

EXCLUSIVE: Reporter gives inside story on Houghton's hot spots

by Dug Roarsback

Despite the opening of its new physical education center, Houghton College still suffers from a dreadful lack of facilities for a certain major sport. The sport goes by many names: making out, necking, getting down, fellowship, taking the cheese, and chewing face are the most common.

Would-be face chowers have few problems during the warm, dry months. Gao's south lawn, East Hall's steps, and Brookside's bridge are constantly full. The true

artisans, however, find these sites lacking in the primary requirement—privacy.

The need for privacy drove *Fallen Star* reporters to uncover several warm-weather sites:

1. The (less-traveled) path down the hill from Bedford House offers promising snipe-hunting, especially since the trees are nice leaning posts for the little fellows.
2. The ski slope is an old standby, but there is something to be said for tradition. It's quiet, private, and has a tremendous view.

The little huts by the tow ropes might even be unlocked, but take a blanket just in case.

3. The fabled Genesee River has several nice spots. Take the dirt road east from the old bowling alley parking lot and use your imagination. The tree house near Parrish House will do if you get there unnoticed. Take the old railroad-track bed behind maintenance to avoid flying projectiles and embarrassing questions. Houghton's lack of facilities for cheesetaking becomes obvious

when the infamous foul weather comes. Still, the fanatical submarine race-watcher can make do. If it is still warm, the shelter of Luckey Memorial's steps may be acceptable. Just be sure to get in the shadows. If it is cold, move indoors.

The only dorm lounge worth considering is Gao's. It's like a Thomas' English muffin; it has lots of nooks and crannies. The chapel does, too, but watch out for the music majors.

Reinhold Campus Center has many possibilities:

1. They turn off the lights in the Dining Hall every night, but don't get caught going up.
2. The top landings of the building's four stairwells might do in (or for) a pinch. Avoid meal times, and don't use the northwest corner—too much traffic.
3. Those lucky enough to have offices downstairs (or access to keys) have no problems.
4. The Houghton Volunteer Fire Department has been called out several times to investigate excessive heat on the sofa by the Student Development offices.

Those students rich enough to own cars merely have to find the right place to run out of gas. Some suggestions:

1. The airstrip road is nice, but

growing in popularity. Snow and security may cause problems, too.

2. The tennis courts' parking lot often becomes just that. Watch out for the security patrol.
3. Better to go on the far side of the soccer field, although traffic may pick up now that the Wilts have returned from sabbatical.
4. Centerville Road has more traffic, but also more places. Some students avoid it because they have guilty consciences when they drive past President Chamberlain's house.
5. For all-nighters try Tucker Hill Road. Take the first right and pull over. Don't let the cows scare you.
6. Moss Lake is a classic: quiet, beautiful, and only one parking space.
7. Never park in the triangle in front of Fancher-Woolsey. Two of my friends did and had an embarrassing talk with Security Sam.

So, despite Houghton's lack of facilities, the ingenious student can make it through the long, cold winter. Just be sure you can make it back to your dorm. The window in Gao's phone booth is almost always open, and it always helps to have a friend on the first floor who doesn't ask questions.

