

The Houghton Star

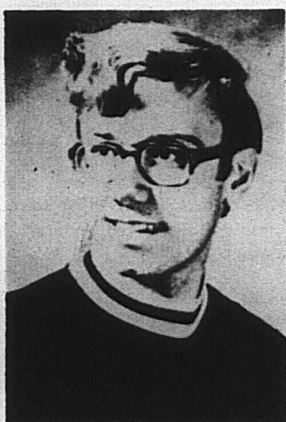
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Houghton College, Houghton, NY 14744, April 29, 1977

No. 22



Jennifer Polley



Timothy Harner

Dean Shannon Commends Honor Grads Polley, Harner Receive Highest Honors

Academic Dean, Dr. Frederick D. Shannon announced the honor students of the college's 1977 graduating class during the Senior Honors Banquet held April 22 at the Reinhold Campus Center.

Valedictorian for the class, with a cumulative grade point of 4.000 will be Jennifer A. Polley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Virgil B. Polley of

Oneonta, NY. A May graduate, she is majoring in French with a minor in Bible. She has been active in the band, French Club, FMF, and has played intramural sports. Last fall she was crowned the 1976 Homecoming Queen. She spent her Junior year abroad studying in France.

According to the college registrar, Jennifer is only the third graduate in

the history of the college to earn the straight 4.000 average based exclusively on Houghton credits.

After graduation Jennifer plans to marry Keith Anderson, a Senior biology major. The couple will be attending the University of Rochester where Keith will be enrolled in the med program while Jennifer is studying for her doctorate in French and Linguistics. After completing their education, the couple plan to go into mission work.

Salutatorian Timothy R. Harner is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. Harner of Brockport, NY. He has earned his 3.964 cumulative grade point majoring in history communication with minors in economics and mathematics. President of the Forensic Union, he is a member of the Student Senate, Chess Club, French Club, and radio station WJSL. Next fall he will begin studies at Harvard Law School.

A total of thirteen seniors will graduate summa cum laude, while twenty-nine percent of the 285 member class qualify for honors.

The speaker for the 1977 Senior Honors Banquet was Dr. George Werkema, Executive Director of the Christian College Consortium, headquartered in Washington, DC. His banquet address was entitled "Future Shock."

Student Missionaries Serve On Fields Around the World

At least 13 Houghton students had little difficulty finding work for this summer. They are the ones who have committed themselves to any one of ten mission boards to do jobs ranging from working in camps to chopping down trees.

When asked why they wanted to go, a number gave the same reply as Boyd Hannold who said, "It's kind of a trial run for me. I'm considering missions when I graduate. Of course, I didn't want to go for that reason alone. I do want to serve the Lord." Boyd plans to work with TEAM in South Africa.

Donna Ebner is excited about her upcoming trip to the French Alps. She'll be working in a camp in Grenoble. "Ever since I can remember, I wanted to see what being a missionary would be like."

Sue Hostetter, a Freshman, says simply, "I was called." She plans to work with TMI clearing away trees from a Brazilian forest to make way for an airstrip.

Jan Weber and Sylvia Howry are both going to Hong Kong to work in a childrens camp. Jan likes the idea of helping in a project she feels is worthwhile, while Sylvia feels it will

be good experience to prepare her for future missionary work. (This camp in Hong Kong is an extension of Camp-of-the-Woods in the Adirondacks where many other Houghton students find jobs annually.)

Quito, Ecuador is Jim Child's destination. He plans to work with HCJB, a short-wave missionary radio station. He too plans to get into missions later on and thinks of this summer as a "testing time."

Norva Smith is getting ready for a trip to Hong Kong where she will work with O M S International. I always wanted to work with a different culture. I look at it as an opportunity to help out some missionaries for a summer."

Others that plan to do some summer missions work include: Cindy Hutton, Bill Taylor, Cindy Turvery, Donna Galbraith, Gina Dunn, and Charlie Thompson.

FMF has budgeted \$1,980 to be distributed among some of Houghton's summer missionaries, depending on the individual's need. FMF president, Mark Parsons would like to remind the Houghton community that FMF is trusting the Lord to meet the budget for this year.

Houghton Teams Lose Seniors; Seventeen Athletes Graduating

With the graduation of the class of '77, Houghton will be losing many fine athletes from its sports program. Aside from such outstanding figures as Steve Sawada and Obika Ikepeze, who have already been individually honored in the Star, there are many fine senior athletes in various sports.

Houghton will be losing several valuable men from its soccer team, besides Obika. Graduating will be tremendous goalie Joel Prinsell, whose shutout records should stand for a while. Also, we will lose solid full-

back, captain Dave Wells, fullback Bob Ether, halfbacks Paul Stevenson and Dave Irwin, and forwards Jim Wills and Doug White. The loss of these many players will be sorely felt, for these men helped the team to 2 nationals trips with their consistent fine play.

Among other sports that will feel this graduation, baseball may be hurt the most. The team will be losing 5 starters and 2 fine pitchers, a loss which may be hard to compensate

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Graduates To Have Active Weekend Before Commencement May Ninth

Commencement exercises for the 279 Houghton seniors are only ten days away. Leading up to the big event is a weekend filled with activities for the seniors and their parents.

