1955

GREENBOOK

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/greenbook1955unse

GREENBOOK

1955

It is with great pleasure that we, the class of 1958 dedicate the 1955 edition of the "GREENBOOK" to one who has exhorted us to not become overwhelmed by prevailing scenes of gloom and reports from fearful soldiers in these troubled days as the downbeat has gotten under way our symphony of higher education. But has advised us to seek out the "kindly light that will lead amid the encircling gloom".

Professor Timothy L. Smith

For centuries men have called upon music to express themselves. David sat on the Judean hillside playing his harp and singing, "Oh sing a new song unto the Lord".

The Pilgrims in the opera "Taunnhauser" found expression of their march to Rome in the moving "Pilgrim's Churus".

Grand-dad walked his favorite coed to the dorm while the barber shop quartet sang under the coal oil lamp post "In the Evening by the Moonlight".

Today what true American's heart doesn't flutter when his home town band plays the "Victory March" as Alma Mater's current aggregation takes the field.

Yes, human beings have always, and in all walks of life, found expression of themselves in music. The "GREENBOOK" of 1955 is no exception. We sincerely hope that when you look within its pages you will feel the expression we have tried to portray and sing with us a "New Song".

Luther Barnes

"O Thou In Whose Presence"

"I Will Sing A New Song"

Laying Up Treasures

Along a very ordinary street in my home town, there is a humble little home. To most people who pass by, there is nothing especially attractive about it. However, therein resides the happiest family I have ever met. They have found that the secret of a contented life is bringing happiness to others.

Although you see no signs indicating the fact, this home is a laundry, a sewing shop, a nursery, an automobile shop, a carpenter shop, a resturant, and a headquarters for church affairs.

The mother of this home is always watching for opportunities to help others. When she learns that a new baby has arrived, she sends a card stating that her gift is two weeks of free laundry service. (The fathers especially appreciate this.) When she learns of a family in need of clothing, she visits them, finds their sizes, and begins to make over the clothing that she had previously gathered for just such a time.

After his day at work, the father can either be found at his work bench fixing someone's lamp or clock, or else in the garage working on a friend's car.

There are two attitudes that can be assumed when learning of the deeds of this family, depending on one's idea of success. The first is that it is foolish to waste your life on others. When all is said and done, the ones that you help the most appreciate it the least. Spend your life promoting your own interests. Get

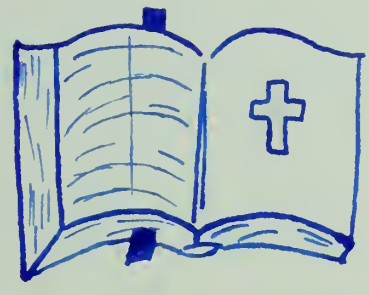
your name on the society page. Become great in the eyes of men, and then you will have found success.

The second attitude signifies the Christian idea of success. Although you may get little thanks here on earth for what you do, you are "laying up for yourself treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor dust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." If you give only a cup of cold water in the name of Christ, you will not lose your reward. The important thing is not to be great in the eyes to men, but to find favor in the sight of God. As the unknown author has said:

"Though thy name be spread abroad,
Like winged seed, from shore to shore,
What thou art before thy God,
That thou art and nothing more."

Distinguished men of our nation will never stand and speak the praise of this humble little family. But the King of Kings is just waiting to say to them, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants. Enter ye into the joy of the Lord."

This will more than repay them for all their efforts. This is success!



Sarah Eleckner

John's Portraits of Christ

John, the beloved disciple of Christ, is unrivalled in the descriptive picturesqueness that he used to describe his Master. Each of the twenty-one chapters of his gospel contains a striking portrayal of some aspect of the character or work of the Savior. Each of these word-portraits suggests some human experience or endeavor. They are symbols for his power, character, or work, and yet these word-pictures tie in with human experience because they symbolize this divine attribute in some simple human form.

For example, John symbolizes Jesus Christ as the "Good Shepherd" Who watches over His flock with infinite care and gives His life for His sheep. What illustration could be more pertinent to the simple sheep-herding men of the Judean hillside than this word-picture of Christ with the staff and the bleating lamb? There were ninety and nine safe in the shepherd's fold, yet for one He would sacrifice His very life.

If the poor befuddled lamb need the "Balm of Gilead," there is none like "The Great Physician" to bestow healing mercies. If there were no "Great Physician" there would be no hope for the body and soul wracked with pain and anguish.

To sustain the soul, Christ gives of His Spirit for He is the "Bread of Life" and the "Water of Life." With Him we need no longer hunger nor thirst; without Him we are destined to the fruitless wanderings of a destitute wilderness race.

For the defenseless He is the One Great Defender of the weak. With His hand He wrote something in the sand, then rose to say to the scornful mob, "Let the one who has no sin cast the first stone." He never refused a helping hand to the bereft, destitute soul who implored His touch.

To the blind of body and soul alike He is the "Light of the World" and a shining beason that streches across the bar beyond the glimmer of any harbor lights.

The Master of all life that is and is to come, and yet He assumes the role of a humble servant to minister to our insignificant worthless whims. How can we have pride when He exemplified humility beyond comparison as He washed the feet of His own vain disciples?

"The Great Intercessor" is our high priest and we need no other. The past, present, and future spoke in His heart-rendering prayer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The True Vine, the Soul Winner, the Divine Teacher, the Restorer of the penitent, and many more, all tell of the most unforgettable character of all time with a living vibrance that cannot be excelled by mere man as long as time shall last.

To me this Son of God and Man is a Being all inclusive; all powerful. To Isaiah He was the Prince of Peace and The Mighty Conqueror; to the writer of the Revelation He was the Alpha and Omega; to His children He is the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords. He shall reign for ever and ever. Amen.

Richard S. Schubert

Metaphors and Jesus

Because of the difficulty people have in grasping abstract ideas, Christ explained Himself in metaphors. He said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." He could have said, "Through an utter comitment to the plan which I have made for each person, one will be able to gain a mystic communion with the Father." However, this would not contain the whole message that Christ has said in a few words. Actually, the Christian belief concerning Jesus is summed up in those few words.

One of the most beautiful thoughts in the Bible is that given by Christ when He says, "I am the good shepherd." Those words connote the idea that Christ is a benevolent protector, a concerned God. He watches over His followers as a shepherd watches his flock. Since it is impossible to describe emotions, Jesus calls himself the good shepherd which carries all the connotations of tender love.

Jesus also refers to himself as the door. Philosophers may seek the truth, a way of living which will bring rewards in the after-life. Of course, some even deny the existence of an after-life, but, even so, their quest is that of finding the door to the true and best way to live. Seek as they may, they will never find that door unless they first find Christ; He is the door. A perfect philosophy, although I believe it to be humanly impossible,

could never be developed unless the philosopher besed his beliefs on Christianity. One can never attain Truth unless he seeks for it in the proper manner. A philosopher forms a true philoslphy by examining a sufficient number of facts and interpreting them in the proper perspective. This proper perspective is gotten from entering through the door of Christianity.

Again, Jesus cescribes his true self by saying, "I am the light of the world." In Christ is the answer to all our moral and ethical disputes. He alone personifies that which is right and just. This light that Jesus calls himself could also apply to an intellectual enlightenment. Since wisdon comes from God who "giveth to all men liberally, and upbraided not," a Christian has an outlook on life more mearly the Truth than that of others.

Also, He says, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Christ had promised to provide spirtual fulfillment to those of us who trust in Him. In Him all the hungers of our hearts are met. We find meaning in our lives when we entrust ourselves to Christ.

Although these metaphors are rather concrete, they embody many abstract connotations. Thus, they meet the needs of every type of person, from the fool to the philosopher.

Hubert Mickel

My Dad

Look! the man in the green checked jacket and grey work pants, sprinkled with a fine layer of sweet-smelling sawdust. See how straight he walks. As he nears us you can see his face more clearly. Doesn't it look like an honest and loving face? Watch as he stops to smile and speak to the little boy; can't you see his face light up and the twinkle in his eye? That's my Dad and I'm proud of him, Some of the characteristics that make him an outstanding individual and citizen also are those that make me proud of him.

We could go first to the yearly town meeting where he stands behind the moderator's desk with the gavel in his hand. He conducts the meeting in an informal and yet orderly way. The people respond to his friendliness and his apparent ease in directing them as they decide some of the town's business for the coming year. We could go to the county jail and find a man who has been taken under custody for perhaps a minor crime. Ask this man whom he will go to for kindly words of advice, whom he goes to when he wants "to get out of a jam" and he will more likely than not name my Dad.

We see these more apparent traits; his personality, friendliness, ability to get along well with other people, and his generous concern for those in difficulty. What we cannot see are perhaps the more significant things such as what goes on behind

those closed office doors or the doors when he is dealing with his children. One of the first things that comes to my mind is the way he feels about lying. Many times I have heard him make the remark that some people will lie when the truth would do so much better. If you need a friend, he'll befriend you. If you need help, he'll help you. If you need money, he'll find it for you. He'll be sympathetic and understanding in all instances. But the moment you lie, I'm warning you, "watch out!"

He is a faithful Christian and church member. We see him at the church door greeting people as they leave or handling a class of unruly boys. We might notice that he gives generously to the support of his church. He is respected by those in the community, and by those who deal with him in business, because of his Christian ideals and high standards.

We see him as a father who believes in using as iron rod in a loving hand. He knows when and where to administer the proper reprimand and yet have behind the reprimand a heart of love that wants only the best for his children.

This is my Dad as I see him. Taking for granted that I see him through a rather prejudiced eye, he still remains a wonderful father and highly respected citizen. Ask those who have dealings with him and see if they do not picture him nearly as I do.

Merilyn Manchester

What Every Preacher's Wife Should Know

You're in love! There is absolutely no one else as wonderful as he is! When he asked you to marry him and be a preacher's wife you didn't hesitate to say "yes". You had both been in love for several months and you had been hoping he would "pop" the question soon.

But wait. Remember that you both love the Lord and must consult Him about this serious question. Aside from the day you walked away from sin to serve Christ, this is the most important step in your life. You ought to pray together about this matter. And you should pray and consider it alone with God in your private devotions.

Being a preacher's wife is a privilege. But there are also many headsches in the preacher's home life. You won't belong to your husband and your children alone. God and the church must come first, home second. Are you willing to share your husband with the church? Remember that he is going to love his church more than he loves you.

