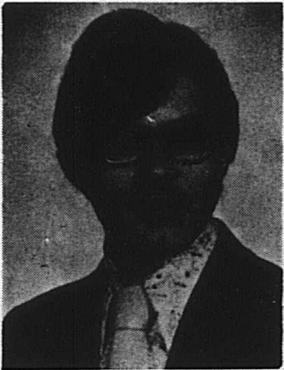


The Houghton Star

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No. 23



Steve Thorson



Shirley Mullen

Thorson and Mullen Achieve Top Graduation Honors in Class of '76

The class of '76 has produced Steve Thorson as valedictorian coming out on top of thirteen summa cum laudes, which is an unusually high number. Steve is happy for the honor but isn't looking forward to the speeches. His quest for the 4.0 wasn't an ego trip but to adequately prepare himself for his vocation in the Lord. Steve hopes to be a doctor and has tendencies toward missionary work in Nepal, but the specifics are left to the

Lord. Currently Steve's plans are to attend Pennsylvania State University Medical College in Hershey next fall. Steve will receive his B.S. in biology with a minor in chemistry from Houghton. Steve asserts that he "wouldn't have stood the pressure if it hadn't been for God."

In speaking of Houghton students Steve was very concerned that students become involved in some type of outreach because they hurt themselves and their Christian growth if they don't.

Steve also favors liberal arts courses over pre-professional courses and is grateful to Houghton for helping him learn a lot about himself and his motives. When asked if he couldn't have learned the same in a secular college Steve responded, "I would have had a less correct picture of the truth." But he also acknowledged that it's hard for the faculty to correctly present views contrary to their own beliefs but believes his teachers have done so in as fair a way as possible.

The valedictorian's counterpart is Shirley Mullen as salutatorian who trailed Steve with a 3.989 cum. Shirley said she felt kind of embarrassed by the honor because everyone figures she is "Miss Brains". Her purpose for studying so hard was out of duty to her Lord. "If you're in the Lord's will and doing the best you can but still are getting C's, it is enough for Him." She holds that she was humbled by the honor (and it came out in her conversation) because it made her realize how little she really did know. "But I guess we'll be students all our lives, whether we're in college or not."

Shirley can't lay out any blue print for her life either, but as to immediate plans for the future, she will attend the University of Toronto doing graduate work in European history. Shirley has no aspirations for being a famous historian. She hopes the Lord will let her be a missionary to university students, teaching the history and the potential their lives can have in Christ Jesus.

Seniors Due to Graduate Monday, May Tenth After Busy Weekend

Next Saturday, May 8, begins the long awaited commencement weekend for the Houghton Class of 1976. The outgoing class has approximately 250 students, including those who have received degrees at the end of last semester. It includes a large number of pre-med majors, and about one-third of the class are education majors. Many parents, friends, and relatives as well as the graduating Seniors will be attending the programs planned for the weekend, and a schedule is as follows.

From 3:00 to 4:00 on Saturday afternoon, a reception will be held in the Campus Center Lounge. This will be followed by a smorgasbord dinner from 5:00 until 7:00. A concert by the Houghton College Choir, including a Bach motet, will begin at 8:00 in Wesley Chapel.

Following Sunday School, the Baccalaureate service will be held in Wesley Chapel at 10:30. The speaker for the service will be Dr. Robert McIntyre, who is a General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Church. Sunday evening at 6:30, a Foreign Missionary Fellowship Service will be

held in Wesley Chapel and will be conducted by Russell Weatherspoon, faculty member at the Stony Brook School.

On Monday morning, May 10, the Commencement exercises will begin at 10:00 in Wesley Chapel. Dr. M. Richard Rose, who is president of Alfred University, will address the audience. He will be speaking on the topic "The Critical Third Dimension to Our Lives".

In addition to the degrees received by the graduating class, honorary degrees will be given to Dr. Robert McIntyre, Dr. M. Richard Rose, and Dr. Stephen W. Paine. Dr. McIntyre, who is a graduate of Miltonvale Wesleyan College, Marion College, did graduate work at Ball State University, and received an honorary Doctor of Divinity Degree from Eastern Pilgrim College, will be receiving an honorary Doctor of Law degree from Houghton. Dr. Rose, who has served as President of Alfred since 1974, and who is a graduate of Slippery Rock College and the University of Pittsburgh, will also be receiving an hon-

orary Doctor of Law degree. Dr. Paine, professor and former president at Houghton, will be awarded an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters degree.

Throughout the weekend, a Faculty Art Show will be on display in the Chapel Gallery.

Senate Excellence Awards Presented for Involvement in Extra-Curricular Activities

Wally Fleming performed his last official act as Student Senate President for the 1975-76 school year yesterday in chapel. He distributed the Senate Excellence Awards to the seniors selected for them by the Senate cabinet under Fleming.

The awards cover several areas of achievement in fine arts and extra-curricular activities. They are based on involvement in all areas of student life, and long-term involvement in the area specified by the award. Senate officers tried to recognize those who are deserving but have not been 'in

the limelight'.

Fine Arts awards were given to these seniors: Laura Woods, for Art; Beth Prins, for Music; Dale McElhinney, for Drama; and Tim Woycik, for Communications.