The weekend begins with marching practice for the seniors after returning from Senior Skip. "Snippets from Shakespeare" will be presented at 8:00 that evening. Made up of cuttings from Shakespeare's plays, the production features Lionel Basney, James Spurrier, Karen White and Cindy Quiter.

Saturday begins with a breakfast for the Faculty women and the senior women. At 1:00 the Women's Softball Team and the Track team will be finishing off their seasons. A smorgasbord dinner will begin at 5:00 p.m. Carlo Menotti's "Help, Help the Globolinks" will be presented in the Wesley Chapel at 8:00 p.m. The "Globolinks", performed by the Chamber Singers under the direction of Dr. Donald Baily, is a one act comic opera for "Children and People who like Children."

The Baccalaureate Service will be held Sunday at 10:30 in the Wesley Chapel. The address will be given by Dr. Edwin H. Palmer on "The Relevancy of the Word of God." Dr. Palmer is presently the executive secretary of the New International Version translation of the Bible. A former seminary professor, he is a minister of the Christian Reformed Church and is author of several books and numerous articles. A "walk-through" reception will be held at President Chamberlain's house

from three to five in the afternoon.

Dr. Marilyn Birch will be the speaker at the Annual Foreign Missions Fellowship Sunday evening convocation. Dr. Birch is a medical missionary currently on leave of absence from Wesleyan World Mission, Sierra Leone field, serving on staff at Ecco Family Health Center, Columbus, Ohio. An honors graduate of Houghton College and the University of Michigan School of Medicine, Dr. Birch was named Houghton's Alumna of the Year in 1967.

Commencement Exercises begin at 10:00 a.m. Monday morning. About 279 seniors will be participating. Of these 217 will be graduating, with the remainder completing degree requirements in August. Dr. Kenneth Pike, Professor of Linguistics at the University of Michigan, will bring the Commencement address entitled "The Search for Structural Concern: A Study in Cultural Incarnation." Dr. Pike is President of the Summer Institute of Linguistics, a sister corporation of Wycliffe Bible Translators.

Skip Weekend to Begin May 4th; Rookies Revival This Year's Theme

"The Rookies' Revival" is the theme of this year's Senior Skip Weekend to be held at Watson Homestead, Painted Post, NY. This theme is a carry-over from the senior's freshman year when the class was initiated as football rookies.

Some two hundred people will participate in this year's activities which begin Wednesday, May 4 and conclude on Friday, May 6.

Each morning will consist of games and various group activities. There is to be a free time each afternoon and late evening with a period of spiritual fellowship scheduled for early evening.

The main difference between this year's Skip and previous ones is the date. In other years, Skip Weekend was held the next to the last weekend before graduation. The change in the calendar which eliminated the

Winterim moved graduation up a few weeks, making Watson Homestead unavailable for Skip Weekend. Last year's class was forced to go to a place much farther away. This year, the Seniors are able to use the facilities at Watson Homestead by going there during the week rather than on the weekend.

The change in the date of Skip Weekend has its advantages. Senior grades are due before they will be leaving so there will be no worry of exams when they return. This makes it possible for more Seniors to attend and enjoy the activities without the anxiety of having to come back and finish up the semester.

Even though this year's senior class may be breaking with tradition by having their skip in the middle of the week, they may be setting a trend for Senior Skip Weekends in the future.

Houghton Will Lose Ten Faculty; Contract Negotiations Underway

On April 23, at 5:30 p.m. the faculty of Houghton College met for a carry-in dinner, at which time the departing professors were honored.

There are ten full-time and part-time teachers leaving Houghton. Among the full-time is Miss Conklin. She will only be gone a year to begin work towards her Ph.D. in Sociology at Johns Hopkins University.

Also moving to a new college, but not as a student, is Prof. and Mrs. Paul Spicuzza. Mr. Spicuzza teaches piano while Mrs. Spicuzza teaches voice on a part-time basis.

Another part-time teacher has been Mrs. Allen, who teaches music theory. At her own request she is not returning. Her husband will be back from a sabbatical next year to take up his full-time duties in the music department.

It has already been reported that

Mr. Nussey is leaving in August to return to the pulpit, but another couple is leaving Houghton for the mission field. Prof. and Mrs. Crosby, both active in the Spanish Department, will be leaving for Puerto Rico to pastor a Spanish-speaking congregation.

Last, but not least, is Mrs. Gordon Stockin who is retiring from active duty. Her many years of service to the college, especially as Arts Division Coordinator will be missed.

To fill these positions the College has signed contracts for a Spanish professor and a biology professor. Contract negotiations are still underway with sociology and piano professors.

Three other professors are leaving on sabbatical next year. Prof. John Leax plans to take a year off and do intensive study on the integration of creative writing and faith. He also would like to work on a book con-

cerning the poet Thomas Merton.