A preacher is under a terrific mental strain. He tries hard but can't please everyone. His sermons are either too deep or they lack spiritual meat. Either he doesn't do enough calling or he does too much calling and not enough sermon preparation. Either he is too young and lacks knowledge or hi is too old and set in his ancient ideas. Either he sets a bad example by not having children or he has children who set bad examples.

Constantly is the preacher pushed and pulled in various ways. His only comfort is his sweet, patient, kind, and understanding companion. He doesn't have much time with her, but when he is home he wants a wife who will encourage him.

Just as the preacher is picked apart, so is his wife criticized. She has trials that no other women have. But can she tell anyone? No, only the Lord is her help. She musn't have special women friends to whom she can unload her troubles because a minister's wife cannot show partiality. She must bear her burdens alone with God. She mustn't trouble her husband. The church gives him enough worries. His wife should conceal her headaches and encourage and help her husband. The preacher's wife ought never to nag or complain.

As the minister's wife, you must understand children and young people. Can you get along with people? Your patient, humble, kind, sweet, considerate, cooperative disposition will make you love everyone and make everyone love you. The young people especially must feel free to come to you with their problems.

You must enjoy company, because you will have plenty of it. Clean and neat housekeeping is vital in the preacher's home, too. And your cooking had better be "tops".

Are you neat yourself? You can't overdress; you must dress simply. But you must be an example of neatness to your church women. And your social poise must be a natural talent.

Also helpful is a liberal college education. You will meet various kinds of persons and situations. The minister's wife is supposed to be able to handle everything.

There is so much included in the two words "preacher's wife". Is your life wholly consecrated to God? Are you willing to sacrifice everything? Does God come first? Think and pray seriously about it. Then if you feel you will be doing the Lord's will, tell your boyfriend, "Yes, I'll be your preacher's wife." And may your reward be a peaceful and inner contentment and the seeing of souls saved.

Plane Crash

One beautiful cloudless day I was attracted to the window by the sound of a low-flying airplane. Looking up, I saw a small Piper-Cub flying very low over our house. Then I lost sight of it. I raced from the window to the bedroom to continue my watching. I saw the plane go into a steep bank which carried the little cub almost straight upwards. Within seconds after the start of the ascent, the motor cut out and stalled.

Immediately the plane flipped over and started down in a tail spin. Before I could as much as close my eyes the plane had struck the ground, nose first. The house shook with the crash, though the plane had struck about one thousand feet away from our house.

I ran out, jumped onto my motorbike and raced down the atreet toward the wreckage. I passed a few neighbors on the way and then came upon the girl of about fourteen that lived a few houses down from mine.

"My brother is in the plane. My brother is dead," she yelled as I passed. I had never before seen such a pitiful sight , for one of their family, a boy of sixteen, had crashed to the earth before their very eyes.

As I stopped on the edge of the road I could hear the cries of the father who was the first to reach the plane. I no longer wanted to go nearer for I could see the father tearing at the plane to reach his son, who had been my close friend through nine

years of school! He saw that which no parent could stand to see. He saw his son with face and body cut with deep gashes. He went into a fit and collapsed. Hours later he was still heavily drugged. It had been too great a shock to his system.

Soon some of my friends arrived but none remained long. As each learned who had been in the plane he turned away and left the scene. The boy had been such a close friend that we didn't want to go near the plane to see his lacerated body. We could say nothing.

Others who had not known the boy also came to see the wreck. To them it was something exciting, not to be missed. It was difficult to keep them away long enough to allow the bodies of the boy and pilot to be cut free and removed.

I could not blame them. I had done almost the same thing when an automobile struck a tree and burned early one Sunday morning. Then I also wanted to see all there was to see. I even got close enough to view the body of a man so badly burned that one could not tell anything about him except that he had been a human being. Then I, too, had been just another curious onlooker.

Robert Fafon

Playing Religion

"Playing religion" is a new phrase to me, but it perfectly decsribes the activities of the mere professor who does not possess a genuine experience. Sometimes the profesion is not a public announcement but only the appearance of a satisfactory relationship with God.

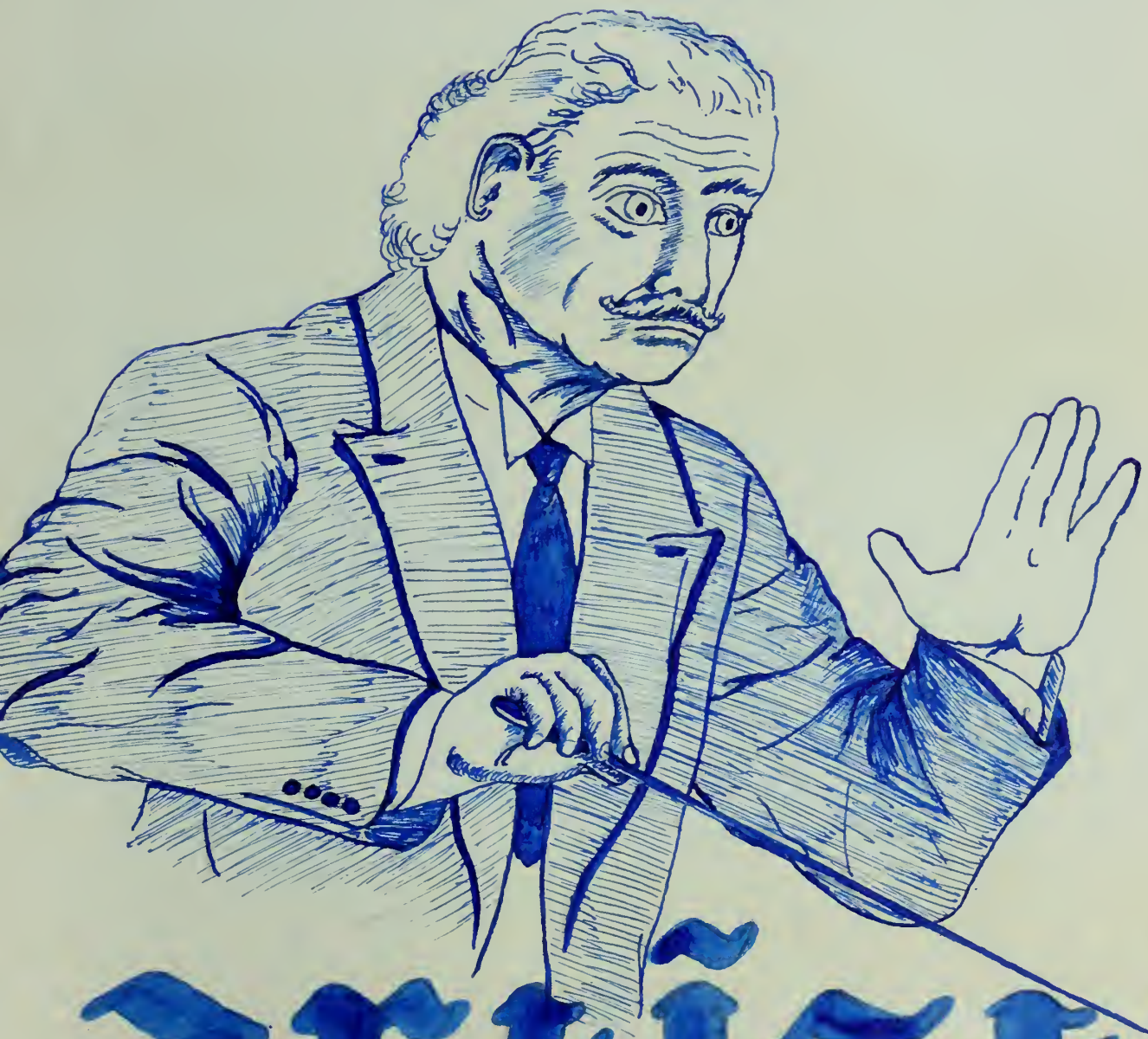
Perhaps being a Christian and upholding Christian standards is not easy; yet there is a certain pride of achievement in doing it, enev where there is no inner incentive. Not dancing in high-school placed me in a social position apart from my close friends; yet I shared enough other activities with them that I didn't mind. Besides I had responsibilities in my chruch and young people's society.

I have always desired a very real experience, an experience in which I could constantly be aware of Christ's presence. I really don't want to be a Christian in order to impress people I admire, and there are frequent opportunities for everyone to do just that. I don't want to be a Christian just that I may have a desirable type of friends. I don't want to depend on the social and economic security of a Christian experience until I fail to meet and conquer my problems. Of these things I must constantly remind myself. In order to gain a vision of Christ in all of His Beauty, and Truth and Holiness and Wisdon and Love, my devotion to Him must be complete. My Bible study and my prayer life must be the source of power and energy to subdue the

the devil in his attempt to arouse carnal pride in my accomplishments. I must constantly seek to know Christ better and "To look full on His wonderful face, 'til the things of the world grew strangely dim, in the light of His Glory and Grace."

Dorothie Campbell

special



artists

DEBATERS

Sarah Cleckner
Dick Schubert

ALL STAR

Joyce Rose
Virginia Burgess
Eleanore Gery
Margaret Johnson
Jack Smith

SCHOLARSHIPS

Hubert Mickle
Sarah Cleckner
Reuben Bigelow
Dottie Crispell
Dick Schubert

NOT PICTURED:

Bill Dymet
John Glass
Carolyn Ward

ACAPPELLA

Nancy Mucci
Larry Burns
Mary Anne Burley
Gerry Caswell
Ruth Andrews
Joyce Bradley
Dale Blackwell
Joe Andrews

"Pilgrim's Chows"

First Things Come First — Maybe

What did someone say about good intentions? Well, believe it or not, they don't do your assignments. With notebook, books, writing material, and a determined spirit you gaily start for the library to do the next day's assignments. Time is of the essence, and yet it is so easy to find ways to dilly-dally and fritter away that necessary time.

"Hi! Where are you going?"

"Over to the library. I have a lot of studying to do, and I have to be at work at five o'clock."

"I'm going over there in a minute, but first I want to see if I have any mail."

"All right, I'll go with you and then we can walk over to the library together."

A meeting with a chum, and some of that precious time is gone. You unconsciously assume that it can be made up later, but somehow it never can.

