



GREENBOOK



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DEDICATION

To a freshman teacher and a senior
Christian, Miss Miriam Park, our Green
Book of 1949 is dedicated.

FORWARD

During our search for truth at E.N.C., we have compiled this diary of experiences to be a guide to future forty-niners along the road of Christian learning and living.

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GREEN BOOK EDITORIAL

If to a casual observer, our Green Book is just one of the multitude of college publications that uses the Forty-Niners for its central theme. And perhaps this story is the only tale told by the morocco cover and the yellow pages, but if we use the book as a mirror of shimmering, forty-niner gold, we will easily discern the uniqueness of E.N.C.'s freshman literature and the group it represents.

Outstanding in the qualities of our freshman forty-niners are their tools and equipment. Like other seekers of truth, we willed to become pioneers and so went forth into the unchartered West through which we must wend our separate paths. But, unlike many explorers, we have armed ourselves with the unfailing instruments of our chief guide, Jesus Christ. From his storehouse, we have garnered our map of guidance which was drawn for us by prophets, disciples, and believers many centuries ago. Its many pages point the most desirable path through the wilderness, not necessarily the smoothest, but essentially the purest trail. Our guide has purchased for us the pack horse of direct prayer. This animal must bear our problems and temptations, our food of Christian faith and our water of Christian joy. Without its help we would perish on the thorny trail, and yet, this mainstay of our journey, is often neglected on the barren

desert of difficult times. We need not look far to find the despondent traveler who has not watered his faithful beast of burden and who is blaming his discomfort on the arid weather.

Our excavating tools are also the finest available. They have been tempered by the tears of concerned Christians at home and at school. First, to break through the rocky topsoil, we use the pickaxe of study guidance which our teachers have given us. Then we continue our digging with fast-flying shovels, the shovels of youthful ambition. With this combination of tools we can soon uncover the truth that lies buried in the strata of past generations.

But we need not limit ourselves to the sedimentary beds of ancient theologies. We can also go to the rushing river of life. A treacherous claim to be sure, but to the strong in God it affords a fortune of practical religion. In this turbulent stream we use our pan of Christian education to sift the philosophical gold from among the silt.

Can you now see the distinguishing traits of our freshman class as mirrored by our Green Book? We freshman of 1949 hope that these characteristics shall always be visible in our lives.

OURS FOR THE TAKING

Just what is gold? The logical answer would be that gold is a precious yellow metal representing wealth or finery. But really, gold is not necessarily a metal. It must, however, and does represent wealth and the better things of life. There is a great distinction between the types of gold.

First, there is the gold that caused the famous California Gold Rush. The discovery of this gold brought adventurers from the entire United States and also from other countries. Yes, many of them found much gold, but the death, heartache, and misfortune that accompanied their new-found wealth sapped the joy that may have been theirs without it.

However, there is gold to be found that can bring complete happiness and contentment. Today, as well as a century ago, too many people believe that happiness lies in the material wealth a person possesses. Little do they realize that mental and spiritual wealth is far more important, and although it sometimes seems more difficult to obtain, it stoutly withstands the ravagings of time and circumstance.

In 1849 the miners used three basic materials in their search for this precious metal. First, they used the best machinery possible--human muscle. Second, they had

the most approved science ever taught, that being organized common sense. Last, they had a purpose in mind, that of having a profit from the effort they put forth.

We, as freshmen, have seriously begun to seek after this intellectual and spiritual wealth. Through the years that are behind us, we have been told of these wondrous riches that were ours, if we desired to have them. The price? It is merely the application of the talents and possibilities for success, that God has bestowed upon every living person.

Our tools? We, like the miners of 1849, have three efficient tools. Most of the people in college are physically able to work hard for what they need. Perhaps they do not have sufficient money to pay expenses, but it is necessary that they be willing to work at any possible job to make ends meet.

Also, the miners had organized common sense; they realized that they could not work alone. At first they worked individually, but gradually formed groups, in order that they could accomplish more. Likewise, we, in ourselves, cannot obtain these goals for which we are reaching. It is necessary that we have professors, ministers, teachers, yes, and friends, to which we can go for help. We must learn cooperation and self-government, two indispensable qualities in this adventure of living with others.

Finally, the miners had a definite purpose in mind.

They knew that the work they were doing was profitable, if they put forth enough effort to make it so. Because of this, they centered their minds upon that one objective-- they wanted to become rich.

We can follow this example set for us by the gold miners. Nearly everyone who attends college has some idea of his life's vocation. Perhaps he is studying medicine, law, or teaching. Whatever his goal is, he should put his all into being the best in his particular field.

So, with our muscles, our mentality, and our purpose, we should do our utmost to achieve the best that life has to offer.

History tells us that the miners were never satisfied. Continually they searched, panned, and dug for the precious yellow metal. And why not? Why be satisfied with only a small portion of an abundant treasure? Likewise, why be satisfied with mediocre grades, a slipshod religious experience, a poor preparation for living effectively and cooperatively with others?

May we look for the best! May we, the "Forty Niners" of the twentieth century, look for all that life has to offer! This wealth is ours for the taking. Let us take advantage of the huge reservoir of intellectual and spiritual gold.

Nancy Lee Reed

PHOTOGRAPHY

Come! Let us search through photography. As twentieth century forty-niners, let us see if we can find a few interesting parallels between our progress and the progress in photography made by the nineteenth century forty-niners.

In 1849 photography was still in its infancy. The Daguerreotype process, developed by Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre in 1839, was still in use. The first sunlight picture was made by John W. Draper in 1840. Photography that we know today has been developed since 1849, and has reached such a stage of perfection that photographs of superb quality may be taken under all conceivable conditions.

It is interesting to note the advance made in photographic processes. Beginning with Heliography in 1826 an exposure of six hours was necessary to secure a picture. The Daguerreotypes of 1839 took thirty minutes, the Calotypes of 1841 took three minutes, the Wet Collodions of 1851 took ten seconds, the Collodions Emulsions of 1864 required fifteen seconds, the Gelatine Emulsions of 1878 took from one to 1/200 of a second, and the Gelatines of 1900 took 1/1000 of a second. As we view these facts we see a steady decline in the time of exposure necessary to secure an image.

Then, too, we see that as photographic films were improved they were made sensitive to a greater range of the visible light spectrum. Today we have films (Panchromatic) that are sensitive to all visible spectral colors.

Although as freshmen we have made some advancement in learning, we admit that we are still infants in the vast realm of education. However, now that we have briefly considered the progress of photography, let us draw a few parallels. Improvement has made picture taking possible under any conditions; as we develop our powers of concentration, we will find it possible to learn under many conditions. Progress in the field of photography has resulted in reduced exposure time; through study and discipline our minds may be trained to grasp knowledge more readily. Finally, photographic films have become more sensitive, thus rendering an image more nearly like the original; and, as we perfect the functions of our minds, we will become more conscious of the beauties in the world about us. With developed and educated minds, healthy bodies, and God as our guide, what can block our course to success?

Anthony V. Oddo

A HELPFUL FRIEND

Today was another busy day! I have been so busily occupied with giving out information that I have had no time to take in. Students and teacher alike came to seek my assistance and, whenever possible, I have freely offered it.

Although I have never been away from home, I have been a guide for travelers to all parts of the world and in all walks of life; without being a teacher, I have taught multitudes. Within myself I am good for nothing but fuel for a fire, but to the one who will seek my aid, I am a treasure chest filled with keys to a million doors--doors that lead into endless corridors of the past, out into the beautiful gardens of the present or up the stairway to the future.

My keys are arranged in alphabetical order, giving the name of the building, its architect and constructor, and the year of its construction. On each key is found a number corresponding to the number of the door it will open, and once inside one of the doors, one will come face to face with royalty, artists, philosophers, philanthropists, scientists, authors, poets, composers, and even divinity itself.

