

# the houghton star

VOL. LXVI

Wednesday, January 23, 1974

No. 6



"Hello," John said with a nervous voice.

"Hi," forced Kelly's father, forging his mouth into a grin.

Kelly sat on the green picnic table where she and John had awaited her father's arrival. For a man sixty-years old Kelly's father was active. His white, wind-tangled hair had a yellowish tint near the roots. His protruding nose and toothless grin bordered by whiskers a day or so old gave him a cruel look.

"It's a good thing I heard your voice," he continued, "or I never would have guessed you were a boy with all that hair," he mocked.

John had hoped to make a good impression. He was angry but mostly hurt. He didn't like Kelly's father.

It's not the beggarly aged, the seventy or eighty year olds that I ridicule. It's the generation after three score that offends me. The age where a touch of senility and a good dose of know-it-all-ism, not wisdom, perverts a poor devil's image so that he casts iron opinions on everything.

John and Kelly were with each other continuously. John did not visit Kelly at her home very often because of her father. John was Polish. Kelly's father didn't like Pollocks. His daughter shouldn't either.

"You know," Kelly's dad often snorted, "Polish and German people just can't get along."

The ponderings of death

## The Sixties

by Roy Bielewicz

become frightfully real. They suspect death to rob them of all their possessions. Insecurity manipulates them to use every ploy available so they may keep what seems to be theirs. They grasp for time as it slips away like a greased pig from under a boy's grubby hands.

Kelly's father tried often to convince her that John was just no good.

"His college and athletic ambitions are foolish. How would he ever be able to support you," he often asked.

Kelly would listen half intently. Was the realization of love inconceivable to her father. Maybe he even feared love.

When you're sixty years old it's easy to recall the hard days; walking to school, working sixteen hours a day. Backward generalizations compound

your thoughts. Wives should stay home, have babies, get fat. . . Young people should not pre-occupy themselves with infatuated emotions they call love. There's no compensation for the almighty dollar. The younger generation simply has it too easy.

Finally realizing that his efforts to break John and Kelly up were fruitless, Kelly's father would have an occasional conversation with John. Never anything personal but always some boring current issue.

"So you go to a Christian college," Kelly's father prodded.

"Yes," John said trying to act obviously bored.

"Religion is a bunch of garbage. Just an excuse to be nice to each other. It's a bunch of bologna," Kelly's father summed up.

"But I thought you were a Catholic," John inquired.

"I am or at least I'm supposed to be; I don't believe in God. Not your God anyway," he added. His pale eyes grew excited. The wrinkles in his leathery face emphasized his delight in denouncing God. He was nauseatingly serious. "No," Kelly's father groaned, "I believe in my own God."

"Does anyone else know your God?" John mocked almost poking fun.

"Anything I do is alright with my God," he replied, evading John's question.

John grew sullen. He realized Kelly's father was in a fantasy land all his own.

When their own lives grow boring our elders turn to other sources where they practice their dogmatism. Often they turn inward — creating invincible fortresses that cannot be pregnated with fact, reason, or just common sense. They are always right. They know everything. Objectively it is easy to perceive the plight of our aged. Knowing that you no longer have that young appearance, that your children and friends forget about you, and even worse, that you're not needed any longer has to be distressing. The realization that nature can dismiss you from its realm without the slightest alteration only deepens distress.

John no longer hated him; he just felt sorry.

by R.A. Morse

**LISTEN, PEOPLE! WE HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD WINTER!**

**I**

Lucy is right.  
You know who I mean, the loudmouth girl,  
The cartoon figment in the round-headed world.  
Well, she's right.  
The snow does come up from the ground.

Now, in October, I can feel it  
Growing beneath my feet,  
Waiting for a wind of confusion;  
The briskness of a northern imp  
Releasing it in darkness.

Wake up, Charlie Brown,  
You roundest of heads. It has  
Grown in the night.  
It has settled.  
Winter will soon give birth.

**II**

Don't you believe it! It's  
Fantasy! Stupidity  
Has ruled the roost.

The snow flieth downward  
As the dog barks outward,  
As the grass groweth greenward,  
As the birds fall north.

Meteorologically speaking, snow  
Falls to the earth  
From clouds. Condensation  
Is the key. Currents are direction.

**III**

Each winter the frost  
Gathers under my feet,  
The snow waits  
On the shores of Lethe  
To enter this earth world,  
This gravel and dirt place,  
This pavement of oil and macadam.