Prof. Keith Clark will be taking off the first semester to work on two books entitled "Trumpet Players of Symphony Orchestras in the United States of America" and "Bibliography of Hymnology." Prof. Munro will take off the spring semester to do a number of things: among them "to reassess the direction the biology department through consultation with other biologists and readings in the field."

Intended

Barbara Bowman, '76 to Matthew Woolsey, '76

D. Windy McKay '76 to Chris Canfield '77

Karen Schmidt '78 to Don Cruikshank '77

Joanne Hayer, '80 to Jim Kraft, '78

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I was disappointed with last week's "drama review" which concluded with an admission price. I went to the performance anyway on last Saturday night. In fact quite a few people turned out. We went to see experimental theatre take place in Fancher Aud. We were taken on a voyage through ourselves and our culture. Tossed before us was a display of both blatant and subtly acted dissipated units, fragments performed with a unique combination of brilliancy and opaqueness: the unnoticed dead rose and the unmistakably Mickey Mouse ears. Amazing — the characters reflected their own performances; advertising for the very play in process stared back at the audience. Senility, a dream-like atmosphere, pervaded often, carrying us along in and out of a fantasy that was too real to be comfortable. Expertise surrealism. When a phrase near the end ("It's a fantasy, or had you forgotten?") was made, I literally jumped. Yes, I had forgotten, forgotten just what was, and what was real, and what was not. J. S. Millwater directed and acted. He shifted from his role of a panhandler to young lover to a flower with a smoothness that nevertheless convinced us of his character changes. Between scenes and within scenes Mary Smith could transfer herself from a Southern belle prostitute to a wide smiling museum guide who blindly believed in herself, and yet, had some doubts. Steve Lennox was in the role of Sailor/amusement park employee/Latin lover?/Wiseman, who mostly portrayed vibrancy but were quite saddening. Sue Fisher expertly carried a foginess with her part as an old confused woman who actually understood too much in her own manner of thinking. Dave Brubaker barked out many commentaries in the crude fashion of a vaudevillianer, and also played the so-true paranoid and bored individual working the routine night shift. And of course, ol' Michael Gresh worked into the significant part of a statue, the remains of another supposedly-dead society. But the statue proved to possess more life qualities than our own living drabness often exhibits. A final question: "Why?" A final answer: "Why?" That was the only answer. Certainly, we need to have such questions posed more frequently (Encourage your local theatre). Kourous was a success. It was a frighteningly pleasant thing: like going to sleep as the morning birds begin to chirp, and awakening as the sun sets.

David A. Penne

Dear Steve,

For many years, women have fought for equal rights. And rightly so! Women have gained the right to

vote. The Federal government requires employers to disregard sex as a discriminating factor when hiring for positions. In business and sports, women have fought for and gained a "greater equality" with men. Major industry is forced to hire a quota of females to fill certain positions. Women's sports have risen both in respect and prize money. In high schools, girl's athletics have boomed with an emphasis on track, basketball and volleyball, to name a few.

No doubt, women have made strides toward an equality with men. But in other areas, the "greater equality" works in favor of the female. In these areas, women have not recognized, and then acted to balance the "other" inequality. A prime example of this, and the one I choose to discuss, is in the realm of dating.

Many facets of the dating experience demonstrate the "greater inequality" and how it places an advantage in the hands of the female. Traditionally, men have been expected to ask women out. They have been expected to plan the evening, arrange for transportation, pay for the evening, etc. But beneath these obvious social expectations, the male is forced to play "the domineering role."

The question that needs to be asked and answered is, "What would happen if the male-female roles in dating were totally reversed?" How many

girls on this campus are willing to ask guys out for a date — to plan the evening and then pay?

This problem of inequality must be faced and admitted. Sure, we can quickly label the roles assumed in dating as cultural. But haven't women fought against the biases and practices of culture before when they were not in their favor?

The point of the entire question is this — If women are to strive to balance the inequalities they face they must strive for equality on all levels even if it means a "surrender" of previous "rights and privileges." If equality must be found in all things, the dating structures which form the expected male role must be destroyed. Men must not be expected to ask girls out all the time. Girls must ask guys out, and share the "dominant role."

This letter has been written for one reason — to stimulate thought and action in this area. It is very important that we realize the necessity to affirm equality in this area. The question is not men vs. women — but rather men and women as individuals accepting their responsibilities in the dating process.

The appeal of this letter is to action that may involve both men and women "swallowing their prides", but, if we are to strive for equality, these positive steps must be taken.

Sincerely,
Bill Taylor

Senate Report

On Tuesday, April 26, the Student Senate met for the final time of the semester to elect members of committees and councils for the 1977-78 academic year. Deb Beers, President of the Athletic Association, was present to review plans for a proposed physical education building. New business from the floor consisted of one proposal which requested Student Affairs Council establish regular visiting hours in college owned housing on weekends. This proposal was overwhelmingly approved.