A quick look in the mailbox reveals the fact that either the folks just haven't written, or maybe you haven't answered their last letter. But, once again you are headed for the library. This time, however, you arrive without any detours, so you settle down to an afternoon of intellectual refreshment.

Everything goes smoothly for the first few minutes, until you receive a feather-like tap on the shoulder, and hear a soft whisper in your ear. "Do you have your Western Civ. book with you?

May I borrow it for a little while?"

"Certainly you may. I don't need it now anyway."

Oh well! You really didn't intend to do Western Civ. anyway and now you have an excuse. But now to begin the process of concentration all over again. Why is it that every interruption makes the work seem so much harder?

Rhetoric, speech, biology; all of them to do, and all of them important. The question is, where do you begin? Oh, no!. Rhetoric themes are due tomorrow, and you haven't even decided on a topic. Well, you might just as well begin now and start thinking about one.

Tap, tap, tap, tap,--------the sound of a pencil tapping on the table breaks into your train of thought, and you realize that someone is trying to attract your attention. Looking up, you see that your chum wants to speack to you, and you lean across the table to see what it is that she wants.

"I'm hungry, and it's quarter past two. The Dugout is open now, so let's go over."

Glad for an opportunity to escape that unusual process of mental mechanics called "thinking", you leave the confines of the silent library for the friendly atmosphere of the Dugout. Once there, however, you find that time passes more rapidly than you ever dreamed possible.

A bottle of soda pop or an ice cream cone and then over to the table with the girls for a few minutes.

"Are you going to the Fall Party?"

"Whom did you ask?"

"What are you going to wear?"

"Did he say anything interesting when you asked him?"

"Were you nervous?"

Minutes slip by quickly, unnoticed by either you or your friends. Suddenly someone remembers an exam she is having in the morning, and everyone decides to return to studying.

Twenty minutes of four! It just can't be that late. Madly you rush over to the library, pick up a pen and a sheet of paper, and begin to write your theme.

When you finish, you look at the clock and, with a sigh of relief, realize you have just time enough to catch the bus for work. Resolving that tomorrow will be different, you pick up your neglected books and hurriedly prepare to leave the library.

As you open the door, you can visualize the burning of the midnight oil, and an early morning appearance in the library to complete those necessary assighnments. How futile seems the attempt to put into practice the lesson which should have been learned long ago, that "first things come first." The problem is merely to decide what comes first--and do it. But tomorrow is another day, and everything will be different--you hope.

Carolyn Ward

The Golden Door

The friendly old captain of the vessel Democracy had in his long career as a seaman brought thousands of immigrants to the shores of America. One day as he was nearing the end of a long weary voyage, he decided that this was the last one he would make. He was growing old now and would settle down in his cozy little home. There he could often see his grandson Billy, who always waited anxiously for "Grandpa" to come home from the sea.

After the boat had docked, and all the passengers had scrambled to shore, anxious to begin their new life in America, the old gray-haired captain sat thinking of his decision. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by someone saying, "Do you remember me?" He looked up into the face of a well-dressed young man of about twenty years of age. After a moment his face lit up with a smile as he recognized the only passenger who had ever asked him a question he couldn't answer. When this young man had been on the captain's boat six years ago, he had asked the question, "Just what do Americans mean when they speak of democracy?" The captain answered, "When you have been in America for only a short time, you will find the answer to your own question. When you do, come back and tell me your discovery." True to his promise, the young man had come to tell this story:

"As I left your boat six years ago, my heart was filled with fear of this strange new country. My fears diminished a little, however, as I heard the friendly words of a tall New York

policeman, "Hello, Sonny. Welcome to America."

I followered the crowd and soon found myself in a large room. When my name was called, I followed the examples of the others and stepped to the front of the room. As I did this, I noticed for the first time an American couple standing quietly to the side. As the man in charge noticed me glancing at them, he said, "These are your American parents. They will care for you until you are able to make your own way in life." As he said this, how vividly I recalled the dying words of my mother, "Go to America, Son. There someone will care for you."

Through the comfort, companionship, security, and love of my new home, it wasn't long until I too had freedom from fear, a characteristic of democracy.

In America food and clothing are so plentiful! What a contrast to my native land where people are sick with starvation!

Through the democratic privilege of receiving an education, I now have a job I enjoy, for it is a job of my own choosing.

On the first Sunday morning spent in my new home, I learned that democracy means freedom of religion. My American father explained to me that nearby were three churches of different faiths, and that I could go to the one I chose.

I found, too, that democracy means freedom of speech. This especially means much to me. For you see, my father was killed

because he was heard expressing his objections to one of the ruthless policies of our leader.

Finding out for myself the true meaning of democracy was the greatest privilege of my life. I owe it all to you, the captain who was willing to give his life in answering the call of the Statue of Liberty:

> "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.
> I lift my lamp beside the Golden Door."

Needless to say, the old friendly captain of the vessel Democracy decided to continue bringing immigrants ot the "Golden Door."

Sarah Cleckner

Matter Over Mind

Joan burst into her room. Banging the door shut behind her, she quickly slammed her books down on the desk and gasped to her roommate, Lois, "You should see the dream in my history class! What a doll!"

"Really", replied Lois. "Who is he?"

"What are you reading that crazy book for?" questioned Joan.

"Have to", came the reply. "What's he look like?"

"Who?"

"The new dreamboat in your history class, naturally."

"Oh," sighed Joan, "tall, blond, and handsome. Hey, do you know it's snowing? Lois, you should see what white teeth he has. Boy, he's simply out of this world!"

"Oh!"

Joan turned from the window with, "Boy, oh boy, the snow has almost covered the ground. Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Well," answered Lois, "it has—"

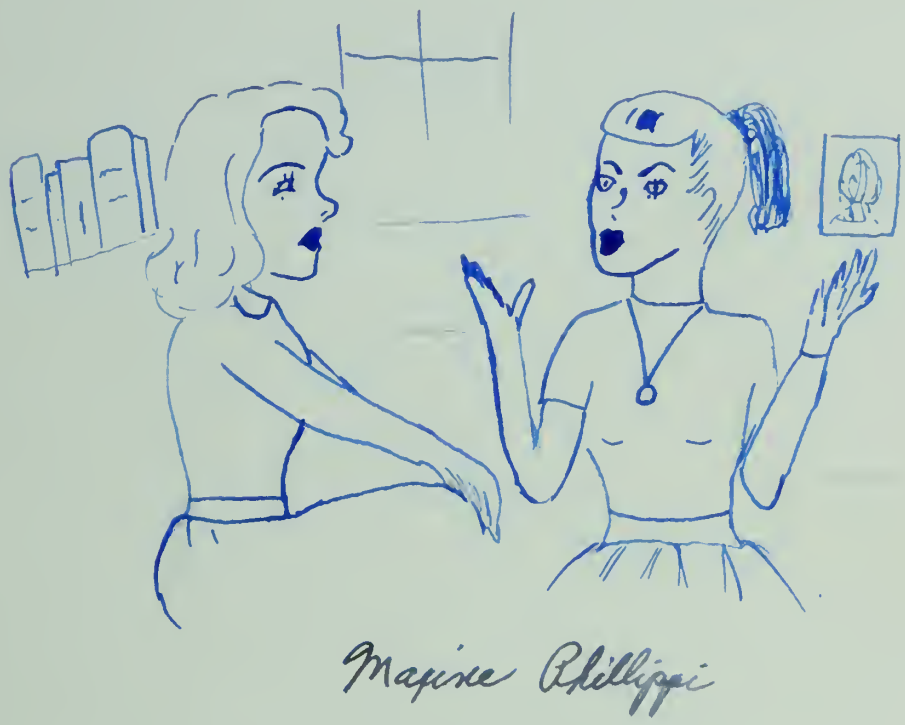
"My old prof was really in a bad mood today," interrupted Joan.

"Was he?" asked Joan. "What's he like?"

"You know, the usual, about fifty, gray hair—"

"No, not him; I know him. I mean the new guy in your history class."

"He is a dream! When he looked at me today, I simply melted. It's snowing harder than ever. He has the nicest smile. Hey, Lois, wait'll you hear this new joke. You'll simply die laughing!"



The Best Way to Get Ahead

Are you working with Bill today? You poor kid, he'll be down in the office most of the day! This pretty well sums up the attitude of Bill Burd's co-workers at the Warren State Hospital, where I had just come back to work for the summer. It was generally noised about that Bill was one of the "yes men" to Mr. Gardner, the supervisor. At the time I returned to work in the mental hospital, Bill had just one month left before the Psychiatric Technician's Class, of which he was a member, graduated. This class is designed to instruct its students in the care of all types of the mentally ill. To become a member of this class the employee must be in good standing with the supervisors. It seems that at one time Bill must have been well thought of. Now his constant attention to his bosses was getting to be an old story. Almost any week day afternoon Bill could be seen in the office of the assistant supervisor, Mr. Walker, just being seen andheard. Many times he could be heard arguing about some minute detail that had no real bearing or importance on his work at all. If the argument turned out in his favor, everyone on his floor could expect a detailed resume.

Bill decided on morning that the furniture in his ward office should be rearranged. First on the agenda was to get rid of a wall shelf and a second desk. Both items were used daily by other shift men. The large oak desk was placed directly in front of the door. To my way of thinking, the arrangement was very awkward. When his objective was attained, it wasn't more than twenty minutes

before Bill was on him merry way to the office to explain in full. After a lengthy debate and investigation, Mr. Gardner agreed the furniture could stay as it presently was. Bill was happy now for he had won a major victory. It gave him great satisfaction because he established his point. Why Bill could not see through his supposed victories, I can not understand. Rather than argue with him, the supervisor just gave him his own way.

If there was gain for self, Bill never minded taking advantage of another employee. If a doctor came to our floor and asked for a volunteer to work with him in the operating room, Bill was always first to say, "I'll go." If the doctor needed someone to work in the old men's ward, then Bill always had a headache. When it was time for lunch, Bill was always first to go. This was his way of showing us who was the superior.

The supervisors had done almost everything they could think of to get him out of their hair. Firing him, of course, was the extreme, for Bill was intelligent and they had spent a lot of money training him to be a technician. The main reason for keeping him, however, was that his wife was a registered nurse working on the women's side. The hospital needed nurses badly, and to keep her they had to keep him. They had transferred him to other buildings and switched floors, until all other personnel complained too much.