The awards for involvement in extra-curricular activities went to: Gary Morris and Janet Van Skiver, for Athletics; John Ardill and Jan Schickley for Christian Service; and Warren Bullock, for Publications.

Special Commendation awards, for overall participation in college life,

were presented to Eileen Lindley and Matt Woolsey. The president of Senate is reserved two awards to be given to those who have helped him in his administration. Fleming chose Barry Keller, vice-president of Senate under him, and Dan Sastic for these.

Beside the student awards, Senate bestows the silver plate that symbolizes Excellence on one member each of faculty, administration, and staff. These went to: Donald Frase, staff; Dr. Carl Schultz, faculty; and Dr. Robert Luckey, administration.

There is a Better Side to Gao Dorm: Personality, Tradition and Mrs. Orser

by Connie Seeley

Gao. What's so great about Gao? Everyone knows what's not so great about Gao — the dorm that at first sight can make girls go back home, the "fire trap." Even an old manual for student guides warned: "Do not make negative comments about Gaoyadeo . . . point out its conveniences . . . do not draw comparisons between East Hall and Gaoyadeo." So, what's so good about it? Why did the majority of girls who lived there as freshman decide to stay all four years?

Ever since I came to Houghton, I've heard about Gao's "homey" atmosphere. I thought that meant the clothes dryer that only works about three weeks out of the semester; the washing machine that boils clothes; yelling "FLUSH" so the girls in the showers won't get scalded; running out of hot water on weekends; cracks in the walls, and listening to the radiators all night. That's only part of it.

Gao has what one of my friends calls "personality." That means deep windows and high ceilings, graceful bannisters and bathtubs with feet. It means hardwood floors and rooms you can fix almost any way you want. It means home-made pillows in the lounges and furniture you can literally sink into.

Gao also has "tradition." It was the second building built on our present campus. Since 1907, women have lived in Gaoyadeo Dorm. Of course, according to one of the bicentennial interviews from the journalism class, Gao did not have bathrooms then — just an outhouse out back and slop jars in the rooms. There have been some renovations since then.

Gao is probably the only dorm that has a ghost. Every year on Halloween night as I sat at my desk, near midnight came a knock on the door. In wafted a ghost, with nice eyes remarkably like Mrs. Orser's and handed out candy kisses.

Then there was the Gao Banquet. Every year girls decided not to go, to go, what to wear, who to ask, decided not to go after all, asked him, then went. The entertainment was

traditionally not good, yet somehow most managed to enjoy themselves.

Until last year, the girls in Gao supported an "orphan" from Viet Nam. Chieu Le wrote us letters and sent pictures of herself. We sent her presents and money and cards.

The candle light procession at Christmas and the party afterwards, Mrs. Orser's ice-cream parties, fixing up the lounge in the basement — all were things that went on year after year and added sparkle to living at Gao.

Another good thing we had at Gao was Mrs. Orser. She is warm, soft, and efficient — everything you could ever ask for in a dorm mother. She gave us parties, laughed at our good times, listened and sympathized with our bad times and somehow managed to get our plumbing fixed even on weekends. She can tell some good stories about other years in Gao and just listening to her makes whatever was crushing the world seem not nearly as important.

So, what's so good about Gao? Everything. As Mrs. Orser would say, I just hope it is as good for the "fellows" as it was for us girls.



Mrs. Florence Orser

Editorials

Closing Thoughts

I took a walk along the brook after supper a few evenings ago. The air was warm; some town children were wading in the chilly water; a striped cat sauntered lazily across the bridge. Everyone and everything was relaxed, unhurried.

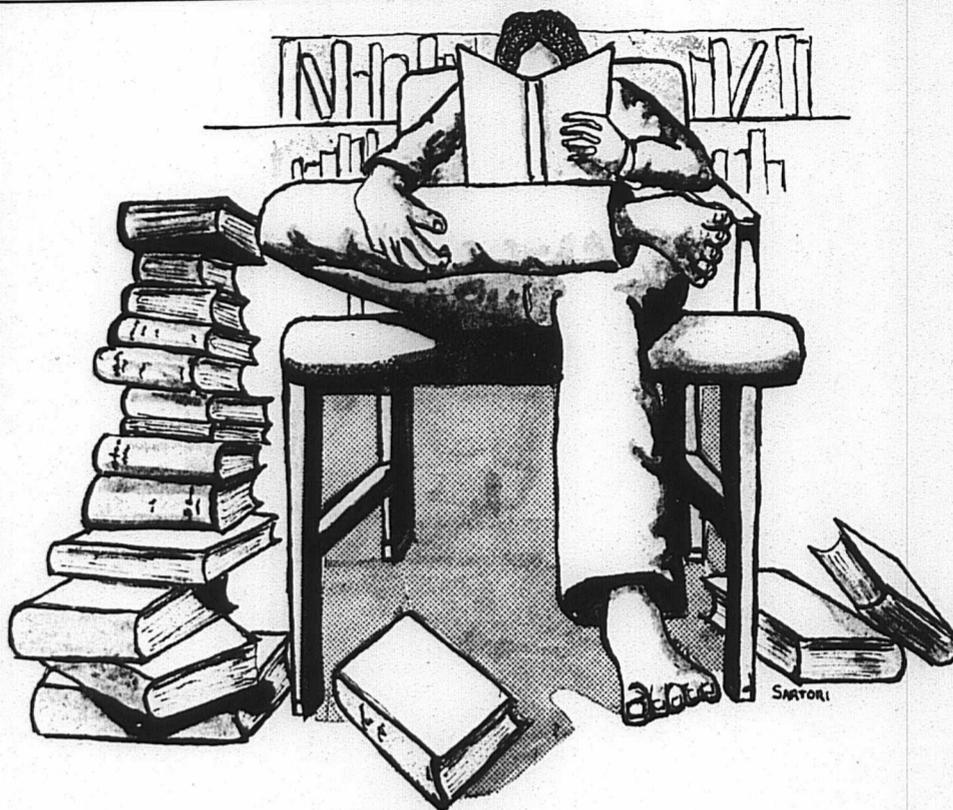
Suddenly it occurred to me; it was the first time in about three weeks that I had thought for any significant length of time. To be sure, I had been using my mind a lot. I had been reading, organizing, writing, memorizing. I now know some very useful things: Alexander Pope's call number is 821.53; mass wasting is the spontaneous downhill movement of soil and regolith due to gravity; esse est percipi. Interesting tidbits of knowledge. I memorized them; would that I had had time to think upon them as much as I would have liked.

