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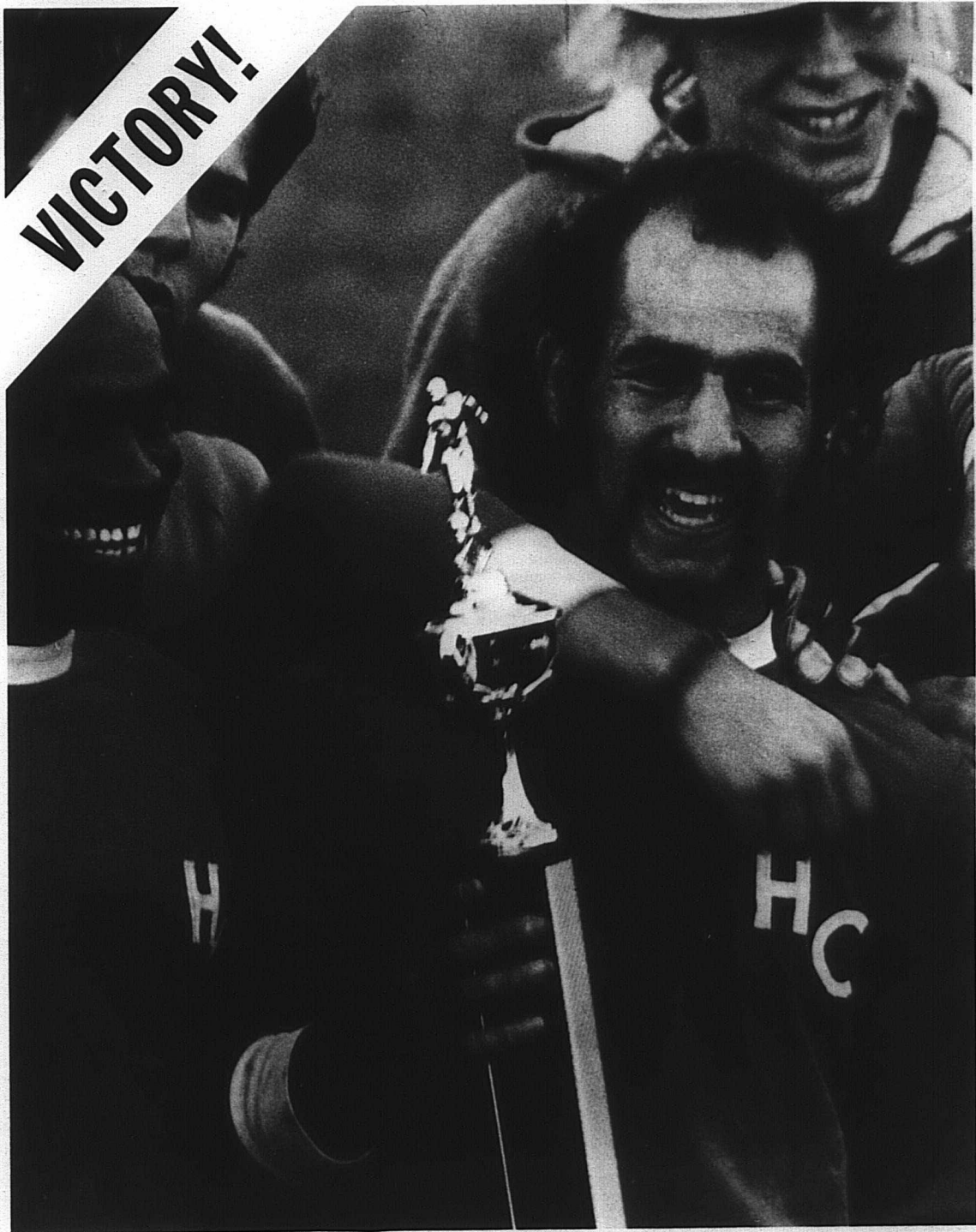
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the houghton star

VOL. LXVI

Friday, November 16, 1973

No. 4

editorial

One of the favorite diversions on campus (aside from not watching cross-country) is the Willard J. Houghton Library. It is not unusual, at a single moment, for as many as three hundred students to busy themselves scanning newspapers and magazines, researching term-papers and wading through collateral reading. The wisdom of tomorrow takes form in the various reading rooms, carrels and stacks of this edifice. This is fine; this is what the library is for.

Sometimes, however, the building and its varied, though admittedly incomplete, resources face abuse at the hands of the students. I do not refer to talking in the periodical room, a menial sin for which even *Star* editors are justly chastised. No, I am speaking of a far more invidious habit, a habit that seems to be infecting more and more of the student body. I am speaking of ripping off the books.

It is now common practice to unofficially borrow a book or bound periodical, not only when faced with an imminent term-paper deadline but whenever convenience allows. The borrower is then free to return the volume in his own good time, if at all. Meanwhile, a number of fellow-students tear their hair and search in frenzied futility for a tome no longer on the premises. The librarians weep in torment at the disorder wrought on the bookshelves. No one is happy except the pillager of the stacks, leisurely taking notes onto three-by-five cards.

Somehow it seems selfish. Granted, library conditions are not ideal; but universal convenience is plainly impossible. I suspect that part of functioning in any society is giving up a little individual convenience for the sake of — at least — peaceful coexistence, and I suspect that a society of avowed Christians, this strange Houghton society of ours, should try for more than coexistence. A small amount of harmony, perhaps even a touch of charity, could not hurt.

The library matter is small, perhaps, but small matters often infuriate the masses far more than larger issues, for the masses — you and I — think on small things. It is an issue more of courtesy than of morality or ethics. It is not good to be frustrated and infuriated. The frustration and infuriation can be alleviated in this area. Leave us not rip off the books.

— Robert A. Morse, Co-Editor

Recently this writer overheard an elder member of the academic community discussing certain by-gone days of his student life here at Houghton. His reminiscing was not without that usual element of bittersweet nostalgia, yet I could not help but particularly notice certain functions he recalled with unusual enthusiasm; functions that sadly enough do not exist today. In the course of his reminiscence this venerable alumnus described the extinct practice of having "Class Chapels"; periodic assemblies given to alternating classes for whatever purpose that class desired. Such occasions were often appreciated opportunities to happily parody any facet of campus life that exhibited a tendency toward the absurd or posed an omnipotent face of unmovable sobriety. In fact, accurate mimicking and healthy lampooning were often indulged in, without the fear of official repercussions. These chapels provided a necessary option that allowed students to laugh at themselves as well as their very human counterparts on the faculty and administration. In providing for this custom, the people with the power symbolically admitted that they did indeed possess the same stumbling humanity most of us know. This was a brave accommodation on their part. The need to laugh was met by the recognition that such a need existed, and by making it obvious that no one was pretending to be impervious to the little absurdities of life that laugh at us all.

And that need still exists: the need to openly experience a rueful chuckle or two at our own presumptuous humanity. But where is it being fulfilled? The "Class Chapels" do not exist anymore, we have not been reimbursed in similarly sanctioned functions, and it is generally accepted that student publications are not the place for this sort of self-directed laughter. The "collective sense of humor" of the student body has been starved, denied public expression and finally, forced underground. Such a denial can only produce a facade of superficial cynicism and a genuine sadness over the realization that we are being

asked to ignore this aspect of personality. I am not suggesting that the reinstatement of "Class Chapels" would resolve all our differences, but perhaps if we shirked some of the irreproachable dignity we assume for a more honest perspective of our limitations, undiscovered channels of communications might reveal themselves in an unexpected manner.