Senate requested adoption of a Visitation Policy by Student Affairs Council according to the following guidelines: "(1) That visiting hours be regular, scheduled weekly occurrences on Sundays and/or Fridays and Saturdays in the afternoon or evening. (2) That access to the residence halls by members of the sex opposite to that which reside in them be limited to those with escort or invitation. (3) That the problem of R.A. presence in proper areas be dealt with by delegating authority to willing individuals judged to be responsible by the R.A.'s and approved by the R.D.'s. (4) That doors of rooms which are being visited be left open in such a way as to allow

easy and unobtrusive inspection.

(5) That interpersonal exchange not become so overtly intimate that it might exceed the bounds of intelligent Christian propriety. (6) That regular visiting hours shall not supplant traditional open houses . . . except at the desire of the assembled residents of the dorm."

Elected to the councils were: **Student Affairs:** Kevin Knowlton and Mark Lindley; **Academic:** Phil Bence; **Development:** Jan Weber; **Financial Affairs:** Terry Slye. Elected to committees were: **Judiciary:** Richard Dickson, Joe Lloyd, Priscilla Chamberlain, and Bruce Merrit; **Trustee's Committee on Student Affairs:** Mark Lindley; **Athletic:** Randy Singer and Peg Roorbach; **Chapel:** Mark Cerbone, Buddy Hubbard, and Joe Lloyd; **Cultural Affairs:** Joan Keller, Dave Tidman, John Hugo; **Learning Resources:** Laura Brown; **Religious Life:** John Loftness; **Central Communications:** Craig Reisen, Sheila Bentley, and Randy Singer; **Campus Interchange:** Sheila Bentley, and Dorianne Reinhardt; **Campus Center Recreation:** Steven Starks and Jeff Hoffman; **Bookstore:** Ray A. Strawser II and Phil Bence; **Info:** Dorianne Reinhardt and Jeff Osgood; **Magazine Subscription:** Randall Gafner and Ray A. Strawser II; **Parking Fines:** Paul Tinker, Will Barnes, David Ragonesi; **Publicity:** Russell V. Kingsbury and Gary Fitzgerald; **Publicity Chairman:** Doug Balser; and **Faculty Advisors:** Dr. Katherine Lindley and Dr. Carl Schultz.

Senior Athletes continued

(Continued from Page One)

for. Starters leaving are Dave Wells, John Roman, Scott Makin, Dave Irwin, and Carlos Martinez. All of these will be missed, as they provided strong fielding and hitting for the team. Also, Bob Chaffee and Al Webster, who bore the brunt of the pitching burden, will be leaving a gap that will be hard to fill.

The track team, though not losing as many people, will still feel the graduation of '77. It will lose the versatile Obika, who holds the school record in the long jump. Also, gone will be shotput record-holder Steve Harris, who improves each year and is a first place for the team in every meet. Both of these seniors will leave behind fine records of their contributions to Houghton track and field.

This year's seniors also had a big part in Houghton intramural sports. Teams like houseleague football's Holy Horst and Dried Raisins, and houseleague basketball's Makin Trouble and Lathos Meter, have been dominant teams in Houghton's intramural program. The loss of these and similar teams will leave a large gap in the houseleagues.

In both intercollegiate and intramural sports, the class of 1977 has contributed greatly to the development of sports as an important entity in the Houghton liberal arts education. Besides any personal or team statistical records, this class leaves behind a record of sportsmanship and participation which should be appreciated by those of us who will be back here next year.

Senior Essays:

I am weary. I have struggled through a battle and I seek rest. Parched lips and cottonmouthed, I must have water.

As a body, I came to this valley in newly fitted armor. I came, proud of my shield, pleased with my sword. I arrived, seeking what I believed would be a glorious army seeking one purpose. I dreamed of hundreds of soldiers all chanting praise to their Ruler. I desired a totally equipped force, well-regimented; one which could cripple the plans of his enemy.

Instead I discovered an army in name only. Officers tried to lead, but were incapable. Many of them withered in ridicule. Their soldiers argued and fought in the ranks, striking each other from the rear rather than confronting each other in honesty. Divisions rose. Soldiers left and struck separate camps, away from others.

Many rebelled against the brokenness they saw. Some wept at the disconcerting truth. Others raged — their dreams torn from their hearts. A few were driven away as renegades. They became hungry and were left hungry.

At night, the wind howled mournfully; as the enemy silently crept on in. Like death, he struck down great numbers, tearing their shabby armor from them. Leaving sedate, unnerving smiles on expressionless faces.

I, too, was under attack. The enemy left me naked to discover my inner self — a bitter little wraith, incapable of even raising a shield. I became a shell — living but having no life. My vision of the army was now clouded. Victory was no longer the inevitable sight.

Increasing numbers lifted their thin bodies, picked up their armor and walked slowly away from our encampment. The enemy now holds them as captives — forcing their work, watching them become wisps of men.

Wailing was the common sound. Death sickly scented the valley air. Even the smell of dung seemed fresh. Sitting weakly in death, I quietly examined my armor. It was still there. Tarnished, yes, but still by my feet.

As smoke slowly began to rise from the ruins, I mused on my past vision. Inside, I still upheld its truth. I had seen it. I did believe it. I wept, letting the bitterness run down my cheeks. It was hot.