It is a little late to criticize the academic system. I have several thoughts on educational theory, but there is little merit in discussing them now. Perhaps next year.

Most of us will be significantly less busy a week from today. May term will not be as hectic; work is probably not more than eight hours a day; they say Paris and Israel are lovely this time of year.

I am looking forward to vacation. I want to get a tan; walk my beagle; add homemade bread to my meager culinary repertoire. And, ironically enough, by being away from school I will have the time to do some thinking.

Kathleen Confer



A Perfectly Horrible Glorious Semester

Now that we are well into the semester, I think that I can say a few things about it that might be true.

It has been a perfectly horrible semester for me and many of my friends. Many of us were stuck, until recently, with huge loads of work: reams of papers, shelves full of collateral reading, batteries of exams. All to be done in two, or three or if-you-were-lucky-five days of frantic cramming. Grade point averages were at an all-time low, and dropping every minute. No time for sleep. We didn't come to college to sleep.

It has been a perfectly glorious semester for me and many of the same friends. We sat around blithely, allowing huge loads of work to accumulate. Sat around at the snack shop, eating and talking. Sat around in cars, going to movies and concerts and banquets where we could do some more sitting around. Sat around in class, if we weren't sitting around in the Campus Center Lounge, or at dinner. Sat around in the library, talking, waiting to get kicked out so that we could go sit around at the snack shop and start all over again. We spent a lot of good times and had a lot of good times. We didn't come to college to have a bad time.

It has been a perfectly normal semester for me and many of my friends. Every time — good, bad, or no — has been part of the process in which everything works together. The process goes on every day and will continue because "he who has begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Our failures (this semester, neglecting our work) and our successes (this semester, getting seven weeks' worth of work done in three days) all go into that work. We should learn from them; learn to be more pleasing to God. And then we should let them go, forgetting the things that are behind and pressing on to the mark. It's almost summertime, and the irresistible grace of God comes new to us every day. Let it seize us, and then, we'll seize the day. We did come to college to do God's work.

And it will have been worth it, by God's grace, in the end.

Dan Hawkins

Seven Faculty Leave Houghton To Pursue Careers and Sabbaticals

The Houghton community might not be a typical American neighborhood in many ways, but it is in at least one way. Its population is constantly changing. This even includes, to a degree, faculty. At the end of this semester, Houghton will watch seven of her faculty members leave.

Dr. Laurence Wood has been an Associate Professor of Philosophy at Houghton since 1973. He and his family are moving to Wilmore, Kentucky, where Wood plans to teach at the graduate level at Asbury Theological Seminary.

Dr. Joseph Moody of the Biology Department is also moving. Associate Professor of Biology since 1972, Dr. Moody would like to continue teaching in a Christian college in the western part of the U.S.

Mr. Ray Rosentrater, who agreed

to join the Mathematics Department for one year, is returning as planned to the University of Indiana to continue his graduate studies.

Professor Neal Frey, who has been an Assistant Professor of History since 1972, will not return to his position next semester. He is, at this time, unsure of future plans.

Professor S. Hugh Paine will be retiring at the end of this teaching year. Professor Paine, here since 1960, will leave his position as Professor of Physics and Head of the Physics and Earth Science Department.

Dr. Robert Luckey, Vice-President in Development, as well as a Professor of Mathematics, will also soon be leaving the Houghton Community. He and his family are moving to Marion, Indiana, where Dr. Luckey will fill

The Thinking Christian Criticism and Isolation

by David Mitchell

A compound eye of Gargantuan dimension is staring lustfully at our little Houghton, just at this moment.

Almost silently it broods over her and desires her. The heat and the directness of its stare makes her skin shrivel. She does not understand what this disembodied nightmare might hope to gain from her — why it is so captivated by her navel. There are some at Houghton who speculate, and I must throw in my towel with these few, that the Eye was once somehow a part of the Houghton body. This might at least partly explain the umbilical nature of the attraction. On the other hand it does not account for its anatomical ignorance. If the Eye was at one time the window of Houghton's soul, why is it not aware of the fact that the navel has served its purpose — it now belongs to the past. Still more important, this theory does not explain how it became disembodied.