The Fallen Star

January 23, 1981

Volume 1, Number 1

Senate member attempts coup; Facer sentenced and locked in Fancher

by Mugs Mafiano

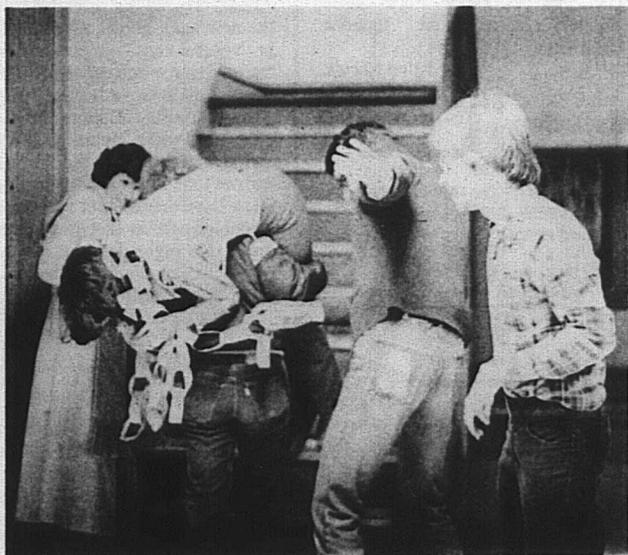
During an emergency cabinet meeting Monday, January 21 at 7:00PM, Student Senate President Lois McAleer served a bill of attainder to Susan Facer, Senate Secretary. Acting on behalf of the Student Body, McAleer charged Facer with the crime of high treason, stemming from an incident which occurred last semester. At that time Facer allegedly staged an unsuccessful *coup d'etat*.

The shocked Ms. Facer screamed loudly and tried to resist arrest, but the President and her henchmen managed to bind the criminal with paper chains and proceeded to carry her off to the Tower. Facer is being imprisoned in Fancher bell tower where she is kept on a diet of twinkies and orange juice (gallons of it).

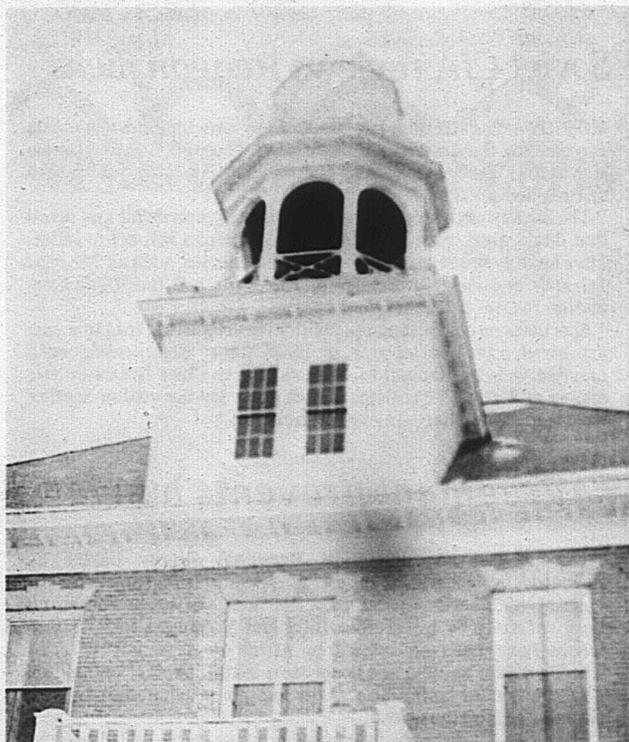
No date has been set for the release of the criminal, and President McAleer refuses to comment other than to say that she will continue to exercise absolute power (and maybe even the guillotine) on future offenders. Spokesman Ed Zehner seemed to think that Ms. Facer will remain imprisoned until the

election of the new administration in March. Letters and cards may be sent to the prisoner in care of

Security Sam, but "they will be viciously censored," smirks McAleer.



Graham Drake and Ed Zehner arrest Senate member Susan Facer, accused of attempting a coup, while Senate President Lois McAleer looks on.



The Fancher Tower—present home of prisoner Susan Facer

Lunch panic Kills eleven

by St. Paul de Canfield

Eleven people were trampled to death last Sunday and several others seriously injured in what one college official called "an unbelievable lack of Christian consideration."

The tragic stampede occurred in Wesley Chapel after a Sunday morning sermon in which Pastor H. Mark Abbott encouraged the congregation "not to be stumbling blocks to one another." Apparently Abbott spoke fifteen minutes longer than usual, and when he finally gave the benediction at 12:15PM, the crowd had become uncontrollably hungry and restive.