Some claim the army is starting over. Their optimistic shouts ring across the valley. For their lives, I pray they are right. My own years of service are up. I have heard the Ruler is planning a feast in the honor of his Prince. He promises rest and refreshment. I will go there. He has shown my desperate need. For his dwelling place alone is pure and the vision there is bright.

"For I will take you from the nations, and gather you from all the countries, and bring you into your own land. I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean from all your uncleanness, and from all your idols I will cleanse you. A new heart I will give you, and a new spirit I will put within you; and I will take out of your flesh the heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh." Ezekiel 36:24-26

John Kelly

One of my dreams, while attending Houghton, has always been to get up in chapel and speak about my experiences and feelings obtained here. Of course, this opportunity has not come about. I figure the second best thing is an article in the *Star*. I'd always felt that what I'd say would be unique, interesting, and might even increase my popularity in my fellow students' eyes. Well, as a friend of mine often emphatically says, "WRONG!" I now see by my friend's one word that my motivation for such a task has been in the darkness: for self-glorification. I praise the Lord for my change in attitude since I've started this article.

Basically, what I have to say is short. I can summarize my four years at Houghton in three words: Growth, Responsibility, and Motivation. Ever since I accepted the Lord as my Savior in my freshman year, He has provided all the nutrients necessary for my Growth as a Christian. Next, the Lord gave me vision to recognize my Responsibility, not only to Him, but to my friends, the community, my studies, and myself. Just as important as this is accepting and carrying this Responsibility. And lastly, He has taught me that no matter what I do, He is the only provider of the Motivation needed.

You know, if this was all that's happened to me here, why didn't the Lord just put this all in a letter and send it to me? The answer to this question is simple. "He did . . . and more!" He's sent an entire story and this is the neat thing about it. Every person here, right now and in the past three years, is in it. He has used everyone of you, in even the most obscure way, to accomplish His story for me.

So in closing, I'd like to say two things. First I feel honored that the Lord has made it possible for me to come in contact with so many beautiful people. And lastly, I praise the Lord for sending me to Houghton College.

God Bless You All,
Nick Bohall

It is hard to believe that I finally have the privilege of being called "Senior Citizen" by the Dean. It takes four years to achieve that status. I thought that coming to college in the United States would be a good solution to all my questions in life, at least an escape from the competition for higher education at home. As it turns out . . . Well, there is a lot to say about my immediate impression of the College and the people I met when I first came to this country. But one thing which gave me the most culture-shock was the fact that the Americans were so America-centered — national spirit on one hand and Provincialism on the other.

I suppose I grew up in a land where people do not bother to concern themselves about national identity. To be a Chinese in a Chinese culture but at the same time a British citizen in a British colony has not given me a strong feeling of national identity, and it is touching to see how people here have the pride of their country and of their heritage. You would not know how touched and jealous I was when I heard

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Remember

FMF's

Needs

The Houghton Star

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

Steven Kooistra
Editor

Connie Krause
Business Manager

Reflections and Meditations on Four Years Spent

(Continued from Page Two)

Carol Young say, after she came back from India, that she was glad she was an American. I never realized that people could have strong attachments to their country.

However, equally shocking was how some of the Americans could actually be very ethnocentric. It often turned me off (and still does) when I came across any statement implying "American culture" "uber alles". No, I am by no means anti-American. There is a Chinese parable speaking of a frog living at the bottom of an old well. The frog could never get out of the well to see the real outside world. What he thought to be the entire universe was merely

chine, a cog without a mind or will of his own.

Modern man views himself as a victim, a fugitive from a cold, inhuman "they." "They're out to get me" is his eternal complaint. Fifty years ago Ernest Hemingway gave a voice to this in *A Farewell to Arms* when he referred to that always unidentified "they." "They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you . . . You could count on that. Stay around and they would kill you."

A more recent example of a poor victim, hounded by the totally unfair elements of a totally unfair universe is Woody Allen. In all of his movies,

all of these areas the idea of disciplining oneself, of motivating oneself, of requiring oneself to accept responsibility for one's problems and the solutions of those problems is often sadly foreign.

The most dangerous area in which students enjoy viewing themselves as victims rather than as guilty of lack of responsibility is the spiritual realm. Go up to one of the students who has gone to church every Sunday in his life and ask him something like "Why does God permit suffering?" Ninety-nine chances out of one hundred he won't have any idea. And what excuse will he give? "They never taught me that." Or confront the student who came to Houghton

innocence. Remember Flip Wilson's popular phrase, "The devil made me do it?" It afforded one more possibility of shrugging off one's guilt. In Houghton, there are other possible ways of evading guilt, other possible scapegoats. It's nice not to have to view oneself as part of Houghton's problems, to see oneself, instead, as the poor, helpless student.

But the God who created man a thinking acting creature will not be snowed by our rationalizations. When He asks us for an account of our time, He will not permit us to blame our wasting of it on those around us. When He asks us why we indulged in anger or bitterness, or hostility, He will not accept the response, "They made me; it was their fault." When He asks us why we did not actively love those around us, He will not listen to the excuse, "They didn't love me first." God demands each person to acknowledge his own guilt, to stand to his own feet, and to live for Him as an active responsible individual.