Let me illustrate how I can be of service to you. Suppose you were to walk down the corridors of history or

geography (on the ninth floor, its doors being numbered 900 to 1000). You might step through any one of the many doors. Within the door numbered 942 and labeled "History of England" you could witness the worship of the druids or the signing of the Magna Carta, a procession of knights and ladies, invasion of Armadas or departure of colonists for distant American shores, many a prince born and many a king's death mourned. Down the same hallway, in Room 970, the words "History of America" written over the portal, a pageant depicting the founding, development and ultimate success of a mighty republic is enacted before the mind's eye. Would you enjoy listening to Beethoven or Bach? I will send you to the seventh floor, Room 780. Leonardo d'Vinci and Rembrandt may be seen in Room 740 on the same floor.

You see, I can direct you to any doorway through which you may desire entrance. As your mute guide and ready advisor, I dwell in the library.

I am your Card Catalogue.

Armand M. Doll

OH, MY WAISTLINE!

I am against over-eating. Since being here at college I have had tendencies to indulge in food a little more than my waistline and clothes will allow. Thinking back to just last night in the Dugout, I can see where my will power just dissolved and all my good intentions of controlling my appetite left me the minute I stepped in the door. I intended to drink only one bottle of Bireley's Grapefruit Juice (grapefruit juice is very low in calorie content). Instead, I consumed that bottle of grapefruit juice, a hot dog with mustard and relish, two chocolate cup cakes, a bottle of milk, and a bag of potato chips. Now last night's episode was a little worse than usual but it is an example of what a tendency to overeat may lead to.

I cannot afford to overeat. Since Christmas I have gained eight pounds. Even though I faithfully follow "DuBarrys' easy-outlined exercises," I have failed to subtract those extra inches I accumulated just where my skirt bands barely button now. Even my roommates have recently become alarmed by their snug fitting skirts and they join me now in my nightly round of exercises. But I am afraid that all this exertion will be in vain unless we can curb our appetites. When we moved into our room we had an understanding that none of us would bring any food except fruit into the room. I think it was the next day that we went to the National Food Store with intentions of buying

only soap chips and a few apples. We came home with three pecan rolls and a bag of jelly beans. Lack of will power is our down-fall.

Over-eating can become a nervous habit. This has happened to me. When I keep busy and use my time to good advantage, I have no trouble in refusing extra food. But the minute I become lax in my studying or become idle, I immediately think of food and head for the Dugout. I have attempted to discipline myself and allow myself only three trips to the Dugout per week. So far this week, my plan has worked, but of course, this is only Wednesday.

I have racked my brain for ways to make myself pass up all those little "extras" that seem to add the weight, but I am realizing more and more that one of my most prominent weaknesses is over-eating. Maybe it is an inherited trait. My father weighs 220 pounds. Although I hope I don't acquire his corpulence, I am resigning myself to keep the extra pounds for now. I have more important things to worry about, the exercises are completely wearing me out, and besides, I love to eat.

Betty Chalfant

NEW ENGLAND'S AUTUMN STIRS THE SOUL

No doubt about it, autumn is a magnificent season of the year in this part of the United States. I arrived in New England in the second week of September, 1948, and have never forgotten the thrill of it. After the gray dreariness of the long trip from Ohio, and the loneliness of landing in New York City holding firmly to a ticket for Boston, the overnight discovery of the New England autumn was a momentous experience.

Those bred and born here may not know how the flaming glory of fields and forests smacks the first-time visitor between the eyes. If he arrives in winter, he may be mildly horrified by the winter landscape of these New England states. It is hardly believable that green life can come again into such desolation. And, I suppose, summer strikes the visitor as too extravagant in its luxuriance. But the New England autumn is altogether beyond criticism.

It lies midway between summer's excesses and the severities of winter. Its skies are rich in changing color, its air is mild and reasonable. Its dawns are mantled in soft mist, and the height of day is mellowed by a haze of golden light. Light shines back to the sky from fallen leaves, each a shriveled rag, but woven into a carpet of many colors. And because the trees are thinning, sunlight

peers into their shadows and makes magic patterns there.

As an American, I maintain that no good citizen should be able to pass a cornfield in October without some stirring in his soul--in the corner where he keeps his patriotic sensibilities. There is quiet beauty in long lines of corn stacks marching across a hill to meet a sunset of silver and green. But lately I have been a little upset about the local cornfields. They seem to be insufficiently supplied with pumpkins. Not that I care much for pumpkins, even in pies, but because it used to be that no cornfield was complete without pumpkin vines wriggling among the corn.

Many will attend a football game Saturday afternoon, returning home hoarse and happy if the right side wins, and hoarse and thirsty if it doesn't. But for those without football tickets, weather permitting, the highways lie wide and inviting toward the hills. The trails to the woods are open for those with good walking feet. And the climate which we have condemned so often now shames our complaints with a season of perfect days.

Those who deny or ignore the generous invitation of autumn deserve to spend all the winter to come in company with a cold in the head. Even the farmers' markets are now splendid with the fruits of the season. But it's better not to inquire too closely where they come from. However, that is no fault of autumn, when "the year smiles as it draws near its death".

E. N. C. AFTER DARK

E N. C. is like an island planted in the swirl of life that ebbs and flows in Wollaston. To those who live and work on campus, the residents of Wollaston could be living on another planet as far as contact with them is concerned. Formerly I have found myself in the same position as they--looking in from the outside wondering just what college routine is like, what certain bells mean, what errands the occasional student you meet is on, what lighted and darkened windows imply.

Imagine yourself as a stranger taking a stand by the postbox at the entrance to the campus. The light at the entrance of the large brick building to your right, and the other one whose outline is dimmed by surrounding shadows, seem to beckon with welcoming warmth. Footsteps sound behind you. Someone calls a cherry "Hi" and turns into the grounds only to disappear in the blackness beyond the rays of that more distant light.

Curiosity and interest overcome your fear of trespassing, giving instructions to your feet which carry you along the cement walk to that flight of steps at your right. Just then the large double doors open and three students, apparently oblivious of your presence, pass you gesturing and talking in terms incomprehensible to you. You realize immediately that a spirited discussion of some profound theory was being carried on.

Your attention is turned to the building in shadows just ahead. Someone has overlooked the drawing of the draped in the one-story portion of the building just ahead. Through the windows you are able to catch a glimpse of a comfortable but artistically decorated room which appears to be a large parlor used for special occasions. A young lady happens to be seated at the piano in the corner. A few notes of the melody are wafted on the night air to your ear. Glancing up, many rows of lighted windows bring a strange yearning to your heart to be able to enter that lighted doorway ahead and explore for yourself the area within. Here and there you notice a darkened window which breaks the line of symmetry your eye has found. What can be the reason for the broken pattern?

Now without premeditation, you move on, following the path to your left. The serene silence of the night is unbroken except for the horn of a distant automobile out in the sea of traffic beyond. In the darkness a large white building stands out clearly just to your left. It, too, appears to be a place of much activity as lights shine in almost every window. Once again some musical tones reach your ears and your steps are drawn towards the source. Someone, or judging from the amount of sound as you draw nearer, a number of people are practicing their music. One player stops on a high flat note in the middle of his piece while the tinkling of

a piano fills in the interlude. Then male voices rise above the piano and your ear detects the sweet harmony of the melody they are singing. Intrigued by this variety of sound, you have unconsciously stopped and, with your hands clasped behind your back, are gazing around.

Now to your right you note another smaller building--it, too, being lighted from back to front, top to bottom. What a bee-hive of activity this is! If only your curiosity could be satiated! And in further amazement, another building confronts you, this one of a very recent date judging from its appearance. It's lights, too, seem to be becking you to explore the mysteries behind the closed doors and drawn window shades.