Forget, cries the snow.  
It rises, causes dreams,  
Turns us to children,  
Turns us to faces with noses and smiles. Sometimes,  
In the red face of Texaco, it turns off our cars.

We may ignore the oils shortage.  
We may huddle together for warmth.

**IV**

In the distance,  
Charlie Brown beats  
His roundest of heads  
On the trunk of a tree.  
His stomach hurts.  
Tut, tut; Lucy and the meteorologists.  
Such a waste of good heads.

by Suzanne Nussey

TRIVIA POEMS

1.

Radiators

The ancient radiator  
steams from silver hills on lion's feet,  
hiding  
a kingdom of day-blind spiders  
and brittle insect shells,  
valleys of moldy web-line and dust.

2.

Chickens

I watched a pale fluff chick  
pecking on the warped floor  
explode,  
blotching barn boards,  
sailing feathers in the air.  
And it was nothing  
that a little soda couldn't fix.

synthesis in dialect after viewing **The Ten Commandments** and a guest speaker for Black History Week — a possible racist poem.

Oh, Moses, Moses  
Why'd you set yo people free?  
Dey done got use't ta paranoia,  
Quit bodrin' dem with liberty!

PARODY ON THREE PRESIDENTS:  
THREE PAINTERS

Hilaire Germain Edgar Degas

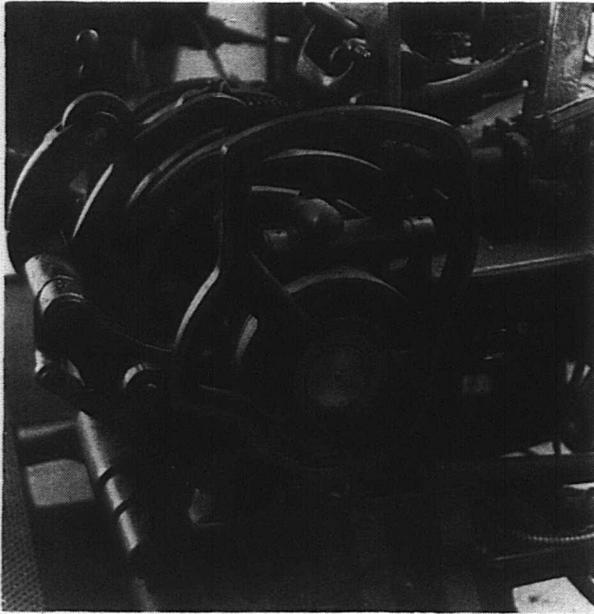
I want to be a three-way light bulb.  
I want to be a three-way light bulb in a wooden hall.  
A light bulb that sifts through gauze skirts, and gazes  
In unpolished mirrors . . .

Jackson Pollock

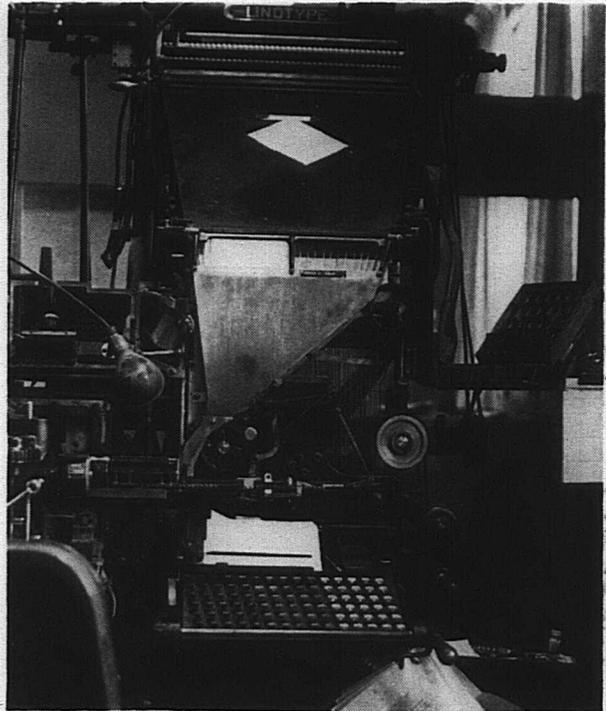
When I was a painter, I squeezed pigment promiscuously.  
I nailed my canvas to the floor.  
I terrorized old ladies in New York, and **Time** wrote about  
me twice a year.  
I turned loose a million lines. I gave One no focus,  
And sold it.  
The liquid paints shall seek the edges  
Finding none.  
As for me, I want to be the wind. Yes!  
I want to be the wind, never conceived, never killed,  
A frameless mass of molecules and mist.  
I want to be the wind that mixes homes and clothes and dirt,  
Wind that suddenly goes insane  
And leaves a map of pools and gashes  
etched critically upon the earth.

