



Leaves  
of  
Green



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The Riverbank Club

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## FRESHMAN - CLASS OF '77





# Freshman Initiation Song

I'm so homesick I could die.

How I miss Mom's apple pie!

ENC just makes me cry.

Oh I want to go home.

Never saw a room so small

Head and feet both touch the wall.

Crying voices in the hall,

Come and take me home.

When I left home things looked great -

Going where I'd meet my mate -

But now I never have a date

Let me please go home.

So you guys, we know you're sad

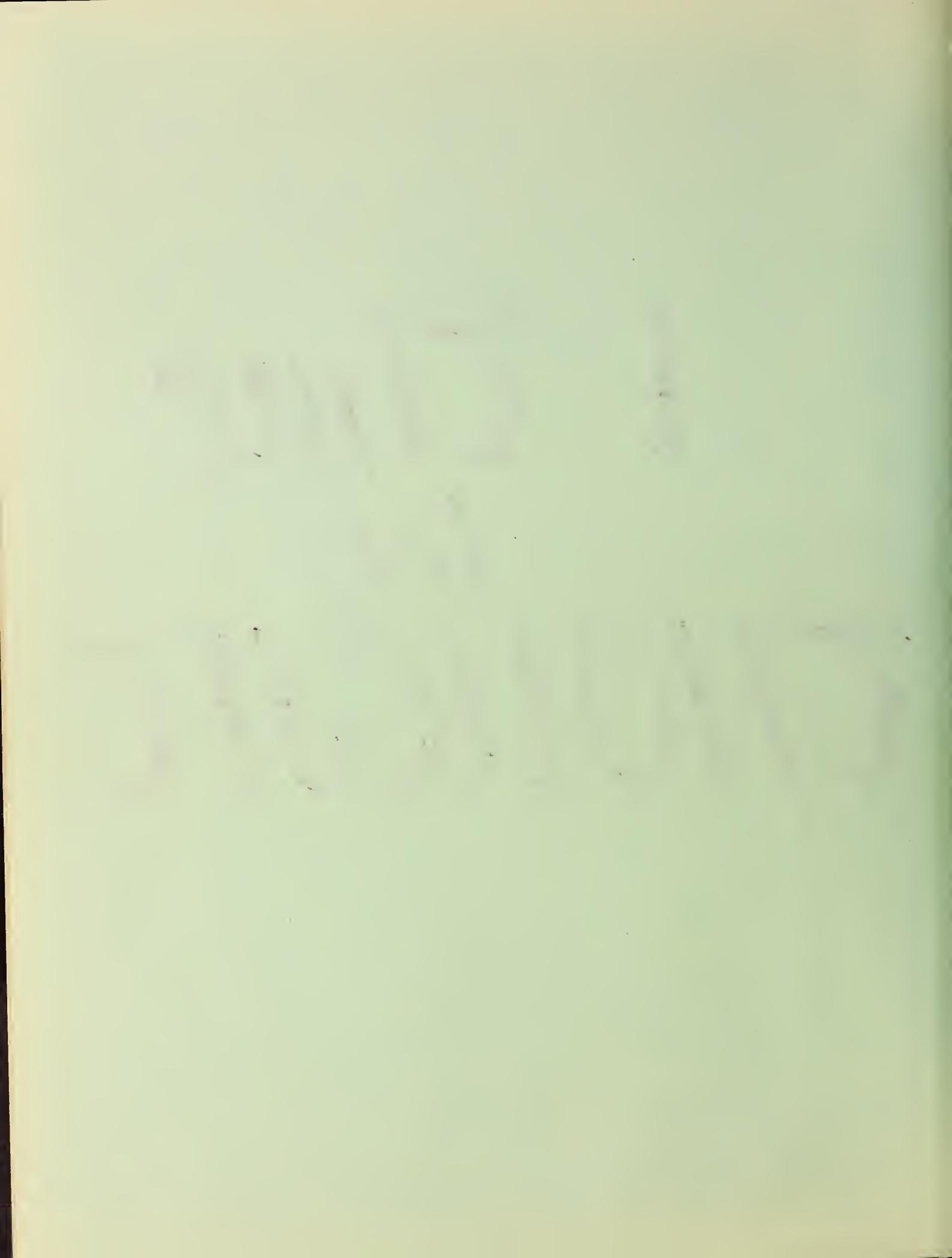
And you miss your Mom and Dad

ENC is not so bad,

It will be your home. Amen.