Everyone but Bill knew that something had to happen. Shortly

after I began my work there, Bill was switched to the evening shift. Strangely enough----nobody wondered why, but Bill!

College Compared To a Mill

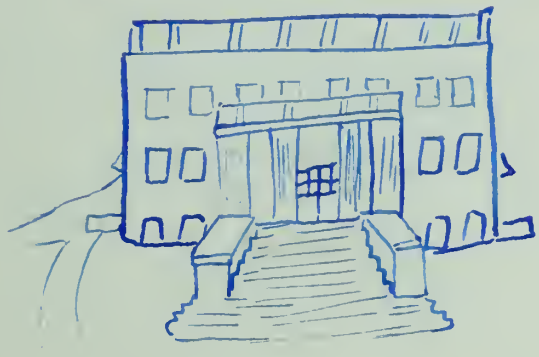
Many times you have driven by a mill and seen the trucks of tree trunks and trucks of lumber. One is ready to go into the mill and the other is ready to come out. How do they compare? The bark on the tree trunks is partly torn off and it hass ragged edges. Knots may be on some of them, causing them to be very irregular. The lumber is indeed a contrast. It no longer looks useless or worthless. The rough places have been taken out and all the boards are uniform. The mill has changed the raw material into a more usable form.

The purpose of a college is similar. In a sense, it converts raw material into a more usable form. The acquisition of knowledge is not the only change that takes place. This is the main condern, but if knowledge were obtained only from classes, books, and through studying, a through education has not been received.

Every part of a tree that enters the mill does not come out in the finished form. Some parts have been cast aside as worthless. There are many things to be learned in college, and if a person does not learn some of them, he is dropped along the was, not always because he is failing subjects either. Those who enter college differ in many aspects. Their religion, their home environment, their family relationships, and many other things have influenced them, possibly for good or bad. In college,

adjustments must be made. With the number of people living together, there must be some kind of harmony. Many of the differences must be ironed out. Some old habits must be dropped completely, some altered, and still others must be formed now.

As the lumber from one mill may be sent to different areas to be used and is used for many different purposes, college graduates may scatter to all parts of the globe and be representing numerous and varied vocations. A doctor in Australia, a nurse in Germany, a teacher in Japan, a missionary in Africa, a lawyer in England, and an ambassador in Canada may all be graduates of the same college. Without a college education, where would these people be? College converted them into a more usable form. No, it didn't make them what they are. A lot of that depended upon them and their later influences. College prepared them for what was to come next as the mill did not build the house but merely prepared the lumber for the workmen. Therefore, college may be compared in many ways to a sawmill, the purpose of both being to convert something to a more usable form.



Shelva Jones

You Never Know

I was surrounded by eight little girls in shorts and shirts, backed by their counselors. I knew I was losing the argument because my only defense was not impressing the jury.

"But I'm not a doctor, I'm a nurse. I don't know what to do for horses," I kept protesting. But the little group insisted that he was doomed if I did not try. And while I felt he was doomed if I did, they felt a slim chance was better than none.

So, much against my better judgement, I prepared to perform surgery on an unsuspecting horse. One of my biggest reasons for hesitation was my fear of horses. But you don't tell little kids that love them and like to ride them that a great big girl like you is afraid of a sick horse. You can, however, tell their counselor if she is your best friend. And I'm afraid Frosty got a big kick out of it when I told her. She promised to come along and protect me.

We robbed the infirmary of large quantities of gauze and alcohol. We raided the craft-house of a knife and large forceps. I put these to soak and then retired to a shady spot with the only book on campus that contained a structural picture of a horse, and my memory of the layout of human anatomy. I was banking on the structure of the horse and the human to be somewhat the same as to blood vessels and tendons and nerves. I would have to be careful not to cut any bleeders because I had no way of tying

them. And I would have to be careful not to cut any nerves or tendons because a crippled horse is not much good.

Finally I had pretty well mapped out my plan of action mentally. So Frosty and I started for our "operating room" in the woods.

Now when you do surgery on a human patient, you usually know that you will find him on the operating table. But with a horse you don't have this assurance. Our patient had wandered off into the cool of the woods. Frosty insisted that we look for him. So we looked.

We found him pretty far away from camp. There was a stream nearby where he apparently had ended his search for water. The way he looked then, I had nothing to fear from him.

When I touched him I was pretty sure that I was too late. I seethed, remembering the two long weeks this horse had been neglected. And I wished again that they had called a veterinarian instead of asking me to do this. But there was nothing left, now, but to try.

Seeming to sense that I was hurting him only to help him the horse hardly moved or made a sound. The only protest was the way he looked at Frosty and me. Afterward, we propped him up with sticks, knowing that if he got down he would never get up. Then we left him and I am afraid I was trembling.

The following morning we went to change the drain I had in-

serted. He seemed stronger, but still did not protest when we handled him. But I guess he must have decided he had had enough, because the next day he was nowhere to be found. We must have searched over a mile and a half for him before we found him. And when we did, he was down. At first we both thought it was over, but Frosty managed to get him up. After changing the drain we pushed and pulled him back to camp..

It did not take much medical knowledge to know that our patient had developed uremia. I knew what was done for humans with uremia, but I had no penicillin. Vaguely I remembered having read what they used to do before penicillin, but it was hard to rig up a steam tent out in the open like that.

Actually, the case called for a shot-gun, but I did not have the heart. So Frosty and I spent the night boiling blankets, and wrapping the horse in them.

In the beginning there were howls of protest and we were encouraged. But towards three a.m. the protests ceased and our hearts began to lose hope. By breakfast time we had lost our patient.

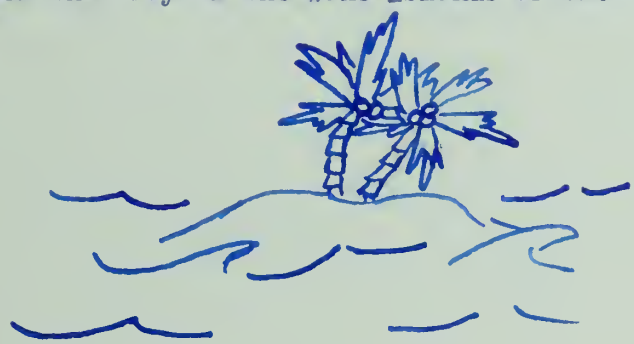
The Memory of an Island

I can remember that we circled Wake Island, a patch of land that was a figure of loneliness with water licking all shores. The flaps were lowered and the plane shuddered as if it were stopping in mid-air. My ears popped. I swallowed to keep them clear. The nose of the plane dipped, and the small patch of land that we were headed for grew larger. The Pilot pulled the nose up just as it seemed we were about to crash and we glided down gracefully to meet the runway. With the screech of the rubber wheels meeting the pavements, we knew we had touched land again. The Pilot eased her down on her nose wheel and braked to a halt next to the control tower. A rush of fresh ocean air greeted my nostrils as the door was pushed open. Just outside the plane a truck waited to take us to our billiting which was located on the other side of the island. Bumping along the dusty, rutted road that led to the barracks, we passed relics that told the story of abuse that Wake had received during World War 11. A truck of Japanese make lay on its side. Its front end was a rusted, twisted wreck with broken lamps that stared into space.

We pulled to a stop before a group of huts that leaned slightly to one side. As we entered the huts assigned to us, we were greeted by the creek of rotting timbers under our feet. These were the type of buildings that you couldn't imagine ever being straight and new with a fresh coat of paint.

I changed into a bathing suit, sweat shirt, and sneakers.

Walking outside again, I turned left heading for the beach. The sand felt hot and soft under my sneakers, and the sun made driplets of sweat run down my back. It seemed hard to believe that this had been a place of such disaster only a few short years ago. This feeling was short lived though, for as I climbed over a small hill of sand, there was the beach, and lying on its side not twenty yards from shore, was a Japanese troop ship, brown with rust and green with slime that covered the sides. I learned later that the captain had run her a-ground when American planes put a hole in her sides, and she threatened to sink with all hands on board. These weren't the only reminders of a past of violence, for now and then you'd spy a piece of bone wedged between the rocks, bleached white by the sun. These were the parts of men, who will never go home to what we take for granted, but they shall remain on this dot of sand in the warm Pacific and become a part of the land. So let's remember that we enjoy what we have not because of the high taxes we're sick of paying, but more because of the pieces of men that lay on the Wake Islands around the world.



Two Loyal Democrats

We are Democrats. Both being full of youth and love for our party, we shared in what was to be one of the unforgettable days of our lives.

During the presidential campaign of 1952 we had been following with intense interest the whistle stops of our admired party leader and retiring president, Harry Truman, but never dreamed he would stop off in Wilmington, Delaware.

At first we dismissed the idea of making the eighty-five mile trip, since it was a school day and we had no means of transportation. Yet, the more we thought about it, the more convinced we were that we couldn't afford to pass up such an opportunity, even if the trip would have to be made by the mercy of passing motorists. Then, too, there was the problem of persuading our parents. This proved to be the easiest obstacle, for both of our parents are also loyal Democrats.

Preparations were finally completed, and the eventful day day dawned. Harry was to arrive at eight o'clock in the morning. So, to assure ourselves of getting there on time, we had to allow enough time. We were out on the side of the highway at five A.M. It was in the late fall, but it was colder than Christmas and was still pitch dark.

There were very few cars on Delaware roads this time of morning, and our's was no exception. The first lights that appeared where we were standing, almost frozen in our tracks, seemed almost

like a mirage to a weary desert traveler. We had visions of crawling into a nice warm car, and getting to our destination in short order.

However, this particular motorist had different plans. The car merely blinked its lights as if it couldn't believe what it saw, and sped away.

After several repetitions of this sickening incident, we decided to walk awhile, to keep warm if nothing else. Soon we were in the next town. Dawn was now breaking, and we held little hopes of reaching our destination.

It was now twenty minutes till seven. It would soon be impossible to get there on time. We decided that we would make one more desperate attempt before turning home, defeated.

Before we could even shake on the agreement, and Oldsmobile came "gunning" around the corner. Up went our thumbs automatically. Much to our amazement, the big car came to a screeching halt.

The three men told us they had to be to work in Wilmington at eight o'clock. Of course we thought this was an impossibility, but we didn't know these men. The farther we went, the less of an impossibility it seemed.

