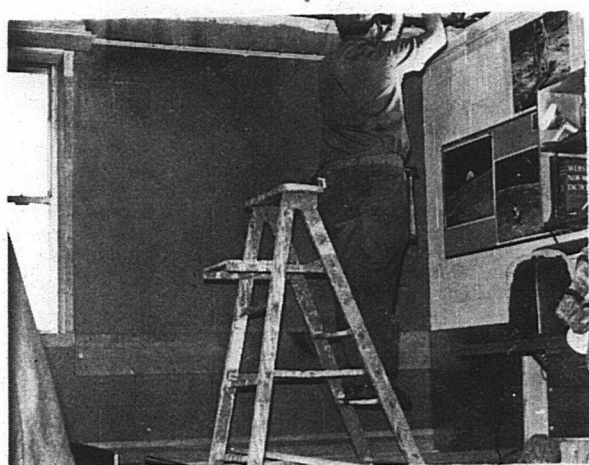
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A College maintenance worker inspects the damage done to room 209 in Shenawana by a fire there last Thursday.

'Where Was Superman?' Olsen Saves Dorm

by J. David Tatter

Jimmy Olsen was in his room on third floor of Shenawana Dorm last Thursday when he saw smoke drifting out from under his bed. Finding this rather odd, he poked his head out of the window and looked down just in time to see the window below his pop out of its frame and send flames pouring out. It was four p.m. Jim ran out of his door and downstairs where he met Jim Priest and Rollin Wakeman who had just pulled the alarm.

Meanwhile, Don Guice and Tom Hodge, whose room was on fire, were down on Stebbins field playing football. Someone ran down to tell them about the incident and everyone thought it was a big joke until they heard the sirens. Then the whole freshman team ran up the hill to find out what was going on. They were kept away from the building.

Roland went for a fire extinguisher that almost didn't work. While he tried to repair it, other dorm residents threw water into the room. They

used twelve ounce water glasses. When the fire extinguisher finally began functioning they brought the blaze under control and put it out quickly. The firemen arrived minutes later and helped clear out the smoke.

The blaze was caused by wiring strung through the ceiling from a blacklight. Evidently a short in the wire made the metal stringers so hot that a blanket hanging from the ceiling to hold posters caught fire. The curtains caught, and soon after the blanket fell onto Tom's bed.

The heat was so intense that a clorox bottle melted on the other side of the room. Neither Tom or Don lost any valuable clothing. The only real personal items claimed by the fire were ironically two of Rollin's records, borrowed from him by Don Guice.

As Assistant Fire Chief Harold Grant remarked afterward, "All the brave men from Shenawana can thank Rollin Wakeman, Jim Olsen, and their quick thinking. If not for them, quite a few frosh would be bunking out for a good long time."

Current Issues Day

by Elaine Kilbourn

New York: population 7,894,862; Chicago: 3,369,359; Philadelphia: 1,950,596. The bulk of the population of the United States lives in major metropolitan areas, crowded into what have been termed steel canyons, concrete jungles and other less wholesome epithets. But do we non-city dwellers recognize urban residents as individuals with their own needs and wants? Do we realize that the city is their permanent dwelling place? Or do we view the city as a convenience; a place for broadening our cultural life, for business ventures and for various kinds of entertainment? Do we want to enjoy all the benefits the city has to offer without the cost of involvement?

Current Issues Day, November 7, will offer discussions concerning the "Urban Crisis," relating such areas as crime, pollution and welfare to our positions and responsibilities as Christians and as members of an urban-centered culture. An attempt will be made to arrive at some definite resolutions and directions for Christians as they become involved in the "Urban Crisis" in a practical way.

The main speakers for Current Issues Day are Dr. Anthony Campolo and Rev. Clarence Hillard. Dr. Campolo is chairman of the Department of Anthropology, Sociology and Social Work at Eastern Col-

lege, Pennsylvania. He is founder and U.S. Coordinator of the Evangelical University of the Dominican Republic. He has authored **A Denomination Looks at Itself** and numerous professional papers.

Rev. Hillard is the first black pastor of the Circle Church in Chicago, an integrated, growing church on the edge of the ghetto. Rev. Hillard attended Trinity Evangelical Divinity School before he became involved in the Circle Church.

Other guest participants include Rev. Carl F. Burke, chaplain of the Erie County Jail and Dr. Duane Kofahl, a professor of Sociology at the Houghton Buffalo Campus.

The scheduled events for Current Issues Day are as follows: Tuesday, November 6: 7:00 p.m. — Student body prayer meeting with Rev. Hillard (Wesley Chapel), Wednesday, November 7: 9-10 a.m. — Required general assembly, Speaker — Dr. Campolo "An Overview of the Urban Crisis" 10:30-11:45 a.m. — Workshops in 1) Welfare, 2) Housing, Education and Bussing, 3) the Inner City Church and the Flight to the Suburbs, 4) Crime and Punishment, and 5) Ecology and Pollution.

— Lunch Break —

1:00 p.m. — Caucus session featuring Dr. Campolo (during which resolutions from the workshops will be discussed. 2:00 p.m. — General Assembly 7:30 p.m. — Movie: "Raisin in the Sun" (Wesley Chapel)

College Co-op Efforts

A few years ago, representatives from Alfred State College, Alfred University, Saint Bonaventure University and Houghton College met together bi-monthly to discuss areas of possible cooperation among the four institutions. An immediate result of this conference was an eight-page insert which appeared in a special edition of the **Olean Times**. This attempt to inform the public contained pictures and descriptions of the academic and social aspects of each school.

Last fall another cooperative venture coordinated by Professors Barcus and Leax culminated in a gathering held in Olean. English professors from each of the four colleges conducted workshops to aid local high school teachers in their professions.