As Abbott finished his last sentence, the crowd surged to its feet, and with a muted roar, leapt into the aisles and rushed for the doors. Someone tripped, stumbled and fell, and then someone else fell, and then someone else, and when the ensuing pile-up of people was finally disentangled several hours later, the full extent of the tragedy began to dawn on the Houghton

(cont. elsewhere)

Luckey ladies translated

The cashiers and Registrar's assistants of the second floor of Luckey were all "translated to heaven" Tuesday morning, administration sources say.

According to a bulletin issued by Dean Shannon's office, the celestial snatch occurred "between 10:00 and 10:30 AM."

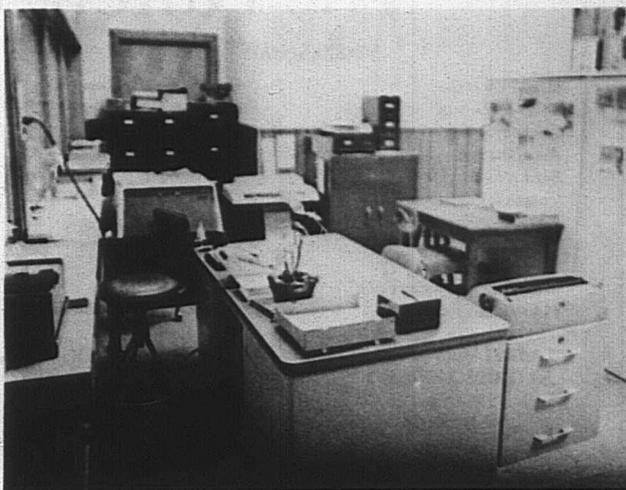
"I was handing my I.D. card to the cashier so I could cash a check," said a transfer sophomore. "The I.D. card dropped onto the counter. She was gone. The adding machine was still humming."

(The shaken sophomore asked to have his name withheld. This reporter assured Jim of the *Fallen Star's* confidence.)

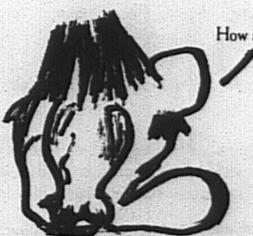
Perplexed, the administration turned to the Bible Department for a theological explanation. "It's a translation all right," declared Dr. Kingdon. "I call it a case of hyper-premillennialism—italics mine. Kind of odd for such an Arminian climate, though." Dr. Kingdon also noted that none of the Luckey Ladies had ever vented hyper-premillennialist sentiments.

Admissions, Financial Aid and Mr. Alderman were not affected by the translation. When asked for her response to the event, Karen Bailey shrugged and smiled. "It's kind of interesting, I guess. You don't get much variety around

(cont. somewhere)



The Registrar's office in Luckey Memorial—now empty after the Luckey ladies translated to Heaven



How art thou fallen?



Oh, about twelve column inches.

Without a doubt the finest proposal yet for the restructuring of academic divisions

During the first semester the Voice of Change called to us. "Restructure the academic divisions!" "Why?" we shouted back across the void. "Efficiency!" came the reply. "How do you want us to do this, o Voice of Change?" we wailed. "Set up an ad hoc committee! No less than three, no more than five divisions."

And so the ad hockers got busy. Proposals sprang forth like Minerva from Jove's skull. But the best laid schemes often moved from the committee table straight to the table—i.e., the shelf. Meanwhile, Houghtonites muttered their discontent. "Nothing definite. Nothing substantial. All we can do is conjecture."

By now the Voice of Change may feel like a sixteen year old who's already waited twenty-five minutes for his prom date to come down the stairs. His after shave has drifted off to the ozone layer; his Vitalis-soaked hair is drooping almost at the same rate as his date's corsage, which he holds in his clammy palms. Her father is still sitting in the archaic reading section E of the newspaper. Mother walks in with a fourth glass of Dr. Pepper. This time the boy declines.