Carol Capra

* * *

After four years at Houghton, I've been convinced that if you don't like it here, you should leave. So, I'm leaving.

Seriously now . . . what I have to say will probably be of no meaning unless you know me, and if you do know me, I do not need to say anything. For those of you who do not know me, I am the one whom you pass on the sidewalk with only a glance, the one who stands too close to you in the lunchline, or the one who sits by the coat racks and sometimes smiles. I am the one who has the mailbox next to your's, but the only time you spoke to me, you said, "Excuse me." I am the one who is not in any of your classes, the one whom you label but forget to pray for. I am the one who watches you run around in your busy little lives, talking of Jesus and love. Oh yeah, love. It is too bad you didn't get to know me, for then I wouldn't have to say anything.

The NUT

(Tim Weidner — for those of you who want to look me up in the yearbook)

* * *

There's a feeling here inside that I cannot hide and I know I've tried But it's turning me around

I'm not sure if I'm aware if I'm up or down
If I'm here or there
I need both feet on the ground.

Why do I feel like I'm drowning when there is plenty of air
Why do I feel like frowning, I think the feeling is fear

Here I am in this different place in this different time, in this time and space
But I don't want to be here . . .
Here I am all alone even tho' it feels the same
I don't know where I'm going
I'm here on my own and it's not a game
And a strange wind is blowing

I am so amazed by the things that I see here
I don't want to be afraid I just don't want to be here

In my mind this is clear
What am I doing here
I wish I was home.

These words sung by Dorothy in the super soulful version of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" entitled, "The Wiz," sum up my feelings about my first year at Houghton. Most students who have any knowledge of me at all know that I am a Harlemite, meaning I am one amidst a million black people populating the area

between 110th street and 150th street in New York City. Around my block, there are no whites, hence, I was raised with all blacks in the great city of New York (The city so nice they named it twice; always imitated, but never duplicated). In my senior year of high school, my grade advisor suggested I go to Houghton to see "how the other half lives." And in September 1973, my family and I made the long journey to HC.

Here I landed in this rural, all white area. When I didn't see another black, instant panic set in and all I could think of was "I'm the only one." The culture shock was great; I was really scared. But time will bring about a change!

Houghton has not been a "flowery-bed of ease." Nor has it been a path strewn with roses. I felt that I have had to live as a representative of the black race, answering questions about my hair, living habits, skin complexion, etc. White students from areas even minutely resembling Houghton, need more than seven blacks to give them an idea of what blacks are like! Houghton needs more than seven blacks (as students, faculty, administration, staff) to give them a just picture of black America. Houghton black students need more than seven blacks for a sense of identity, sense of togetherness and a sense of belongingness. Blacks should not have a "complex" whenever they get together for a chitchat. It is not fair for white students to come up and ask "What are you doing plotting?" I see countless of white students in the dining hall, the lounge of the campus center, in chapel, in dormitories, on the quad and it never crosses my mind to ask them if they are planning to overthrow the administration building.

Many students have asked me "How can you live in the crime-ridden, polluted air, rat infested and noisy city of New York? Don't you love the beautiful scenery, the trees, the green grass the clean air, the security of Houghton? All you see in NYC is concrete, stinking filthy slums and cold aloof people." That's probably true. It is also true that I have had the "privilege" to live in the beautiful "utopian" world of Houghton. But as Dorothy said in her song: When I think of home, I think of a place where there's love overflowing

I wish I was home, I wish I was back there with the things I've been knowing
Wind that makes that tall grass bend into leaning
Suddenly the raindrops that fall have a meaning
Sprinkling the scene, makes it all clean.

Maybe there's a chance for me to go back
Now that I have some direction
But it sure would be nice to be back home where there's love and affection.
And just maybe I can convince time to slow up
Giving me enough time in my life to grow up
Time be my friend and let me start again.

Suddenly my world's gone and changed its face
But I still know where I'm going
I have had my mind spun around in space
Yet I've watched it growing

And oh if you're listening God please don't make it hard
To know if we should believe the things that we see,
Tell us should we try to stay, or should we run away,
Or would it be better just to let things be?

(Continued on Page Four)



a patch of the sky. I was really disappointed to find that some of my schoolmates who were academically superior had that ethnocentric attitude. I suppose there are not many people who can have the opportunity that I have had to live in different countries and learn about different cultures. I do not claim that I have the knowledge to judge which culture or country is better, but it is pathetic to see so many of my friends using the white Anglo-Saxon value standard to pass judgment on other cultures. Frankly it often shows their ignorance of things outside America. I mean, Chinese culture is definitely more than just the stereotype of laundries, restaurants in Chinatown, ChowMein, Chung King, or fortune cookies! When I say that Americans are proud of their culture and country, perhaps they are too proud!

Should we as Christians from a Liberal Arts College have a better idea and richer knowledge of the rest of the world, and not just this "old well" of America? Are we too busy saving the heathen and praising the saints of America, to concern ourselves with the outside world, only to end up being provincial and narrow-minded? We speak of Houghton as an island. To me, America is the real island with people thinking that the world is flat. What Americans need are more Columboes.