*A Time  
for  
THOUGHT*









## *Reflections From A Relationship*

Sometimes I just want to run. Did you ever feel like you just wanted to run, and to run as hard as you could as long as you could? I guess it's the frustration of everything. I feel like I could just run, and scream, and do anything to .... let it all out. I want to let all the pain, and hurt, and frustration burst out of me! But instead I grit my teeth and scream inside. But then there are times when I just can't help running and screaming, because screaming inside just makes me want to scream more.

\* \* \* \* \*

You know, his biggest problem is himself.... but He can't see that. Ooooh, NO, it's his teachers, and parents, and me that make him so miserable! He never stops to think how miserable He makes me. I can't stand his two-sidedness! How can He be so loving one time, and hurt me so badly another? He always says it's my nerves that are to blame. If I wasn't so tense we'd get along just fine. But He's the one that's like a wound up rubber band, the way he snaps at me and





yells at me. He says he wants me to stop being so tense, but what he really means is he wants me to stop "pressuring" him. But he's so lazy!

\* \* \* \* \*

I guess though, that running really doesn't solve anything. I mean... I feel better for a minute, but eventually I have to walk back and face whatever is making me run. And screaming just creates tension when you come back to face it. Like, for instance when She bugs me, which is often! She's always after me to do this and to do that, and when are you going to get this done? "You can't go through college sleeping in every morning." She's always singing her song about "irresponsibility", and why am I so lazy? What She can't see is that she's making us both a nervous wreck. She's ruining our whole relationship!... always go here and go there, and why this and why that! If she could just see, that the real problem isn't that I'm lazy... the real problem is that she's always got to be doing something. She's always worrying about what she's got to get done



next. She just keeps going on like that. She never stops long enough to relax and unwind. She's always so up-tight about everything that she's a nervous wreck! And she takes all that tension out on me by constantly nagging me. I guess the nagging is a symptom of her nerves. But she's her problem, not me.

\* \* \* \* \*

He's always harping on my "nervous condition". Well, if I'm nervous it's because He makes me that way. He totally frustrates me in the way he does everything. Like the way he handles his money. All he does is spend, spend, spend! And what really drives me crazy is the way he spends my money. He has no concept of the value of money. All he does is blow it on junk that he says he "needs". But if I say anything to him about it, then I'm nagging again.

\* \* \* \* \*

I guess what really bothers me the most is when She bugs me about my money. She always wants to know where my last pay check has gone. And If I have to borrow a little of her





money, she hits the ceiling. I'm thrifty with my money! She never stops to think about how much I spend on her, and that what money I spend on myself is only for things I need. I mean, it's not like I spend it just for the sake of blowing it. Oh... I don't know... I just feel like hanging-it-up sometimes. There's no end to it all. We go around and around, back and forth, both blaming each other. It usually ends with her saying, "What am I going to do with you?!" (Honestly, you'd think she was my mother!) So I usually say, "Give up, leave me, find someone else!..." But she never does.

\* \* \* \* \*

I just wish He could see that the only reason I keep after him is that I love him. I want so much for Him to do well. I'm so proud of him, and he could be so good in everything, if he'd try a little bit harder. If he knew how much he means to me... I love him more than anything in the whole world. He's always looking out for me, and doing things for me... and he's so manly, and... well, he's just everything I've always dreamed of having in a man. And I guess, really, I do nag at him too much, and take out my frustrations on him.