THIS CAN'T GO ON.

Call me a dogmatist, an absolutist. Tell me I'm full of papal bull. Call me a Czarist mogul (but don't get on my ukase, OK?) But this is it. I have to lay down the law. So here's my plan for restructuring academic divisions:

There will be three, like so:

- I. Music/Art/Math/Science/Psychology/Education/Religion/Social Sciences/Business
- II. Humanities (English, History, Philosophy, Foreign Languages)
- III. German

The advantages of this arrangement hardly require elaboration. But of course I will give it. Now, first off, in Division I, say you're an oboe/earth science major with a secondary ed minor. You'd only have to consult one advisor at pre-registration. And there'd be no fuss about who would travel up to Gates-Chili High to observe you student teaching.

Humanities needs no explanation.

One may still ask, "Why a whole division just for German?" Well, it is true that Division II includes foreign languages. But German has good reason to stand apart. Recently, Admissions found that the introduction of a Scandinavian languages major under a German Division would attract at least 3700.4 new students from Northern Minnesota. Isn't that incredible? Just think—May Term in Stockholm, lingonberry festivals, and blondes, blondes!

But this restructuring goes beyond the merely pragmatic. Yes. Indeed. This restructuring proposal parallels, at every point, the Trinity. Look at Division I. God the Father framed the heavens and caused the music of the spheres. And Jesus said, "I must be about my Father's business." Etc.

Then Division II: Christ became part of the humanities in a way no one else could.

And Division III? How is German like the Holy Spirit? Just try humming "Der Geist hilft unser Starkheit auf" or "Ja, der Geist spricht." You'll begin to see why.

Graham Greene He Shore Ain't

More dumb letters Norsk, Norsk

Graham, Mange folkeslag i Houghton skal gi takk til dette Houghton Stjerne for trykt skrift i det utmerket sprakt, a det mester rase, norsk. I denne inglasse bare dette begynne. Dette er det time mot trykt skift hver "stjerne" i norsk. I alle folkeslag skal bli Norskefolk.

Kanne du uttenke hva en himmel dette plass vil bli nar som helst alle damen i dette Campus Center skal ha lys har i bla oye? Pioneer mat vil bli megen bedre. I stedet veal og liver, vi skal alle spise lutefisk, fiskebolle, fiskekake, sviskegrot, i blodpølse med rommesaus. Alle skal tur pa sje, og vi skal lese Henrik Ibsen.

Du kan teo laere norsk i en lom-meordboker. Dette tegn brukes i alle ordegrupper til a erstatte ordledd som er opplort tidligere i gruppen. Og vi kanne kjope mat og materiell om dagligvarehandelen til bruk i opplearings i Fillmore og opplysvirksomhet.

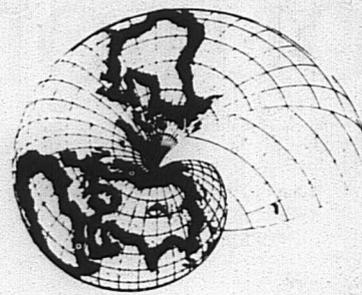
Houghton skal bli en bedre plass...ha du ikke hore dette engelske talemate at "blondes have more fun?"

Ellen Rorvik



Intended

The Fallen Star staff is pleased to announce that Graham Drake and Karen Downy never intended to do it.



Worldly Scene

by Ann Moral and Sue Facecard

Brown campaigns in Uganda

UGANDA—California Governor Jerry Brown has already begun canvassing for the '84 Presidential Contest. Brown was accompanied by close friend and recording artist Linda Ronstadt. Miss Ronstadt will perform in the capital city of Kampala while the Governor solicits votes. When asked why he was campaigning so far from home, Brown replied that getting out the black vote is a key to his strategy.