There are many who will quite willingly tell you exactly what happened, but I would suggest you not listen to any of them. The implication of this Gargantuan is that we are semi-blind.

Therefore, any final solution to Houghton's "problem" will be no more than the wink of a Cyclops — a temporary shutting out of all light.

But if we cannot scientifically ascertain for the present the nature of our local Gargantuan let us take example from it. Criticism is like a compound eye, at Houghton at least. It sees in many directions simultaneously, but can bring nothing sharply into focus. This is easily explained: a compound eye is composed of many tiny eyes, each with its own capacity to focus and adjust to light. Now, we are all capable of and are well advised to exercise our critical faculties. But, somehow, Houghton has become top-heavy and the eye stands in danger of destroying the relation to the rest of the body, if it ever existed. This is understandable if we conceive the critic to be one who elevates himself above society, temporarily, in order to bring a new perspective to it when he returns. Such a person is a re-vivifying force in any society. However, the problem arises when the only "contribution" that the majority of us make to Houghton takes the form of criticism. If everyone perceives himself as the critic one thing will happen. Houghton will run out of issues, not because there never were any, but because a bloated eye will strain and twist so hard to get a better view of the rest of the body, that it will eventually break away

from that body and all real contact will be lost.

Students will bring the charge that Houghton is isolated from the world because the old and very real issues will become so hashed over that out of sheer boredom, they will ignore them and search for other non-existent issues. Those find themselves, saying that Houghton is too isolated, taking as their main issue that there is not enough licentiousness and debauchery here to make it representative of communal life and it would be only harmful to spend four years here.

I am afraid there are only two options open to such people. Bring licentiousness and debauchery to Houghton, or leave. We seem to have experienced both responses this year.

I would further complicate the dilemma of the critic. Recognizing that criticism is a virtue, even if overrated, I must qualify by saying that I am talking to the perennial critic. He probably "left" society to come to Houghton in the first place, in order to gain a better view of that society if not to benefit that society, at least to benefit himself. Unfortunately once he gets here, he finds four years a long time to be in one place. He has to get away from Houghton, and society looks rosy again; there aren't near as many critics per square acre there. Then Houghton will really become isolated.

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Reflections on The Years Gone By

(Editor's Note: Like a literary Diogenes, we went out shining our lanterns into the faces of those people we thought might be articulate about the Houghton experience, certain members of the senior class. Ten seniors, in whom inspired thoughts and convenient circumstances came together, beamed their manuscripts in to us. While we cannot honestly claim this as a representative sampling of the class's thoughts, we are pleased at its variety of form and content. You will be, too.)

MORE THAN THE THING TO DO

by Wally Fleming

Recently I was asked by an individual why I had come to college. It was a frightening question in that it raised a question I myself had unconsciously chosen to ignore. I fumbled for an answer. "Well, it was the thing to do, I guess."

Yet, after I thought about the incident I realized that the crux of the matter was not why I had come to college initially, but rather, what I felt about college now that it was nearly over. I had to admit that as a frosh I had no solid basis, nor any great motivating factor in deciding to tie myself up with exams, collateral readings, and term papers for four years.

But fortunately I can see that these four years have been of real value. I came to Houghton thinking what little I did not know would be presented to me; now I am leaving with the realization that I have much yet to learn, much more than I ever imagined when I first entered the hallowed halls of Woolsey.

Freshly Scrubbed Faces

I recall my first prayer meeting as a proud member of the class of '76. There we sat, over 300 smiling, freshly scrubbed faces in our new outfits eager to make a good impression on our fellow classmates. Our time that evening was spent in testimonies and sharing. We were for the most part confident, just a few months prior we had left high school fired up to conquer the great centers of learning. We related with sureness and firm voices how the Lord had provided the means for us to attend this wonderful school and how we were sure that the coming year would be a tremendous time of achievement. The world was in the palms of our hands. We were spiritually secure in the doctrine our home churches had taught us and spoke dogmatically with those whose background had been of a different denomination. It was a time of euphoric optimism and we were drunk with the elation of being with a group of Christians and we sang over and over. "We are one in the Spirit, we are one in the Lord."

A week ago we had our last prayer meeting. The tone was completely different than that of our first. Our testimonies were in a radically different vein. Our thoughts centered, not around the "sacred" teachings with which we had been indoctrinated at our home churches, but on the more basic truths of Christianity and our personal relationship with the person of Jesus Christ. Our fellowship was not based on an emotional elation at being in a room full of Christian peers, but centered on our acceptance of each other with the realization that none of us had the corner on spiritual knowledge.

A Necessary Stage

I leave Houghton reminiscing with amusement about my first few weeks as a freshman. It was a necessary stage, I suppose, and to assume I am now at the mountaintop would be totally incongruent with the lesson Houghton has taught me. Perhaps as I enter seminary next year my face will appear to be freshly scrubbed and my clothes a bit too

new looking, yet I think I will be a bit wiser and slightly more aware of the world around me. And if someone asks me after three years why I had entered seminary, I know I'll have a better reason than "Well it was the thing to do, I guess."