Oh... why do I hurt and upset him so? I'm so foolish. I only hope he never gets sick of me and leaves me. I couldn't live without Him! Not after all the love we've shared, and the hard times we've faced together. I need him. Oh...

I really love Him.

\* \* \* \* \*

But if she ever did leave me, I don't know what I'd do. I guess I'd really go to pieces! I'd...man, I'd lose everything! I would, literally, have nothing to live for.....no goals.....no motivation... nothing!! I need her so much, that without her I'd drop out of college. I guess I don't know how to love her the way I should sometimes. I treat her so rotten... and usually I'm just taking all my frustrations out on her. I'm so stupid. Why is it we so often hurt the people we love the most? And I do. I really love her.

*Paul Shelp*





*Susan Barkley Boden*

Obviously hers is an old house. Unless one were to drive by at night and observe a faint light glowing through the cracks of shuttered windows, a natural assumption would be that the house is deserted. Any child would take one look and classify it as haunted. It stands back from the road, surrounded by trees that seem to be reaching up from the ground as fingers to grasp it. The color, if one could call it that, is best described as a dingy gray, in various stages of peeling. Dark green shutters are closed over the long windows, like stiff sentinels guarding against intruders. A veranda piled high with dilapidated furniture (or an antique dealer's treasures, whichever way you look at it) runs halfway around the first floor, on the west and south. Behind the house - a forest wilderness -- dense and thick, as a penthouse child would imagine it. The bearing of the house, its setting, the landscaping, all speak of a once immaculate estate. However, time has affected a transformation for the worse.

More fascinating than this erstwhile mansion is its sole occupant, Susan Barkley Boden. Approaching eighty, she looks the part of the little old lady, short and frail. Her silky light gray hair is secured



with tortoise shell pins and a thin net to keep the least of her worries in place. The sturdy cane she now uses is a good grain of maple, darkly stained. The hand grasping the cane is clearly wrinkled, with protruding veins. Her right arm and hand, of which she makes a little use, is short and deformed, the tragic (I would say "tragic"; she would omit the word.) result of infantile paralysis in her youth. Mrs. Boden has a soft round face that smiles often. Her light blue eyes, that have battled glaucoma, still sparkle behind thick silver-rimmed lenses.

Many people wonder and can't understand why a senior citizen like Susan Boden continues to live alone in the country, away from city convenience and comfort. But her friends know why and don't question the wisdom of her choice. The explanation is simple, really. Mrs. Boden values sentiment and nature over safety and ease. Her country home represents cherished memories, treasured dreams the "for better or for worse" experiences shared with her deceased Chase. These she can't bear to leave for the few years remaining to her.

Susan Barkley Boden has known me all of my life. However, I really didn't become fully aware of her captivating individuality until after the death of her husband. Left without a driver for the



small gray Rambler, Mrs. Boden would call on my father for a ride to and from church. The many trips we made along winding Diddell Road were never a bore. I looked forward to them. Our aboriginal passenger needed only the slightest provocation to narrate some incident from Hudson Valley lore that we IBM transplants absorbed with delight. Her keen mind could recall in accurate detail the events of thirty-five years ago. But she couldn't remember if she had turned off the kitchen faucet fifteen minutes previously.

When Mrs. Boden heard of my growing love for fishing, she clearly recalled the six and seven inch white perch that she and Chase caught in the Hudson upwards of Poughkeepsie, in the vicinity of Staatsburg. My imagination sparkles to life with a clear picture of Mrs. Boden giggling with delight as she hauls in her second catch of the day; and of Chase's inner joy and amusement as he observes his gleeful convert.

Susan Boden was a good listener, too. Good enough to catch hidden meanings when my expanding teen ego exercised itself by casting verbal gibes at my younger sister. "Oh, Oh. Oh, Oh!" the snickering widow would exclaim, as she quickly realized my intent. A favorite game was running through the letters of the alphabet, listing adjectives pertaining to each letter.