Toyota unveils clue to fuel crisis

TOKYO—Toyota has unveiled its engineering marvel of the eighties. The new auto, known affectionately to its designers as *Core* (short for "reactor core"), is proclaimed as the answer to the energy crisis. The engineers who create the *Core* boast that this four-door passenger car will achieve 2500mpg city and 4000mpg highway. The secret to this incredible mileage: the *Core* is powered by nuclear waste.

Toyota Public Relations Director Hiro Shima was quoted as saying, "In designing the *Core* we tried to take advantage of the resources that will remain abundant through the twentieth century."

The *Core* comes with various options, such as a mini-microwave concealed within the glove compartment, fluorescent coloration panels for night driving, and a telescreen for computer games. Toyota is introducing its sales campaign for the *Core* by giving a free manual entitled "How to Convert Your Car into a Bomb" to the first 100,000 purchasers.

African literary ban leads to riots

SOUTH AFRICA—Riots broke out this week in the streets of Johannesburg after the South African parliament announced a list of literary works to be banned from the country. A spokesman for the government commented that the nation is undergoing political turbulence and needs to be handled with a firm hand in this "dark" moment of South Africa's history. Among the prohibited works were *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, Shirley Jackson's "Lottery" and the Bible. When asked concerning the inclusion of the Bible on South Africa's latest *index expurgatorius*, the spokesman, embarrassed, mumbled something about an Ethiopian eunuch.

Soviet CIA reviews Reagan flicks

MOSCOW—The Kremlin has been closely watching developments surrounding the American inauguration. TheKGB (the Soviet version of the CIA) has been busy obtaining all available information on President Reagan.

The Soviets have scoured their intelligence records for any detail that might alert them as to how Ronald Reagan will act in office. They have even reviewed many of his old movies, such as *The Mad Scientist and the Neutron Bomb*, *The Nazis had the Right Idea*, and *Bonzo Goes to Washington*.

Speculations concerning the political overtones of Reagan's past are aired after the viewing of these films. Commenting on a possible visit by Reagan to Moscow, Party Chief Brezhnev was quoted as stating, "I anticipate with great joy the visit of another world leader who shares my tastes in cinema."

Agreement prevents hunger

On his last day in office, President Jimmy Carter announced the establishment of a new aid program with the country of Liberia. Carter said the deal had been worked out very carefully by his brother Billy and Mohammad Ali, both of whom have been emissaries to Africa in a variety of roles. The President said he felt honored to initial the deal on his final day in office for he felt he was "helping to provide millions with wholesome, nutritious food."

Carter said it was hoped the massive shipment would help provide

(might be continued)

The Fallen Star

PIZZA SQUAD

Head repperoni
Take-out Orders
Anchovy Referee
Art of the Pizza
Send it Back
Cheese & Mushrooms Only
Pizza Coordinator
Pizza Propaganda
Pizza Candidis
Who Ends Up Paying For It?
Pizza Consultant

Graham Green He Shore Ain't
Glenn Billiardgame
England Ann
Rich Hacksaw
Andy Mundane
Denise Leadhead
Biology Bev
Steve Wetbar, Dave Epsomsalt
Elizabeth Honky
Fur Trapp
Jim "Black Hills Bandit" Gibson

INCHOATE PULITZERS

Jim Pinecone
M. Ann Moral
Sue Facecard
Pammy J. Crybaby
Dug Roarsback
Dick Stern
Kaiserroll Mustard
Jennifer Trouble
Todd Myhearse
Debbie VonSkinhead
Boob Mattress
Deb Swagger
Zig the Whig
Dee Air Wuz So Fahn
Brine Paymesoon
Mugs Mafiano
Linda Apoplectic
Delaware Darling
St. Paul de Canfield
Kevin Kerygma
Shawn Womenham
Karen Leisure
Jase Bock
Chris Switch
E. Mets
Honey Chile