You are about to turn back when a friendly voice inquires what you think of E.N.C. Your first impulse is to remove yourself quickly, but the friendly attitude of this young man addressing you makes you decide to remain. Perhaps he will be glad to answer a few question for you. After explaining how your curiosity had tempted you to investigate E.N.C., your host links his arm in yours and proceeds to point out the gymnasium where inter-society basketball games are played during the week and worship services held on Sundays.

As you now retrace your steps, the self-appointed host names "Memorial Hall" as the boys' dormitory, the "Manchester" as the girls' dorm. But now you sense an additional stir in the air and a number of young men and

girls pass you, all apparently heading towards the same goal. Your host eagerly explains that it is "Dugout" time and a time of relaxation can now be enjoyed. Returning along the ~~same~~ path, you hear the names "Mansion", "Munro Hall" and "Ad Building" from the lips of your escort. Bidding good-night to him, you leave the grounds of E.N.C. with the feeling of a voyager returning home and having many things about which to reminisce during the days to come.

TRADE MARK

Flight-Sergeant Evans, E.J., R 2649, was highly displeased with himself. For three weeks he had been working the same sketch and still he could not achieve the proper effect. If it were not finished by next Friday, it would be too late for the Armed Forces Art Exhibit. He hoped to get first place with this one. The last time, he had done a sketch of an "Ack-Ack" crew. Third prize. Well, he could improve on that.

He was glad now that he had taken that art course during his years in Danforth Tech. His father had thought it a waste of time, but Miss King had encouraged his interest and given him valuable instruction. He had followed art as a hobby afterward, and now in the Air Force it provided him an outlet during his spare time.

Of course, when the boys wanted devices on their planes they called on him. It was queer how they all wanted some distinguishing mark on their planes, especially the fighter pilots. He supposed the instinct that made them treat their planes like persons was the same as that which made a sailor refer to his ship as "she". They each had their own ideas about their devices. One had a "Donald Duck", one a "Jeep" and just the other day he had painted a profile of the Duke on one of the Wellington Bombers. His brother had had him paint a Canada Goose on his "Spit".

He was proud of that kid brother of his. Jack always had been a daredevil and flying a Spitfire against the Luftwaffe was meat and drink to him. Just yesterday he had painted the twelfth swastika on the fuselage of the "Canada Goose". That one had been for a Heinkel that he had shot down over Coventry. The dirty swine!

Flight-Sergeant Evans had always wanted to fly, but the doctors called him out before he even got to Initial Training School. But he could still be useful in the ground crew. Being in charge of a crash squad was sometimes gruesome work, but you had a good feeling inside when you managed to get one of the boys out of a wreck. He had kept in touch with a couple of the survivors who were back in Toronto. Jim and Bill were not the kind to give up, but it must take guts to face life with an arm or a leg missing.

Ah! Now he had the light just right. This was a sketch he could be proud of; he had seen that Focke-Wulf go down and he believed he had caught it exactly. This time....

The alarm bell shattered his thought. Grabbing his tunic he raced out, climbing the running board as the crash truck started away. Herb was driving. Overhead he could hear the sputter of a motor as a crippled "Spit" fought to keep the air. He could see it now, at the far end of the field, very low. Suddenly the motor died and

the plane hung for a moment before nosing down and into the ground. There was a crack as one wing snapped off and the plane half buried itself upside down. The pilot hadn't a chance.

Now they were stopping by the wreck. As he walked towards it he thought of some mother who tomorrow would receive a telegram from Ottawa. Suddenly he stopped short. Painted on the "Spit" was a Canada Goose.

OUR BELOVED BACHELORS CLUB

One has heard the expression that by obtaining security one loses freedom, but in the case of marriage this idea is false. In matrimony, the male relinquishes not only freedom but also security. It was this fact that led a small group of men to organize and, under the Biblical leadership of the apostle Paul, form the best club on campus--- the Bachelors Club. Having been president of this familiar club for the past two years, I feel that it is my duty to explain to others this association, its advantages and influences.

This organization offers more to the male student than any other society, and its membership prerequisites are at a minimum, the only one being that excessive fellowship and fraternization with women cease.

Although this club consists of only nine members, its influence at this institution is tremendous. Its controlling hand is evident in the segregation of males and females in our Dugout and in the faces of distress when men sit near their opposites in the classroom and at dinner.

It is noticeable that as the year progresses the organization diminishes. This fact is attributed to the yielding of lukewarm bachelors or to the falling of hypocritical bachelors. However few in number, the organization will continue to function, constantly pointing the way to real living.

living.

Its advantages are numerous and important. A male student is handicapped psychologically, as he is the underdog in scholastic competition with women. It is through the Bachelor's Club that men can fully devote their time to things of scholastic interest rather than to trifling matters of life and be enabled, therefore, in a process of time, to remove that handicap.

A realization of the financial situation of male students brings to mind another advantage of being a member of such an organization. It is this advantage that is the basic lure of new members.

This club visualizes the future lives of men and so consistently urges all to enter. This vision gives a picture of the unhappiness, misfortune, uncomfot, and insecurity of married life, compared to the blessings, joys, and comforts of bachelorhood.

It is this organization that guides young men correctly in the formative years of their lives.

The arguments against this great cause can easily be shattered by experience. Biblically, Job is given as an example of the discomfort of marriage, and modernly, the instances and steady progression of divorces are used in proving the falsehood of these ideas.

Thus, this club acts as a towering light that guides young men along life's dark, stormy road keeping them from the pitfalls of matrimony.

THE BACHELORS CLUB

I do not choose to cast any disparaging remarks about the individuals who comprise this select group known as the "Bachelors Club"; however, I would like to express my opinion that they are "all wet".

Anyone who does not like girls is showing ingratitude in the worst form. In the first place, who was the first person upon whom they fixed their baby-eyes when they entered the world? To hear them talk it was a farmer putting them in the crate with the rest of the chicks. Sometimes I am inclined to believe them for I think they are a group of strange "birds".

Our friends will also go to great lengths to inform us of all the women in the Bible who are of ill repute, but they never once will mention the fine, noble women who have left their mark upon the world. I would enumerate a few with your permission. There was Mary, the mother of Jesus; Ruth, the Moabite; Deborah, who led the armies of Israel to victory when the brave man of the hour followed along behind her; Vashti, Esther, Mary Magdalene, and scores of others who are prominent in the Bible.

In my mind, I can hear an imaginary conversation between Adam and Eve in the garden. Adam is speaking. "Eve, if you only had more sense, we wouldn't be in this mess, and I'm so disgusted with you I'm going out and live by my-

self." Where would our friends be in this case? Have they not read what God has said: "It is not good for man to live alone; therefore, I will make an helpmate for him."

Again, perhaps our friends have been disappointed in love at an earlier date and are seeking consolation from one another. This may be the key to their morbid outlook toward those of the opposite sex.

Finally, I wonder who darned their socks, and at Thanksgiving made those delicious pumpkin pies. Can it be that they did not indulge in that popular pastime - eating?

My objective is not to belittle the members of this select group, but to enlighten them as to the finer and nobler things of life - to clarify their vision concerning this paramount question.

I believe that girls were placed in this world to be loved and cherished, and in the words of the world's wisest man I rest my case. Proverbs 18:22: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord."

Harry Rich.

MR. HOT STRIP

Have you ever been a nurse, a nurse to a mile long array of complex machinery that digests five ton slabs of steel as though they were caramels? I have. Well, perhaps I was a nurse's aide. I suppose the engineers were the surgeons, the foremen were the internes, and the gang leaders, "pushers", were the nurses, not baby nurses either. All of this staff was gathered around the patient, Mr. Hot Strip, trying to devise his method of recovery.