— Kent Nussey, Managing Editor



houghton star

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Robert I. Barr **Robert A. Morse** **Dindy Bence**
Co-editors Business Manager

Kent Nussey
Managing Editor

F. E. Bence, Personnel
Tom Bowditch, Sports
Jennifer Thomas, Copy
Shirley Mullen, Proof
Majel Smith
Larry Kamp, Fine Arts
Nan McCann, Feature

Marilyn Smith, News
John Tatter, Photography
Layout:
Rose Mary Volbrecht, Sara Swindler.
Bob White, Distribution and Ads
Laura Woods, Art

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Rev. Morton W. Dorsey assumed the pulpit of the Houghton Wesleyan Church last weekend.

Pastor Dorsey

by Doug McCann

Reverend Morton W. Dorsey arrived in Houghton, Friday November ninth to become the spiritual leader of the Houghton Wesleyan Church. His coming is the product of much thought and prayer by everyone concerned. He spoke at Houghton Sunday, September ninth in response to a phone call from Reverend Daniel Heinz, District Superintendent. Then the church extended a call to Reverend Dorsey.

Rev. Dorsey said that he has not had much formal schooling, but he has been a student all of his life. He graduated from Chicago Evangelical Institute, a four-year Bible College, and he took some administrative courses at Ohio State University. He felt he needed them for his ministry as a pastor.

Most of Rev. Dorsey's ministry has not been as a pastor in a church but as a travelling evangelist. He usually participated in five or six camp sessions during the summer and spent the rest of the year speaking in churches and on campuses. In 1971 he went to the Caribbean Islands to hold services and seminars for national workers, and in March and April of this year he went to Africa to hold services for missionaries. He explained that national workers and missionaries need spiritual food to meet their own needs. He was holding evangelistic services in North Carolina when Rev. Heinz called him.

Evangelism has always been his first love, but he has felt

some dissatisfaction because of the transient nature of his work. As a pastor he is looking forward to staying with one congregation and teaching it some of the deeper things of the Spirit. He seems enthusiastic at the prospect of carefully developing disciples and building up the church.

Rev. Dorsey said he would like to put a greater emphasis on community involvement in the church. He noted that in the New Testament church the clergy was not as separated from the laity as it seems to be today, and he wants to return to the concept of the clergy being "the first among equals." He put the emphasis on "equals" and went on to say that he believes we all have talents that we should let God use in his service. He is confident that as we all get involved and use our talents that the Holy Spirit will knit the community members, students, and faculty, into one united church.

Rev. Dorsey said he appreciated the atmosphere of genuine interest that was shown when he spoke because he knows how easy it is for a student at a Christian college to become saturated with preaching. Right now he is busy digging into his new situation and arranging the moving of his family. He says that at the moment he is rattling around the big house, but the family should be completely moved in by mid-January. Let's pray that God will specially strengthen Rev. Dorsey during this time of change.

Singing the Wassail

The Chamber Singers will present Houghton's ninth annual Madrigal dinner December 6 and 8 in the Campus Center beginning at 6:30 p.m. with the traditional "Wassail Song."

The sixteen singers in Medieval costume will present a program equally divided between madrigals and Christmas selections. The program includes: "You Say 'Tis Love" as a duet by Terry Stoneberg and Juanita Bush, a fifteenth century Christmas pageant "In the Town," telling the nativity story, and for the first time contemporary selections such as "Silver Bells" and "Twelve Days of Christmas."

The Madrigal dinner originated in the castles of Medieval England, where nobles, who were trained in music finished meals with a time of singing. Banquets began to feature small singing groups who entertained guests with madrigals (polyphonic, unaccompanied vocal pieces on a secular theme).

The Houghton version of this

custom has a two-fold purpose — to provide parents, prospective donors, and other friends of the college with an opportunity to see the college, and the work of the Music department, and to provide a special evening for members of the Houghton family. In order to preserve a warm atmosphere of fellowship, the number attending each dinner will be limited to approximately 400.

The long hours of practice and performance involved in the Madrigal Dinner are given as a service to the college. Receipts from ticket sales cover only the costs incurred from the dinner, such as food, decoration, and costumes.

The Chamber Singers are willing to present a program to students during the regular supper hour on December 7, if there is enough student interest. If students would like to enjoy this special presentation, they need only to put words to their wishes and inform Professor Bailey of their interest.

The Humanities Conference in Marion

Nearly 100 delegates representing over 20 colleges and universities gathered at Marion College October 25-27 for a Colloquium in the Humanities. Sponsored by the Christian Holiness Association, the colloquium focused on the theme, "Reclaiming the Humanities for the Christian College."

Dr. Milo Kauffman, of the University of Illinois, Dr. Melvin Dieter, of the Department of Educational Institutions of The Wesleyan Church, and Dr. Timothy Smith of The Johns Hopkins University each addressed general sessions of the conference. Dr. Kauffman's keynote address, a plea for breaking out of the limiting boxes of our experience into a centered openness, set the tone for the weekend, which was characterized by freedom and integrity.

Dr. Dieter's address, "The Pietistic Tradition and the Arts," established the historical framework of the conference. While he acknowledged that the pietistic tradition was often narrow and parochial, he demonstrated that it was very much aware of culture and in fact in the forefront of cultural and social reform. It was not until the early 1900s, accord-

ing to Dr. Dieter, when the holiness movement began to assimilate parts of and be identified with fundamentalism, that it began to reject culture.

The final address of the weekend was given by Dr. Smith, who summarized the proceedings and the importance of the colloquium. Using a passage in Deuteronomy as his text Dr. Smith emphasized the importance of the covenant relationship God offers his people. He saw in this relationship the basis for the Christian's involvement in culture.

While the general addresses were the high points of the conference, the hard work of addressing specific topics and problems was done in section meetings. Topics here ranged from "Drama in the Christian College" to "The Limits of Rationality." Three Houghton professors presented papers in these sections. Dr. Katherine Lindley spoke on "An Interdisciplinary Major in the Humanities;" Professor John Leax spoke on "The Christian and Creativity: Notes Toward a Community of Artists," and Professor Abraham Davis spoke on "An Interdisciplinary Discussion of Ethnic Studies."



The ministry of ACO, most visible in its children's parties, extends on a more personal level to every part of Allegany County.

Outreaching

by Cindy Gaston

ACO, CSO and FMF are in the process of implementing new programs and goals as they seek to serve the local community.

Marjorie Rudd, President of ACO, expressed that ACO intends to establish communication between students and local churches. Local pastors are invited to join in the ministry of outreach to the lower income families in the area; the youth in the Houghton Church are presently involved in the main purpose for establishing this communication — to get the churches interested in these families, but also to get the families into the churches in their areas.

Needs include cars, money for Christmas gifts, continued prayer for local church involvement, and prayer for the improvement of the parties. Marjorie also expresses gratitude for the good participation and response to the Halloween parties and for the use of a basement room in East Hall which has been allotted to ACO for storage.

CSO covers a broad spectrum of areas of opportunity for Christian service ranging from teaching small children and befriending delinquent teenagers, to comforting the aged at their bedside. The Alfred Tech. group has started Bible studies in two dorms to supplement their door-to-door outreach. They publicized the movie **Time to Run** at Alfred and have heard of at least twenty conversions as a result of the movie. Also, the Bible study at R.I.T. has its greatest attendance of deaf

students this year.

The CSO cabinet, with Valerie Morgan as President, is spending more time in specific prayer in the hope of opening communication lines between all prayer groups. It also hopes to keep students aware of the needs of each group in order to share the burdens.