CRY FALSE

by Julie Beadle

What can be said of four years? A part of life which has come and gone. I came to get an education and on May 10 will be handed a piece of paper which will state that to some degree I have achieved that. What is true education? Because I have taken one hundred and forty classroom hours have I been educated? Is education merely scholastic pursuit? Too often here, we are asked to believe that that is education in its entirety. We attend classes, lectures, discussions, and labs; are then tested on our comprehension of the material presented at the said occasions; and that ability or lack of it, indicates the extent of the success of our education. I want to cry FALSE! What is the purpose which Houghton College has stated for itself? Is it not to help students to mature? Totally. As a whole person. Too often the fact of the social and spiritual need of the student body is ignored. More than once I have been told that my purpose here should be study, a total devotion of my time to the academic and scholastic pursuit. Is it not my purpose to become a total human being? Too often the emphasis on "academic excellence" leads to the development of intellectual giants and social and spiritual midgets. We glibly refer to ourselves as dedicated scholars serving Christ but far too often leave off the end and forget that our primary motivation in all of life should be to serve our Lord and bring honor and glory to him.

The Everlasting Individual

Is this nothing more than youthful idealism? Is it absurd to believe that the individual is important? I believe that this realization is a Christian imperative. I do not leave this place with bitterness. I leave with disappointment in that so many of my fellows have come here and are leaving without any knowledge of their selfhood. Those of you who are left realize now that what Lewis has said is true: "If Christianity is true, then the individual is incomparably more important, for he is everlasting and the life of a state or a civilization compared with his is only a moment." And our Lord himself: Martha — there is only one really important thing: to listen to me and learn of my character.

THE PROSPECTOR'S VISION

by Terry Eplee

Many years had passed since the prospector had last walked the quarry road to the old town of Speculator. There wasn't much left now, of either the road or the town. The forces of time and growth, of healing and rejuvenation, had like a physician's hand concealed the last scars of the once thriving community. No longer did miners' cries summon up carts of worthless ore from the earth. No longer did the sound of pick and hammer echo across virgin slopes yet untouched by dredging operations. The forest had grown up to displace the last remains of mining life as bit by bit the foundations of civilization were buried under a deluge of vegetation.

Only the expert eye of a native could have made out the faint trace of road as it wound its way through the forest. The old prospector recalled traveling it for the first time when as a boy of 18 he had come to Speculator to seek his fortune. There was gold in these hills, or so they claimed,

and he like many of his age, and older, had arrived in town, full of enthusiasm and sporting a yellow gleam in his eye. But visions of wealth and of days whiled away beneath the sun soon turned to nightmares. Little was said about the hours of frustrated toil as cart after cart of worthless rock was brought to the surface. Instead of gold, he mined anthracite and bismuth and granite and feldspar. Instead of the music of the stream, he listened to the sound of exploding dynamite beneath the surface, of all the cynicism and discontent that raked his hill. He smelled the nauseous odor of sulphur, the cruel and biting scent of those sent to spy-out his operations. Then one day, after outgrowing his dreams of wealth and of easy victory over knowledge, he packed up his bags and left with only a handful of nuggets to show for his years of work.

A Temporary Place

Now years later he was returning, brought back by curiosity and a need to think. As the road opened up into a clearing and as he viewed the last remnant of old Speculator choked with weeds and thorns, he saw what he had never seen before, three white tombstones standing center to a rock-wall enclosure. The sight jolted him; accustomed to the civil entreaties of nature, he was not prepared for this sudden allusion to death. As he walked over to the stones, he noticed the memorial flag stationed beside the foot of the center stone, crusty with the sediment of wind and snow.

They were, as he read, the graves of Colonel Peck, for whom the flag had been placed, his wife, and their small son. The names were not familiar to him, they had arrived in Speculator long after he had left, but the reminder that age and the mechanical operations of the universe were no respecter of persons, stirred his memory. He was no longer the miner of gold, the searcher for truth, that he was in his youth, for age had deadened his eager spirit much like the elements had stiffened the crusty flag. He was still a patriot, a patron of the arts, only without the wild schemes and lofty visions of youth. Should he have stayed to mine the lesser minerals in hopes of one day discovering gold? He didn't think so. Speculator was a temporary place; it too had moved to a new location down by the river. But what of its character, its values, its traditions? Had they been spared the changes of time? Probably not. Everything was in the process of maturing of growing up, or so he had been taught.

Back to Macadam

As he stood beside the graves of Colonel Peck and his family recalling the vitality of quarry life, he could not help but think that maybe youthful allusion was a more noble alternative to the morbid dulling of spirit than had occurred since his first visit to Speculator. It was good to have moved on, he supposed, but he envied the carefree, innocently-naive spirit that he had left behind.

He turned around and walked back down the old road, back to the macadam and the new stone town of Speculator.

"POTBOY'S COMPLAINT"

by Dick Campbell

Now my four years at Houghton College have come to an end, and I am chosen to reflect briefly on the past. Houghton College was presented to me as a Christian liberal arts college stressing development in all four areas of life: mental, physical, social, and spiritual, with special emphasis on the first and last. How well has the College fulfilled its billing?