Contrary to all observations that may be made on payday, we "aides" worked harder than any other member of the staff. We performed the messy surgery and cleaned the patient thoroughly. We delved into the patient's grimy passageways that had stored every small particle of dirt for twenty years, and came up with an astounding conglomeration of wire, gloves, bolts, and grease. Small wonder that the patient was ailing! From his mouth-like furnace we shoveled truck loads of scale and soot. Of course, we rather expected this because of the poor health habits which had been forced upon the patient. He had not had a mouth wash during his lifetime and had constantly smoked the hottest of "tobacco" fuels at temperatures of 2500° F. Another unfortunate part of his life was the monotony of his diet. It was never varied to include tidbits of pre-cooked sheet steel or rolled coils, but it was always the same, cold, grey slabs of

steel, six inches thick and as hard as a bride's first biscuits. Does it sound as if Mr. Hot Strip had a hard life? Yes, he did, but between you and me, I believe he liked it. I could tell from the way he eagerly sent the nose of one sheet chasing after the tail of his forerunning brother. I could also tell when he was particularly happy, for then he would deftly flip a ribbon of red-hot steel into the air and let it bang on the twirling roller guides. He was also a lazy fellow at times. When he became tired and a bit peeved about the amount of work we wanted him to do, he would slyly control his emotions until the opportune moment, then sulkily pile foot after foot of plastic steel into one sizzling mass.

As we can see, Mr. Hot Strip was almost human in his actions and reactions, but his digestive system was incomparable. We have seen how isolated parts of it acted; now let us look at the arrangement as it is set up. The process of forming sheet steel begins at the furnaces, which, we have seen, are comparable (only as far as position in the system and not as far as the work done) to the human mouth. Into these reheating furnaces are conveyed steel slabs as they have come from the steel plant. The slab may be about ten feet long, three feet wide, and six inches thick. Many slabs are passing through the furnaces at the same time, each in a different stage of heating. After eight hours of bathing the slabs with a "saliva" of hot flames, the "mouth"

passes its five ton cud to the mile long stomach. It is there that the series of rollers changes the "green grass to white milk", and in more ways than one. Not only is the physical appearance changed from that of a ten foot slab to a ribbon hundreds of feet long, but the monetary value is increased by the hundredfold. These rollers have to be the best coordinated organs in the system. As the cumbersome slab is gradually reduced, it celebrates its freedom by running faster and faster from one roll to the next. If each successive roll is not speeding a little faster or squeezing the sheet a little harder, Mr. Hot Strip is likely to develop a case of indigestion. Therefore, the doctors and internes take very good care of these rollers, and I think Mr. Hot Strip is secretly glad that they do. I have reason to suspect that the rollers are his chief source of pride. He likes to show them as a man likes to show his muscles, and what muscles these rollers make! They have the strength to mash five ton slabs and yet they can do it to the thousandths of an inch. Actually, the rolls in each individual stand consist of four rolls rather than the two that might be expected. Besides the main rolls that actually come in contact with the metal, there are two back-up rolls which press on the main rolls to add the pressure that makes for even work.

As the steel leaves each set of rolls, jets of high-pressure water jab at the scale (an oxide much like rust)

which may coat the metal. This accounts for the underground channels from which we collected the conglomeration of articles.

Down the chain reaction of rolls runs the steel, perhaps at speeds of 2050 feet per minute, and then it is gobbled up by the coiler which acts as the intestinal tract.

Ah, but now Mr. Hot Strip has been remodeled. Poor fellow, the doctors gave him a system that can work much faster and much surer. I'm afraid our patient won't be back for a number of years.

Woyd John

TOMORROW

With his battered hat drawn down over his forehead, he sauntered out of the house. The sun felt hot on his face and shone into his eyes. He jerked the warped piece of headgear down farther and stuffed his grimy hand back into his pocket.

Glancing at the field of stacked hay on the east side of the farm and at the tall blades of grass waving leisurely in the slight breeze on the west of the field, he frowned and shrugged his hunched shoulders. He gazed up and down the road to be sure that no fast-moving vehicles were coming and then crossed to the huge but tumbled-down barn. The door was opened part-way. Without attempting to make a wider space for entrance, he pushed himself inside. By lifting his right shoulder he snapped the button that controlled the electric light.

He stumbled over the few tools and pieces of broken machinery that had been thrown onto the floor and finally came to the horse stable. He discovered that he had not completely unharnessed the animals the day before.

"Funny", he muttered. "Oh, well, won't have to do it now."

He finished harnessing the horses and led them from the barn. In fifteen minutes, animals and man were ready to start for the field.

"Might just as well go slowly. Day's too hot to do much work," he said as he sat on the rickety old wagon and watched the reins sway as the horses lumbered along the rutted road.

He leaned back against the rail on the side of the wagon and was dozing peacefully when suddenly he realized he was not moving. Forcing his eyes open, he saw directly in front of him the overripe hay looking longingly up at him. He was extremely warm and squinted one eye as he lifted it to the sun.

Then he clucked at the old nags and drove them to a shady spot under some nearby trees. Pulling an old bag under his head to serve as a pillow, removing his hat and placing it over his face, he lay down full length on the wagon.

"Work tomorrow. Horses need rest today," he yawned.

Caral Randall

THE NICKEL THAT "USED TO WAS"

Natie, you and Bub watch the front door, and Emily and I shall watch the back door. He can't get away without us then."

Many were the Saturday afternoons that this statement was made. Emily and Natie were chums who lived across the street. Bub, or Clifford, and I were the grandchildren of the "he" who couldn't get away without us. The reason for guarding poor old Gramp in such a way was a weekly nickel given to each one of us to spend as we pleased.

And did those nickels stretch! I don't believe I'll ever see another nickel accomplish so much as those.

Gramp would come out one of the doors with a big old black umbrella for a cane and a long Saturday grocery list sticking out of a pocket. As soon as that umbrella-cane poked itself out through the door, the four of us descended upon Gramp like a flock of Starlings settling down. We would trail him all the way to the store, sometimes laughing and joking, other times fighting and crying, for which we were properly reprimanded.

At the corner of High and Sawyer Streets, the big moment arrived. We were each given a nickel. Gramp would continue on to Campbell's Market while we dashed across the street to Dow's Drug Store. We went to Dow's because

there we could get more for each penny.

We girls bought everything that came two, three, or five for a penny to make whatever we bought last longer. The boys had different tastes. They bought five big chunks of bubble gum a piece. As for using it, usually all five pieces were masticated at once. Maybe that is why they both have such large cavities in their faces today. (Who knows?)

After our purchases had been made, we hurried over to get Gramp. When he had put in the big order at Campbell's, he would go to Rich's Store, where you could get chocolates for a penny a piece. Emily and I considered this a very unwise move, because chocolates do not last long enough. However, he would buy a big bag of this candy and then start home.

Gramp was a small man and took short quick steps. We usually had to run part of the way to keep up with him. If we should pass by a child who seemed to be poor, Gramp always stopped and gave him several pieces of candy. By the time he arrived home, his big bag of candy usually was pretty well depleted.

At home again, Emily, Natie, Bub, and I would sit on the back steps enjoying our nickels' worth of purchases. The boys often got pieces of our candy, but we seldom saw much of their gum. I don't believe any of us will ever again look forward to and enjoy anything as much as those Saturday afternoon nickels.

Roberta Walton

IN A DAY'S WORK

I was standing behind the counter known to the clerks as "glassware". Working in a five and ten cent store was not easy, but one could meet many interesting people there. I glanced at the neat array of dishes before me, being careful to notice any empty spaces on the counter. I had just assured myself that everything was in its place, and that I was ready to start a day's work, when my first customer arrived.

"Good morning, ma'am. May I help you?" I greeted her.

After returning my greeting, she said, "I'd like to buy a few inexpensive cups and saucers. The children seem to break dishes almost as fast as I can buy them. Don't bother to wrap them carefully, because the car is just outside." "Thank you very much," she added, handing me the right amount of money.

"Thank you, ma'am; come in again," I called after her, secretly wishing that all customers were as pleasant and as helpful as she had been.