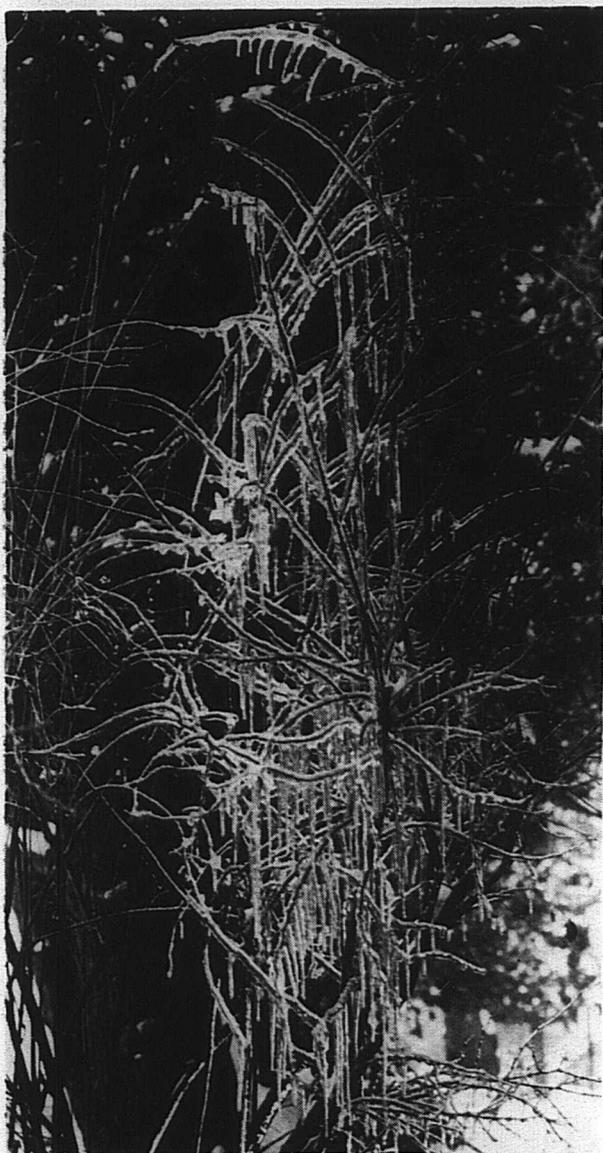
Pablo Picasso

I want to be an ageless woman—  
A woman having no particular body,  
Whose progeny are rose and blue, elongated polygons  
Bearing small resemblance to their brothers.  
I will change their faces for my mother masks.