To our amazement, we were in Wilmington at ten minutes of eight. A distance of eighty-five miles in an hour and ten minutes.

Extracting ourselves from the steaming vehicle, we hurriedly made our way to a man selling papers and asked which station Mr. Truman was to speak at. We almost keeled over when the man, obviously a Republican, grinned and said, "You boys are a little late, aren't you? The President arrived ahead of schedule and is already gone."

I think at this point I was an close to being a Republican as I ever will come. We were stunned. We thought of our breath-taking ride, the cold endured, and what we would do if we had our hands of Harry S.

Soon we were laughing about the whole thing. We had had a one day's vacation from school anyway.

YOUR CATALOG OF FAVORITES

LISTS

78 AND 45 RPM SINGLE RECORDS

78 AND 45 RPM ALBUMS

LONG PLAYING RECORDS

Ruth Albright	"Mood Indigo"
Cynthia Allen	"Shrimp Boats"
Mildred Ahlbrand	"Bubbling Over"
Joe Andrews	"I Only Want A Buddy"
Ruth Andrews	"O! Babe"
Shirley Ashline	"Beautiful Dreamer"
Clinton Bagshaw	"You're An Old Smoothy"
David Benner	"Peanuts, Popcorn, Crackerjacks"
Reuben Bigelow	"Too Young"
Dale Blackwell	"Thank You For Calling---Good-bye"
Nancy Boetti	"Don't Fence Me In"
Merlene Bolland	"Lonely Little Petunia"
Terry Booth	"Ring, Telephone, Ring"
Dean Boshart	"Sisters"
Alice Bouchard	"Sparkling Brown Eyes"
Joyce Bradley	"Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend"
William Briggs	"Billy Boy"
Goldie Brown	"The Call of the South"
Marie Brown	"Marie"
Gordon Bruck	"Six-Foot-Two, Eyes of Blue"
Carolyn Burgess	"Ain't She Sweet"
Virginia Burgess	"Perpetual Motion"
Mary Anne Burley	"We're Here For Fun"
Lawrence Burns	"Old Man River"
Ronald Calhoun	"For He's A Jolly Good Fellow"

Gerald Caswell	"You Are My Sunshine"
Howard Chambers	"Mr. President"
Sarah Cleckner	"If I Could Tell You"
John Chavier	"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
Olive Cone	"Never Said A Mumbling Word"
Melvin Couchenour	"Nothing Like A Coke"
Dorothie Crispell	"Let The Sunshine In"
Bob Cubie	"Your Cheatin' Heart"
James Davis	"Give Me The Simple Life"
Gene Douglas	"Hillbilly Heaven"
Marion Durkee	"My Heart Belongs to Daddy"
Mildred Eby	"You Can Always Count On Me"
Rodney Everhart	"Elevation"
Leon Everleth	"Comfort Ye"
Barbara Farber	"Oh ! How I Hate To Get Up In the Morning"
Robert Faxon	"Anchors Away"
Merle Fetter	"Loose Talk"
James Fischmann	"Hi ! Neighbor"
Princess Fleagal	"Someday My Prince Will Come"
Charles Gailey	"Me, Myself, and I"
Lulu Belle Gander	"I Believe"
Paul Garron	"Barber of Seville"
Eleanore Cery	"Lady Be Good"
John Glass	"Six Times Six Is Thirty-Six"
Margaret Goodnow	"Lady of Spain"

Vincent Grasso	"The Breeze and I"
Arlene Gray	"Earth Angel"
Donald Gunsalus	"Si,Si, Senior"
Gene Haas	"Farmer In The Dell"
Angie Hagerup	"A Million-Dollar Baby In a 5 & 10¢ Store"
Duane Herron	"Rattle Those Pots and Pans"
Ruth Hersh	"Trumpet Blues"
Ronald Houlihan	"A Great Day For The Irish"
Paul Huckins	"Oh, Maryland, My Maryland"
Robert Huck	"I'm Late"
Doris Janacek	"My Brother"
Margaret Johnson	"Peg of My Heart"
Shelva Joines	"It's In the Book"
Pat Kane	"George"
Walter Kirkpatrick	"The Wearing of the Green"
Bernard Koehling	"Doggie In The Window"
Kay Kunkel	"Oklahoma"
Evelyn Lamer	"C'est Si Bon"
James Latford	"Two Guitars"
Donald Long	"I've Got No Use For Women"
Grace Lord	"Woman In White"
Beth Loveless	"Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes"
Charles Lucas	"Truck Drivin' Man"
Iva Lucas	"I'm Sitting On Top of the World"
Jack Molcomb	"Young and Foolish"

Robert MacDonald	"Ol' MacDonald Had a Farm"
Merllyn Manchester	"Moonlight In Vermont"
Merritt Mann	"Crazy Mann, Crazy"
William Merki	"Never Been Kissed"
Hubert Mickel	"Rhapsody In Blue"
Nancy Mucci	"Can't Help Singing"
Joan Mullen	"Sam Song"
Paul Murphy	"I'm An Old Cowhand"
Lowell Music	"Our Theme"
Patricia Nash	"A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody"
Charles Owens	"Maple Leaf Forever"
Eugene Park	"Beautiful Ohio"
Lowell Patterson	"Lavender Blue"
Carlton Pearce	"Home Cookin"
Douglas Peoples	"I'm Going To Live the Life I Sing About"
Elaine Peryea	"Easy Does It"
Maxine Phillippi	"Smile"
Robert Poole	"My Ford, My Love and I"
Francis Pratt	"Francis Goes To College"
Ruby Ricketts	"Ruby"
Joanne Roberts	"Without A Song"
Edward Robillard	"A Guy, A Guy"
Joyce Rose	"Angels of Mercy"
Joan Sanford	"Music, Music, Music"
Jean Sheer	"I'm Happy"

Richard Schubert	"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
Edward Sims	"Wondering Boy"
Donna Slaugherhaupt	"I'll Take Manhattan "
Jack Smith	"Mr. Touchdown"
Louise Smith	"Oh, Johnny ! Oh, Johnny !"
Mary Dee Snell	"To Each His Own"
William Snow	"White Christmas"
Luther Starnes	"My Home Town Is A One Horse Town But It's Big Enough For Me"
Helen Steele	"Smiling Through"
Luine Stien	"Have You Ever Seen A Dream Walking"
Richard Stiefel	"If They Made Me A King"
Walter Stier	"California, Here I Come"
Joyce Strang	"Don't Let The 'Starnes' Get In Your Eyes"
Eugene Tiah	"Tiah For Two"
Mary Treaz	"Sugar"
Nancy Vecchione	"There Are Smiles That Make You Happy"
Carolyn Ward	"You'll Never Walk Alone"
Bill Webb	"Strawberry Blond"
Kathleen Williams	"Somewhere Over The Rainbow"
Ronnie Williams	"Doesn't Anybody Love Me?"
Ronald Wittenberger	"All About Ronnie"
Ginger Wischermann	"Whistle While You Work"
Enid Woods	"Trees"
Paul Xavier	"This Is My Country"
Mary Lou Zitzman	"Little Lu Lu"

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

A Bebop Fable

The scene was a crazy, mixed-up dorm room. The real gone tick tock read one o'clock. It was a real cool morn. Three gone Georges sat shooting the bull.

"Man, that's real cool!" Jerry ejaculated from his perch high on top of the book case, "I think maybe I'll crash Kent State next year too. This is a tremendously gone place."

"I'm negative to this abode too," said Jack.

Bill, who was looking out the window, wasn't inclined to agree with them. "What a cool, purple spring morn!" he said. Bill's way of showing disapproval was to change the subject.

"One thing though," Jerry continued, "there sure are plenty of slick chicks worth evaluating in this green grotto."

"Yeah, kid," Jack retorted, "but there are plenty of those perambulating around in other shacks."

Bill felt simply double bubble that his friends were considering jumping the crowd, but after a quick review of the statistics he decided to flee the scene with his real George pals.

When the tremendous blue sky showed some signs of light they perambulated over to tell Roger, the monitor, of their setup.

When Roger dug these crazy, mixed-up kids that jived, he said, "Where you jumping to kids?"

After they told him he said, "What's the gismo here, you guys? We've got a crazy mixed-up setup that's the most to say

the least! How come the real gone trip?"

"To be very statistical, we feel double bubble about the temp these cool, purple morns when we move from the sack," replied the group.

"Well, paint me a stripe and call me stinky, if that isn't the maddest!" howled Roger. "I'll just perambulate over to Prexy's shack and spill the info to him." So he did.

After digging the boys' swan song Prexy crashed th janitor's shack and gave out with the statistics of the frigid digits. The man with the glad rags was real gone to the boy's shack in a few secs. After crashing their crazy, mixed-up room the janitor soon evaluated the statistics for their double bubble feeling and proceeded with a cool spectacle.

"Well, Pops," asked the characters, "have you dug the info on the deal?"

"You know it, boys. You cool cats perambulated to your shacks over vacation and while you fled the scene, some sharp character screwed your heat off, which diminished the temp. Next time you jump the crowd, on return check out your crazy, mixed-up shack!"

The moral to this story is: Man, never be real gone!

What Every Freshman Should Know

It all began Wednesday morning, September 16, 1954, when the president of the sophomore class, who was a pretty good fellow (or so we thought), issued a proclamation that all freshman boys should meet in the Lecture Hall at nine o'clock that evening wearing old clothes. We were a cocky bunch of freshmen as we strolled leisurely into the Lecture Hall at nine o'clock, talking boisterously and joking hilariously. This, my good reader, is the first mistake I made. Take it from me, "Don't wise off!" Much to our surprise we were forced to our seats by the sophomore president and his henchmen. Affected by their serious attitude, we quickly wiped our smiles off and listened intently as our fate was read off. You , you, you, you, and you," he said, pointing to a group of us in the front row, "go with these men," (and men they were), "to the Mansion where you will proceed to clean the hall, stairs, and the other places that need cleaning."