Some of these needs include: more personnel to meet the growing interest in Sunday schools at Craig State School; personnel to fill openings in local churches under the newly developed church assistance program; prayer for those who visit Dansville Coffee House and for the formation of a new group, hoping to minister to a Methodist Children's home for the emotionally disturbed.

Dan Elliott, FMF President, stated that FMF's goals this year are to challenge individuals toward their Christian responsibilities in missions and to edify the Houghton community through the challenge of missions.

As a part of the regional S.F.M.F., the Houghton FMF includes the whole student body and seeks ways to fulfill our responsibilities for the evangelization of the world in our present college context.

Now that Conquest is over, the FMF cabinet is involved in follow-up in order to keep missions before the student body. Fourteen prayer group leaders convey missions information to students. A newly formed outreach team will be travelling and sharing the needs and responsibilities of missions with local communities. FMF is also involved in publicizing the 1973 IVCF Urbana Conference.

Meeting of the Deans

by Taffy Tucker

They arrived between nine p.m. and two a.m. Friday night, November 2: deans of women, resident directors, and resident assistants from eleven different colleges in eastern U.S., for the annual meeting of the Christian Association of Deans of Women, held this year for the first time on Houghton campus. This opportunity for sharing new ideas, striving together in the workshops over real situations and how to deal with them, and just getting excited about the roles of leadership in which God has placed them, is an essential part of these women's lives. In fact, some of them drove for more than nine hours on Friday night just to attend the seven hour conference on Saturday. It is for them a short vacation from the bustle of their campus duties, and a new motivation to persevere.

Mrs. Weir, former dean of women at Houghton, speaking in the morning session on the topic, "The Dean as an Agent of Change", had some startling ideas: Tuition free courses for personnel staff in such areas as adolescent psychology and counselling; the responsibility of the deans for the physical condition of their staff (picture Mrs. Dunkle ordering one of

our resident directors to get some sleep!); rationale for every regulation; presenting student personnel to the rest of the campus (or do you know who the assistant resident director is at Waldorf?); and even a course in the use of leisure time.

Everyone has a spiritual gift, but few people realize that just being "hurttable" is one of them. In a workshop on "The Gift of Helps" Miss Robin Luce of Eastern College explained how God uses vulnerability, being open to the point of risking and revealing your current struggles, to touch and heal others. When you are down, weak and discouraged you do not have to be "on the shelf" as far as God is concerned, for His strength shows up best in weak people. Weaknesses can be even greater tools than strengths when wielded by the Holy Spirit.

Other workshops, discussions and speakers filled in the rest of the schedule. Mary Lou Stamm of Ontario Bible College gave the closing devotional on the four most important things in life. There are four things that people want more than anything else, Mrs. Stamm explained, and these are to truly live, to feel important, to be loved, and to have variety.

Worship Chapels

by Rhea Reed

After considering comment and suggestion from students and faculty, the Chapel Committee has scheduled a series of chapels devoted to worship, specifically corporate worship. The series will begin on November 28 with Mr. Irwin Reist presenting the Biblical foundation and mandates for corporate worship, after which Mr. Donald Bailey will present a short statement on "The Place of Music Within Corporate Worship."

The second chapel, November 29, will be a time of preparation for a worship service to be held on Friday. Mr. Reist, as he leads the students and faculty through the worship liturgy as recommended by John Wesley, will be explaining the purposes and meaning of the items and their inclusion in this particular liturgy. Hopefully this preparation will make the Friday chapel service a meaningful worship experience.

The final chapel of this series, November 30, will be a morning worship service according to the liturgy of John Wesley. Rev. Irwin Reist will officiate, Mr. Donald Bailey serve as choir master, and Dr. Nolan Huizenga as organist. Included in this service will be the Declaration of Faith, General Confession of Sin, Prayer for Pardon, the Lord's Prayer, Reading of the Psalms, Old Testament Lesson, and the New Testament Lesson. The Chamber Singers will present three chants of service music: "O Come Let Us Sing to the Lord," "We Praise Thee O Lord," and "O Be Joyful in the Lord, All ye Lands." A short meditation by Rev. Reist will follow.

One of the purposes of these services is to provide a new experience in worship for the students and faculty. The Chapel Committee hopes this will provide at least one new alternative in worship as a possibility for future chapels.



Beware the Congenial Rip-off



a warning

by F. E. Bence

Students graduating from Houghton, well trained to compete in their professions, often find themselves grossly lacking in knowledge of the basics of personal finance. They find themselves buried beneath insurmountable fixed payments some of which could have been avoided, altogether, some much reduced. Mr. Arnold Cook, teacher of the Economics for the Consumer course, is greatly concerned that students become aware of common mistakes that should be avoided.

Insurance salesmen find college seniors oh-so-very gullible. They send literature thru the mail and make appointments to talk about the importance of "your future." These local salesmen are representing reputable companies, but don't always push the most appropriate policies. It's like selling a well-made, size forty coat to Mr. Hazzard. It may be a flawless coat and it will keep him warm, but it's not what Mr. Hazzard needs. Life insurance policies are often sold with part of the premiums building up a savings account with cash or loan values. These savings account policies offer very poor interest rates when compared to normal bank accounts. Experts say that until the economy ceases to have the rate of inflation seen in the recent past, it is unwise for anyone to buy anything but term insurance (that offering only pure life insurance protection for your premiums — no cash or loan value.) Salesmen receive lower commissions on term insurance and

therefore try to sell these "extra benefit" policies even though they are rarely beneficial to a young purchaser.

A second common pitfall involves unwise car purchases and financing. Car dealers usually volunteer to take care of the insurance and financial arrangements, attempting to help the buyer save the time and inconvenience of "shopping around." Mr. Cook says, "People should shop just as hard for insurance and financing as they do for the auto itself. They often pay more than necessary because of this." Banks and credit unions are likely sources for car loans; relatives should be tapped only if businesslike arrangements are made. A sense of obligation to repay is often lacking and such cases can be the cause of long-term family misunderstandings.

One must be leery of used car warranties. A careful reading of the fine print may reveal a paucity of true guarantees. Some will be responsible for supplying parts only — although labor is often the greater part of a repair bill;

some will list possible breakdowns that are excluded.

Lest you start to mistrust all car dealers, Mr. Cook feels it is safer to buy from a dealer than from an individual owner. In New York State a dealer-sold used car must pass inspection — cars sold individually do not have to. "A dealer has repair facilities and he usually tries to maintain a good reputation," commented Mr. Cook.

A third major mistake is overloading oneself with installment debt — the payment for purchases taking too large a proportion of ones take-home pay. Because of the high rate of inflation, there are no general rules that can be given stating how much is too much. The preparation of an individual budget should act as the guideline. A knowledge of where the money is going to come from to pay bills is necessary before one incurs binding obligations. "To pay the annual car insurance payment in July, will I set up a savings account, setting a little aside each week; or will I spend an entire current pay check; or

will I have to borrow?"

In paying off loans, one should pay his highest interest loans first. College loans, often of the low-interest variety, needn't be hastily repaid. Take care of other obligations first.

Many young people find themselves in a frustrating dilemma — "I can't get loans because I don't have any credit rating and how can I ever get a credit rating if no one will give me a loan?" Credit cards offer one good solution to this cycle. Take advantage of the application forms sent in the mail from major oil companies. Use them wisely — always paying the total balance when it is due. There is a very high (up to 18%) interest rate on unpaid balances, but no interest if the current bill is kept up-to-date.