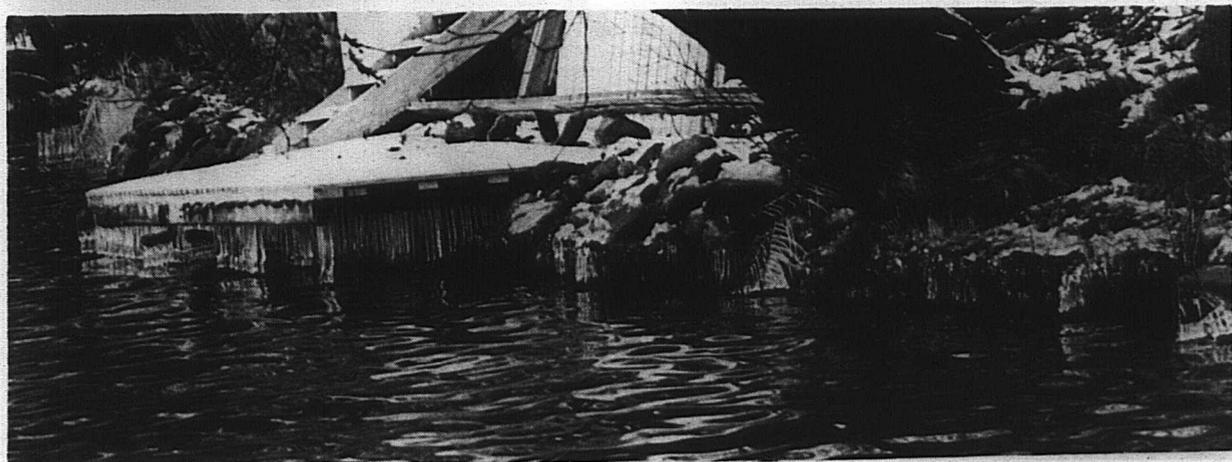


This intriguing machine resides down the hill in the Houghton College Press. Its happy life is spent in molding type for the print shop. If you look closely, you can see that the machine has strange-looking cogs and wheels that we have never seemed to understand the use for. Mr. Harold Grant, shown with the machine here, says that he and the linotype get along fine, but that the man who invented this monstrosity went insane afterwards. After staring at it working for hours we think we understand why. Photos by John Tatter.





Winterim has been the time for doing what we have wanted to all year. While drivers have been cursing the snow and skiers have been blessing it, our photographer was out taking pictures of ice. We'd like to celebrate not just the freezing of Stebbins pond and the coming of Winter Weekend, but the appearance of little icicles all around campus. Take a little time out to notice them. Photos by John Tatter.



## The Journey of Keasy James

by Terry Eplee

Interstate Highway 75 wound through the Tennessee Hills, a mindless grey chain rushing along steep river canyons and through yellowish-brown sandstone gorges. The motor cars, forever pressing northwards, faded in and out like reception from a distant radio station, disturbing the long-neglected walls of nearby mountain cabins and waking their shaggy crews of droopy-eared hounds and bearded recluses. The cars rushed onwards in two unwavering columns, closing the gaps that opened between them like ants parading to a fallen apple. The drivers shifted, sweated, cursed, and shifted again, hurrying towards the next dingy city or the one after that or even the one after that . . .

They called their city home.

Keasy James downshifted into third and pressed the accelerator of his 1967 red and white volkswagon to the floor. Patiently, he nursed the car up the hill.

"Cummon Mortimer. You can do it." But Mortimer slowed even more, sputtering loudly as it crept towards the top of the hill.

Keasy began to plead with the car. "You can't quit now, 'ole boy. You've got to get us home." He patted the dashboard affectionately.

The car lurched forward, spitting clouds of gritty grey exhaust.

Keasy was not intimidated. "Awe cummon 'ole sport. Be smooth just once. The car seemed to sag forward and then reared up like a mad bull, hurling its driver against the steering wheel.

"Dangit Mortimer, I'll beat the living ---!" He did not need to go on. The car began to purr softly.

Keasy fiddled with the steering wheel, drumming the blue and gold "V" on the centerpiece. Nervously, he glanced at his watch. It was nearly twelve. He and his wife Marilyn had been stuck in this cherry crate an hour and a half now and they were quickly becoming neurotic. Even the slightest hill set them off. They fumed when Mortimer did, fussed when Mortimer did, jerked when Mortimer did, and eventually prayed when Mortimer could not. Keasy kicked himself for having made the trip.

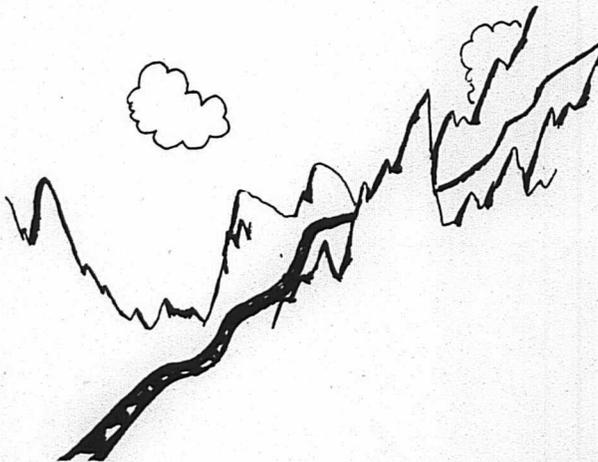
Mortimer, their one and only family car, could not last five hundred miles. Keasy knew that. But Marilyn had convinced him that it could and he had reluctantly conceded to a weekend of booze and dingo tunes, or the Thanksgiving bomb as the family lingo put it.