I filled my counter with merchandise from the understock and looked up as an old gentleman in horn-rimmed glasses and a derby approached me. I greeted him in my usual manner and hoped that he would be as good-natured as my first customer had been.

"Gooda morn'. You hav'a da cup, da saucer,--
planty cheap?"

Wondering what I was getting into, and desiring to make a good sale, I replied that we had just what he was looking for. He picked up a cup and carefully scrutinized it. Then he looked up at me again.

"Thisa cup, she'sa good, strong? She'sa last long time?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "they're very good cups when you consider the small price we are asking for them. I'm sure you'll be satisfied if you buy them."

"What'sa da price? Planty much?"

I quoted the price of the merchandise and once more described its good qualities, trying to assure him of its worth. After carefully examining the cup which he was holding, he looked at me suspiciously and mistrustingly.

"If my wife she no like, I can bring it back?"

I tried to explain to him the rules and regulations of the company, but he interrupted me to say that he would take a dozen cups and saucers. Thankful that he had finally come to a decision, and hoping that he would say no more, I wrapped his purchases and gave him his change. He left without saying another word to me, but muttering to himself about the high prices people tried to make him pay.

I went on with my work, consoling myself with

the thought that there is a little good in everybody, even if we can't always see it. In a few minutes a woman stepped up to the counter. Without waiting for my greeting, she said in a loud voice, "I should like to look at some flower vases. I want nothing elaborate, you understand, and nothing cheap-looking; but I simply must have something in which to put my latest imported specimens."

In one swift glance I took in her expensive-looking suit, her costly furs, her jewelry, and most of the other articles that made up her luxurious attire.

"Yes, ma'am; we have quite a large selection of beautiful vases," I said, trying to be as calm and polite as possible. "I'm sure you'll find some that you'll like among them."

"Humph! I don't believe there is anything here that I'd like to have in my home. You understand that I must not have anything that is cheap-looking." I noticed the lift of her shoulders and the tilt of her head when she spoke to me.

After diligently searching among the many attractive pieces of pottery, I picked up an especially beautiful vase that I had admired for a long time. The haughty customer scoffed at my choice and stated that I didn't have very good taste. She spent much of my time and hers examining each individual vase and pointing out its bad features. When she had finished, however, she told me

in a rather cold tone of voice to wrap the one she had selected. It happened to be the one that I had chosen in the beginning. Without saying a word, I painstakingly wrapped the beautiful piece of pottery and told her its price. Acting very much disgusted, she handed me a larger bill. It seemed as though she hated to touch the change I gave her. However, she snatched it from me and grabbed the article which I had wrapped. She walked hurriedly away. I hoped that she would be satisfied with her purchase and that she would not return to annoy me further.

By the end of the day, my counter was ready to be refilled, and I was thankful that it was nearly time to go home. As I thought about my day's work, I realized that I had had another opportunity to see how interesting people are.

Grace B. Perry

MRS. TEFFT

Mrs. Tefft is what we students called her. She was our Latin III teacher. And somehow from the host of teachers we have remembered her. We smile when we think of the classes we had under her.

"How many times do I have to tell you that an indirect statement takes the accusative and the infinitive? That is only first year Latin work. You have to get the basic principles down before we can start translating Cicero!" she would remonstrate. Then, after feigning to pull her hair, she would grab chalk and write "Indirect Statement: acc. and inf." She would underline "acc." ten times and "inf." twelve times to bring the fact to a climax. "Mary, you should know better than that." Mary would guiltily smile and Mrs. Tefft would slump in resignation. Then to relieve the tension she would find something to laugh about.

Mrs. Tefft always found something to laugh about. And the class usually laughed with her if not at her. I used to think her laugh was only an indication of her shallowness until one day she said, "Life is serious. But you've got to have a little humor to keep trouble from getting you down."

Her subject was alive to her. Latin had eyes,

ears, a nose, and a mouth to her and she made us feel that way. "Not to use a subjunctive in a cum clause is atrocious," she thundered. We began to think it was terrible, too. "Ah, there, Joe, you've learned where to use an ablative absolute. That's wonderful!" We began to think it was something to be proud of, too. She pranced back and forth in front of the classroom to portray Cicero giving a speech. When translating she would read "You are the dregs of society" with all the sarcasm Cicero ever put into it. Then she would laugh when some student remarked on the love affairs of Cicero. Latin became more alive to us than our own English language.

Her students were living individuals to her. At the end of a marking period she would go down the list. "Bob, you are coming up a little but I'm still not satisfied. You can do better," she continued, looking firmly at him. "Patricia, I am thrilled, thrilled, thrilled with the mark you got. I told you you could do it," Mrs. Tefft said, with a joyous twinkle in her eyes. "Marilyn, you have disappointed me. I still believe you can get in the B's. Don't get discouraged."

We were allowed to relax in Mrs. Tefft's classes, although she kept them in order. She would look at Bob Rempel, a merry boy, and try to say something serious to him but give up in laughter saying, "Bob, I just can't say anything serious to you." She would look at Brace and say, with all the satisfaction that a cat has in pouncing

on a mouse, "You need to study vocabulary more. That's exactly what's been troubling you. I'm glad I found out."

We may never see her again but we will always be influenced by Mrs. Tefft and remember the confidence she placed in our lives.

Arthur Seaman

NEW YORK MADE AN IMPRESSION ON ME

Penn Station, last stop," cries the conductor. With an anxious heart, I gather together all my luggage and start towards the door. The train comes to a sudden halt; I join the hustling throngs and step out into Thirty-fourth Street. All around me I see gigantic buildings. My heart beats fast from the effects of mingled emotions. Startling, bewildering, fascination, and confusing, I say.

This is the sort of impression these towering giants of steel and stone made on me, a tourist in New York. A newcomer to this city of cities, I find that New York lies at the southern tip of Long Island. Another fact is that in Manhattan lies a conglomeration of places to shop, have fun, and work. In lower Manhattan I found the business section. Here are banks, insurance companies, stock brokers, warehouses, and even a few factories. In the middle and upper parts of this island is the shopping area, intermixed with the amusement center. The shopping district is the housewife's ideal, for in it can be found stores like Macy's, Fredrick Hooser's, Abraham and Strauss's, and Stearns'. These stores are only a few of the various types of bargain centers in this region. The types range from the five and dime to the spacious stores like those mentioned above, which are two city blocks square. Amusement can be found in this part of the city in almost

any form. The theater, movies, nightclubs, penny arcades, cabarets and sports arenas are all contained in this section of New York.

Lingering awhile in the city, I see the way in which New Yorkers live. I have mentioned the shopping district in Manhattan; here people from the other four boroughs shop. The residents of these cities within a city have easy access to the shopper's paradise by means of the subway. Down into these gaping holes in the cement pour thousands upon thousands of New York's millions. These underground passage-ways are kept almost spotless. The out-of-town visitor sees and uses almost all of the accommodations New York affords its people. The express elevators in the office buildings, the subway and elevated trains, the streetcars, busses, television, radio, electric refrigerators, and all the other man-made commodities are common-place in New York.

I saw, as I took in the city, the unfavorable conditions which exist. The largest problem, and the thing which mars the beauty of the city, is its slums. In this degrading area there is filth and corruption. The poor of the metropolis are forced to live in this immoral state. This environment is the foundation on which crime molds the character of its disciples. The demoralizing effect on the less fortunate is a direct result of the perfidiousness of worthless and ruthless politicians. Another sore spot

in this city is the pollution brought about by cheap amusement--amusement which is high in cost and worthless in its moral benefits. You do not have to be religious to see the looseness of morals in the cabarets, night clubs, and houses of immorality.