A graduating student must find a job and source of income before these other problems can be worked out. Job interviewers usually ask what salary would be acceptable. Should one bid high or low when asked that question? Mr. Cook says that neither is a good idea. If one expects a relatively high salary, the interviewer will think him foolish and idealistic. A low expectation will show a lack of confidence and self-worth. "Try to pass the ball back to him by asking 'What is the normal rate?'" is Mr. Cook's solution. But, to be safe, do some research and know what is an average starting rate for that particular job, in that particular part of the country.

A conflict of age

by Terry Eplee

The Taraguas River spat and foamed some three hundred feet below Billy, as it wound through the Cherokee Hills joining the Potomac thirty-five miles downstream. The river was wild and rocky and even from his crow's nest far up the river slope, Billy could tell that it wasn't at all gentle. The river was neither wide, only seventy or so feet across, nor particularly deep; but the chilling cascades were driven by the icy strength of the Blue Ridge and beat the massive granite boulders unmercifully that were unlucky enough to roll down its banks and into the river. Time and the raw power of the river had slowly worn the boulders away. Billy listened to the water hound them even now, and thought the river sounded very much like a screeching crow making one final plunge into the bosom of a scarecrow.

He looked out over the river and into the heart of the Northern Cherokees. The Northerners were high and rolling much like the hills that cradled his town of Hollie, only browner and less densely forested. They were not wild in the same sense as the river, but yet remained serenely untamed, shimmering as if alive. Billy wondered about the magical effect that made them breathe so. Perhaps, he reasoned, the wind rushing through the hills caused them to waver like the waves around an ice cream cart, or maybe the hills themselves emitted some kind of ethereal mist. After all, some scientists claimed people had auroras, why not a mountain. But no matter the cause, the hills did indeed seem to be waiting restlessly and Billy thought they could catch someone napping if they moved in at nightfall. Perhaps sometime, he would camp down beside the river and be the hill's captive for a night.

Billy had visited the river many times during his seven years on earth and he had never seen it change. Today was no different. The river still wound through the valley like a parade of marching caterpillars, forever drumming. Billy cupped his hands over his ears and listened. Now the river sounded very much like the ocean surf echoing through the hollow earlobe of a seashell. Billy was not surprised. After all, Paw had said that the ocean eventually got all of Taraguas' water anyway so no wonder the ocean roared like it did.

Something bothered the boy though as he stared from his crows nest nestled high above the Taraguas River. Strangely enough, the other bank seemed oddly familiar, not in the sense that it was totally new or that he had received a spirited revelation before ever seeing it. For indeed, he had walked these hills many times and had often gazed longingly across the river. But this time, he seemed better equipped as if he knew something about the other side that he had never known before. Yet he could not pinpoint just what it was. He studied the far bank searching his memory for a clue, and through the dusty corridors of many weeks, a dusty skeleton floated by vaguely familiar, the memory enhanced by its curious antiquity and its unsettling mysteriousness.

Suddenly he found it — a log cabin standing high up on the far bank, directly across from the flowered grundolion patch. Now he remembered seeing it one Saturday afternoon while he walked with his father. He had just thrown a stone into the river and was watching it descend, when his eye was attracted to a piece of glinting metal. Looking out to the other side, he saw the metal flicker momentarily and then go out as a cloud passed over the sun. In its place, stood a wall of naked timber. At first he thought it odd, that someone should clear away the forest and after stripping the bark from the trees, lay the trees down sideways, one on top of another. A forest could not grow that way. But he had not worried much about the mysterious forest wall, until one night he was leafing through the family encyclopedia and had spotted a picture of the log cabin. He had not known it was a log cabin then and, puzzled, he had rushed the book to his mother who was sewing on the living room couch.

"Mamma, what's this?"

She looked down at the book, her spectacles resting on the tip of her nose. "A log cabin," she answered.

Billy paused. "What's a log cabin?"

"Oh, pioneers used them for houses way back when America was just getting started. A couple would come walking over some ridge and out of the clear blue sky, decide to settle there. Then they'd clear away the land, and use the timber to build themselves a little home for the kids they planned to have." She turned back to her sewing.

"Like us?"

She smiled and squeezed his cheek. "Yes, just like us."

The boy was still bothered. "Where's this log cabin?"

She looked closer at the picture. "Uhm. Springfield, Illinois. It's Abraham Lincoln's birthplace."

The boy's eyes lighted. "You mean Abraham Lincoln was really born there? For real?"

She nodded rethreading the needle.

He was silent for a moment, staring at the picture. Then he asked, "Where's Illinois?"

His mother looked down at him with laughing eyes. "Across the river." She swept out the general direction with her hand. "Across the river."

Amazed, Billy had stared at the picture and wondered, not hearing his mother add, "Your father grew up in one."

Now the cabin magically called to the boy, alluring him like a moon-bathed princess who, nearly naked in her feathery white raiment, stood serenely in a nocturnal forest. The forest had retreated in awe, blinded by her shining spirit, and there, far beyond the fringes of her holy presence, the forest had knelt reverently, its hovering boughs providing a wreath for her queenly bosom. Perhaps the boy had too much imagination, but then no one could wonder why. Night after night of his father's bedside tales had instilled in him the same impish fervor, the same zealous curiosity that preoccupied his fanciful friends. Hadn't the gingerbread boy run away from home and escaped to the river? Hadn't Hantzel and Gretel crossed an unfamiliar frontier to explore a strange and terrifying woods. And hadn't Goldilocks wandered into the bear's forest cottage for an afternoon? They had all overcome their fears and now they were heroes.

Eagerly, the boy sought the cabin. The cabin on the far side of the river could make him a living legend: the boy who crossed that boiling river to conquer a forbidden land, the boy who saw misshapen witches and heard tittering elves dispelling the grown-up notion that such creatures did not exist, and the boy who, tiptoeing down emerald pathways, talked to trees and whispered with dotting sunflowers. But somewhere deep within, where only a gentle misgiving could fester, he was quietly reminded that a fairytale somehow always turned sour. As people would say later, "A spirited curiosity; but not at all discretionary."

But though the cabin represented, in some respects, a fairyland adventure, it was by no means a confectionary of chocolate cream logs and a peppermint chimney. Aged and weathered, the splintered cabin looked like an old people, foreshadowing the doom of their overpowering lordship and mocking their chronic ailments, their toothless and grizzled faces, and their monstrous twitching hands. Stupid and wrinkled, the old people were as frightfully unsettling as the cabin was, slouching against its chimney like an old people hunching over a cane. The old people cast hideous spectres of hissing adders and spotted leopards around the outside of the cabin, as if they were lurking within its sinister interior. These were the beasts who dampened childish enthusiasm, and yet kids were to respect them.

Billy spat into the sand making a small bitter mudball. "Old people!" he said distastefully. "Crinkled old peanuts."

The sand and the old people made him drift back into his

"The boy had drawn two conclusions from the incident: one that he hated old people, and two, that he hated Abraham Lincoln."

past and he recalled a sandbox, an army game, and — an old people . . .

The boys stopped and stared when they saw the old woman approaching. They forgot about the stones and the mudballs. They forgot about the army men and where they had hidden them. They forgot about the charges and fights over "illegal am'nition", meaning "too big stuff." They simply forgot about the neighborhood sandbox war, and gazed transfixed at the limping skeleton. The old woman was grotesquely disfigured.

She was wearing a ragged brown skirt that was flung over her lumpy body like a dirty clothesline sheet concealing dead cats. The boys thought that certainly she must be diseased because her face and arms were covered with ugly brown warts. Her wizened cheeks were shriveled as if sculptured from a pail of wood carvings, and the sagging bags beneath her eyes were so puffed they appeared to have shut off her sight. Her fingers, curled around the tip of a hickory cane, were bent inwards as if they had been disjoined in the middle and twisted around. Sickly yellowish-green veins lined her pale legs and her gristly grey hair was so thinned that the boys could see her temple veins pulsing wildly.