Of course he could not blame Marilyn entirely. He hadn't wanted to miss the celebration either. They had left their home in Louisville Wednesday afternoon for Chattanooga, the home of Marilyn's sister Sheila and Sheila's husband Barney. Chattanooga had been the scene of Keasy's last eight Thanksgivings and he and Marilyn, like all the other related "celebrities", were annually expected. These Chattanooga turkey flings were never dull and this last weekend had proved no exception. Foaming with holiday spirit, host and guest alike had all gotten roaring drunk Thursday night. They had lynched raw turkey in a punch bowl of white champagne, and feeling regretfully sorry afterwards, they had tearfully hugged it and had spent the rest of the evening posing before their 007 "bobaloo" movie cameras redressing the naked turkey.

They had all suffered the following morning. Keasy smiled remembering how he had pulled the pillow more tightly about his head after hearing some incoherent backyard babble about developed films, a neighbor's house, and a third preview. He had wanted to be left alone with the aching black shadows that danced upon his sheets, but Marilyn had pried away the pillow and had forced him to behold her misshapen Gorgon's face. He awoke to the fact that Barney's kids had smuggled the films of the turkey lynching into a neighbor's house. There, the films had been developed and previewed "at least seven times." The kids ran the movies for the benefit of the actors that night and the audience could do nothing else but get drunk again.

But the weekend was over now and Marilyn and he were going home. Keasy liked the idea. But he dreaded the next few hours, fearing that Mortimer would stretch them into days. He did not relish the thought of spending a night inside a dead Mortimer.

Mortimer coughed again. Keasy drew in a sharp hollow breath and held it, half expecting that Mortimer would finally curl under and die for good. Instead the car quieted and the engine began droning monotonously. Keasy relaxed. Mortimer was still alive.



Keasy squirmed uncomfortably in his seat, fumbling with his seat belt. Marilyn watched him, amused. "What's wrong sweetie?" she inquired innocently.

Keasy turned his head and briefly held her enormous teasing green eyes. "I'm hot," he complained and propped himself up, prying his jeans from the sticky vinyl seat cover. "Besides," he added as an afterthought, "I need a gas station."

Marilyn grinned knowingly.

Keasy shot out his right arm, playfully decking her on the chin. Surprised, Marilyn grabbed his wrist and brought it

down into her lap. "You wouldn't dare," she said horrified.

"I just did," Keasy replied.

He squeezed her hand and they rode on in silence like two eager high school lovers. It reminded him of the first time they had gone out together after the final performance of the spring high school play. They had been juniors then, a little seasoned but hardly ripe. Keasy recalled the fresh spring breeze that had cooled his warming cheeks as he had walked Marilyn across the school parking lot. They had joked about the play, their laughter coming in little forced make-believe squeals that echoed against the school and rebounded back to them. But they had taken no notice. Over and over, they had replayed the actors' mistakes: the orderly who had not come in on time and had stumbled over the cane of the eccentric millionaire, the bottle of wine that had shown up on the operating table disguised as blood serum, and the doctor who had ad-libbed and taken sips from that very same jar. Keasy said he had known about the beer conspiracy beforehand which impressed Marilyn greatly "just to think he had been in on such a neat secret." Of course he had lied. But he had wanted so much to please her.

It had begun to rain then and he had raced her to the car. They were panting hysterically when they reached it, their laughter sounding like childish sobs. It seemed they waited an eternity beside the car while he had searched his pockets for the key. He was embarrassed with his slowness. His hands had felt like oversized claws fumbling with a fourleaf clover. Her eyes seemed to pierce his mind and mock his clumsiness. He felt stupid when he found the key; he almost wished he had lost it. But she said nothing and he had opened the door for her. Embarrassed but proud, he had driven her from the school.

Gradually they lapsed into silence, the warm car soothing their drooping eyelids. He had become conscious of the pattering rain, the swishing windshield wipers, and his own shallow breathing. Timidly, he had reached for her hand and she had tensed. But she did not draw her hand away and so he had taken it and they had gone dancing. He pictured her now: her smooth thighs, her arms embracing his shoulders, her gentle breathing hot upon his chest. He couldn't remember where they had gone, only that they had gone dancing.