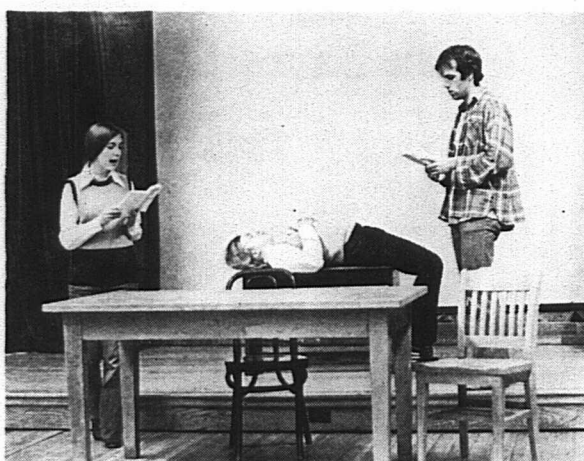
More recently the schools have worked together to compile a listing of available speakers in the area. The 48-page booklet includes an alphabetical listing of about 70

specific topics. Another section lists speakers, their program titles, addresses and phone numbers. Two thousand copies of the pamphlet entitled "Four College Cooperative Speakers and Consultants Directory" were printed by Vanmark Press in Wellsville and will be distributed to area schools, libraries and service organizations.

The latest cooperative effort by the four colleges is a committee which is working for an association of foreign students attending these schools.

RETRACTION

Dr. Stephen Calhoon did not write the paper which he read before the Electrochemical Society Meeting as reported in the Oct. 19 **Star**. Dr. Bernard Piersma wrote the paper and would have delivered it, but he and his wife were involved in a delivery of another sort at the time. It was a girl.



The e.e.c. is at it again — rehearsal. Dave Peterson, wearied by the exhortations of Director Basney, exhibits yoga contortions.

"Synge-spiration" and Absurdity A Theater Sampler

The English Expression club is currently preparing for yet another milestone in Houghton's dramatic history, with a trio of one act plays that run from one end of the theatric spectrum to another. On November 9 in Fancher Auditorium the club will present **In the Shadow of the Glen** by John Milington Synge, Ring Lardner's **Tridget of Grevia** and **The Bald Soprano** by Eugene Ionesco.

In the Shadow of the Glen, by Synge, is conventional theater presented in the form of a poetic folk-tale. Synge, who is perhaps best known for his **Playboy of the Western World** is an Irish playwright who set most of his plays in that country, particularly using scenes from the Aran Islands, a small group off the Irish mainland in the Atlantic. The Irish national character naturally figures largely into this play, which Synge originally wrote in Irish dialect. Dr. Lionel Basney, who is again lending his talents to production and direction, assures this reviewer that he will not expect his actors to master the brogue.

The drama itself is a familiar Irish tale of amorous misadventure, involving an old Irish shepherd and his lonely young wife who longs for the emotional fulfillment her spouse is no longer able to give. The triangle is completed by a young rustic, who is also a shepherd, and a somewhat clownish blade. He and

the young wife prematurely plot infidelity over the dying figure of old Dan, her husband. Old Dan's surprising spryness catches the two scheming and produces a sad end for the unfaithful wife and an unexpected conclusion to the play.

The Tridget of Grevia (translated from the Squinch language by Ring Lardner, is a brief, thoroughly inane farce.

Of particular interest in this series will be the presentation of Ionesco's **The Bald Soprano**, which is probably Houghton's first public sampling in theater of the absurd. Eugene Ionesco, who also wrote **Rhinoceros** and **Chairs**, is a Rumanian-born playwright who displays an almost excruciating understanding of human nature in his work. **The Bald Soprano** is a parody of social convention and the entire range of verbal discourse, essaying the egregious breakdown of language. This misuse of the power of language, a favorite concern of Ionesco's work, is accomplished in **The Bald Soprano** by a variety of babbling, not-so-unusual miscreants who people the play, not to mention a clock that chimes from one to sixteen times, and not necessarily in that order.

Dr. Basney and company will happily be back in Fancher Auditorium for this production, which they hope to run for four nights. The presentation should prove to be a stimulating as well as an entertaining enterprise.

The Committee

by James R. Morley

The Central Communication Committee, a newly established service offered by the Student Senate, provides the student body of Houghton College with a sounding board for suggestions, complaints and inquiries, and hopefully assures the students of active results and satisfaction.

Conceived last year amid Senate controversy over how and even if the student-at-large should be allowed to participate directly in campus affairs through political avenues, the CCC proposition found support in a small and dwindling number of Senators who thought that the Houghton student is too quickly written off as apathetic. With much work and with growing enthusiasm from representatives of the student publications and WJSL, the Committee received the almost unanimous vote of the Senate once it became a formal proposal.

As a grievance board the Committee is dealing with such problems as obtaining street lamps for dark bridges, having pianos tuned in hopes of more meaningful singspirations and initiating an experimental **Extra-Mushrooms-for-Pizzas** program at the Snack Bar. As an information center the Committee has been helpful in dispelling harmful rumors

about administrative policy, music department prejudices and dining hall budgets.

Many matters facing the Committee and the Senate cannot be made public at this early writing because they are in delicate stages of negotiation. Other big questions are too difficult to answer summarily: Are the students interested in the workings of campus government that determine so much of their environment for four years? Do the gripes mean there is serious concern or are they merely results of the competitive no-one-is-going-to-put-one-over-on-me cynicism?

It is apparent that the Senate will be in a stronger position to speak for the students if it knows what the students want said. The Committee hopes that faculty and administrators will listen more carefully to a Senate that truly represents over a thousand students than they do to a Senate that often knows little more of student opinion than they themselves. If, however, the students prove uninterested, the Committee, solidly determined to serve and not to solicit, will "close shop," in the words of one of its members.

Students are invited to write to the Committee Intracampus, Box 1445.

Facts about the Faculty

After eight years Dr. Duane C. Saufley has returned to Houghton as Assistant Professor of Physics. A native of southern Pennsylvania, Saufley began his higher education at Shippensburg State College where he received a B.S. degree. Before coming to Houghton he spent two years teaching at the high school level and earned his master's at Cornell University in 1965. Dr. Saufley left Houghton in 1968 to do graduate work in the field of atomic spectra at Purdue University. While at Purdue he received both a Master's and a Doctorate in physics.