LAST STAGES OF ARTERIOSCLEROSIS

Milana Spaghetti
Mark Old
Ken Fannyzone

CLICK AND RUN

Morris Ontopolit
Marlene Ifly
Steep Jobhunter

JEWISH MOTHERS

Beth Vitamins
Deb Swagger
Susan Answerman
Pammy J. Crybaby
Debbie VonSkinhead
Karen RealDownerman
Diana Void
Slinky Lease
M. Ann Moral
Rawhide Bootcamp
Bobbin' Kicky
P. Jo Anne Burger

The Fallen Star could care less what you do. Send us letters, send us cards, send us incendiary bombs—whatever. It don't make any difference. You sniveling little runts of a cloistered Protestant academe think we're here to stoop to your beck and call, don't you? Don't say "no," 'cause you do. And you better be nice to our staff, see. We ain't pretty, we ain't proud, but we're pretty loud. That's our *apologia pro vita sua*—what's your excuse?

OUT OF YOUR MIND

ulan bator

SPORT
MONGOLIAN-DANISH FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY CROQUET MATCH, Tuesday, 27 January at 3:00AM.

REENACTMENT OF THE MURDEROUS CONQUESTS OF GENGIS KHAN, Friday, 6 February from 8:00AM to sunset. Vast thundering plain and victimized nomadic village TBA.

CINEMA
SHANGRI-LA, Gobi Hall, Wednesday through Saturday, 9:00PM. Admission: seven togrogs or a yak.

LECTURE
THE FUTURE OF THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION OF THE MONGOLIAN PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC IN LIGHT OF THE GROWING INDUSTRIAL HEGEMONY OF THE SOVIET BLOC NATIONS, WITH PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO THE MANUFACTURE AND DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHES-PINS, Thursday, 29 January from 6:00 PM to 12:00AM

MUSIC
JAZZ nightly at the Yak, with the SAVAGE HORDES.

padua

NIGHTLIFE
KIDNAPPING, Ristorante di Vincenzi, 6:00PM Saturday.
POISONING, Ristorante di Vincenzi, 6:21PM Saturday.

STABBING, Ristorante di Vincenzi, 7:42PM Saturday.

DUEL, Ristorante di Vincenzi, 8:30 PM Saturday.

KNEECAPPING, Ristorante di Vincenzi, 10:05PM, Saturday.

BINGO, Chiesa della Famiglia Santa, 6:00-10:05PM Saturday.

wheaton

SPORT
THE WHEATON JACUZZI CLUB meets every Tuesday evening at 8:30 behind McManness Hall. They are still looking for a Jacuzzi. Any alumni wishing to dump off their old spa equipment should feel free to do so.

film
GOD'S BACKYARD: wheaton college, every night in Edman at 7:30. Free.

LECTURE
SLIDES AND SALES PITCH for WHEATON IN PARAMUS, an exciting new summer program held in the scorching streets and backyards of a "quaint" New Jersey suburb.
ANITA BRYANT CHRISTIAN CHARM AND TACT CLASS meets every Wednesday at 7:15. This week's lecture: "How to Maintain a Happy Marriage in the Face of Adversity."

MUSIC
BENEFIT CONCERT by the WHEATON WARBLERS to raise money for the new rutabaga-shaped, neo-colonial, eleven story annex to the Billy Graham Center. Donation: \$50 or your two oldest IZODs.

Fourth Artist Series Smash Hit

by Jase Bock

The first Artist series concert of second semester, the fourth this year, took place in Wesley chapel on Friday evening, the ninth of January. That this concert was planned for the weekend before students came back from vacation was an unfortunate error on the part of the Artist Series committee, but a contract is a contract. The conductor of the Trenton Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, seemed not to mind that there were fewer than one hundred people scattered throughout the hall; no doubt an orchestra such as his is used to such turnouts. He did ask, however, that everyone move to the front center section so as to create a more intimate atmosphere. This particular Leopold Stokowski, by the way is a thirty year old Puerto Rican raised in Rahway, New Jersey, and has done tolerably well as conductor since he changed his name.