As I leave the maze of autos and racing pedestrians, my head is aching. My brain is swirling, like the rapids at the foot of Niagara Falls; I realize that New York is not as pictured on a penny post card. In my heart I have a feeling of contempt mingled with a feeling of pity. I also feel empty and let down because of the playing-up that writers give New York. But when all this mixed emotion wears off, I am happy. Now I have seen New York.

COUNTRY MUSIC

As American as hot dogs, folk music out of the hills, farms and ranches ranks with swing for public acclaim. And songs like "Sioux City Sue" often topple Tin Pan Alley's popular hit paraders.

Most country music tells a story, has a simple and a pretty melody that is easy to remember, and has emotional depth and sincerity. The lyrics should be sung with a genuine dialect. A real folk singer doesn't "do" a song--he cries it out with his heart.

I believe that the reason some people think they don't like this type of music is that they just haven't heard the real singers and real songs. They hear only the novelty tunes which do not have any meaning and actually tear down the reputation that folk music could build up.

Folk music refers to the traditional songs that have been handed down for generations. Folk or country music lovers belong to no special cult and fit into no particular age group. They come from everywhere because the music is universal.

Few singers, no matter how bad, can murder the songs, and few singers, no matter how good, can improve upon them. Emotions are important in these songs. The words and the simple singing of them get the meaning across.

Country music boarded the bigtime commercial circuit because war-workers and servicemen moved around during the war.

A Tennessee lad stationed in Manhattan perhaps brought his instrument along and sang for his G. I. colleagues. New Yorkers, taking basic training in Georgia, picked up the simple story telling of mountain ballads... and they liked them.

I have heard that seventy-nine per cent of all radio time in the south is given over to country music. Almost every network is country music. And innumerable local stations have their own.

Actually, the importance of country music is not new. It is only that people were slow to realize that folk music has always been at the top.

By its very nature, country music is close to the soil. This music remains a product of the hills and farms. City-bred composers can imitate it, but they can seldom create the real thing.

Making music is one pleasure available to everyone. Children on farms learned to pick out tunes on the violin by listening to their elders.

The early, real folk music went two ways. There were the ballads like "Blue Tail Fly". And then there were ones like "Turkey In the Straw." People seem to want their emotions straight nowadays--they want either to laugh or to cry.

It is hard for one to predict the future of a song form that is as old as man. You don't have to be a professional to get into folk swinging, for its sources are

fundamental things like death, tragedy, love and loneliness. The strains of the guitar with its steady two-four beat is heard throughout our land, and singers are getting paid for doing the things they have always done for pleasure. And we're finding out that we liked this music all the time.

Virginia Sumner

COLLEGE - OBJECTIVELY AND EMOTIONALLY

A college is "an incorporated educational institution in which advanced courses are given in the liberal arts and the professions; a school for special instruction, usually professional, as a college of theology; a building, or group of buildings, used by any such educational institutions."

This is the definition of the word college as given by The Winston Dictionary. It is a purely objective and scientific definition, arousing practically no emotion of any kind in the reader's mind.

To me, however, the word college has a different connotation. It symbolizes the very heart of my existence. It is where I am spending the most enjoyable years of my life. When I think of college, I think of E.N.C. I think of the prayers and endless years of toil that went into its construction. I think of people like Dean Munro and Doctor Shields who by constant faith saw their prayers answered.

I recall personal memories associated with this beloved college - my first date here at a Friday night program - those happy hours spent in the companionable atmosphere of the Dugout - walks from the Administration building to chapel as the first snow of the year drifted down and enfolded me like a blanket of soft white "bunny" fur.

I remember the hours in the classroom and recall how

the professors have guided and counseled me when the way seemed dark and discouraging.

Then I think of the athletics - the crowds rising to their feet and wildly cheering as the star of one of the four societies "sinks one" from the center of the floor, thus winning the game by a two-point margin.

Last of all, I think of the religious side of college. The Lord has truly blessed E.N.C. I remember the many inspiring chapel talks, the godly professors, the prayers before classes. How these have helped me! I can visualize the old altar where I settled the question of Christianity forever. Then I can remember those refreshing revivals and the joy of seeing sinners brought to God. Christianity is preeminent at E.N.C.

An outsider might come in and see just eight unpretentious buildings in a mediocre setting. He might see the leaky faucets and misbehaving radiators or notice that the Mansion steps needed repairing. He might deride the fact that we have basketball games and church services in the same building, and he might notice the way our athletic field floods with every rain and remains muddy for days.

But I can overlook these things. I can see that here young people are in training for the battle of life. They are fitting themselves with the armor of education and Christianity. They are preparing to give their lives for the betterment of an unsaved world. Truly Eastern Nazarene

College is more than just an "incorporated educational institution." It is the triumph of the past, and the hope of the future.

Elaine Parsons

ONE SUMMER DAY

The cool, clear waters of the stream flow steadily oceanward as the sky begins to redden and the sun becomes a huge crimson globe in the ever-darkening sky. The clouds are grotesquely reflected in the rippling water, and the shadows of the elm and maple trees form long finger-like shapes on the wavering water. A stone, daring to protrude its threatening knife-like edges above the current, appears in the dusk to be a hideous-medieval dragon reaching for some unwary prey. The stream, aggravated by the obstruction in its course, dashes itself against the obstacle with fury, throwing high into the air foamy, white spray which catches the last faltering specks of daylight and creates a tiny rainbow.

The terrific power issuing from the water has, in one bend, undermined the west bank and made a minute pool. Here the water is peaceful compared with the surging force of the stream itself. Suddenly, the composure of the pool is broken by the motion of fish as it grasps at a fly which has flown close to the surface of the water. As the fish vanishes, the only sign of its appearing is the tiny waves which, as they grow farther apart, diminish in size until no indication of a disturbance can be perceived.

The sun has disappeared beyond the distant horizon. The stream now appears to rush onward with ever-increasing



swiftness. The dragon-like rock has taken on an even more ominous appearance than when it was seen in the sunlight. The water dashes against the monster with such concentrated force that it seems that either the rock or the water must relent, a result which is unlikely.

The trees, which in the light helped to complete the scene of undisturbed nature, now in the darkness loom sinisterly against the sky like huge, savage Indians waiting silently for their enemies.

Presently, the gloomy darkness is shattered by a thin ray of light which gleams through the still leaves to fall directly upon the placid pool. The source of this beam of light, the moon, has just showed itself from behind the blue-white clouds which drift silently across the sky. As the moon slowly rises to its apex in the heavens, the water, rocks, and the trees are bathed in the cool, yellow glimmer of the ruler of the night. Illumined by the moonlight, the dragon-like rock appears less foreboding than it did in the former darkness.

Suddenly, through the calm water, a dazzling light appears for an instant, then vanishes, only to reappear and disappear a second time. The reason for this flickering light is a small-mouthed bass, whose silvery scales have caught the moonlight and have reflected them through the serene water.



But as quickly as it appeared, the moon withdraws into a blanket of billowy clouds, invisible for the remainder of the night. The water continues monotonously onward, the trees remain silent, and the rock still agitates the stream.

William D. Goff

THE CITY OF TWO BUDDHAS

March of 1948 found me aboard the S. S. Durango Victory bound for ports in the Far East. After listening to the older sailors talk about those strange lands, I began to yearn for a chance to visit the enchanting Far East. At last those wishes were to be realized.

After what seemed like years of delay we finally arrived in China, sailing up the Yangtze and Wang Poo rivers which lead to Shanghai.

Sailing up the Wang Poo was indeed a dangerous journey. The river was jammed with the strange junks that characterize the Chinese river life. We had scarcely arrived in Shanghai and tied the ship to the dock when small boats loaded with merchandise came alongside our ship trying to sell their assortment of silks, carved chests, and statues. I was interested in the Chinese carvings, as they were masterpieces of handicraft. I purchased several of those statues along with other items.