Houghton's new Associate Professor of Philosophy, Dr. Lawrence W. Wood, completed his undergraduate studies at Asbury College in 1963 and began his graduate work at Asbury Theological Seminary, receiving a B.D. in 1966. While

serving as a pastor in Indianapolis, Dr. Wood earned his Th.M. from Christian Theological Seminary of Indianapolis in 1970. The next two years were spent studying for a Doctorate in systematic theology at Edinburgh University, Edinburgh, Scotland. Dr. Wood's thesis, entitled, "The Relation of Theology and History Studied in the Context of Epistemological Dualisms" dealt with the problem posed by history for faith. While in Scotland, Dr. Wood and his wife had the opportunity to travel extensively throughout western Europe and the Holy Lands. During 1972, Dr. Wood taught philosophy and theology at Roberts Wesleyan.

Mr. Robert J. Galloway graduated cum laude from Boston University in 1968. The following two years found him

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Pacem in Terris 1973

by Dean Curry

"The fundamental principle upon which our present peace depends must be replaced by another."

— Pope John XXIII
Pacem In Terris Easter Encyclical, 1963

With these historic words a dying pope expressed to the world his concern and more importantly, his vision. As Thomas Aquinas before him, Pope John envisioned peace in a positive sense, the work of charity and justice, not merely the absence of war. Thus while he despaired over colonialism, racism and potential nuclear destruction, his belief in the malleability, the potential good of man led him to the rational conclusion that "the same moral law which governs relations between individuals [must also serve] to regulate the relations of political communities with each other . . ."

So it was, armed with John's holy hope, that the California-based Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions commenced an international convocation in February of 1965. Dedicated to the proposition that Pope John's Encyclical should not be forgotten, its recommendations provided the framework for Pacem In Terris I, a cosmopolitan gathering of world secular and spiritual leaders. Although fruitful discussion ensued, the ironic realities of an escalating Southeast Asian war coupled with increasing cold war tensions smothered any true sense of accomplishment.

Hence Pacem In Terris I ended with a plea for a continuation of the good that had been spawned. In response, Pacem In Terris II assembled one year later at the Palais des Nations in Geneva. Plagued by the problem of whether the Peoples' Republic of China could be persuaded to attend this second convocation did, however, transcend most of the petty political squabbles and reach a general agreement of many significant points, certainly not the least of which was the urgent need for an in-

ternational rule of law.

Whereas Pacem In Terris I demonstrated how the new interdependence amongst nations is reshaping the world, Pacem In Terris II became a sobering reminder of the old nationalistic tensions. With this heritage a third convocation gathered this past October 8-11. Departing from its previous multi-national character, Pacem In Terris III considered the impact of the changing world on the foreign policy of one great power — the United States.

Held at Washington D.C.'s stately Sheraton-Park Hotel the four day gathering successfully presented the problems and the needs, generally on a more theoretical level, to an audience that at times numbered more than one thousand. A minimum of six major papers were presented daily with ample room for critique of each by panels of distinguished scholars, journalists and politicians.

In the words of Chairman Robert Hutchins, "The events of recent years make it clear that something is ending, there must be a new beginning." Therefore, Pacem In Terris III sought to consider, in a non-partisan way, "what that beginning might be and what it ought to be."

Amid constant disruptions that kept the Secret Service on its toes, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger delivered the first address to an overflowing Monday night crowd. Echoing the Nixon administration's past achievements, i.e. Vietnam settlement, opening of the door to the Peoples' Republic of China, and general international detente, while humanely calling for the integration of human values into the foreign policy process, the ex-Harvard professor set the stage for the discussion of the next two days: the national interests of the United States.

In light of Mr. Kissinger's present and past position within the administration his remarks were predictable —

"With Americans working together America can work with others toward man's eternal goal of Pacem In Terris (Peace on Earth)" — nevertheless one sensed an overriding concern on the Secretary's part. "Let us learn", reiterated Kissinger, "once again to debate our methods, not our motives, to focus on our destiny and not on our divisions." If one felt cheated by the overt political rhetoric of the Secretary of State, one certainly sensed a genuine underlying concern as evidenced by this latter plea. Moreover the sporadic verbal disruptions by members of the Community for Creative Non-violence dramatically served to illustrate Kissinger's or one might say, the Administration's fears.

Following Kissinger's remarks J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, delivered his remarks on the "Aspects of Foreign Policy." Departing from Kissinger's belief in the inevitability of a strong American role in international affairs, Fulbright stressed the need for a world rule of law to "save succeeding generations from the scourge of war." In a theme recurrent throughout the four day conference, the Arkansas Senator emphasized that this country is still committed to the dangerous illusion that a nation is strong only if it has more destructive weapons than its enemies: actual, potential, or imagined. As Richard Barnett has written, "If we cannot make the world safe for the United States, how can we make the United States safe for the world?" In other words, Fulbright is suggesting that foreign policy and domestic policy are inseparable. Very curtly Senator Fulbright summed up his differences with the administration: "The merit of the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy is that it is rooted in a coherent view of the world; the principal failing of the Nixon-Kissinger policy is the particular world view in which it is rooted."

Without a doubt the aforementioned opening addresses provided the springboard for the weeks discussion. As the convocation proceeded it became apparent that no ideological/philosophical homogeneity existed. Many of the participants such as Yale economist Paul Sweezy and National Book Award recipient Francis Fitzgerald (*Fire In The Lake*) were unimpressed, to say the least, with the analysis and prescription of traditional scholarship and politics; "I find it hard," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "to talk in abstractions." Hence the very cosmopolitan nature of the ideologies represented insured that no one position would remain sacred.

Monday and Tuesday's discussion of national interests was followed by a day long dialogue on the emergence of transnational issues — multinational corporations, development of the lesser developed nations, and the imperatives of institution building, i.e. the United Nations. The final day of Pacem In Terris III saw Sam Ervin, George McGovern, Nelson Rockefeller and a multitude of other politicians discuss the urgent need for a foreign policy subservient to domestic policy, not vice versa.