Dr. Bailey began the evening with prayer, during which the first cellist glanced nervously about the hall, and finally dropped his bow. It thumped noisily against his music stand and clattered onto the floor, on the first and second syllables, respectively, of the *amen*. Because of the distraction, many in the audience were not sure when the prayer ended, and it was all of twenty-four tense seconds before the last fellow raised his head to find he was the only one standing.

As Mr. Stokowski raised his baton for the first downbeat, the tip of it caught on the underside of his music stand, snapped off, sailed high into the air, and incredibly, tinkled down into the soundbox of a viola. While the conductor took no notice of this whatsoever, most of the musicians, especially the more visible string players, pursed their lips and turned very red trying not to laugh. The brass section, predictably unruly, hid behind their in-

struments (and a rather portly bassoonist) and chuckled audibly, while the unfortunate tympanist, standing just behind the violins and a tallish chap anyway, had to disguise a most embarrassing guffaw with a slightly less embarrassing sneeze.

The second half of the concert featured guest soloist Yehudi Menuhin, violin. This particular Yehudi Menuhin, by the way, is a twenty-seven year old Swedish by from Winona, Minnesota. He has fared much better since he changed his name. Mr. Menuhin played fairly well, but one wished that he had played a little better. He was, however, very expressive, employing sweeping body movements to make up for what he lacked musically. This expressive playing worked quite well until he fell down.

It was during this last section that the obligatory girl-with-wood-soled-shoes clomped out; from the first row of the balcony, across the back to the stairway, down the stairs, into the foyer, down the stairs to the lower foyer she hoofed her way to the ladies room, the door of which squeaks.

At the conclusion of the program, the audience applauded warmly, allowing the conductor and soloist to take several bows. When it appeared that they were about to give an encore, however, the applause ceased abruptly, sending the two men scurrying toward the stage door. It was felt that the Trenton Symphony was very nice and that a good time was had by all.

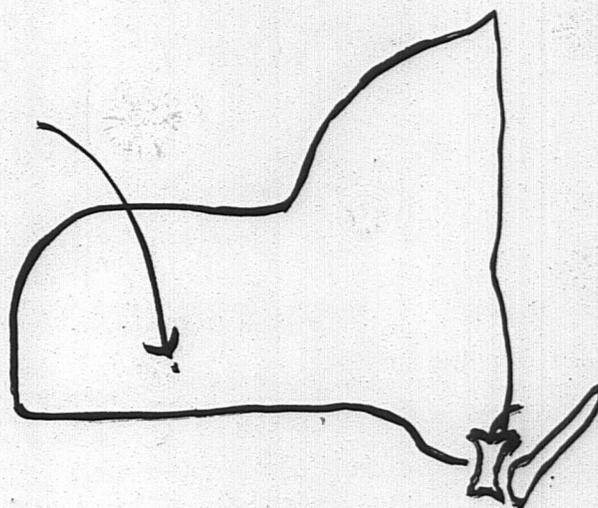
Worldly Scene

(we knew you'd find it)

Food shipment on its way

enough food to tide the nation over until the next harvest. This year's harvest was ruined by drought. Details of the agreement are still to be worked out, but it is known that the first shipment of peanuts will arrive in the port of Savannah, Georgia on February 2. It was also announced that President Ronald Reagan has chosen an old Hollywood friend, Annette Funicello, to be the official government representative to greet the first ship.