Armed with brooms, mops, pails, and soap we wended our merry way towards the Mansion while harmonizing the college Alma Mater. As I waited for my assignment the leader of the group pulled me aside and said, "Tell you what, Merritt, you sweep up my room and then you can disappear." Within fifteen minutes I had swept his room spotless and was soon sneaking down a dark path. I had a hankering to see a female acquaintance of mine but was caught on route to Munro Hall. This, my fine freshman-to-be, was my second mistake. If you are given a good break, make the best of it. I

was soon engaged in polishing shoes, shoes, shoes, and still more shoes, for my captor had quite an array of footwear. Finally the clock struck 11:00 P.M., which was the signal for all freshmen to go to our dorms. On my way I heard a harsh voice say to me, "Get into your room, Merritt, and don't let me see you again until 6:00 o'clock tomorrow morning." I hastened to obey too, for that voice belonged to the sophomore president who was making the rounds to see if all was well.

I was almost there when I was a car pull up, "Oh boy!" I thought. "Some poor freshman has wised off and is going for a ride." This was my third mistake. If you are told to do something, do it right away. Crowding closer to see who the poor soul was, I soon found myself lying on the floor of the back seat consoling another freahman, "Don't worry, everything will turn out okay."

After about a thirty-minute ride and, minus my freshman friend, I found myself on a narrow country road wondering "Where to go now?" Listening intently I heard the faint sound of traffic so, running and walking at intervals for a mile or so, I soon found mysekf on a two lane highway. Playing it smart I then proceeded to stick my thumb in the direction that most traffic was headed. Almost immediately a car stopped and in answer to my question the man said in a hearty voice, "Sure I'm going to Quincy and I can let you off pretty close to your destination too." About twenty minutes later I found myself walking up the now vacant paths.

I had hardly laid my head on the pillow that night, when I heard a raspy voice holler, "Rise and shine, you freshman, and let us see your smiling faces." Lining up in our costumes, which are roo complicated to explain, we then paraded along the walk to the girls' dorm, serenading them as we marched. Having smartened up a little I did what I was told. We then paraded into the dining hall to eat our breakfast, blindfolded. I had quite a time eating my hard-boiled egg and drinking my coffee, which was salted. Still blindfolded I was led over to a table of girls and was instructed to pour a glass of water on one of them. Pouring with much anticipation, I was satisfied to hear a terrified shriek. My mirth lasted for quite a while, for it isn't every day you pour water on a girl and get away with it. I was even humming to myself when my sophomore host instructed me, along with the other boys at out table, to sing and sing we did. So, here was my last mistake. Remember, don't sing at the table. After breakfast we headed for classes, concentrating as best er could. We topped off the day with a bang as our freshman basketball team cleaned up the sophs' team 47-41.

And so, my fine freshman-to-be, now you have some idea of what to expect when some day you are in my shoes. Take it from me, it isn't bad at all. In fact I enjoyed it, but only because I tried to keep a good attitude in every way. I hope it is as exciting for you as it was for me.

Merritt Mann

Bull Sessions

One of the most important hours in college life is the hour that comes after 11:00 p.m. when everyone is in his room and quiet. I said his room, but I didn't say whose. I said quiet, but I mean compared to a basketball game in the last twenty seconds of the fourth quarter.

It is Friday night. A young freshman dressed in the usual collegiate style--white shoes, pink socks, charcoal pants, and greyish sweat shirt--rushes up to Munro Hall, hastily bids his sweetheart goodnight, and then eagerly rushes back to the Mansion for a session with the boys.

When he enters Room #8 on the third floor he finds the gang already assembled. The coffee pot is boiling on the hot plate, shoes are strewn anout the floor, and every available piece of furniture is occupied. After answering a few embarrassing queries as to where he's been, how he's making out with Ruthie, and when they're getting married, he squeezes in between two other guys and begins the most important class session of the day--a study in human relations.

The subjects for discussion are numerous and varied. The boys never stay very long on any one. Since coming to Eastern Nazarene College four months ago, this freshman has learned how to Indian wrestle, how to cut out paper dolls, the weaknesses of the Marshall Plan, the fact that lendlease to England is the biggest waste of money America ever made, and even how to figure out

which one Prof. Goodnow will call on next in class. Certainly all of this is more important that what the faculty has to offer.

To the professor in a first period class, bull sessions mean sleepy eyes and foggy brains. To the monitor in the dorm they are one of his biggest headaches and problems, to the folks back home who don't know about them, they are nothing. But to the freshman in college they are the most vital part of a liberal education.

Francis E Pratt

E.N.C. Impressions

Here is the long line of students registering.

There is the half-hoisy, half-studious library.

Now the alarm is ringing.

Push, push, push that broom; scrub, scrub, scrub that floor!

Watch your diction, wordiness, and repetition!"

Swish! I made a basket!

What? No mail today?

"Do you want seconds?"

"Let's gather for a season of prayer."

"The marks were quite high today--for those who studied and mastered the text."

"A very important aspect of speech is bodily action."

"Without mny pleading, without any brgging, why don't you come down to this alter and settle it with God?"

"That spelling--I can't get it!"

"We will have for out chapel speaker this morning, Dr. Harry Jeasop."

"Let's have the anouncements now, please."

"You cen obtain at the bookstore an outline map of Palestine for just five cents."

"I hope you will cooperate with me and fill out these questionaires."

"Who wants to testify now?"

"Does anyone have a favorite chorus?"

"There's a package for you!"

"There are messages at the switchboard for Kay Kunkel, Lulu gander, and Chuck Gailey."

"Could you work this binomial theorem problem?"

"Now this morning we shall talk about the French Revolution."

"We should get rid of this idea that a service without a hero is zero!"

David Grosse and John Carlson have Announcements."

"Good night, John. Thanks for the nice time." "Good night. Next Friday? You will? Good night, Mary."

Reuben Bigelow

Rise and Shine, Roomie

I had just snuggled down for a short winter's sleep when I arose from my bed and flew to the clock. The alarm was shrilly ringing loud and clear. With my eyes still closed, I pounced on the intricate little alarm that had caused all the noise. After feeling around for the bureau, I replaced the alarm and vigorously rubbed my eyes until at last they began to focus on the familiar objects in the dark room. One object I was looking for in particular, my roommate. There she was, peacfully sleeping with her pillow over her head. It was a shame to wake her suddenly. Once before I used the wrong method and she threw that same pillow at me full force. That sort of thing can be pretty disastrous this early in the morning.

Enough of this wasting time. Okay, roomie, prepare to rise and shine! I bent closer to the pillow. In the semi darkness it was hard to find anything that resembled her head. On yes, here it was. "Hey, roomie," I whispered hoarsely as I began to shake her shoulders, My mistake, not her shoulders, but instead one of her stuffed animals. Try again. This time I was certain it was her head because I felt all the bobby pins and wave clips. Again I tried to wake her. This time I lifted up the corner of the pillow, got closer to her ear and whispered loudly, "Hey, roomie, 6:30!" It was answered by a muttered "Oh," and a quick flip of her whole body under the covers. The pillow went

back over her head and her fists clutched it there as a dentist's clamps hold your mouth open. I stumbled to the switch and turned on the bright light overhead. It brought results. My roomie jumped out of bed with her eyes still closed as she aimed for the switch. Luckily, I stepped aside because she was charging at that poor defenseless switch like an elephant running in the opposite direction from a mouse. In the process of ducking my roommate, I stubbed my toe causing it to bleed.

Her mission accomplished, she returned in the darkness to her still warm bed. Before nestling under her pillow, she murmered some unintelligible phrase which sounded like "Lemme alone!"

I finished the laborious task of dressing in the dark. On my way out of the room to breakfast I looked helplessly down on my poor roommate who had been so rudely awakened. She was contentedly sleeping under her pillow. This morning as on several previous mornings, she had neither risen nor shone.

Mary Lou Fitzmann

Getting the Mirror Hung

He climbed the steps to the front door, rapped vigorously, and stepped back. (A fellow does need a little spending money once in a while.) The doorbell was out of order. He breathed on his smarting knuckles and winced as he rapped again. With the second knock there came from within the bark of a dog. Then Mrs. Snorey appeared at the door.

"Hello, Frawnsis. Am I glad to see you! I've spent twenty dawlers on dawcters' bills since I lawst saw you. I didn't hear you knock. I must be getting deaf as a haddock. How are you, Frawnsis?"

"Oh, I've been fine."

"Frawnsis, would you like a nice hot cup of tea?" Without waiting for a reply she went to the stove, lit the gas, and put on a little pan of water.

"Oh, Frawnsis, I'm so glad you've come. I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to take down this mirror in the dining room and put up the one that is in the living room. Do you think you could do that?"

"Sure," he replied. He went into the living room and returned with a heavy, domino-shaped mirror about three feet long.

"Is this the one, Mrs. Snorey?" he asked.

"What's that, Frawnsis?"

"I said, is this the one?" he repeated a little louder.

"Yes, that's it, Frawnsis. I must be getting deaf as a haddock. That mirror was given to me for a wedding present. I wouldn't pawt with it for anything."

Searching through a little basket of hardware she found a pair of picture hooks. Further searching produced two nails. Another diligent exploration brought forth a rather unwieldly, ancient-looking hammer. So the project began.

While Mrs. Snorey searched and talked, Frawnsis lifted one mirror from the wall and raised the replacement to its position.

"How's this, Mrs. Snorey?"

"What's that, Frawnsis?"

"How's this?" he repeated in what seemed th him a shout.

"Thst's fine, Frawnsis. I must be getting deaf as a haddock. Let me get a pencil and mark it. My husband always measured everything, Frawnsis. He was a good man."

"I'm sure he was."

"What's that, Frawnsis?"

"I said, I'm sure he was."

"Oh. Well, he was. Here's the hammer, Frawnsis. Do you want me to hold that for you? Is it heavy, Frawnsis? Let's see. I think that's leaning out too far from the wall. Let's put the hooks up a little higher, Frawnsis."

Frawnsis lifted the mirror down again without saying anything. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the little pan of water

steaming away. He could hear the lid jumping up and down furiously as it boiled over the high flame. He wanted to tell her, but that would take too long.

Raising the hooks presented a problem. Whenever Mrs. Snorey suggested putting the hooks, a few taps of the bludgeon-like hammer revealed that there was something hard beneath the surface of the plaster that wouldn't admit a nail. At last two vulnerable spots were found. Again the mirror was raised. This time it hung like an awning.

"Let's take it down, Frawnsis, and tighten the string. Take it down now. Have you got it? Hold it. That's it. Now turn it where I can reach it. Okay. Boy, is this wire ever tight! My husband always did things right. God bless him, poor man. There, let's try it now. The land-lord will kill me if he sees these holes, Frawnsis. He'll have me arrested."