As Pacem In Terris III drew to an end this reporter had sat through perhaps a half a million words or more. Without a doubt, the opportunity to have listened at the feet of Galbraiths, Ervins, even Horowitzs, was an educational, if not an enlightening experience. Yet a certain uneasiness pervaded my conscience; certainly Pacem In Terris III accomplished much in terms of clarification and prescription, yet a much larger task remained unfinished: the transformation of the week's ideas and ideals into a coherent reality. However, such a task is not the job of a Pacem In Terris IV; rather it is the continuing moral responsibility of all those in decision making positions.

by Nan McCann

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The British journalist and novelist George Orwell (*Nineteen Eighty-four*, *Animal Farm*) was a keen socialist all his life. Wryly or bitterly reflected in his novels, his concern for the movement's foibles showed more artlessly in his enlistment in the Spanish Civil War in 1936. The following are two fictional letters and a journal entry from that period, the facts taken from his actual *Collected Journals, Essays and Letters*.

Eileen Blair was Orwell's first wife, who accompanied him to Spain when he joined the Loyalist forces. P.O.U.M. was the Trotskyite (anti-Communist) 29th Division. Victor Gollancz was Orwell's publisher and friend.

Eric Blair was George Orwell's real name. He began using the Orwell nom de plume in the 1940's as his writing became more popular.

Lerida, Spain
December 14, 1936

Dear Eileen,

I was pleased to hear that it was Victor who informed you of my accident. I am quite comfortable, not much pain now. Please do not worry and do not deprive yourself of sleep and food. Thanks awfully for the cigarettes and the margarine, received yesterday by the hand of M. You are a good wife. It is hard to keep from rolling the tobacco all at once (and spilling it with my butterfingers, most likely). One is so used to rationing in the trenches, and the Spanish tobacco is the blackest of black shag. Only the Andalusians could roll the dry stuff. They have a special trick of folding the ends.

As I lie here in my white hospital bed, the filth and cold of the Catalonia front seems years away. Yet I came only last Tuesday. Do you know, it was all quite strange, how I was shot. It was like a thousand other incidents in which the bullets whiz harmlessly overhead. A few fifteen-year-olds hurl themselves face-down in the mud and get up again with sheepish expressions, once they realize it's the usual Spanish marksmanship. No one gets hit except by the

purest accident. You see, a pistol cannot be had for love or money (whereas the smart officers in Barcelona wear them strapped to their belts for show), and ammunition is too precious to waste in practice. Also, we have so few guns that fire, one ceases to take them seriously. I saw one rifle with '1846' stamped on the handle — Swiss, I believe. I have seen a little beast of a boy, probably enlisted as the surest means of providing for him, throw a grenade on the campfire "for a joke." Men grease their guns with olive oil, even bacon fat, and think it normal. However, the attack:

The eighth was a fine clear-aided morning on the mountain. The other positions were clearly visible, though neither side had ammunition to waste in finding the range. We had always more to fear from pneumonia and starvation than from each other. I rolled out of bed in my lice-infested corduroys and used a bit of the milky drinking water in the pannikin to wash. Further up the hill, two Catalyunas were playing a card game and laughing loudly in the morning stillness.

I set out to retrieve the grazing mule, my boots striking pleasantly against the grey shale. About forty yards out I surprised a Fascist in a low clump of mountain pine. He was apparently caught out in an independent survey of our lines. I remember hearing only a fearsome roar as he fired and feeling the burning impact of a bullet in my throat. It seemed to me to have severed my head from my body with the jolt, flinging me to the ground. In reality, the bullet passed clean through — a thousandth of an inch from rupturing the windpipe, the doctor here says.

Of course, I should have been killed, but I have only lost my voice. I feel I shall get it back, for I can manage a sort of a croak on good days. Meanwhile, I have had the wordless fun of distributing the cigarettes to my fellow-patients. You should have seen M.'s face when he saw the margarine.

I must break off in order to have this ready when M. comes. Please keep well. I don't like to hear of your getting a cold and feeling low. I expect to be released quite soon, as soon as the danger of infection has passed. When I am discharged, we shall go

away from Spain and be quiet for awhile, perhaps do some fishing. At present, I must stick by P.O.U.M. I think they are planning some major action hereabouts, and I don't want to pull out and leave them just before.

With all my love,
Eric

Barcelona, Spain
April 26, 1936

Dear Victor,

We have returned to the city. The atmosphere has completely changed in the course of four months' time. The workers' uniforms everywhere evident in the winter, the zipper jackets and camp knives on display in store windows, have been replaced by the "elegant" summer suits of the sort a Paris tailor turns out a dozen in an afternoon. Anyone who "is anyone" seems able to command a sleek car. It is every bit as fashionable to be bourgeois now as it was to be revolutionary last fall.

But this careful mediocrity is not the memory of Spain I shall carry away with me. In the hills of Catalonia I saw the nearest thing to an absolutely democratic militia that is likely to ever come about. It was a sort of foretaste of the joys of Socialism. The black and red scarf about the neck. "Comrade," not "senor." It seems I have been thrust into the one pocket of original revolutionary fervor in all Spain. It is just the feeling noticed when one comes away that hope has been, for a time, more normal than cynicism... and perhaps this temporary state of affairs was only possible among the magnanimous Aragonese. Despite the futility of the non-fighting, there was something strange and valuable there.

We must slip the border into France as soon as our papers are in order. For now, safety lies in frequenting the prosperous restaurants where we are not known. It's all up if I am required to show my papers. Last night, coming home I followed an irresistible urge and scrawled "Visca P.O.U.M.!" across the drab placards in the street. B. has been arrested, but no accusations have been brought. Really, I would almost rather stay and endure prison with the others than to return to sleek, decaying Paris or England in her deep, sweet sleep.

We should reach London by the beginning of May.