She shuffled up to the sandbox and arched her back so that her chin rested on the top of the cane. She stared fixedly at the boys through the narrow slits in her puffy eyes. The boys squirmed uncomfortably. A minute passed and then another. The boys began shifting restlessly, standing conspicuously once in awhile to wipe their behinds which were attracting a lot of sweat and wet sand. Their buttocks were unbareably scratchy. Desparately, someone threw a "geernade" which whizzed past its target and struck the old woman in the shins. She did not even flinch but glared at the offender. He reddened. The pebble broke the ice and quickly the war was again in full swing.

"Dewwwww. Tau! Tau! Fiittttttt. Tatatat. Tatatat. Tewwwwwwww. Plunk."

"Gottya!"

"Did not. Hit the side."

"Did so."

"Liar."

"Wanna make somepin of it?"

"Yea!"

Suddenly the old woman brought the war to a halt, huffing like a corporal. "Stop this foolishness at once. Don't you kids have no better mind than start wars and shoot people?"

Startled, the boys looked up at the old lady. Her eyes were afire and the boys nodded fearfully.

"Then why aren't you minding it?"

The boys shrugged and filed out of the sandbox.

"Sit down!" she snapped. "I'm not finished."

They piled back into the sandbox.

"Listen up! Everyone of you . . ." She pointed her cane at each of them before continuing. "All of yous is makin' a mockery of man by imitating this Satan scheme. Wars is mean and vicious. They don't kill plastic," she stooped and sifted through the sand until she found a green plastic sniper, "they kill people — honest to goodness flesh and blood . . ." She pointed out the difference between her brown spotted arm and the plastic soldier. "I knows 'cause wars killed my father. T'only eight when I last saw Paw aboardin' the train that took to Richmond. I sees him wavin' and I throw him back a kiss and then I starts crying. He just gets on the train with all those other people and the train starts down the tracks and I can't

see him. Momma! Momma! I can't see Paw. Where's he going Momma? Please tell him to come back Momma." The old woman paused then and seemed to drift back to her unwilling audience. "Never saw him again." She drew a finger across her nose and snorted loudly.

"I loves 'ole Paw dearly. He tells me the night before he leaves that if anything happens to him that I should be a good girl and help momma the best I can. He holds me in his arms and kisses my cheek and says he loves me. I grabs his soiled white shirt up there by the collar, the one he always wears to the fields, and I begs him not to go. Wouldn't be right not having a daddy around, I says. But he just lifts me up on his knee and looks sadly into my eyes and says, A man must fight for his family and what he believes in. Up in Washington there's a man that takes contrary to me and we just got to settle our differences fightin'. He wipes my eyes with his fist and I just bawl all the more. You don't gotta go Daddy. You don't gotta go. I won't let you Daddy. But he just reaches down and pats my head. Someday you'll understand, he says. Someday you'll know. Then he just pushes back his chair and walks out into the night." Her eyes watered and her wispy body seemed to melt upon the ground. "He went out to cry. I know he did. He cries about ma and me and little Tim. He don't understand neither.

Her voice sounded muffled and far away. A stinging echo rang in her ears ". . . understand . . . understand . . . understand . . ." She stood there, silent for a brief moment, and then she whispered, "But I don't. I don't."

She raised her fists and rubbed her hollow sockets, composing herself. Then she looked down on the bewildered faces and realized they did not understand either. She lost control of herself and limped hideously back to the house, sobbing hysterically.

"She's got my army man," someone whispered.

The boy had drawn two conclusions from the incident: one, that he hated old people and two, that he hated Abraham Lincoln. Now, knowing the old people's most treasured secret, he could betray them, provided he desecrated the embers of their most sacred saint. He was certain that the cabin was Abraham Lincoln's birthplace!

"Phooey!" the old people would say after hearing him explain how he had wandered into Abraham Lincoln's birthplace and spat upon the walls. They would not dare believe such fanciful heresy and they would turn aside to their little corner group and boast of this man's most noble soul, ignoring the boy completely. Finally after extolling the list of Lincoln's "noble services," they would return to the boy and laughingly shake their twisted faces at him. "NO! NO! NO! A little boy like you? Come now. We've hidden the cabin where no child could ever find it — and you such a tiny child at that. Be serious, little boy. You cannot fool us!"

But then evilly he would pull the mocking proof from behind his back, something he would find discarded on the cabin floor, a hat or a signature — or a picture of Abraham Lincoln, and they would gasp in terror as their gouged eyes focused on the horrifying relic. They would shrivel like prunes, clapping their hands over their gaping mouths. Then screeching like crows, they would lunge forward with their hawkish claws desperately groping for their grim effigy. "Give it here, wretched thief! That is not yours. You cannot steal our only hope!"

But quicker than they, he would dart from the room and bolt himself behind a thick oaken door. There, listening to their dying moans, pleading for their sacred figurehead, he would taunt them:

Rabid! Rabid!
Lincoln's cabin
You cannot save him
'Cause I will jab him.

He hated the old people, withered and grotesque as they were, and he gazed loathingly across the river valley. He swore that he would cross that river and reach their cabin.

Flak and Feedback

Dear Editors:

The last soccer ball has been kicked, the last track shoe has been put on, and the 1973-74 fall athletic season has come to a close. According to wins and losses the soccer and cross country teams were very successful, but as far as Christian examples go, I feel both teams were far from being successful. This is a shame, because Houghton now has the quality of athletes that could make an impression upon the world for Jesus Christ.

When we as athletes find it hard to identify the Christian team from the non-Christian team, then I think it is time for the administration, athletic department, and the athletes to sit and judge our real reason for competing. Is it to bring glory and honor to the name of Jesus Christ with our talents, or is it to glorify ourselves? If it is to glorify ourselves, then scripture tells us that we have received our rewards when we have received the applause of men. If we are trying to bring honor to Christ, then it seems to me that there would be less swearing, less dirty playing, less fouls on purpose, less fighting, and more of the classic Christian example that we claim is so important in bringing men to the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Maybe our problem is that we have become so conscious of winning that we "win at any cost." This shows that we have not been transformed in our attitudes towards athletics.

It is true that as Christians we are called to win and if we are not going to give our best efforts to win, then we deserve no place in varsity competition. Playing for fun is for intramural sports. But should winning be placed at such a premium that our competitors' souls are lost because they see no change in us? We might be winners in athletic competition, but in Christian attitudes we are losers. If the trials and temptations that come from competition do not bring us any Christian growth, then maybe it is time for the school to do away with varsity competition until we are more mature Christians. It is time, I feel, that all athletic teams started to show a little Christian "class" and less of the worldly attitudes toward victory. Pray that this same attitude will not go into the remaining sports. Corkey Rhodes

Dear Editors:

Watergate cuts across the American political spectrum in several directions: Democrats attack Republicans; liberals attack conservatives; legislative & judicial branches attack the executive. Each side is swinging wildly, uncertainly unsure where to attack, or what to defend. Were the Watergate probe being conducted by the right against the left it would be labeled a witchhunt, viewed as a sequel to the election of 1972, however, Watergate is a counter-attack by the left upon the right — & therefore assumes the character of a national purification rite, or civic event.

Agnew, unfortunately, was guilty. Nixon may be guilty. Are they sinners above their fellows? Which of their accusers or fellow politicians could withstand such similar searching scrutiny of their political pasts? FDR? JFK? Lyndon Johnson? Teddy Kennedy? Why the highly coincidental identity of circumstance, that both President & Vice President should be subject, in space of a few weeks, to similar pressures of impeachment &/or resignation?