Keasy had liked her, even loved her enough to marry her. But somewhere since their wedding day eight years ago they had lost their eagerness. Not that they didn't have their times, for indeed there were evenings he vowed never to let her go. But they had no longer needed each other's companionship. They were not excited anymore. Perhaps the ancient philosopher had been right, that maybe tenderness faded with disuse.

Keasy felt Marilyn fingering his palm. He wanted desperately to pull the car over and make up lost time. But the chilling car and the long, grey road were dulling his senses like morphine, causing him to lose that brief passionate moment when he would have righted everything. He cursed the car.

Quickly he felt the warmth seep from his body.

Keasy glared at Marilyn, pretending to be disgusted. She smiled smugly and settled back into her seat, quite satisfied. Keasy turned back to the road.

He hated it. Cold and grey, it had cheated him, stilling the passions that had not surfaced for several years. Vainly, he closed his eyes and tried to retain them: he gripped Marilyn's hand more firmly as if it was a blotter to block out the charging black and white line that ran like a tape measure through his mind. But he could not find the emotions again; they lay where he had lost them, somewhere back along the restless grey column.

A truck honked rudely behind him. Keasy opened his eyes and steered the car back into the right lane. He did not glance up when the truck passed.

Keasy stared through the windshield, mindful of the forests hurrying by like paper trees in a cardboard box pantomime. Strands of pines and spruces pressed against the barbed wire fences that hedged the side median grass. The trees passed quickly, too quickly. Keasy wished the car would stop. He wanted reassurance. He wanted to smell the pines. He wanted to feel the earth beneath his feet and his heel digging into the rich red soil. He wanted to touch the sun and pull it closer, so that it would warm the cold November day. But the car did not stop and he wondered why he cursed Mortimer when it threatened to.

Then gradually the car began to control his mind, as if his brain was becoming the car's engine. Softly and nearly imperceptible at first, the car began to speak: A loose screw rattled.

A wheel grated hideously against its axle — "scer-scer-scer-chewww" — sounding a most beastly wail. The fan droned methodically, its untiring tune joined by a loose pen cap that had become lodged in the defroster and was now stirring. The tires, passing over the tarred cracks in the pavement, clucked like a mob of ornery chickens, "clickity-cklick, clickety-cklick." The wind moaned through a not-quite closed vent sending small icy drafts across the legs of the two passengers. Somewhere, a rod clanged against its hollow metal cylinder.

Again Marilyn broke the silence. "They've changed." She was serious this time.

"Who?" Keasy asked.



"Barney and Sheila. They seem so pale and worn." Concern edged her voice.

Keasy thought about it. "Naw. They're okay. They were right down with the rest of us Thursday night, slapping and babbling away over that stinkin' bird. He was kidding of course. He had noticed the change too.

"No, I don't mean that. Like yesterday, Sheila was sitting in the kitchen feeding little Louis. I came in and offered to help, but she said she could manage by herself and told me to go into the other room and do something interesting. I said I had come to take little Louis for a stroll. She said I would just have to wait, that Louis was eating and could not be bothered. So I stood watching her spoon the kid's oatmeal into his mouth. She didn't say a thing. Once she stopped the spoon in mid-air and trembled as if she was going to break down and cry. But she composed herself and went on."

Keasy did not sound concerned. "I wouldn't worry about it. You can't expect much else. After all they are getting older. Barney works at the shop ten hours a day, and Sheila — well she just had her sixth kid three months ago." Keasy counted backwards to nine with his fingers arriving at last Thanksgiving.

Marilyn disregarded his count. "I know, but Sheila doesn't have pride anymore. She use to keep herself up — massages, face lifts, exercises, the works. But now," Marilyn shook her head, "she's gaining and she's got bags and wrinkles where they shouldn't even be ten years from now." She cast her eyes on the floor and her lower lip quivered. "And Barney, he just hangs around with that gut of his."

Keasy could not help but smile. "Midwife bulge," he thought. But Barney's condition was really very sad. They had played a game of baseball together two summers ago and Keasy remembered that Barney had enjoyed it immensely. But this past weekend, Barney hadn't even wanted to throw the football. There was something depressing in that rejection, almost sinister.

Marilyn leaned back into her seat and closed her eyes. They were so beautiful once," she mumbled.

Keasy gripped the steering wheel tightly. He stole a glance into the mirror and saw a rough drawn face. He tried to smooth it out by running a finger across its forehead and relaxing. But the face remained stone cold and hard. Quickly, he looked away.