Yours,
Eric Blair

Poems Written from Greece

by Kendall Wilt

Returning from Fira via Ship ACHILLES

We are on a rocket ship
crashing through the sea
oh we are on a red rocket ship
crashing through the sea
oh we are on a roaring red fire truck
crashing through the sea
the sea. the sea
throws us up. we are flung
to the sea. to the sea
it is a great woman's belly
that unsettles us.
the waves sprout arms and shaved legs
we howl like dogs
on the mountains. in the valleys of
the sea. the sea
it will be far to the sun.
too far to quench the fire.
Sweep me away! away!
said I to the sea.
Not yet! Not yet!
said the sea to me.
Too far! Too far!
said I to the sea.
It's fun! It's fun!
roared the sea
that winked at me.
ancient Fira, your bones of stone
well bake me a cake, then
show me your face, then
I'll smash you, then
ancient Fira, your ribs but marble stumps — they show . . .
well turn to a grape, then
I'll suck you, then
I'll drink you, then
ancient Fira, your shoulders wither away
but your grey marble soul
makes the sea
to be still.

A Primitive Awakening

a.
Along the edge of a sparrow's sleep
a donkey's methodic step
and rumble of wooden wheels
resound through the village stone.
The vineyards on the sides of mountains
shake themselves and grope
for the first purple crack of dawn.

b.
The mount of fickle lords
rises in the morning light
from Thermaikos Bays like a wave
upon the smoldering brow of Zeus
who straddling grey igneous chasms
drove his titan father
to the brazen portals of Tartarus
on a deluge of holocaust.
Let there roll a distant thunder
in the dark hearts of timpani and gongs
let the brass choir
smite my breast with fire
Oh languid breath, take flight this tranquil night,
Into your starry diadems restore
Thy stormy voice! rise-up, Forgotten Shore,
And make the seas to tremble at thy sight!
the strings lapse into a brooding tone.
a flute struggles in the chords of french horns.
Alas, the seasons grim erode thy might,
They turn thy mountain dreams to rain once more.
Must I concede this ruined flesh before
I wake and with the morning wind take flight?
the trumpets and trombones join the horns
the string and drums unite
a maelstrom engulfs
the frenzied flute in its throat.
Then dash this body to the stone; release
Its wretched breath forever more; return
Thou timid flame! climb up to thy first peace!
Remain on high and in thy glory burn.
the music of madness crumbles
like a cliff shaken to the sea.
a lone oboe remains on an olive branch
above the mute thrashing.
from his sick heart
a plaintive poetry winds its tendrils
through the airy ruins of hope.
Oh languid breath
take flight this tranquil night.
Look kindly on this earth
that cries for light.

Flak and Feedback

The STAR welcomes and encourages communication from its readers. Due to space limitations, however, we can rarely accommodate letters over four hundred words in length. Mild editing for grammar and punctuation is the rule rather than the exception. —the Editors

Dear Editor:

In response to the open-forum meeting with Dean Harter of October 16, a few dissenting observations:

Although I do agree that the college has a responsibility to us as students to prepare us to "go out into the world" (by virtue of its being an acknowledged Christian institution), I do not agree that its responsibility includes the conformity of my own personal tastes to its arbitrary definition of what is involved in "good grooming" as a college standard. For instance, I do not anticipate discontinuing wearing shorts once I leave Houghton simply because the college does not allow them in its dining facilities or classrooms. I also strongly dissent with the implication that my personal standards of dress and appearance will form the basis for "competition" with the non-Christian community on the "outside." If Houghton sees itself as preparing us to "compete" with the non-believing society in which we live, I believe it has a very narrow conception of its purpose as a Christian college (unless the competition is one of "spiritual warfare," in which case I have grossly misunderstood Dean Harter's semantics...)

I am extremely disappointed with the Dean's obvious and expressed concern (paranoia?) with "turning people off." The Scriptural principle as I see it is not one of being conformed but rather of letting Christ transform us into what He wants us to be — including our dress! I'm sure Jesus Himself refused to conform to what current popular opinions wanted Him to be — and it seems to me that His brand of righteous individualism turned off a great many people. After all, they did kill Him, didn't they?

I also take exception to the opinion expressed by Dean Harter that the female students of Houghton are "happy with the dress code they have now." I feel the Dean is sadly mistaken and is misreading their dissatisfaction with the double standard approach.

Many of the girls do not want jeans revoked as "proper" male dress, but rather want to see them approved for their own wear. Why in the world should they be acceptable in one particular building or place (e.g. the dorm or a lounge) but not in another (e.g. the classroom or dining hall)? Also, why should they be acceptable attire after a certain stroke of the clock, but not before? Are these not double standards as well? (The "6:00 rule" conjures up images of Cinderella turning into a pumpkin if she puts on her jeans before the bell strikes six...)

Finally, as much as the Dean insists that he does not believe that the college must act as a substitute for the parents and that the great majority of students are to be trusted as to their mature acceptance of responsibility, I am reluctant to accept his alleged sincerity as credible in view of the ostensible fact that the college does not consider us mature enough to dress ourselves responsibly and appropriately. The criteria for the determination of appropriateness should be our own convictions based on Scriptural principles, and not those dictated to us by the college. Moreover, if we were really trusted with any degree of responsibility, does it seem reasonable that there are but four students on the Student Affairs Committee? It seems to me that we are being handed just enough student power in policy decisions to pacify those of us who won't voice their dissent for fear of being branded "liberal" or "radical" in their opinions. As for that, God turned the world upside down with a handful of people who espoused a radical way of life and He still continues to do so.

Sincerely in our Lord,
Pete Huddy

Dear Editor:

Today I walked in the woods.

A farm lane took the Olds straight as an arrow to this world of flaming maples, tawny beeches, and golden aspens.

Squirrels chattered welcome. Nuthatches and hairy woodpeckers reiterated it, but chipmunks and jays issued warnings.

My eyes looked up — and up — and up to follow the trunks of the tallest oaks I had ever seen.

I remembered Ohanepecosh forest with its giant Sitka spruces —

But wait . . . those spruces bore no blue and orange symbols of death. Their roots were safe within a national park.

Today I walked through a swath of felled oaks.

. . . I was not prepared . . .

Devastation like this I beheld after Agnes smashed houses and trees with uncontrolled fury.

Here, man administered the devastation.

Some stumps measured four feet in diameter, their mighty crowns strewn in an immense swath. In their fall they had taken with them smaller oaks, maples and flowering dogwood.

These were "mature" trees and "needed harvesting" so younger trees could grow!

My heart cries out.