The next morning as I was on my way to the Seaman's club, I saw what I believed to be a huge billboard. Giving it little thought I continued on to the club. After being told where the points of interest were to be found, I left to view in part this strange land. Losing myself in thought to everything but the environment about me, I had little time for anything but the immediate moments. Enjoying myself immensely, I happened upon the strange

billboard I had seen a short time before. Walking up to the strange sign, I noticed a statue was attached to either end. It finally became apparent to me that I had happened upon the Chinese god, Buddha.

My interest was now kindled and I began to investigate more closely. The Buddhas at each end were colored gold with various additions of other colors. In each Buddha's lap was a huge blackened bowl with brownish sticks protruding from them. At one side of the idols along one of the busiest streets in Shanghai, the blackened bowl half filled with incense, and the peddler selling the incense meant to the Chinese.

Making myself as inconspicuous as any foreigner could, I waited to see what would happen. I did not have long to wait for soon an elderly woman carrying a mat purchased a few sticks of incense from the peddler and placed them in the pot the idol was holding. She set them ablaze and then spread her mat on the sidewalk before the idol. After reclining herself to a kneeling position she bent her face nearly to the ground, straightened up, and then bent over again. This was much like the worship of the Arabs that I had seen in North Africa. This woman continued to pray in that manner for several moments, and then picking up her mat she left. These performances

continued several times. Finally, convinced that I had seen all that was of interest, I left.

As I was going back to the ship I fully realized what a terrible effect Buddhism had on the lives of the Chinese. In that world of strife and ignorance I knew but one cure, Christ, and I looked for His work there in vain.

TREES

It was 2:08 P.M. I stood anxiously waiting on the train station platform. My work was done, and now I was eager to get home. When the train arrived I climbed aboard, found a seat, and settled back for the usual tedious ride. My employers had often sent me to a little town nestled in the Berkshire Hills, and by now I was quite familiar with the landscape.

However, it was not long before I realized that a transformation had taken place. The hillsides, that only a week prior had been covered in the restful green of summer, were now adorned in the brilliant splendor of fall. The train window framed the quickly changing scene, and it seemed as if I was in an art gallery viewing masterpieces. From above, the sun shone on the country-side like a floodlight, intensifying the beauty. Every imaginable color was displayed, yet the colors were so properly intermingled that they did not conflict with each other. Truly a master had painted this scene.

The time passed quickly, and the trip, which usually was tiring, had become enjoyable. Often I have seen the country-side and even the mountains burst out in all their beauty and splendor, but it has never been as breath-taking as it was on that occasion. The low Berkshire Hills rolled by endlessly, covered by the "coat of many colors." At the foot of the hills and just to the side of

the train, there was a shallow river that seemed to add the finishing touch to the picture.

Soon the scene changed and the beauty of the hillsides vanished. Now the train sped on past houses and barns, dirty backyards, apartment houses, and finally into the heart of the metropolis. It made me realize that no matter how modern man builds his buildings or landscapes his lawns, he will never capture the beauty which only God can give. I was somewhat reluctant to leave the train, but when I did, I carried with me a vivid picture of my experience that afternoon.

The following week I again passed over the same route, but I did not find the display of grandeur that I had found the week before. The colors were subdued, and it seemed as though the gallery displays had been changed. The picture now was of a landscape preparing for winter. The trees had used their last bit of energy to give the world a fleeting picture of real beauty, and now the hillsides would remain bare and desolate until next spring. But then they will begin to prepare for their annual "show" spending the summer storing energy and gaining strength.

Man can never hope to equal God in producing beauty. God not only made the trees in the Berkshires for their splendor, but for other useful and necessary purposes too numerous to mention.

Is it any wonder that Joyce Kilmer penned the words, "I think that I shall never see, a poem lovely as a tree..?"

James E. Allen

HIDDEN GOLD

Short, plump, and industrious is Mrs. Beatrice Plant whose life is a shining example of consistent Christian living. She came from England when a young woman of twenty-seven years and settled with her husband in the small mining community of Jerome, Pennsylvania. She lived her life much as any other housewife in that village rearing a family of two daughters and one son. She was a charter member of the Nazarene Church in Jerome and was a dependable prayer, a consistent tither, and a constant inspiration to her pastor. Young people of the village brought their problems to her, for they felt they would receive encouragement and wise advise.

The cheerfulness which is an innate characteristic of Mrs. Plant was not born of an easy life. Her husband had been wounded in the first World War and was in poor health a large part of their married life. The depression came and Mrs. Plant, in her spirited way, went to work to help eke out the family livelihood. Sickness came into the home frequently and she almost lost one daughter because of illness. And still, Mrs. Plant was cheerful and uncomplaining. Oh, she didn't feel extra jubilant perhaps, but she kept her troubles hidden and did what she could to lighten the burden of others. Never once did she lose sight of her God, and her testimony remained positive and steadfast.

Then came the death of Albert, Her husband.

Because he had been in ill health more than a score of years, his death was not thought any nearer and so was a shock to every one. Mrs. Plant, her son, who was about to marry, and her two daughters, who were of college age, survived.

After contacting several prospective employers, Mrs. Plant finally decided to begin working at E.N.C. so that she could be near her daughters while they were in college. She helped them financially as she was able. Again all has not been easy, for Mrs. Plant has had two major accidents which have kept her from working for several months. Nevertheless in her illness and misfortune, Mrs. Plant has remained true in her devotion to God and has retained an optimistic outlook on life.

Since coming to E.N.C., I've had the privilege of having Mrs. Plant for my house mother. I have seen her come in from the kitchen about 8 o'clock in the evening, get into comfortable clothes, and begin to busy herself about the room. Usually she is doing something for others. This Christmas, she bought foodstuffs and mended old clothing until she had enough material to fill completely seven large pasteboard boxes which she sent overseas to England and Germany. She has talked with different ones of us about our home problems, financial troubles, and spiritual difficulties. She has helped in many of our lives by helping us to get firmly grounded in spiritual things. She has the ability of making God seem more accessible.

She isn't a person who will revolutionize E.N.C., but she will enrich and strengthen every life that she contacts. I know, for I have felt the effects of the strength of her character and the stability and depth of her experience with God. I think few of us realize the treasure we have in Mrs. Plant.

Ruby Friend

FRIENDSHIP

The best way to have a friend is to be one." This old, well-worn phrase is still true. Friendliness is something that we all admire in others and covet for ourselves. It is the key that opens the door to success. Being friendly is the surest way to popularity.

The secret of friendliness is to forget yourself and be genuinely interested in others. Instead of telling everyone else our troubles, we should be genuinely interested in the problems of others. Share with them their joy and sorrows. Friendship is a growing process, something that increases day by day.

The kind of friends that we have will make a difference throughout our lives; therefore it is important to choose the right kind. Someone once said, "Show me who a man's friends are, and I will tell you what he is." Good friends will brighten our lives: bad ones destroy us. We should be very careful of those whom we choose to be our friends. Many times a so-called friend becomes a Judas, and deserts us for self-interest or money.

The basis for any true friendship is honesty, sincerity, and trust. Our best friend is one who will tell us our faults, not to the point of being overcritical, and help us to overcome them. He will tell us our good qual-

ities and praise us when praise is due. We must have respect for a person to be friendly with him. Shallowness and insincerity can easily ruin a friendship.

There are times when just a word of encouragement spoken at the time when it is needed so badly will help to cement a friendship. A friendly handshake when a person is feeling blue or a gentle attitude at a time of sorrow is truly the friendly spirit. The time when we need a friend the most is at a time of deep sorrow or grief. At a time like this we find out who our true friends really are.

Simply being with a friend is a comfort and a relief. You can feel safe with that person. You know that you do not have to weigh every word, but that your friend will remember things of value and throw the worthless things away.

Friendships that have stood the test of time are the valuable ones. Many times we cannot tell what a friend is like until we have known him for several years.