When farce balloons past life-size, when its principles inflate into the absurd, it loses credibility, & one suspects the script-writer of playing on our credulity. We sniff, somewhere, a smell of phoniness in the Watergate mess: the secretive Nixon, the oleaginous Ervin, whining John Dean, incredulous Senator Weicker, martyred Archibald Cox, fawning sycophants everywhere, unequaled White House bungling, one bizarre development after another, an apoplectic media. Nixon won't release the tapes; Nixon will release the tapes; the tapes do exist; the tapes don't exist; Agnew won't resign; Agnew does resign; Nixon won't resign . . . Keep tuned, friends — there's more to come.

As we sit in our cave with our backs to the light, watching the grotesque shadows of our politicians thrown from behind the scenes onto the wall before us, a suspicion suddenly dawns that Watergate is too preposterous to be convincing — that, somehow, the entire Watergate episode has been manufactured. Could it be that Watergate is only a macabre joke, whose punchline is that popular government can be ground to a halt by contrivance?

Neal Frey

Dear Editor:

Will somebody please give me a break!! One of the first things that impressed me about Houghton was the ability to ignore the outside world and its foolish problems. Perhaps this sounds like a cop-out, but after eighteen years on the "outside," I have finally found a retreat. Until, that is, someone got the wonderful notion to hold me responsible for the condition of the cities, the environment, and political corruption. So what do you want me to do; leave campus on all my free afternoons and evenings to clean up the garbage so someone can put it back again? Then what happens to the academics? Why not march for peace or pour money into the cities? As Tom Skinner once said, "Pour money into the slums and you'll have the biggest crap game in history."

As any Christian with half a brain can see, these are the end times. Instead of looking at the problems and getting sick, we should look past the problems at Christ. After all, didn't He say He would give us rest and that His burden was easy and light (of course He was holding it up in the back)?

The reason the fool world is in the shape it's in is because it has no choice. Praise the Lord that we're free to leave it behind.

Instead of being apathetic, we should keep working in God's will, whether it be in studying, giving, or working in church outreach. Stop marching for peace and start marching for Jesus and peace will take care of itself.

Tom Crawford

Dear Editors:

My first Cross Country season at Houghton College is now over. The season was full of gratifying victories and frustrating defeats. There were injuries that cost us two losses by one point to arch-rival Roberts in a period of eight days, that could've made us 9-2 instead of 7-4. Even though we suffered through a lot of disappointments both individually and teamwise, I am of the opinion that the most depressing aspect of the whole season was the lack of support by the students and the lack of coverage by the *Star*.

First of all I would like to emphasize the lack of support by the student body. Many

people at Houghton would be willing to go and watch a soccer game no matter what the weather might be and no matter how many overtimes they play! But those same people would not be willing to stand for half an hour and watch a cross country meet. And some even go to the extent of saying that you can't see a race too well. And actually Houghton's course is one of the most visible courses you'll ever find!

Secondly I would like to bring to your attention the *Star's* failure to adequately cover the Cross Country program. You don't know how it felt when just this week somebody asked me "How come the Cross Country team didn't get to go to the NAIA this year?" when actually we had gone two weeks ago! And I won't even dare ask how many people knew that the New York State Upstate Cross Country Championship was held here in Houghton last Saturday. The best runners in this part of the state if not the best of the whole state were here in Houghton last Saturday, yet apparently few knew. That has been the story of *The Houghton Star* this year: their failure to cover a good hard working team. At times when I was dressing for a meet I'd feel like running in shorts and a regular shirt. What's the use of running for a school that won't recognize your team?

It's about time that the *Star* began covering every sport adequately. I think it is the *Star's* duty to inform the students of all sports and other activities, especially an event of such magnitude as a State Tournament as was the case here last Saturday. I know how the Volleyball girls feel after being at it for over a month now. They have swept undefeated up to this date but not a blot of ink! I know what it feels like to play under the shadow of SOCCER!

Come on *Star* and fellow students, there's more than one sport around Houghton in the fall!

Sincerely yours,

John M. Roman

Intended

Deborah Paules ('75) to Arnfinn Stokkan ('73) Norwegian Technical University.

Debbie Bender ('73) to Michael West ('72)

Part One of A Grandiose Series

Christian Aesthetics

by L. R. Kamp

PREFACE

Over the next few weeks, it is my intention to undertake an evaluation of varied aspects of the lively arts, an evaluation which will attempt to examine those art forms which the Church has relegated to a place of disrepute. Before such an evaluation may take place, however, it is necessary for you to understand or at least to be aware of those ideas which govern my thinking. Therefore in order that you know where I'm coming from, I have re-stated former remarks made in previous articles, which I trust will reveal the basis of my position. Should anything I might say in the course of these evaluations be held in question, it is assumed that the reader will refer to this present work to determine a possible motivation for my remarks.

"But ye are a chosen generation . . . a peculiar people . . ." Thus Peter describes the essence of the Christian faith, a position of uniqueness in the macrocosm, light in the world. The evangelical community has learned how to best achieve peculiarity in all areas of life and conduct, but particularly in the arts. By formulating mores and taboos, the Church has governed the creative activity of her members, regulating their taste in art, drama, literature, cinema, the dance and music, to the point where one questions the attainment of peculiarity, and instead begins to consider the possibility that the Church has taken the easier route of falling back into the rigors of pre-Christian legalism. A scathing attack of legalistic structures will serve no purpose except to drive a wedge into the Body; for some, a rulebook is as necessary as a Bible, which to a degree is well and good. But all too often a personal conviction has become a universal principle. Witness the regulated life of a Christian as regards the above-mentioned creative activities.

Without a doubt, there will be those of you who, as you peruse this material, question the personal necessity for a Christian aesthetic; after all, as far as you are concerned heavy music, Picasso, and dancing are far removed from the mainstream of culture, and exist as the activities of an elitist community. But consider the fact that should you marry, you face the possibility of producing a painter, or a dancer, or a musician. You are confronted by the presence of television in your home, wherein unfolds a great body of cinematic production. Your children will be required to digest Melville, Hawthorne, Lawrence, or Voltaire, and there is always the chance that one of them will evolve as a poet or writer speaking to the dilemmas of the age. Art, and by this I mean all creative activity, is the life-blood of society just as much as is religion; as there are virtually no societies without some form of religious activity, so there are no art-less cultures.

The Christian is called upon to Christianize all of life, not merely the religious aspect. Two questions then apply to the believer, one if he is a participant in the creative activity, the other if he is a viewer: what are the distinctives of a Christian artist, and, what are the distinctives of a Christian approach to art. Again, legalism is the seemingly preferred answer, and to those of you who are comfortable there with your rulebooks, this and the following essays will have nothing to say. Yet, there are many others who seek another alternative to the issue, who say that the relevance of Christianity is dependent upon involvement with the macrocosm, not seclusion from it as caused by adherence to traditional mores.

These writings will be concerned with the afore-mentioned creative bents of man, those of art, drama, literature, the dance, cinema, and music, and within these categories the divisions and sub-divisions. Negativism will be avoided; that is, while criticism of evangelical attitudes must from time to time be affirm-

ed by the author, they most certainly will not be dwelt upon, nor will they be the main thrust of any particular essay. Such attitudes cannot be criticized as personal convictions; the author is duly respectful of attitudes with which he may not be in total agreement. But when a personal conviction of a particular group is "transferred" to the larger Body, then it must be questioned.