Filling the Bill

First the mental aspect will be

considered. Houghton stresses the academic, there is no doubt about that. From the time students first hear about Houghton, they are indoctrinated to constant study, worrying about grades, regularly attending class, and "learning to think." But does the constant memorization of facts, both substantial and trivial, constitute thinking? Often a student becomes so engulfed in a particular field, despite his brief flirtation with other subjects, that he loses the capacity to think logically and rationally in other areas. I feel that this represents negative learning. The College's overemphasis on competition and performance does nothing to alleviate the problem, nor do the governance policies and the rules established for us by learned men more able to make adequate Christian interpretations of scripture, rather than our establishing standards for ourselves with God as our judge. We are led to believe that our Christian lives are not what they should be unless we uphold our "Christian responsibility".

The second aspect is the physical. This is perhaps the College's strongest area, since much of the growth is left up to the individual. Generally plenty of activities abound, both inter-collegiate and intramural. Yet these are not without fault. Although Christian attitude in sports is important, it is difficult to play to the glory of God when a "milk toast" attitude leads to sub-par performances. A better blend of competitive spirit and Christian sportsmanship must be found before athletics will gain respectability at Houghton.

Unique Social Life

Socially, Houghton is a unique place. Here we are located in a rural setting conveniently far from urban centers and often left without adequate activities. Few colleges show the ineptitude of neglecting many week-end nights, only to bombard a few with many conflicting activities. Again, the College rules often create conflicts with our own social values and lead to overcompensation in an effort to gain self-fulfillment. This attempt breeds futility and often creates problems which the college is inadequately staffed to handle, and often terminates in some disciplinary action rather than constructive counseling. Difficulties in rule interpretation can also lead to deteriorating student relation with faculty, staff, and fellow students. What often becomes a stumbling block, is not the rule itself, but the acceptance and degree of compliance shown.

Most Valuable Asset

Last, and certainly not least at Houghton is the spiritual aspect. As good Christian students we are invited to join a multitude of Christian organizations and regularly attend a church and prayer meetings. Should

our attendance drop, our Christianity is doubted and we become subjects for prayer. Despite all the College attempts to develop good Christians, I have found the Houghton church one of the worst I have ever attended, causing me and many other students to attend other churches. I will not even discuss chapel, whose principle and objectivity I find vague. To me the best spiritual growth came from within me and my association with Christian friends.

So here it is, a brief statement for your perusal and judgment for whatever it is worth. In conclusion, two points stand out: As a student never place any terrestrial activity at Houghton ahead of your friends, for when all else is forgotten it is the memories of when you laughed and cried together that will linger. Secondly, to the college, remember that the town survives because of the college, not vice versa. The students the college has are its most valuable asset and things can only get better when they are treated that way.

ARE YOU WESLEYAN?

by Rory Lake

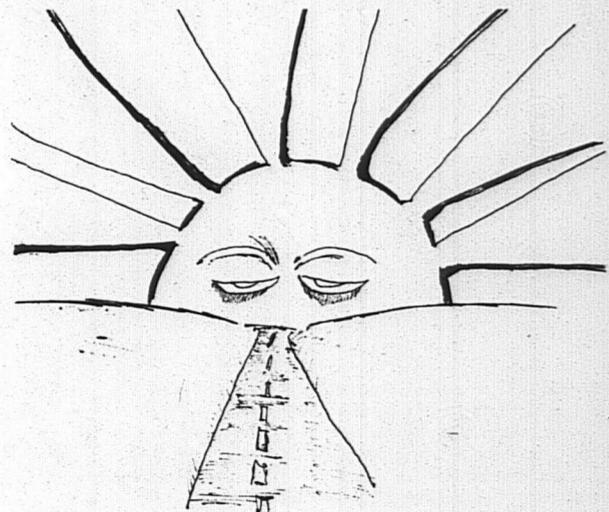
It is easy to become critical or sentimental when reflecting back on college experiences. I have attempted to give a rational account of some of my reflections concerning the past four years.

Ironically, Houghton College appealed to me because of its peaceful wilderness setting and its fine science department. These things are no longer significant. Christianity and a liberal arts education are what have become of consequence.

When I first came to Houghton, one of the first questions I was asked by a fellow freshman was "Are you Wesleyan?" I naively responded, "No, I'm Episcopalian." As the inquirer turned away I heard him say to another classmate, "He's one of those." I soon found out what it meant to be "one of those." I did not understand the evangelical jargon. I could not find a prayer book at worship service. Church was held in an auditorium. There was no altar, no candles, no acolytes, no stained glass windows, and the priest not only did not wear vestments, he did not even wear a white collar. Prayers were always spontaneous. Whole sermons would be preached on the minutest detail from the Bible, e.g., salt. Every time a scripture reference was given, people around me started flipping through their Bibles to find it. If all all this was not strange enough, every once in a while somebody in the congregation would yell something in the middle of a prayer or sermon.

Cultural Shock

I was experiencing cultural shock in my own culture. For eighteen years I had regularly attended an Episcopal church. I was a Christian.