The Christian surely should try to make Christian friendships, because they will have the greatest influence on him for good. Many times the downfall of a Christian has come when he has chosen worldly friends. Christ, our best Friend, should be the basis for all of our companionships.

It is all important that we choose those friends who will bring out the best in us and in whom we can trust completely. Friendships are one of life's great assets.

PARAGRAPHS

To a musician, a song is a composition of many notes on a printed staff which he can transfer to his instrument, where it is translated into musical tones repeated in different orders, and different rhythms, in order to create a mood and gain a response. To an artist, a song may be his painting on canvas, his masterpiece of beauty that tells him a story of its own. To a farmer, a far-stretching field of ripened grain rustled by the slightest breeze may be a song. When a person is extremely happy, the result of that happiness is a feeling or emotion which, if given open expression, would be a song. A song, then, is not only a combination of musical tones, but it is also a deeply-founded feeling of extraordinary joy, many times unexpressed.

Music is the expression of a man's inmost soul brought out in song. It is an outlet for joy, love, sorrow, passion, or anger. It enables man to show to the world the feeling within him. It is for the old and young, rich and poor, an escape from the cares and toil in the span of a lifetime. Through music man can be lifted up and carried to heights unknown. Through music man can be brought from carelessness to thoughtfulness. Through music man can be eternally changed. Music then is not only an expression of the inmost soul, but it is a factor in building lives.

PARAGRAPHS

Second period ends abruptly with the ringing of the bell. Like ants who have begun to evacuate their Lilliputian metropolis after a giant has trampled upon it, so the students, jostling one against another, race toward the exit. With a thousand formulae, definitions, historical dates, hypotheses and personal interpretations of "how we would have conducted those classes" all playing tag in their minds, they seek for a temporary release from it all. Teacher has met with student; student has met with student; in it all, man has communed with man. Now to commune with God

Winding one's way up the "paths that lead to worship", one soon detects an even more refreshing atmosphere than the invigorating air of God's great out-of-doors. This atmosphere is permeated with the very music of angels; organ melodies blend with devotion and reverence - an oasis in the desert of college routine.

An immediate sense of unity is discerned as voices are blended together in singing. Here,

From every stormy wind that blows,

From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat:

'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

Then, through human instrumentality, God speaks.

With faces aglow, hearts refreshed and minds clari-

fied, the same students, with quickened steps, return to classes, each one realizing that it is God's will for him to be here in E.N.C.

We take a walk in the brisk afternoon air. The breeze blows our hair as we venture forth toward the bay. It seems to blow away the burden from study, classroom lectures, and work. The waves are dashing forward to greet us as we stand and gaze into the blue and white foam beyond. It is a relief to let our troubles blow with the wind, only to regret when they return as we turn around and start back for school, the wind blowing at our backs, our hair flying in our faces and our books and studies piled mountain high before us. This walk exercises not only our bodies, but also our minds, taking them off the more serious things of life and fixing them on the beauty which we are privileged to enjoy.

PARAGRAPHS

The former stately buildings of stone or cement now lay in shattered ruins that can never be pieced together again. The once majestic domes are naught; the buildings they adorned are but leveled waste. This city, this modern city, the capital of a nation is now desolate and drear. Where stood homes, now stand but empty shells - three walls, two walls - a staircase hanging by a thread - a window with the glass blown out - making sport of man. The streets, once filled with business men, housewives, children, peddlers - now scantily populated with but skeletons of former selves. The debris pushed back and held by more debris piled up to form a wall. Where people had once walked and lived, they now lay buried, not in a proper grave, six feet deep, but in a bomb-made grave, covered over with the dust from which all things originate and to which all must return. The sweet smell of spring, the city smell of summer, are replaced by a constant stench - the stink of death. Once a beautiful city, now sad ruins. Waste, debris, destruction as far as the eye can see - built by man, destroyed by man. Proud Berlin! now but a heap of graves!

David L. Kelly.

THE FORTY-NINERS IN SPORTS

The Freshman girls have contributed much to E.N.C. and her girls' sports program. Indeed in most cases, the Freshman girls compose half of the Society team.

The Sigma Delta Delta Society has as guards, Roberta Walton and Wilma Smith. In the forward position is Doris Young who is an unobtrusive but valuable player.

The Sigma Delta Kappa Society is the society least favored by our Freshman girls. Two who are very capable forwards joined up with the "Queens" this year. They are Elaine Parsons and Margie Kierstead. In fact, Kierstead is one of the most valuable players in the school and Parsons has improved to the extent where she is a constant scoring threat.

The Sigma Delta Sigma Society was chosen by four of our girls. Vera Bailey is an outstanding forward while Ollie White is valuable as either forward or guard. Alice Jean Shoff is an excellent guard because of her height and agility. Guard Ruby Friend completes the round-up of new girls for the "Sallies",

The Sigma Delta Zeta Society found in Belle Christensen another star forward. She and Peggy Myers worked together with much success. Eloise Darling, a plucky guard helped to bring the Zetas through on many occasions.

The games have been close this year with the Kappas

as underdogs and the other three societies frequently tied for first place. This year's Freshman class can be proud of the players it has produced for the Society teams. The playing has been clean, fair, and Christian.

Ruby Friend

THE FORTY-NINERS IN SPORTS

Although sports are a minor activity at E.N.C., there are many good athletes that entered school this fall.

Just after school had begun the football season arrived finding that there was much new and needed talent in boys as: Dick Berry, "Beal" McClung, Paul Brown, "Chuck" Brodhead, and George Gribbin.

The Zetas, having won the football championship turned their interest toward basketball. It didn't take long to find out that there were several boys who could handle the basketball as well as the football. There were such players as Ray Gery, Bob MacDonald, Joe Parker, Floyd John, and Jack Donley, one of the best players ever to play on the hardwood at E.N.C.

Again it was the Zetas coming out the champs. But with baseball season just around the corner one never knows what may happen. We have Ken Hill, Ike Long, Floyd John, "Beal" McClung, and Jack Donley to participate in the spring sport.

With another year of sports ended we may have many stars and champs among our athletes, but to you who played behind the line and weren't given due credit, we wish you a new and better year in 1950.

Bill McClung

HUMOR?????

The subject being discussed in the Introduction to Philosophy class was creation. "Little Indian" Payne excitedly stated, "But my father says we are descended from monkeys."

"Now, that's all right. That's all right, Miss Payne," Professor Mullen related, "but we haven't time to discuss your private family affairs here in class."

Speaking of automobiles (nobody was, but I had to get to this joke somehow), Ken Hill was bragging about his Plymouth and exclaimed that he had been driving a car for four years and never had a wreck. You should have seen his face drop when someone contradicted him and said, "You mean you've been driving a wreck for four years and never had a car."

"The Creeper" Brewster rode up to the toll gate on the George Washington Bridge on his way home for spring vacation in that "classy chasis" of his, and the officer in charge shouted, "Seventy-five cents". Ralph grabbed his luggage, slammed the car door behind him and answered, "Sold".

Al Kuschner was asked why he was going to preach and he gave the following answer: "I suppose I'll have to go to church all my life anyway, and it's a good deal harder to sit still than it is to stand up and holler."

Bob Christensen embarrassed us all when, after running for a short distance he exclaimed, "Close your eyes everybldy. My breath is coming in short pants."

FRESHMAN
SUPERLATIVES

Intellectual
Wilfred Winget
Gloria Crawford



MUSICAL
Ray Gery
Grace Perry

ALL AROUND
A.J. Shoff
Chuck Brodhead



HARDEST WORKING

Roy Henck

Carol Randall



LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Floyd John

Carol Dobson

ATHLETIC

Margie Kierstead

Jack Donley



HUMOROUS

Andy Black
Roberta Walton



HANDSOME

Lois McGill
Jack Donley



FRIENDLIEST

Brad Robinson
Ollie White