I know how many long years will pass before these remains will become again part of the forest floor. And then . . . unfortunately the trees will not be oaks.

Slowly I meander back through the stumps and other trees marked with the death symbol.

My spirit is heavy.

Delicate maiden hair ferns attempt to cheer me.

They fail, because I know they cannot survive the light of the opened places.

Lord God lift my burden.

Today I walked in the Davidson woods.

Elizabeth Cook

Dear Editors,

In the last issue of the Star a disconsolate reader made a

most heinous suggestion concerning semantic capabilities of words. This writer even went so far as to suggest that our words are meaningless. Be it known, dear editors, that I have prepared unequivocal evidence to disprove this misguided premise. I would also like to ask this individual how he proposes to communicate the basic intents we must convey in daily survival? Perhaps an elaborate program of grunts, squeals and bodily gyrations would solve his problem.

Perhaps he has just never tried the old process of verbalization. I can assure this doubter that the process, an age old one proven with untold time, can be more than adequate with a little practice.

But as I previously promised, I have definite proof that words DO have meaning. For Instance:

1) WORD — A sound or combination of sounds, or its written representation, used in any language.

And if that's not enough;

2) WAUGHT — A copious draft, or to drink fully.

And if this still fails to convince the unbeliever;

3) UPBURST — Burst upward.

Therefore let that callow youth be advised and take pains to research his complaints before he again indulges in the printed word to air them.

Most humbly,
Sherm Wolfey

P.S. All definitions are taken from the American College Dictionary, Random House, 1961. Clarence L. Barnhart, the editor, is responsible.

FACTS ABOUT THE FACULTY . . .

(Continued from Page Four)

attending Gordon Theological Seminary in Hamilton, Mass. adding to his B.Mus. a Master of Theological Studies. During this time he also studied privately at Boston University and completed a M.Mus. in 1972. A German Government Foreign Study Grant enabled Mr. Galloway to study at Staatliche Hochschule fur Musik, Cologne, Germany last year. He teaches private and class piano at Houghton.

A former Houghton student, Mr. Victor W. Carpenter also taught at the college from 1963 to 1966. By studying while teaching he was able to receive

his Master's in German from Middlebury College, Vermont in 1966. After attending the University of Pennsylvania from 1966 to 1969, Mr. Carpenter taught at Atlantic Community College for four years. A candidate for the doctoral degree from the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Carpenter returns to Houghton as Assistant Professor of German.

Intended

Deborah Nelson (ex '74) to Robert West (ex '73)

Becky Bowman ('75, Jefferson University) to Dale Wood ('72)

Journal Fragments

by Lionel Basney

Note: "Journal Fragments" come from *The Summer Journal*, a larger work not built but a-building.

"Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock in a thunderstorm." (R. L. Stevenson)

The fog hangs twenty feet in the air like atomized perfume. He walks through galleries of sumac and pine, on a grassy track winding where it cannot be seen from the open road ten feet away. He walks through the bottoms, a small square of grass bounded by the creek and a willow. The willow hangs in lank perpendiculars like Spanish Moss, over a static backwater — mosquitoes, humidity, bayou.

And past a tiny stream, bordered by the macadam walk. A stream full of reeds and weeds, not choked, but hidden. Where one morning he dreamed a dream of the Renaissance so vivid, that in twenty seconds he looked up from the macadam walk fully expecting to see plumes and doublet go by, instead of sweat shirt and jeans.

It was a highly satisfying autumn. Wood turbulent with color, fierce Barbarossa reds and rusts; warm days and sandy blue skies with which the fading green trees merged as if it were spring. But spring without spring's exultant buoyancy. He could feel the earth settling down, and the wind was sweet with brittle leaves and the fragrant silt of pine needles that silenced his steps. He walked everywhere, to sample the air, indistinct with mist in the morning, blurring with warm smog and goodwill in mid-afternoon. Somewhere to go became an adventure; and when he walked it was a slow, balanced, comforted pace he took.

He became the daily acquaintance of a squirrel and two chipmunks who lived in a patch of weeds bordering the campus. They were always at home. At his approach they stiffened sharply, eyes like sparks, tails at attention, and when his feet were six feet off they flickered away, up trees or lamp-poles, or into obscure niches tunneled into the bank. It was a game of flight and pursuit, a civility of mistrust. But though they ran away, he was the one who learned reticence.

Twice in the course of three weeks he dropped his classes and headed for Indiana. For three or four days of driving, the same scenery goes by, the shopping-center lot which is mid-America. Outside his window it slid by for hours: tall white houses wearing shawls of pine, off lumpy backroads that run dead ends into the freeway.

But out on the state route the appearances change. Flatlands striated by plows, heavy loam lying clotted and shining in the furrows. Dry corn, gray-yellow — emaciated three-fingered hands curved the wind's way.

The towns make him uneasy, increasingly troubled, until he realizes that they are arbitrary. They have no geographical definition. In New England, or even rural New York, towns nest in the pockets of hills, fenced in by forest and ridge. Here they rise around the crossed fingers of intersections, suburbs

without cities. They materialize out of the plain, and vanish into it, with no more drastic evidence than the inevitable feed mill and a rare, incongruous spire or clock-tower. Without the dimensions of space or humanity, the towns become motes in time, changes in the tone of tires.

Notes on what you see at a convention — chiefly people:

the confident masters
the beauty boys
the cliques
the dapper escorts
the tall onlookers, silent as Masai
the restless alongsiders.

He's a restless alongsider.

In 196—, with property prices rising, his father bought a lot north of his house, and adjacent. He bought it to leave it be.

All around him and the north lot, houses rose, and people poured up the hill into the woods for quiet and peace. Prices for land skyrocketed; his father let the land sit.

His father used it, but he did it no violence. He cut down none of the trees, and built nothing on it, not even a woodshed. He collected the wood that fell in the autumn to stoke his fireplaces.

The lot responded by continuing as full-leaved and opaque as ever. It protected him from his neighbors.

Between the inarticulate complications of his self, and the unpredictable chances of the world, there exists in every man a truce zone, a narrow no man's land where he thinks "rationally." This he can express, though imperfectly, with the words at his command. Here he straightens the universe, systematizes it, tidies it up, pats it into shape. But what he speaks when he stands in this temporary peace is a very small percentage of what he knows.