Dualism cannot be tolerated within the Christian — one professor has rightly termed it a disease. I do not think that the Christians dare approach art any differently than they approach the other activities of life. It is my intention to explore the arts from a Christian perspective (which at some points I do not consider to be synonymous with fundamentalist perspective) and thus to offer an anti-legalistic alternative. As others I want to be presented with a Biblical rationale for the present judgment of dance, theater, cinema-viewing, and modern music, which includes certain aspects of the rock phenomenon as well as the more serious experiments. If there is a principle involved, then it will appear obvious; if not, then perhaps we ought to question the motivation behind the attitude.

The decision to disregard current fundamentalist convictions as regards the arts is one that may be criticized if an alternative aesthetic is not offered. If we are to throw out one value system, whether we like it or not, we must replace it with a viable alternative, one that meets the needs that the old system failed to meet. In the case of Christian aesthetics however, it is not so much a case of introducing a new art-view as it is returning to governing principles founded solely upon the Word of God. Of course the question arises, what are we returning from?

Christian aesthetics has been governed for some time now by a view-point peculiar to one segment of the Christian faith, the fundamentalists. The fact of this segment's size endows it with the loudest voice in matters pertaining to the Christian life, of which art is a part. It is important I think not to confuse the terms "fundamentalist" with "evangelical" for they are most decidedly not synonymous. All Christians are evangelical, that is they evangelize (or ought to); fundamentalists are that group of conservative Christians who by way of such factors as tradition, cultural education, or political influence, adhere to certain convictions derived from a fusion of Victorian taboos and the Puritan ethic. Understand that I am not in opposition to fundamentalist convictions at all points, but that for the purposes at hand I tend to take exception to the conservative rulebook of participation in the arts.

Arts and Letters

DONALD BAILEY conducted the 100-voice United Presbyterian Festival Choir and Orchestra in a performance of Haydn's *Mass in Time of War* on November 4 in Erie, Penna. Mr. Bailey met with the choir for a five hour session on Oct. 13, and continued rehearsals on Nov. 2, 3 and 4. As part of the Choral Festival, he also gave a lecture-demonstration during the weekend activities.

Five Houghton students from the music department competed in a state-wide vocal and instrumental competition held at Buffalo University Campus on Nov. 3. The lone instrumentalist entering from Houghton was Mr. Norman Carter, a junior applied piano major and student of Dr. C. Nolan Huizenga. The four vocalists, second and third year students of Mrs. Gloria McMaster, were Mr. Timothy Clark, Miss Virginia Dworkin, Miss Jacquelyn Garms, and Miss Valerie Haskins.

District Champions Triumph in Millersville

The clock stopped with 1:24 gone in the sixteenth overtime period when Danny Woods rifled a shot to the left corner of the Fredonia net to end the longest and most illustrious soccer game in Highlander history to date. Victorious after 166 minutes and 24 seconds of exciting, nerve-racking soccer, Houghton had become the N.A.I.A. District No. 19 champions.

The N.A.I.A. District No. 19 Soccer Tourney was held at Millersville State College outside of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Friday, November 9 at 11:00 a.m. Houghton faced the George Mason Patriots of Alexandria, Virginia in the tournament's first game. In the first half Houghton took a 1-0 lead on Tom Fiegl's unassisted goal. George Mason threatened in the second half but lacked the well integrated attack necessary to put them on the scoreboard. Icing on the cake came later in the half in the form of Houghton's second goal, this one off the foot of Dave Askey.

Houghton's opponent for the final game was decided later that afternoon when the Blue Devils of S.U.N.Y. at Fredonia defeated York University from York, Pennsylvania. This year's previous Houghton-Fredonia encounter resulted in the season's only Highlander loss.

On Saturday, the final game turned out to be a classical soccer match, a lesson in frustration. Midfield battles between opposing halfbacks; sweeping attacks by linemen thwarted by shifting fullbacks; fruitless corner kicks; two teams balanced to an infuriating degree of finesse. A tight see-saw battle developed. A rough Fredonia defense, led by Lawlor twins Mike and Jim repeatedly repulsed Highlander attacks. Yet the Houghton defense was also superb. Pat Okafor owned his end of the field. Greg Vossler made no mistakes, charging loose balls and leaping high to punch dangerous crosses and corner kicks out of the goal area. Regulation time ended in a scoreless tie.

A pre-game agreement had determined that in the event of a tie five minute, "sudden death", overtime periods would determine the winner. Ironically, this was to avoid an overly lengthy game. The

"death" was anything but "sudden."

Overtime games tend to slowly grind to a halt as the two teams tire. This game was the rare exception. The tempo increased as the game went on. Coach Burke's careful use of his bench and the strong performance of several substitutes began to play an important part in the game. Players showed incredible stamina. After two and a half hours without bench time Gary Housepian still sparked the team with field-long rushes. Okafor still outsprinted speedy linemen to the ball. Hanson and Askey continued to hustle non-stop at halfback while linemen still pursued passes into corners and fought with fullbacks for possession. Players ran with marathon endurance until the end finally came in the sixteenth overtime period.

The play originated with a Tom Fiegl cross from right wing. A shot by Roy Feller bounced off a Fredonia defender to the foot of Dan Woods. Danny beat Fredonia goalie, Stan Jozwiak, with a hard shot to the left hand corner. A moment of stunned silence and disbelief gave way to bedlam as tension and emotions kept at a fever pitch for so long erupted in enthusiastic jubilation. Fatigue was forgotten in victorious celebration. The District No. 19 trophy was accepted on the behalf of the team by co-captains Housepian and Royce and rumor has it that Coach Burke smiled all the way home.

Houghton (11-1-4), District No. 19 champions, now advance to a play-off game with the winners of District No. 31, Newark College of Engineering. This game will be held at 1:00 p.m. Saturday, November 17 on the Houghton field. Due to a N.A.I.A. Area No. 7 ruling there will be an admission fee of \$1.00 for adults and \$.50 for those sixteen years of age and under, charged to cover the expenses of the game. (referee fees, balls, etc.) The winner of this game will advance to the N.A.I.A. National Tournament in St. Louis, Missouri. Coach Burke and his Highlanders deserve not only our heartiest congratulations for their efforts thus far but also our encouragement and support in a season that is far from over.



Dan Woods, here dribbling down the sidelines nonchalantly, scored the winning goal against Fredonia in the sixteenth overtime.

Harriers Finish Out

by Paul Adams

Houghton's 1973 Cross Country effort ended in four post-season tournaments. The winding, hilly course offered by this area's terrain gave a real challenge to the many teams visiting Houghton for the rugged events. The October 20 Private College Athletic Conference (PCAC), the October 27 Houghton Invitational, and the November 3 Upstate New York Meet were all held at our home course. The other tourney was the NAIA championship held at York, Pennsylvania.

Corky Rhodes sailed over the 4.13 mile long course in a record time of 23:16 to easily win the PCAC, beating his next closest competitor by 1:15. But rival Roberts Wesleyan swept the next three places to edge Houghton for the PCAC title, winning by a 30-31 count. Both teams defeated weak Eisenhower, Houghton by a 31-72 score, and Roberts with a 30-72 nod. Freshman Steve Sawada ran the course in 24:45 to take fifth. John Roman copped seventh in 25:08, Keith Morris finished eighth in 25:13, and Harold Walker rounded out the scoring in tenth at 25:32.