Frawnsis grunted as he hoisted the now smudged mirror for the third time.

"That's just right, Frawnsis. It's down nice and low where I can see it. That's the way my husband always used to hang them. You're a dolling, Frawnsis. I don't know what I'd do without you. How have you been, anyhow?"

"I've been fine."

"What's that!"

"I said, I've been fine," he thundered.

"I guess I'm getting deaf as a haddock, Frawnsis." Then as an afterthought, "Do you think haddocks are really deaf?"

"I don't know," said Frawnsis, being careful this time to make it loud.

"How would you like a nice not cup of tea?" Mrs. Snorey's big round eyes were fixed on him from behind shiny spectacles. It was all he could do to suppress a laugh, because the little wire-haired terrier was looking hungrily at him from the floor, and the resemblance was uncanny.

She talked on incessantly. Before a half hour had passed Frawnsis had learned that her land-lord was a crook, that there was a threshold in the bathroom high enough for you to break your foot on, that the oil company was cheating her, that the dog was going to be the death of her, that if her husband knew all that she was going through he'd turn over in his grave (God bless him), that she nearly froze her feet sitting in the living room, that it was so hot in her bedroom she had to turn the radiator off, and that she was getting deaf as a haddock.

As he walked back to E.N.C. Frawnsis felt guilty for taking any money from the poor old lady. He certainly hadn't earned it. But a fellow did need a little spending money once in a while, and she was awfully funny.

Francis E Pratt

Memories

As I sit here my mind goes back to the early years of my life and I remember things.

The elated feeling when I rode my first bicycle...

The water that had overflowed the river banks and came through the barn...

The headlights flickering and dancing as I looked into the dark rainy night through our front window...

The curlicues and swirls the frost etched on the window...

The drooping head of our horse...

The sizzling, pungent odor of dinner drifting through the air at my grandmother's home...

The wet, dirty, hungry black dog shivering and whining at our back door...

Playing cops and robbers in the garage...

Running and sliding on my sled when the first snow came...

The splash and blup-blup of the water mingled with the laughter of the people and the cry of the vendors at the swimming pool...

The stillness and serenity of the tall trees at night when I went on overnight hikes, while in the Boy Scouts...

The empty, lonesome feeling when I saw another boy talking to my girlfriend in the second grade...

The feeling of bigness and of being grown up when I got my first long pants...

The big, big car my dad brought home...

The quietness and depression around the house when grandma died...

The excitement and carrying on when I heard my little sister cry after she was born...I had wanted a brother...

Listening to the pitter-patter and drip of the softly falling rain when I slept in the attic of another fellow's house...

The dumb feeling when my boyfreind drowned...I kept heading for his house to get him to play with me for weeks afterward...

The tramp jumping off the train...

The quietly sleeping dog basking in the sunshine on the porch of the house down the street...

The street full of kids playing marbles, riding bicycles, rolling old tires, yelling, talking in muffled tones...

Waking up and finding out Santa Claus had already come...

I got my double barrel gun that shot corks...

Herman T. Stillman

Why Uncles Get Gray

Anyone who has ever "baby-sitted" an evening with three little "Indians" will know just how I felt when I tried it. This happened to me during the first part of my Christman vacation. As I hadn't been around my two nieces and nephew for quite a while, I readily agreed to watch them an evening while my sister and her husband want shopping. I was informed by my sister that I would have a quiet evening watching television. Boy! Was I ever in for a big let-down! They had no sooner left the house than it all began.

The children and I were watching a program when I noticed that April, the youngest, was not with us. I called for her but received no answer. Hearing a noise in the kitchen, I went out. There she was sitting on the table, emptying out the salt and pepper shakers. When she saw me she tried to cover up what she was doing. While I was lifting her from the table, she stuck her fingers in her mouth. When she got all that pepper on her tongue she started screaming as if she was being killed. I hurried to the sink and got her some water to quiet her, then proceeded to clean up the "mess".

I was suddenly jarred when my oldest niece, Kandace, hollered out from the living room that Vic, her brother, had just pulled the Christmas tree over on top of her. She was acreaming while I was trying to get it back up straight. After knocking a few bulbs off and stepping on them I finally got it up. Vic and

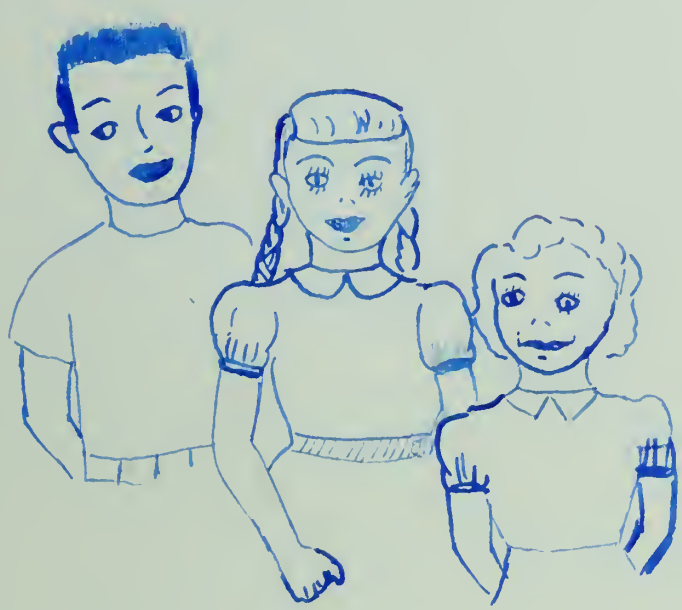
April, thinking it was very funny, stood and laughed at me.

I was almost at the end of my patience. I ordered all of them to sit upon a chair for ten minutes. I changed my mind when they started to fight over which chair they should sit on. I threatened them with the fact that Santa Claus wouldn't bring them anything for Christmas. Kandace immediately announced that she was seven years old and didn't believe in Santa. In order to make her be quiet I allowed them to get up from their chairs.

I looked at my watch and found that all of this had taken place in just one hour. I told Kandace and Vic to get their pajamas on. They agreed, if I would tell them a bed-time story. I waid I would with the hopes of getting them quieted down. I decided to tell them the one about the Three Bears. I actually had this mixed up with the one about Little Red Ridinghood, but I thought they wouldn't know the difference. At once all three of them started to correct me so that I finally gave up. When April started pulling at my ear and hollering "eat" "eat", I gave up altogether and took them to the kitchen for a snack. I decided to give them hot chocolate. All was quiet until we sat down to eat. All three of them wanted to sit beside me. To settle the matter I stood up. I told them it was their bed time and that they should to right to sleep as I had planned a surprise for them in the morning. Of course, I hadn't thought of it as yet. To my amazement they all trooped up the stairs to bed. I didn't know whether it

was the surprise that had enticed them or whether they were just too tired to stay up any longer.

After short prayers they were all in bed asleep except their uncle who was busy cleaning up downstairs. It was really a relief to wee my sis and her husband come in the door!



Ronald Williams

Love, Jack

Dear Mother and Dad,

Well, we finally arrived here in Washington. You know, these class trips are wonderful and so educational, too. I've learned so much from the different tours about the historical background of our country. The present system of government is also very active at this time of year.

We have been on a different tour every day. First the Capital, then the Treasury Building, Mt. Vernon, and so many more swell places we have visited. This is great!

And, Mom, I'm getting my proper rest and a balanced diet, just like I promised you I would. They have a schedule all set up with everything planned especially for us "kids" so that we get plenty of all that stuff! I've been in bed by 10:30 every night and have eaten three meals daily.

Oh, Dad, about the money. I really have economized. That extra ten dollars you gave me definitely helped me out and still I have plenty left.

Well, Mother and Dad, I must close now. The excursion to Washington Monument is scheduled to begin in twenty minutes. I can hardly wait!

Love,

Jack

Dear Joan,

Hi, honey! How are you getting along 'way out there all by yourself? I hope you are being a good girl and staying home every night like you promised me you would.

Honey, I sure do miss you. You know, when we're apart I really realize how much I do think of you. My trip would be one hundred percent better if you could be here. These other girls just can't compare with you.

The trip is so dull without you to liven things up a bit. I almost dread every tour we take because you aren't here. My mind is not on this trip nor does anything I see even stick in my mind. It, my mind that is, is far away, dear, with you.

Well, I must quit now. We are supposed to go on some stupid tour of Washington Monument. I'll be thinking about you and missing you terribly.

All my love,

Jack

Dear Joe,

This place is great! You should have come with us. If you think the girls at home are nice, brother, you should see the ones out here! I went out with a dream last night. Took her to the "Ice Follies". We did not get in until almost two A.M. What a night! We were supposed to go to the Arlington

Cemetery but we thought that was so stupid. I don't know why they try to plan all these sight-seeing trips for us. No one ever goes.

The trip up here on the train was just great. You know Carol and her flirty tendencies? Well, I put mine to work along with hers and did we ever have a ball!!!

All the guys are staying in this real "swanky" hotel here in the heart of town. We can go and come as we please. I haven't been to bed before four in the morning any time since I've been here. Of course, we sleep until noon every day and miss the morning tour, but who cares?

The specialty around here in the way of food is pizza. We have it for almost every meal. I know it doesn't make for a good balanced diet, as my mother would say, but still this "Washington Pizza" is great!

Joe, do you have any cash to spare? I'm flat broke. This night life can really do things to your pocketbook and I have borrowed money from almost every "guy" on this trip. I don't have the nerve to ask for more and I'll need some by the end of the week. Thirty dollars would be fine. You are a real buddy, Joe.

I have to run now, Joe. Supposed to go to Washington Monument but we decided that the ball game would be much more exciting. Don't you agree? And besides, you should see the girl I'm

taking!

See you in a week, Joe. I'll sure be sorry to leave this wonderful town. I like everything about it---and I mean everything! Write to me soon and don't forget to send the thirty.