It is here that a man serves God — "wittily, in the tangle of his mind." It is here that he is accountable. Grace may invade the inner reaches of his confusion, or may, by miracle, re-order the confusion outside him, but for this he is not responsible. It is God's work. A man can only commit as much of himself as he sees clearly. And even this commitment is by faith.

But even after the commitment has been made, finally the potential on both sides of this line constantly invade the small peace between them. They fuel it with insight, with the unaccountable chances of metaphor. They threaten it by disturbing settled ways or ideas; they pose the threat of psychosis. Out of them come both our insecurity and our anxiety, our need for a home and our ability to love. Out of them come our capacity to think a new thought, to originate an idea, to say what we are not sure we understand.

Thus the relation between our small lighted place of consciousness, and the twilights and midnights on both borders, is ambivalent. No sane man will suppress what comes out of the forests of his mind; no wise man will want to submit himself wholly to it. One must dance on the border, with both doors open — one must have faith.



The basketball team practices within the confines of Bedford. The poor fellow at the right has just been bonked.

Hoop-Time Again

This year's basketball squad promises to be one of the strongest, most exciting teams in the history of Houghton. Five lettermen, including four starters, are back from last year's team, and five J.V. lettermen of the 72-73 season have established themselves at varsity status.

If a healthy Harold Spooner means a winning season, this is the year for it. Harold is as strong as ever before, and his knee injury of last year, thus far, is giving him no trouble. His mobility seems good, and his passes hit teammates' hands with the crispness that has established him as the finest passer on the team.

Dave Clark has picked up right where he left off at the end of last season. He is moving well, and can set up for his shot at any time or at any position on the floor.

What can be said about Boonie Robinson? He is as up for this season as anyone could possibly be, and who jumps higher or hustles more than Boonie when he is really cooking?

Sophomore Steve Wilson, with a valuable year of varsity experience under his belt, will supply some muscle under the boards as the pivot man, as well as an always-needed scoring punch.

Among the newcomers to varsity competition is Jim Graff, possibly the most improved player on the squad. Even this early in the practices, he has shown the moves, speed, and know-how to start on any varsity lineup.

Also up from the JV's is Dave Norton, husky forward,

displaying some much-needed muscle and rebounding strength.

Whit Kuniholm seems fully recovered from his bout with mono, and a severe knee injury, and is ready to contribute with his height and shooting ability.

Hustling Gary Morris appears ready to step in at guard whenever called upon to perk up defense or speed up play.

Bill Eyler adds to the team's depth, giving rebounding support to the team's efforts.

As it looks now, Spooner and Clark will start at guards, Wilson will be in the pivot, and Robinson will command one forward spot. The other forward position appears up for grabs for awhile until someone breaks through into the starting role.

Experience could be the key to a successful season, as these four starters mentioned are all varsity lettermen. Backing up this experience is the all-important factor of depth, and the remaining members add a competence never before realized in a Houghton basketball team.

Newcomer Roy Bielewicz, eligible for second semester action, could provide the scoring help needed in the home stretch.

Barring injuries, this team should be the strongest one to play in recent seasons, possibly ever. And with the colorful personnel performing their tasks, it will doubtless be a thrilling club to watch. The season begins with a home contest, in the Academy, against Berkshire, on November 30, at 8:00 p.m.

An NAIA Soccer Bid Best Foot Forward

by Arthur Robertson

The 1973 Houghton Highlander soccer team has been invited to the NAIA District 19 Tournament. They will travel to Millersville State College, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania where, on Friday, November 9, at 11:00 a.m. they will play George Mason College of Fairfax, Virginia. The winner of this match will face the winner of a game between Fredonia, the villains in Houghton's only defeat this year, and a team unselected at this writing. York College, Messiah College and Federal City College are all under consideration.

George Mason, a division of the University, has compiled a 9-2 record for the year. Houghton's record now stands at 8-1-4 as a result of a tie with Niagara University. That game took place on Tuesday afternoon at 2:00 p.m.

Both the Highlander and the Purple Eagle offenses warmed to action slowly. Several minutes passed before either team managed a shot on goal, but

Houghton grabbed the edge in the shooting statistics midway through the first period. At halftime the Highlanders led the shooting 7-4.

In the second half Dan Woods and half back Dave Hanson sparked several offensive thrusts, backed by the considerable skills and hustle of John Rees and team co-captain Gary Housepian. Patrick Okafor anchored the defense, showing his usual prowess and demonstrating an encyclopedic foot.

The final tallies, aside from offering a scoreless game, left Houghton leading in shots-on-goal 16-14 and in corner kicks 6-5. The Niagara goalie was forced to save fifteen of Houghton's shots and found himself in serious trouble far more often than Highlander Greg Vossler, who needed to save but five of Niagara's shots.

Only one game remains on the regular season soccer schedule, to be played at 1:00 p.m. Saturday on Stebbins Field. Houghton will host Spring Arbor College of Michigan for that contest.

A Football Primer

by Roy Bielewicz

This fall our athletic fields have been tread and plodded by seven mean teams which comprise the intramural flag football program. Some of the teams that scramble, often aimlessly, on the gridiron are known by such dignified titles as The Mad Bombers, Fulton's Follies, Tappa Knu Keg, The Dukes and Tubarroots. Occasionally even the referees are called by a descriptive name or two. Original names such as Smith House or even a more appropriate name like Drybones describe the remainder of the teams.

For those not acquainted with flag football it is a less violent version of the original game. This accounts for an occasional stitch or broken bone because of an infrequent mishap. All the excitement of the original game is there. Flamboyant, lucid offenses characterized by running, twisting and turning players who sometimes resemble a mass of awkward acrobats,

move the pigskin toward the ultimate objective — a touchdown. Of course there are also those harassing, stingy defenses. Instead of tackling a man can only be stopped when the yellow, red, or blue adhesive flag is torn, often along with shorts, shirts, or whatever else happens to get in the way, from his waist. It is rumored, however, that a good swift belt to the chops or midsection has a tendency to stop a player. Two qualified referees, no matter what the players think, are used to organize the confrontations between teams.