Reflections

I believed in Jesus Christ and prayed to Him. I did not even drink or smoke, but never associated this with Christianity because my priest did both. Why, then, did I feel lost in a Christian setting? It was because my emphasis had not been on the Christ who unites all Christians. My faith was bound up in the details of one form of worship service. Attending the Wesleyan church has helped me to redirect my emphases, which has resulted in a clearer understanding of the Episcopal service as well as other Christian worship services. I am still "one of those," and last semester I was thankful when two Wesleyans who had become interested in the Episcopal church and a Roman Catholic who could not find a place of worship more suited to his tradition in the area asked me to attend the Belmont Episcopal Church with them.

Listen to People

Although the Christian experience has had the greatest impact, being at college and receiving a liberal arts education has modified my outlook on life as well. I do not remember many details from my courses, as Princeton's Education and Testing Service well knows, yet I have learned to think, expanded my interests, and developed ideas on college life.

I have learned that you must be nice to people for them to be nice to you. Smile. Look at people. Look at their faces. Listen to people. Tell them what you are doing and invite them to come. If you spend all your time with the same people, you will become bored. College is as enjoyable as you make it. If you constantly grind, it cannot be fun. Make every possible attempt to avail yourself of every opportunity, every facility: movies, plays, clubs, lecture series, etc. Challenge yourself. Challenge the school. Never feel too satisfied; never feel too dissatisfied. You will meet no one and learn nothing if you stay in your room.

HOUGHTON IN BLACK AND WHITE

by Elaine Williams

It seemed like an impossible task to try and sort out the variety of emotions that seemed to swell up in my throat when I think of the three long years that I have spent at Houghton. Now that I have reached the esteemed status of "senior" even the bad times seem to fade into the past and the good times remain visible. Houghton has been a fortress and a refuge to me. I entered its hallowed halls with a very shaky belief in myself and how I felt others saw me. But because I came as a Christian I had the potential elements of faith, power, and prayer to see myself as God intended me to be if only I would let Him work within me and show me which paths to follow. For me, Houghton did provide the warmth and security that was needed (that is exemplified by Linus' so desperately clinging to his blanket). With the help of two very special faculty members that I believe God allowed me to get to know, I was both encouraged and comforted as that first year seemed to be a constant battle. But because their sense of commitment and love toward me was so sincere I was able to overcome the hurdles and begin to grow as a person. In being able to deal with myself as an individual and recognize the beauty therein I could now begin to question where I as a Christian would fit in a secular environment.

Not All Roses

Houghton has not been all roses either. I can remember especially, the evening church service last Sunday night, as I looked at the people around me. I recognized them as individuals that I cared about but at

(continued from page three)

the same time I saw them as a collective body that because of their place and attitudes in this world were part of the cause for the oppressive tension that black people have had to bear in the U.S. Because Christians act irresponsibly or fail to act at all then black people are oppressed and I as a black Christian also suffer with them. At Houghton I have learned to integrate two very important concepts: being black and a Christian. I have come to the conclusion that for too long people have preached the idea of "colorlessness". Our physical makeup does play a significant role in shaping our values, attitudes and decisions along with all that entails our spiritual being. Though I see you as a person as God made you I can not overlook your whiteness.

Black And Christian

Yet because I am black I expect to be respected and given the same right to be viewed as a black Christian as God has made me. I feel that the basic truths of Christianity have been presented to me but there is a danger in resting there. Even though Houghton is a Christian institution, it is and always will be professing the ideas that are compatible to a "white Christian middle class group." And if I do not seek to define the gospel of Christ in terms that I am able to grasp then I have lost. But this is where I feel the institution is lacking. Maybe Houghton has gone to such great lengths to show its openness and equal treatment of individuals regardless of color that it appears only to have delayed the inevitable. Yes, I say look at the individual as a person, a child of God; but see him in the light of all that God has made and given him. So I leave a stronger Black Christian, knowing that Christ is the answer and how I as a member of both the Christian community and the Black race can seek the future with a relevant God.

NO CORNER ON TRUTH

by Shirley Mullen

When I look back over my time at Houghton, I see, above all the joys, tensions, and frustrations, the Lord at work in my own life, in the lives of my friends, and in the life of our college.

I am excited because He allows us to be partners with Him in His work. He gives us minds to think and wills to act. He expects us to struggle intelligently to apply His principles to the situations in which we find ourselves.

In addition to the excitement in the situation, there is also a danger. We may be tempted to think that we have a corner on God's truth — that we alone know the true way to conduct an ACO party, or to teach a subject from a Christian perspective, or to govern Houghton College. We may try to do God's work for Him. We cannot.

A Paradox

The paradox in Philippians 2:12-13 reminds us that, though we must work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, it is God which works in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. After we have dealt with a situation to the best of our ability, we must rest in faith that God is working in the community of believers for His glory, even if we do not understand the way in which He is working.

Whether we are trying to plan a CSO ministry, to preserve Houghton College, or to feed a hungry world, we must remember that, ultimately, the work is the Lord's. He has begun a work in our individual lives, in our college community, and in our world that He will bring to completion, if we let Him.

ME AND KRAVEN CROWEL

by Kent Nussey

After four years of watching, dodging, communicating with silence, there are impressions that justly remain. I have been schooled with the heterogeneous offspring of the Evangelical Mind; a long list of young scholars and serious boys, punks, pyromaniacs, foolish virgins and cheerleaders for Camelot, St. Joans by the dozens who fairly glow with conviction.