— Samuel Si-Yin Cheung

Harold Kaplan, in an interesting study of twentieth century literature notes that with modern society's ever-increasing emphasis on science and technology has come a speedy decline in man's commitment to individual responsibility. As the universe is viewed as an impersonal machine, devoid of spirit, man, too, becomes a faceless cog in that ma-

chine, a cog without a mind or will of his own. he stares down from the screen with a look that seems to say "Why, oh why, are they always picking on ME?" In *Take the Money and Run*, he portrays a man who, through no fault of his own, is a misfit in society. The harrowing experiences of his childhood, when friends and enemies alike took delight in stepping on his glasses, have driven him to repeated attempts at bank robbery. In crime, as in everything else, he is a failure, but it is not his fault. He is, through the entire movie, nothing more than a victim.

So what do Woody Allen, Ernest Hemingway, and Harold Kaplan's observations on trends in modern literature have to do with life in Houghton? A great deal for the inclination to view oneself as a victim of the almighty "they" is a apparent in the cloistered halls of Houghton as it is in all corners of modern western society.

In what ways do Houghton students (for it is of them, and to them, that I am instructed to write) see themselves as passive and helpless victims? In every conceivable way. To start with something central: academically. Think of the numbers of students who complain: "I haven't learned anything in this course (or in this semester, or in four years) because they didn't teach me anything." We have the victims of physical abuse, the students who haven't run more than three yards since high school and who are wind-ed walking up a flight of stairs who will say "Well, they don't give me time to take care of my body. How can I exercise when they keep giving me so much work?" And we have the victims of social abuse, those lonely students who spend one hundred Friday nights out of one hundred Friday nights alone in their rooms wailing: "They ought to do something about the social life!" In

an enthusiastic Christian and is leaving a cynical agnostic. Ask him what happened to his faith. He will say "They wrecked it. They took it away. They put holes in it."

In the years that I have been in Houghton have I never been guilty of accusing an all encompassing "they"? Of course not. I have spent my share of unprofitable hours in classrooms composing arguments against the "they" that made me take unwanted courses and the "they" that failed to spark my interest as I believed "they" should. I have spent my share of angry hours thinking about the "they" that I thought was trying to push me around. I have spent my share of hours in doubt, doubt I was sure "they" had inflicted on me, plagued with questions I thought "they" should give me answers for. And I have spent my share of hours in bitterness, wondering why all the "theys" of my life should be allowed to make me so miserable.

In the last four years I have learned, in a gradual, painful, and terribly humbling way, that if my time was being wasted, it was because I was wasting it and if I was being pushed into something I did not want to be, it was because I was not standing firm in what God wanted me to be. And, if I had doubts, it was because I had not grounded myself solidly enough in the truth that no "they" can take from me. And if I was miserable here, it was because I was making myself miserable.

Modern man has a great number of scapegoats on which to place his guilt, and he is constantly creating more which will permit him to remain in the comfortable position of the passive victim. Faulty education, bad environment, bad genes, levels in the biocycle, societal pressures, all are blamed for man's problems so that man can maintain his

Reflections By Seniors continued

(Continued from Page Three)

Living here in this brand-new world might be a fantasy, But it taught me to love, so it's real, real, real to me. And I've learned that we must look inside our hearts to find — a world full of love, like yours, like mine — LIKE HOME!

I've learned like Dorothy that although Houghton is beautiful there is truly: "No place like home, there's no place like home . . ."

In Love/Peace & Soul,
Ruby M. Wilson

And to the crowds he said, "When you see a cloud coming up in the west, at once you remark, 'A shower is coming,' and so it is. And when the south wind blows, you say, 'It will be hot,' and it happens. You hypocrites! You know how to interpret the appearance of earth and of sky. Why then can you not evaluate this time?"

There has been much justified rejoicing within this past year over the signs recognizing that the Master remains as Guide in Houghton College. These signs are manifest in the lives of God's children present within this institution. Glory is brought to God in and through the lives of such individuals. Unfortunately, there has never been provision made for "corporate salvation" — each is individually responsible for the degree to which he knows God, not merely knows about God.

I rejoice too. Greatly. The people who compromise this institution are wonderful, God-serving, and God-honoring people. Generally. Not all, unfortunately, can be characterized as such.

My final challenge: regain — or

gain for the first time — a sense of urgency. Let it not be said by any that within God's sovereignty there is room for lethargy, for apathy. Do you not say "There are yet four months; then comes the harvest?" Behold I say to you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, that they are white for the harvest. Already he who reaps is receiving wages and is gathering fruit for life eternal.

Four years is a brief period in consciousness. But these four years are extremely impressionable, extremely formative. Maximize them. Develop. Challenge. Receive such.

You hypocrites, Isaiah rightly prophesied about you. "This people honors me with their lips, but their heart is far away from me. Uselessly, they worship me with their teaching of human commands."