FINAL HOUSELEAGUE FOOTBALL STANDINGS

1. Fubarroots	5 - 1
Dukes	5 - 1
3. Drybones	4 - 1 - 1
4. Tappa Knu Keg	3 - 2 - 1
5. Mad Bombers	2 - 4
6. Smith House	1 - 5
7. Fulton's Folly	0 - 6



A horde of Geneseo hopefuls chase Houghton Harrier, Harold Walker, who is running for his life.

Class Soccer

'74 Triumphs

by Gerald Jamer

This year's class soccer schedule closed with the Seniors in undisputed possession of first place. With a perfect record of 6-0 they outscored their opponents 34 to 3 and dominated the league. Second place was shared by both the Freshman and Sophomore classes with identical 3-3 records. A winless season established the Juniors as this year's cellar-dwellers.

The Class of '75, last year's league leaders, was the surprise team this year. In spite of the promotion of several key players to the Varsity Squad the Juniors were expected to field a strong team. Alas, despite strong personal efforts, notably those of John Penney and Tim Wilt, the Juniors lacked the scoring touch and failed to put together a winning game.

Another surprise this fall was the Class of '77. Habitually plagued by inexperience and organizational problems, Freshman teams are usually found wallowing about near the league basement. This year's team, led by Scott Brinkerhoff, fought to a very respectable tie for second place and a .500 season.

Considerably improved over last year the Sophomores were still forced to share second place with the Freshmen. Led by Jeff Gerberich and Dwight Dale the Sophomores were a well balanced team and showed real potential but internal

bickering and a weak defense held them to three wins.

The Class of '74 possesses an illustrious class soccer history. In the fall of 1970 they became the only Freshman team in the history of the college to capture the class soccer crown. They continued their winning ways the following year in a closely contested battle for the championship. Last year the league leader wasn't decided until the last game of the schedule when the class of '75 managed to steal the crown away. This year revenge was sweet and decisive.

The halfbacks are the backbone of any soccer team and Jim Spurrier, Brock Baker and Robin Kuhn added strength and depth to this position for the Seniors. The fullbacks were led by John Deitz and backed up by Bob Barr, new to the position of goalie but certainly able as his four shut-outs illustrate. Dave Clark and Jerry Jamer worked together on the line to provide the Seniors scoring punch and round out a very balanced team.

This was a good year for class soccer. The Senior's talent, experience and cohesion dominated the league, yet the quality of class soccer improved noticeably. So did interest, evidenced by a lack of forfeits. A little advertising to attract both players and spectators would go a long way towards making class soccer the enjoyable and entertaining sport it is capable of being.

The Sports Stew

by Dave Clark

Coach Richard Alderman and his golfers have concluded their fall season with four discouraging losses and only one tie to their credit. Mr. Alderman saw several facts contributing to this record. For one, the team's strength through the first three men could not be supported in the lower positions. John Snowberger, who was personally 3-2, Mark Goudy and Whitney Kuniholm often finished in the lead, only to have the team's lack of depth give opponents the opportunity for a comeback. Further, says Mr. Alderman, only schools with strong golfing programs field teams during the fall. Hopefully, the experience gained through the fall season and the expanded spring schedule will add up to a better record come spring.

The fall tennis team encountered similar difficulties this fall. Cancelled matches, strong opponents and lack of depth have all contributed to a final 0-3 record. More significantly, Coach Tom Harding's departure has virtually demolished the program. Gene Wakeman, last year's top player, called a team meeting before the first match and showed up by himself. After some recruiting, Wakeman patched together a team which included Bob Miller, his brother

Rollin Wakeman and senior Jim Sweetheimer. The one bright spot is Prof. Richard Jacobson who has shown interest in attending matches, assisting Wakeman and who may be taking over as coach when the spring season approaches.

The cross country team enjoyed a more successful season. Coach George Wells' runners have concluded their dual meets with a 7-4 record, including a disappointing one point to Roberts Wesleyan College. The team had hoped to be the first Houghton team to win ten meets, but failed because of the loss to Roberts and two cancellations by weaker opponents.

The team has shown real improvement through the season. Senior Ervin Rhodes is enjoying his best season, including a new school record of 23:16 on the Houghton course. Three freshmen — John Roman, Steve Sawada and Mark Sheeks — have replaced departed runners and added depth to the team. Complained one upperclassman, "I've improved my time each year, but I keep going down in my position on the team." Typical of upperclassman improvement is Keith Morris who has cut more than one minute off of his Houghton course time, since the outset of the season.

The Making of Champions

by Steve Rennie

The Highlanders increased their record to 7-1-3 on October 23 by stopping Geneseo 2-0. Patrick Okafor and Dave Askey netted Houghton's goals and goalie Greg Vossler again shut out the opposing offense. Only four goals have been scored against Houghton in the last six games.

Coach Burke attributes the team's momentum after a disappointing start to the 1-0 win over R.I.T. Since then the defense has pulled together and the offense has pressured the opponents by outscoring them better than 2-1. The team's best effort was a 2-0 victory over Alfred University. The Highlanders entertained the Homecoming crowd by defeating LeMoyne College 3-1 despite the usual Homecoming cold and rain.

Gary Housepian and Patrick Okafor have displayed fine defensive talent along with Dave

Wells and Tor Torkelson. Offensively, Dan Woods, Tom Fiegl, Askey and Okafor have led the scoring. Woods leads all scoring with seven goals, Askey and Okafor have five, and Fiegl has netted four.

There are indications that Patrick Okafor will be nominated to the All-State Team. Last year he was named to the first team honorable mention which is equivalent to the Third Team All-State. The feeling is that Pat deserves the First Team All-State nomination.

The J-V team also owns a winning record of 5-2 (counting a win against the Alumni.) They have recorded three shutouts in outscoring their opponents 14-9. Roy Feller leads scoring with seven goals followed by Jim Wills with three. Joel Prinsell has done an outstanding job in the goal while Steve Harris has intimidated the opposing offense.

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