But the sum and life of all these individuals is a timeless personality, an old ghost of the woodwork who calls himself Kraven Crowel.

On silent winter nights, when nothing stirs save a few blue shadows, old Kraven Crowel leaves footprints in the snow, drifts mournfully between frosted buildings with a face as cold and pale as a December moon. In the summer I've seen him through windows, from outside, his misted figure climbing the stairs to Fancher Aud or moving like a cloud down the arcade towards Woolsey Hall.

A Puritan Jerusalem

Sometimes, on a midnight or deserted afternoon, Kraven Crowel will talk to me, tell me long brown histories I've sensed but never known in words. Kraven's own story began well over a century ago, when he came down the valley as a wilderness preacher, a raw-boned John the Baptist with secret yankee woe. Then came inspirations of a Puritan Jerusalem, a genuine beginning, converts and classrooms, and Kraven opened his eyes, wondering. In the Twenties he became a tailored party man, or imagined himself so, and loved his rag-times too dearly to leave them for a mission field in Nepal.

Sometime between the Depression and the Big War he came of age and moved into the bricks and shrubbery. Like a cantankerous bat Kraven Crowel lives in his own darkness, the newsreel memories in his brain perpetually unwound during long, immobile months of schizophrenia. The energies of generations keep his kinetic image alive.

But Kraven is my best friend, looks a little like William Burroughs or Joseph Goebbels, with a thin, bony skull and vacant, disinterested eyes, somehow too indifferent to be entirely believed. He makes a thrumft sound deep in his nose and adjusts his spectacles.

"You're Trying Too Hard"

"This will never do," he tells me, "You're trying too hard. There are no poetics in ghosts, just a few sweet nostalgias, ultimately useless you see." I try to explain my understanding of his tradition.

"Don't talk so much," he advises, "Loosen up, relax, buy a fast car. No one wants to hear long-winded, nervous histories like yours and mine."

Kraven Crowel with the tough wisdom of a Chicago newspaper-man in the 1930's, the bright enthusiasm of a little kid in knickers building model aero-planes in his bedroom.

He loves to talk, loves to remember pranks he's pulled and friends who have gone. Occasionally he will mix in our workaday affairs, arranging a stroke of good luck, or confounding the schemes of someone he doesn't like. He names several professors he has a preference for, and the janitors never seem to disturb his peace of mind. But he doesn't much care for the professional types. When he had flesh and earthly aspirations they burned him down:

"A business major got my girlfriend," he confides, "and the pre-med people dissected my cat. I only had one of each." He sighs and recalls his loss wistfully. "My cat was black with magic yellow eyes, and he turned into a dragon when the moon was high."

Kraven is the ghost of a saint —

an idea or myth someone started decades ago, one or all of the half-dozen complex fools who stumbled through here in the course of years, deemed mad by the pros, plagued by moral idiots who thought they knew, and finally lost their essence trying to reconcile . . . they all look a little like Kraven Crowel.

Kraven says he's not alone. He says the ghost of an ancient Indian brave moves back the stone and crawls out to pass the time. On summer nights they goof and wrestle and break holds. But the old warrior has no ear for Kraven's social dialogues, and will sit for hours staring off over the valley or up at the silver pepper of stars he reads like a vast, illuminated scroll.

And like these two I am fool for reading stars and talking to mute fogs, and must admit that I've survived by heeding the promptings of a divine laziness which allowed me to sidestep controversy; a personal vision of sloth which may be the same hesitancy that kept Kraven abiding in these bricks and stones.

I told him I'd be leaving soon. He pushed up his glasses made that noise in his nose and said "Me too."

Is it conceit that I fancy his leaving parallels mine? Some weird identification with his timeless shoes and poltergeist intelligence? "It's in the air," he says, "Even the old Indian feels the urge to go. Could be politics. Could be the climate, who knows?"

So, sneakershod angels and students of the apocalypse, when you point your cars down Route 19, look for old Kraven Crowel, standing on the edge of town in a seersucker jacket with a seal-skin suitcase in his hand. His widebrim hat hides his eyes and his thumb is out. Keep this ghost in your wallet. Give him a ride.

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COLLECTIVE MEMORIES

by Glenn Irwin

The seemingly endless piles of things to do, the late coffee-sated nights and groggy mornings, familiar visions to all of us with one important personal difference — for me it's all over. Over? Repeat it again and again and again. Walking to breakfast across the quad — over, Friday afternoon in the science building — over, playing ball in Bedford — over, daydreaming in the library — over. The significance of the word begins to sink in in a thousand little ways. One realizes just how much the routine, the surroundings, the people have become a natural part of life. But why should this be surprising? Four years is, after all, a long time. Yes, but four years of constant study, work, and occasionally play, everything scheduled, everything allotted so much time, and the mind always occupied. When will I study for that next exam? How can I get the paper in on time? What about the lab write-up due tomorrow? Four years of deadlines and it's finally finished. All work is done and all's over but the waiting. At last one has time to reflect and perhaps this is why all the familiar sights and sounds flood the senses with new-found meaning. And it is just these individually small impressions that will form my collective memory of Houghton in the years to come. They have ineradicably shaped my personality and thoughts as much as any academic learning. They are what make Houghton a unique college community. And so, for better or worse, I will always be a Houghton man.

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