She was not beautiful. Let's settle that at the beginning. She had a double chin and large hips. She was nearly cross-eyed. Her thighs were massive.

I was no prize either. My short hair sprung relentlessly in random directions, my jowls and cheeks ballooned over my largest collars, and a tiny pair of plastic-rimmed glasses stretched torturously from one ear to the other.

Both of us — she, the girl, and I, the boy — were in seventh grade. Her father ran a Texaco station. My father sold advertising for WTKO Wonderful Radio.

I can't remember why I flung myself into what I thought love should be. Maybe, after living twelve empty, forlorn years in loneliness and purposelessness, I felt I needed the companionship of woman. "It is not good," said the Lord, "that man should be alone."

Maybe it was puberty.

I fixed my infatuation on her, on Jane the daughter of the Texaco dealer, because she was the smartest girl in the class. I was the smartest boy in the class. Everyone knew that. I told them, and they believed me. So she and I seemed a natural match-up.

I gave her gum. To everyone else I sold gum. Three cents per stick. She giggled. I told jokes, and she giggled. I played footsies with her. Sometimes she played, too. Sometimes she looked away.

## My First Love

by Arthur Robertson

She never giggled then; footsies was serious stuff.

My passion did not abate in eighth or ninth grades. I went out on a Date with her in ninth grade. I had won a third of a triple date in Mr. Steenburg's Earth Science and Biology Highest Test Average contest. I had a 96 average in Earth Science. I had beaten Jane by half a point.

That night I touched her for the first time, footsies excluded. I put my arm around her in the movie, after failing to snare her elbow. She leaned close and whispered, "Not on the First Date, please."

That was the longest personal conversation I ever had with her. We talked, of course, about history and math and

Latin. We once had an argument over the respective populations of New York and Los Angeles. But she never said to me, "Hey, this is a strange thing. You're chasing me and I'm not running too fast but you're not catching up." I never said, "I'm running as fast as I can. I'm hot after your crossed-eyes and mammoth quadriceps."

No one said anything. She giggled, she ran away now and again. I stared like a Holstein, I pursued. When things were going well we blinked at each other across a crowded classroom, like two ships signalling at night. Once, when things were not going so well, when she sat with another boy at a basketball game, I cut off the

head of a snowman on the way home.

In my junior year in high school I discovered athletics. I suppose athletics technically ought to be assigned the role of sublimation. So be it. It is so assigned. Jane interested me hardly at all when I played touch football, and not in the least when I learned basketball.

The affair was over, limp thing that it was.

She graduated valedictorian. I pulled in second place. She kissed me at the graduation reception. Everyone kissed everyone. Her dry lips scraped across my cheek. It stirred less emotion in me than a surprise attack by the neighbor's cat.

I saw her last summer. She is more pleasing to the eye than she was in seventh grade, but her eyes still focus off center; her thighs are still voluminous. No doubt my appearance has improved as little.

I played tennis doubles with her and my cousins. I made mediocre tennis pokes and attempted wit occasionally. She giggled. Once she attacked playfully, brandishing her tennis racket as if to whack me on the posterior. She was giggling the same seventh grade giggle. I drifted away, backhanded a shot back to a cousin on the other side of the net. I thought Jane was going to start blinking. She approached again, giggling. I wished for a piece of gum, for old times sake.



## Drama Review

## That Championship Season

On the night of Jan. 3, the Studio Arena Theater in Buffalo presented the opening night performance of Jason Miller's Pulitzer prize winning drama, "That Championship Season." The play is a sad but bitterly funny story of four former high school basketball players who gather with their old coach for a twentieth anniversary reunion. The good times give way to a series of revealing confessions and "interteam" conflicts that almost break the heart of the feisty coach, whose constant admonition is "Stay together boys — never forget you were champions."

But for the four who came to relive the season in which they won the Pennsylvania State championship there is only a sense of defeat and middle aged confusion. The friendship

between these men exists only as a memory of what they once were together under the driving leadership of the Coach, their communal father. As each of the characters reveal their private agonies during the course of the drama, it is only the Coach who manages to keep them together by reminding them of what they were.