Three teams battled in the first Invitational Houghton has ever hosted in Cross Country. Genesee Community College, Jamestown Community College, and the host Highlanders ran over the new experimental 5.0 mile course for the first time, with the home team breezing to a 29-43 win over G.C.C., and a 29-52 laugher

over J.C.C. It will probably take a couple of years to publicize our invitational enough so that more teams will accept a place on the schedule. The challenging course and generous prizes should be adequate bait to lure some of the colorful teams in the area to Houghton for this invitational. Rhodes again took first easily, setting the 5.0 mile record at 28:13. Roman copped third with a time of 29:40, and Morris got sixth at 30:10. Walker and Frosh Bill Horn finished ninth and tenth, with times of 30:42 and 30:51, respectively.

A cold, windy November third set the stage for the 1973 Upstate New York State Championships, which saw ten teams vie for top honors. Albany State ran away with the title, sweeping four out of the first five places, with Genesee edging Oneonta by a point to take the second spot. Houghton, competing with one of their top runners, Mark Sheeks, sidelined with injuries, took eighth place. The brightest spot of the meet for Houghton was Rhodes earning a berth on the State Team. His twentieth place finish just got him on the twenty-one man roster of recognition. A severe side-ache hampered our ace-runner, adding over a half-minute onto his final time of 28:30. Roman took forty-sixth with a time of 30:11. Walker and Morris finished fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth with closings of 31:18 and 31:38, respectively. Sawada got fifty-eighth with a time of 32:13. Freshman Daryl Brautigam took sixty-third at 32:45.

Volleyball

The State Tourney

by Steve Rennie

Only three games comprised the field hockey schedule this season and one of them was cancelled. The Highlander ladies split the remaining two games tying University of Rochester 3-3 and losing to Genesee Community College 4-2. Coach Kinnett marked senior Nancy Earhart, Junior Jean Weidemann and freshman Debbie Bix as leading scorers and stickhandlers.

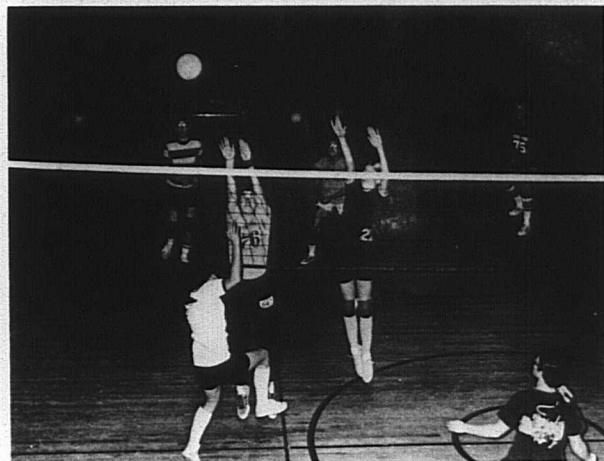
The volleyball season is already well under way and right now their record stands at 6-1, the only loss coming at the hands of Brockport State. This Friday and Saturday, November 16 and 17, the ladies will participate in a 16-team state tournament. Rounding out the schedule are games against Canisius on November 29, the PCAC tournament at Elmira December 1, and RIT on December 3.

Carolyn Leach and Darlene

Ort have been leading Houghton's formidable offense backed by Mary Shaughnessey, Donna Cole, Barb Jones, Jan Van Skiver, Nancy Clow and Sue Rorbach.

On Friday and Saturday this week, the volleyball team travels to Genesee State University to compete against 15 other teams from New York State in the women's state volleyball tournament. Congratulations are in order for this year's team but win or lose this weekend they have demonstrated a winning attitude and have demonstrated further evidence of a successful women's sports program here at Houghton.

While the tendency is to regard women's sports as second class, they have displayed some fine records in intercollegiate competition. Houghton has the duty and privilege to be proud of these teams as well as teams in the men's athletic program.



The women's volleyball squad, revealing precision, verve and gargantuan size has compiled an impressive 6-1 record so far this year.

The Gymnastic Club

Balancing Goals

The Gymnastics Club has initiated its 1973-74 program with semi-weekly practices held in the Tab. The Club is preparing to give approximately six shows in surrounding churches and schools during the second semester.

Co-captains Maxine Kaltenbaugh and Dale Koebel head a group of fifteen gymnasts, the great majority of whom joined the club for the first time this year. Despite the inexperience, each member does demonstrate competence on at least one apparatus. Outstanding improvement can be seen in many members, primarily due to assistance from Dan Perrigo, an assistant pastor in Oakland Park. Dan's experience and ability has counter-

balanced the loss of all but three of last year's gymnasts.

The Gymnasts Club has been actively scheduling shows for second semester. They do not compete with other schools but primarily hope to exhibit their skills for churches and high school assemblies. Although lacking last year, a positive witness for Christ has become a primary goal for the club. In churches, opportunity for structured witness often arises. While this is not the case in public schools, chances for personal, informal contact are numerous. With their youthful enthusiasm, their new coach and their redefined goals, the Gymnastic Club should make a positive contribution to Houghton's athletic program.

Help!

Students, Faculty, Staff — we have been asked to cut back on our use of heat, electricity and hot water. To do this we will need the cooperation of each of you.

Be sure to close all windows when leaving your room. Close all outside doors. Turn off all lights when not in use. Leave thermostats as set by maintenance. Use as little hot water as possible for washing and showers.

When using washing machines be sure you have a full load. Perhaps two students can combine their wash. Be sure all faucets are turned off.

Report any leaking water faucets you may notice. Do not leave electric irons plugged in. Refrain from use of hot plates, electric frying pans, etc. We will appreciate your help in these items.

Thank you,
Bob Fiegl

The Hidden Heroes

by Jim Spurrier

Houghton soccer fans who faithfully made those late afternoon treks to Stebbins field in eager anticipation of a victorious performance by the Highlanders were seldom disappointed during the 1973 season. Under the wise direction and encouragement of Coach Burke, a talented and enthusiastic group of athletes has become probably the finest team in Houghton's short history of intercollegiate soccer. The Highlander's impressive record has puzzled some in view of a seeming lack of "great" soccer players. I'd venture to guess that most of the Houghton fans think only of Pat Okafor in the category of Houghton's great performers. However, I'd like to recommend three other Highlanders who deserve recognition and acclaim for the qualities of greatness they have exhibited.

One quality that a great athlete possesses is an ability to be consistently good at what he does. Perhaps no one on the team has demonstrated this quality like Gary Housepian. It's difficult to imagine what the Highlander's defense would have been without him. Game after game, his skill as a fullback in tackling and stopping the opponents forward progress significantly hampered their ability to get the ball in scoring position. Because of his aggressiveness and constant drive to beat his man to the ball, Gary often took more than his share of punishment from forwards and wings who did not seem to mind whether

they kicked him or the ball. As a spirited and enthusiastic leader he has also been a constant encouragement to the entire team.

Another quality of a great athlete is his capacity for improvement. Goalie Greg Vossler has exhibited this capacity in no small manner this season. At the first games Greg spent more than just a few minutes watching a freshman upstart handling his job in the nets. But hours of practice, a willingness to listen to advice, and an increasing desire to be the best shot stopper in the business has resulted in an ever continuing improvement in Greg's ability to the point that now, his presence in goal is a reassuring factor. If he keeps talking to his fullbacks and using those magic hands in his present manner they just may give him the title of shut-out king of the N.A.I.A.

A third quality that can be noted in a great athlete is determination and aggressiveness in striving for his quest. The determination and aggressive spirit of Dan Woods has been a significant ingredient to the Highlander's success this year. Dan has worked hard on the front line, constantly moving with the play, somehow knowing where to be and when to be there. His skillful movement and control of the ball has been a ceaseless bother to opposing fullbacks, and his deft shots on goal have kept unnerving pressure on the goalie, pressure which has often resulted in mistakes and consequently victory for Houghton.

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