City of the Week



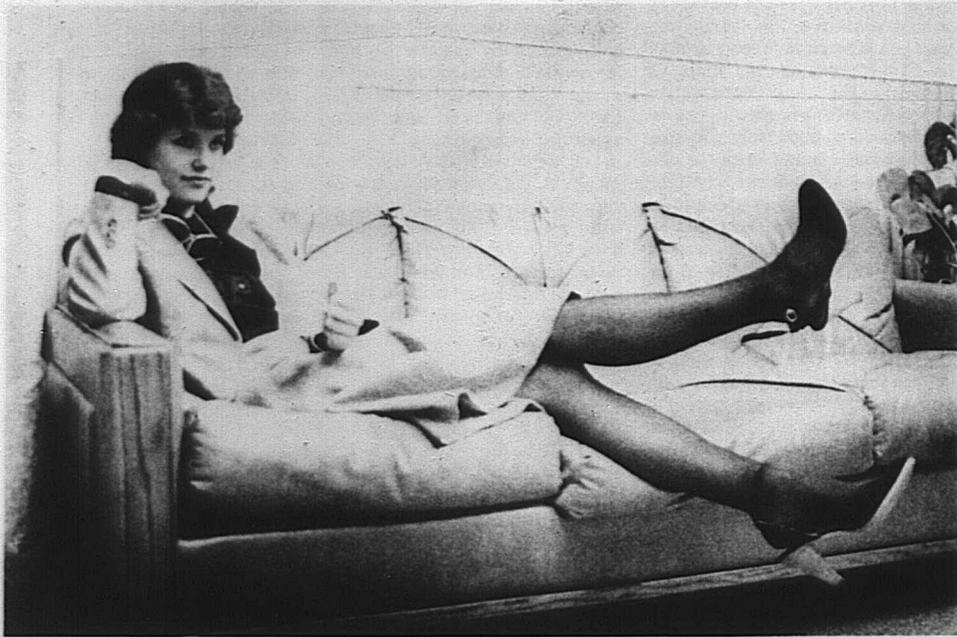
Write Your Own Sports Article

FILLMORE

The Name Says It All

(possibly continued)

PINE EAR'S® PROFILES



NAME: Elaine Shank
 BIRTHPLACE: San Jose, California
 OCCUPATION: Mayor of New York City
 LAST BOOK READ: *Great Political Thinkers* by Ebenstein
 FAVORITE COLOR: Black
 FAVORITE COELENTERATE: Craspedacusta
 QUOTE: "One bad apple don't spoil the whole bunch."
 JUICE: Pine Ear Orange Label®

PINE EAR ORANGE LABEL®
 A rare specimen.

Stampede follows sermon

(so you found it)

community.
 "This is worse than the Who concert in Cincinnati!" moaned one coed. "I got trampled there, too!"
 "It was terrible—simply terrible," said dazed freshman Scott Adamson. "One minute I was holding my girlfriend's hand, and the next thing I knew I was stepping on her face!"

His girlfriend, once a pretty blonde, nodded in silent agreement.

Local police theorized that the crowd's failure to eat a balanced breakfast that morning probably contributed significantly to the unnatural hunger that resulted in the mad rush for the cafeteria.

"These are the types of things that happen when people don't eat a proper breakfast," clucked one old professor. "It just goes to show you..."

Pioneer Food Service, the college's present cafeteria service, has come under sharp attack for its policy of producing tasty food and thus encouraging such un-Christianlike behavior.

"Hey, what can I say?" one Pioneer official said when questioned about the stampede. "I knew our food was good, but I did-

n't know it was that good!"

The Houghton community has already begun the painful process of rebuilding its shattered image. Students have formed therapy groups to help the victims of the stampede to deal with their fears and nightmares. One such group, Christians for Trampled People (CTP), has begun to prepare for future holocausts.

"We won't be trampled by surprise again," vows CTP president Sam Kurtz.

Ladies translated

(continued from somewhere)

here. Well, I guess I have to admit that I haven't had this much excitement since Don got thrown off a rodeo calf back in New Mexico."

In chapel Wednesday President Chamberlain made the somber yet joyful news known to a hushed student body.

Having cited each of the Luckey Ladies for their unflinching loyalty to Houghton, the President bowed his head. "I wish we'd all been ready," he said softly.

Write Your Own Sports Article

(shouldn't have been continued)

The Fallen Star

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