It is a serious thing to live in a society of possible gods and goddesses, to remember that the dullest and most interesting person you talk to may one day be a creature which, if you saw it now, you would be strongly tempted to worship, or else a horror and a corruption such as you now meet, if at all, only in a nightmare. All day long we all in some degree are helping each other to one or other of these destinations. It is in the light of these overwhelming possibilities, it is with the awe and the circumspection proper to them, that we should conduct all our dealings with one another, all friendships, all loves, all play, all politics. There are no ordinary people. You have never talked to a mere mortal. Nations, cultures, arts, civilization — these are mortal, and their life is to ours as the life of a gnat. But it is immortals we joke with, work with, marry, snub, exploit — immortal horrors or everlasting splendors.

Let's begin again to consider our responsibilities in service to God's kingdom more seriously and to know how serious we are.

What is the use my brothers, for anyone to say he has faith, if he fails to act on it? His faith cannot save him, can it? If a brother or a sister is poorly clad and lacks the day's nourishment but one of you says, "Go away in peace; get warmed and get fed," without supplying them their bodily needs, what is the use? Exactly, so faith that does not issue in works in itself is dead.

Someone, however, will say, "You have faith and I have works." Show me your faith without its works and I will show you my faith through what I do."

Sincerely,
Steve Horst

I never thought the idea of sagacious seniors reflecting with wisdom on their Houghton years was ridiculous — that is, until now. I know how I always envisioned myself doing this assignment: brilliantly setting forth a critical (yet fair) essay on the problems of Houghton and the solutions I could prescribe. It would have the ring of conviction. It would be able to stand resolute both as a warning to the complacent powers-that-be and as a stirring challenge to struggling underclassmen. Sort of a combination last words of wisdom and a final "win one for the Gipper."

I am finally at the point where I ought to be able to do all that. But now I find that I can't. It's not that there aren't any more things that need changing, or that apathetic students couldn't use a little more riling up. Neither has my critical fervor abated. It is just that in the final analysis these things do not seem to be very important. Any statement about them would be more trivial than helpful.

For some reason the things we have complained about most seem to have had the least effect on what we actually now are. I am convinced that God has given us more responsibility for our well-being and growth than most of us would like to accept. So we cast about for convenient scapegoats, and when we have found some, we pin all our shortcomings on their hairy backs. (And, I should add, some of our Houghton scapegoats do have quite hairy backs: unequal rules for men and women, obnoxious requirements, undue academic pressures, hypocrisy, materialism, and so on.) Sadly enough, we often manage to leave here without any question that they are the sources for all our troubles. We are Houghton's victims, "messed up" by "this place."

That whole approach is patently false. The important thing is not what our varied experiences here have supposedly made of us; it is

what we have made of them. All of us will leave here at least somewhat changed. The way we react to Houghton — for that matter, to life — will determine the nature of those changes. And our reactions, by and large, will be determined by the extent of our obedience and willingness to grow. What we are when we emerge from here has been left mainly up to us.

God has brought us here with a particular purpose in mind. Houghton College is His agent for bringing about part of that purpose. As such, the agent should not preoccupy our thinking, but Him. Instead of getting hung up on trivialities, we should concentrate on our primary responsibility: personal development and growth.

Houghton is simply one experience of many. We all share it because we came here, but there the similarity just about ends. It is an individual experience that each one of us

need to maximize. It has value in what it produces in our lives.

Because God uses Houghton does not mean it is perfect. Oddly enough, God has a history of using imperfect tools to bring about His will. Some of the most imperfect aspects of Houghton and the people here may teach us the most important lessons.

The times at Houghton when I strived for obedience were the most productive. The times I spent on tangents, in which God was only an incidental figure, were basically worthless. And this is logical: since God brought me here with a purpose, it naturally follows that only by obedience can I see maximum results. I am convinced that the question of obedience is the most important one we face here — and in all of life. Our response to it will determine the value of our Houghton experience, as it will of all the experiences yet to come.

— Daryl Brautigam

Shenawana Men Smash Gao In 1st Annual Challenge Cup

If you remember the first week after Easter vacation, you remember having many of your meals interrupted by loud, raucous announcements from the "Gao guys" that they were going to obliterate the Shenawana men in the first annual Shenawana-Gao Challenge Cup, to be held on Saturday, April 16.

On the black Saturday (at least for Gao), the Challenge Cup began with football and ping-pong in the morning. The Home of the Brave emerged from this competition with a 14-4 lead, and never looked back. At 1:00 p.m., the well-attended track meet began, and when it was finished the Gao

bubble had been thoroughly burst. Despite victories by Jeff Tarbox (100-yard dash) and Del Stevens (high jump), and fine showings by its shuttle hurdle and 880 relay teams, Gao could not match the Shenawana powerhouse, led by winners Ken Heck (long jump and 440), Jeff Hoffman (shotput and discus), Jeff Spear (880), Dwight Brautigam (mile), and its victorious mile relay team.

Following the track meet, there was competition in tennis, softball throw, egg throw, 3-legged race, and team ice cream eating. The final score was tallied, and the Shenawana men had proven their superiority, 107½ to 48½. Gao had been beaten.

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