The ex-teammates begin to squabble when Phil Romano, the rich bored businessman of the crew, voices reservations about investing financial backing in an upcoming election for old friend George Sikowski, the sad sack mayor of the town also an ex-teammate. Although George is running against an ecology-conscious "liberal" who does not appreciate the strip-mining habits of Phil's business, Phil is shrewd enough to see that George is a poor political risk. Apparently George's image was somewhat tarnished after an incident that involved the purchasing of an elephant for the local zoo. The expensive beast died weeks after it arrived and George, who let the corpse lie around, was finally forced to dispose of it down a vacant mine shaft.

James Daley, George's PR man, cannot understand Phil's reservations. He begins an argument with him that eventually exposes Phil as a libertine whose amorous misadventures have involved George's wife. This revelation more or less dissipates the festive spirit of the gathering, despite efforts of a few who are still concerned about the Kentucky Fried Chicken burning in the kitchen, and opens the arena for the succession of personal clashes that follow.

Only James's brother Tom, who observes the conflict through an amusing alcoholic haze, exhibits a will to escape the trap he and his friends have built for themselves. Although he seriously tries to leave them, even he returns for the sad reconciliation at the end. This is brought about by the Coach in a breathless tirade that recalls fond memories of better days, when the town's citizens hung together at any cost, recollections that lead up to that championship game in which they clinched the state title. The men break down, renew vows of friendship and forgive all. It is only then that we are told about "Martin", the fifth, absent member of the team, and how that championship game was won with tactics that were something less than sportsmanlike. Martin had reacted against the circumstances of the game and finally broke with the team. But the Coach retains the trophy as well as the myth of the Championship Season. In the end, it is that myth that keeps the team together.

That Championship Season was brought to Buffalo by arrangement with the New York Shakespeare Festival and was directed by Warren Enters. The production features David Ford as the Coach, Richard Greene as Phil Romano, and James O'Reilly as George Sikowski. Tom and James Daley were portrayed by Richard Greene and Ben Hayes. All of these distinguished actors did a fine job in an outstanding opening night performance. The editors of the *Star* are grateful to the Studio Arena publicity directors for providing them with the opportunity to enjoy this unique play.

## Film Series Released

Dr. James Barcus has announced that Houghton College has been granted permission to show the entire series of Kenneth Clark films on the cultural life of Western man, entitled "Civilization." The films will be shown in Wesley Chapel primarily on Thursday evenings at 7:00 p.m. Schedule is as follows:

- The Frozen World — January 24
- The Great Thaw — January 31
- Romance and Reality — February 7
- Man - The Measure of All Things — February 21
- The Hero as Artist — February 28
- Protest and Communication — March 14
- Grandeur and Obedience — March 21
- The Light of Experience — April 4
- The Pursuit of Happiness — April 15
- The Smile of Reason — April 18
- The Worship of Nature — April 25
- The Fallacies of Hope — May 2
- Heroic Materialism — May 9

Lord Kenneth Clark, author and narrator of the films, has held many important positions in the arts and cultural life of Great Britain; he has often been called its minister of culture. Lord Clark has distinguished himself in many ways, but his greatest popular and critical success is the Civilization series. He has called it his autobiography (the series is subtitled A Personal View) and has said of it, "The happiest years of my whole life were the years doing these programs, because we all felt we were going somewhere, doing something."

The series can be approached from the point of view of the history of ideas and their expression in literature as well as the visual arts. They provide an opportunity "for understanding the contributions of the greatest minds of the West, from the beginning of the Middle Ages to yesterday, not only philosophically, but also through all the various forms of creative expression. Since they involve the visual, the aural, and the spoken and the written word — all interpreted with conviction and enthusiasm by one of the most knowledgeable and interesting personalities of our day, they provide a unique experience." (From the Introduction by Richard McLanathan) The college is fortunate to be able to present these excellent films to the student body. As Mr. McLanathan states, "it is our hope that (they) may make the experience more satisfying in terms of the individual who seeks an understanding, never more important than today, of the world in which he finds himself, the problems he must face and the hopes and possibilities of the future."

## Intended

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Lyn Lawrence '76 to Frank LaBarre '75                            | Speirs (Penn State '75)  |
| Taffy Tucker '74 to James P. Spaloss                             | Martha Beard '74 to Doug Swift '74   |
| Cyndi Arends (Columbia Bible College '75) to Richard Ludeman '74 | * * *  |
| Linda O'Neill '74 to Jeff  | Miss Diane Lytle ('73) was married to Mr. Horace Emmons on Dec. 26, 1973 at Houghton, N.Y. |

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