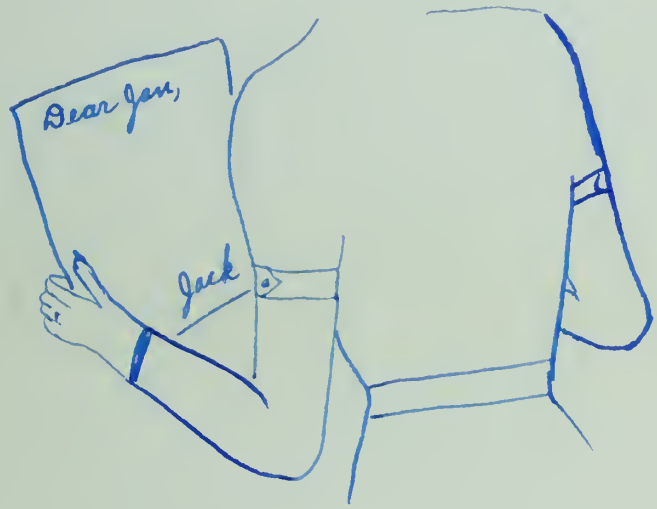
Your friend,

Jack

P.S.

Don't spill a word of this letter to Joan or to my folks. It might prove complicated. (You know what I mean!) I know I can trust you, Joe. Tell all the rest of the guys hello for me.

Jack



Joyce Strong


#12
YOUR HIT
PARADE

Best All-Round

Sarah Cleckner
Babe Chambers

Most Musical

Merlene Bolland

Hubert Mickle

Friendlist -

Nancy Vecchione
Babe Chambers

Hardest Workers —

Lulu Gander

Duane Herron

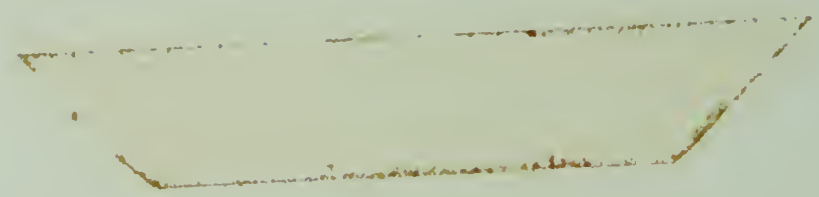
Witticest —

Mary Anne Burley
Jim Fischmann

Best girl and boy athlete

Joyce Rose

Jack Smith



Best Dressed

Joyce Strang
Chuck Gailey

Bender Kids

Luine Stein
Joe Andrews

Most Likely To Succeed —

Sarah Cleckner

Hubert Mickle


LOOK SHARP

The Bounces and Bruises of a Basketball

I am the most picked on object you ever saw. People grab me, pick me, shove me, bounce me, toss me and even fight over me. No matter how hard I try, someone is always mad at me. If I go through the hoop at one end of the court, some people cheer while others boo. If I go through the hoop at the other end, I get the same response. Sometimes I soar through the air while the people coh and aah as I go through the hoop. Other times people yell in savage glee when six or seven players fight over me. Sometimes I rest in a cold corner of the gym with no one around but a crumpled paper cup and a half-empty soda bottle. Other times I am passed around in a circle, from man to man, swiftly, surely, and accurately. This gives me joy for I love to be handled by those who love to handle me, even though the going gets rather rough at times. Life is nothing but a big bunch of bounces for me. I am a basketball at E.N.C.

I came from a factory in Ohio, proud and haughty in my shining new leather coat. I was placed in a box along with some other basketballs and put on a train. After a long ride the train finally stopped and we were all roughly tossed into an awaiting truck. After a short ride we were carefully carried out of the truck, brought into a store and placed on shelves. I was told by a baseball glove hanging below me that I was on display waiting to be sold. I eagerly awaited the day when I would be taken from the shelf to meet my new owner. Then one cold afternoon a tall bespectacled man came into the store and notioned towards me. I could hardly contain myself, but I managed a

few quick bounces of joy before I was on my way to my new home. The next few days were filled with suspense as I watched the E.N.C. all-star team preparing for their big game with Gordan College. I was told by the old and battered basketballs that I would be used in that game. When the big night finally came, the joy that I experienced as I swished through the hoop and soared through the air was inexplainable. The rest of the evening was wonderful as E.N.C. went on to defeat Gordon, 90-67. Truly a basketball's life was nothing but one big happy time.

I resumed my position in the red box and impatiently waited for the next time I would be used. A few days later I was taken out again. This time not everyone treated me as fondly as the times before, but I still soared through the air and swished through the hoop. Then as I was bouncing out of bounds a player came up and kicked me. How was I supposed to keep my bright new coat if I was treated that way? Did all basketballs go the way of my bruised and battered companions in the locker room? After the game I asked these and the many other questions that had been bothering me. "Yes", they said, "you will remain shiny for a while, but more and more you will be kicked and bruised until your coat begins to fade and you feel like bouncing as you once did. Finally the day will come when a new basketball will take your place in the red box and you will be put here in the corner with us." As the other basketballs said, I was used more and more and was treated rougher and rougher. My coat began to get dull and I began to look forward to the evenings

when I could rest. No longer did I bounce expectantly in my box while impatiently awaiting a game.

Finally the inevitable happened. Instead of being placed in the red box as usual, I was tossed onto the floor with my companions. The hurt went deep, really deep, but I had been expecting it and was prepared..... Today, I still lie on the floor, although my coat has lost a lot of its shine and my bounce has diminished somewhat. But the memories of my first few games return to me whenever I am handled by those who love me. The oohs and the aahs of the crowd are dim but happy memories for me..... I am a basketball at E.N.C.

For the Beauty of an Eel

Most people will shudder at the first mention of an eel. Just suggest eating one and you are liable to be made a social outcast. How many people in this anti-eel catagory would actually dislike an eel if it was disguised in a frying pan? Eels may look slimy, but they are not only delicious, but fun to catch.

A small winding creek, about three blocks from my home, was especially noted for its eels. The creek would literally become alive with them at night. It was easy to fill a bucket with the lively creatures. I especially remember one night in late July.

My cousin and I, equipped with flashlight, lantern, rods, pail, and other less important items, trudged down to our favorite hole. The sun was making its last bid for survival as we lit our lantern. Rigging our lines was a nervous affair, as we were both anxious to catch the first fish. It wasn't long before our baits were sitting on the bottom of the creek. Eel fishing is indeed a lazy man's sport. We would shove a stick into the ground, and then lean the rod on it. All there was to do now was sit and watch the rod.

The atmosphere of a quiet night by the water is indeed impressive. All you can see within a radius of ten feet is the glare of the lantern. There is a very strong attraction in that little faint glow that is able to catch one's eye for a long time. Pete, as sociable as he is, said little. It must have been the hypnotic effect of the light. The night has also many intriguing sounds. Small perch often splash playfully on the surface, at times

with a startling effect. The weeds will snap as an animal hunts for food. The whimper of an owl breaks the silence. Then there is an unbelievable stillness.

The rod shook like a rattler's tail. I grabbed it and gave a mighty tug. The rod doubled up, as the first unsuspecting eel felt that piece of steel. After a brief struggle I "horsed" him out of the water. This is when the fun begins. You grab but he squirms out of your hand. You stick a knife in him and he wraps around your arm. You step on him and he wraps around your leg. About the only sanitary way of unhooking an eel is to take a pair of scissors, hold him over the pail, and cut the hook off. I have witnessed some terrible accidents that happened when a fellow tried to disgorge a hook from an eel. A fighting eel can pull the protruding hook right into a man's hand. The squirming of the eel makes it go deeper and deeper. The hospital is the next stop.

From the time we caught the first one to the time we filled the pail, we had run out of bait. It is a good thing that we did, because we probably would have been there all night.

You are in for some real fun if you go eel fishing. Those golden brown pieces in the pan will make up for all the hardships of the trip.

G Gasnell

Up to Our Necks in Mud

Trapping muskrats was a new experience for me. I had read many books on the subject and was now ready to try my luck.

A trapper usually sets his traps at night in early spring. The evening was so cold, that I almost decided not to go. My friend, Don, was with me. It was a new experience for him also. The weeds were like a jungle this time of year. There were no paths, so we had to make our own. Had we both not been padded with clothing, we probably would have been cut quite badly. At last we came to the mud flats where the muskrats dwelt. It was dark now, and I didn't see that slippery embankment. Sh-plush. Down I went. It is indeed a terrible feeling to find ourself sitting in cozy mud. After Don had practically killed himself laughing, he helped me up. I was really cold now. We hadn't gone ten feet when I heard Don yell. The sight was almost too much. He was standing with water up to his waist in a big rat-hole. He was terrified. But after I pulled him out we both had a good, chilly laugh.

The tide, now high, made it even more difficult. We couldn't see the submerged rat-holes. We had to look ahead with the flash-light and then feel our way along. We set a few traps and drew maps showing where we thought we were. In the daylight we both knew the brush backwards. But it was pitch black now and neither of us knew where we were. Have you ever stepped down on a step to find it not there? This was the shock I got when I stepped into a little channel. It wasn't deep, but there must have been ten feet of mud on the bottom.

I grabbed frantically for anything. Don came to my rescue just in time, for it could have been the end. We were both too frightened to go back for fear that it would happen again. In his haste to save me he had dropped the precious flashlight. Luckily the moon was shining. All thoughts of traps, animals, and furs left us. We were muddy, wet, cold, tired, and lost.

The only thing we could do now was follow the bank. It is extremely dangerous to walk along a flooded bank at night or at any other time. We would have given anything for a boat. Walking the bank like this enabled us to see many busy rats. They were building their nests and working hard. It seemed as though they were laughing at us. Rats are really not as stupid as most people think they are. In groups they have been known to kill men. They are furious when cornered. If a leg gets caught in a trap, they will often chew it off and hop around on three.

Hearing cars in the distance was a thrilling sound, for we knew that we weren't far from the road. We practically ran when we came out of the jungle. The street lights showed us as we really were. Don's fat, jovial face was as black as a coal miner's. His clothes, partially frozen, were as stiff as a board. I was in about the same condition. Out of it all, we managed to get a good laugh.

When we look back on the day, we still have to chuckle. It wasn't fun then, but its memories are now. I guess you can easily guess. We never went trapping again.

Gasuel

GREENBOOK STAFF

EDITOR

LUTHER STARNES

BUSINESS MANAGER

M. MANN

ART EDITORS

J. IRWIN M. GOODNOW

EDITOR'S ASSISTANTS

J STRANG, R. ALBRIGHT, D. CRISPELL, J. BRADLEY
L. GANDER, B FARBER, R. WILLIANS

TYPISTS

R. RICKETTS, D BLACKWELL, S. CLECKNER,
I. STIERS