No generation gap ever existed between Mrs. Boden and the younger set at church. Children and teens alike were in friendly competition to assist her and help care for her needs. It was an honor to carry her worn Bible or black pocketbook, or to bring her a glass of water for her persistent cough. It was more fun yet to see who would win the privilege of escorting her to the car after church. We boys thrived on showing how gallant an attendant we could be. And the object of our affections responded with delight to the male charm being lavished upon her.

I would never call Mrs. Boden a conceited woman, but she is proud of the fact that she earned a Teaching Certificate from New Paltz Normal School, as the State University was then called. This "degree" enabled her to find an outlet for giving motherly love and direction to hundreds of first graders, until age and the School Board put an end to that. Her last years of teaching meant arising at 5:00 a.m. every weekday to obtain a ride from LaGrange to the old Ellsworth School in the city of Poughkeepsie. But she never had an absent or tardy check placed beside her name. Mrs. Boden now derives great satisfaction from reading in the "Poughkeepsie Journal" some of the achievements of those whose careers she helped to nourish in the embryo stage.



You would not expect a person with one shriveled arm and hand to be an artist, but Susan Boden is an exception. Charcoal is one of her favorite media. She was once offered twenty-five dollars for her original charcoal drawing of a "House by the Side of the Road". As a schoolteacher, she enjoyed creating varied art projects for her pupils. The childrens' drawings were revelations of themselves and very important to her.

Mrs. Boden's appreciation for color and beauty in paintings carries over to the flora and fauna surrounding her home. She revels in the progress of the rose of Sharon, syringa, bridal wreath, her rows of peonies, Chase's rose garden.

During the winter months, Mrs. Boden does not leave her home for any reason. She realizes her physical limitations all too well, and being level-headed and sensible, does not wish to risk a fall on ice or snow. She feels TV is too extravagant a luxury so radio brings her the daily news. Her real pipeline to the outside world is the telephone. No one I know has a hotline as red hot as Susan Barkley Boden's. It almost always takes two or three tries to make a connection with 454-6029. Her phone acts as her hands and feet in caring for others. Many home visits are made by this shut-in via her phone. Completely oblivious to her own needs, Mrs. Boden expends her energy to help the sick, the lonely, the depressed. Several years ago she did not





rest until she had finally contacted the right person who could spearhead a drive among the members of the Retired Policeman's Benevolent Association to which her husband had belonged. If the organization would raise one hundred dollars to help send deaf Gary Cerniglia to the Olympics, she would match their contribution. Her determined efforts took hours of telephoning, but she would not give up until she had achieved the results she set out to get.

An ardent member of the Waterman Bird Club, she derives her greatest joy from living close to and observing her Creator's handiwork. Pheasants, rose-breasted grosbeaks, playful chickadees, and hand-fed squirrels are all the lessees of her property. They receive free room and board from the landlady who finds it fascinating to study their ways of life. After all, the purchase of sunflower seeds and suet is a small investment for the privilege of having daily window-sill visits from cardinals, orioles, and morning doves.

There are many people, I imagine, who would think it foolish to make butter and jelly sandwiches for racoons. Not Mrs. Boden. She delights in preparing home-made snacks for her animal friends who picnic on her wide porch. Some of the bushytails are now tame enough to eat their goodies from Susan Boden's hand.



Her strong personal attachment to every one of God's creatures caused her to cringe when she learned that several men from the church were going on a deer hunting trip to the Catskills. When the group returned deerless, the pastor was heard to say, "We didn't stand a chance. Mrs. Boden was home praying for the deer."

Like the Apostle Paul, whose writings she enjoys, Mrs. Boden has learned ".... in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content". For Susan Boden many times that state has meant carrying all her water from the only source of supply (an outside cistern) and wearing a coat indoors because the ancient heating system was keeping the room temperature at sixty-two. But she knows no self-pity. To feel sorry for herself would be the unpardonable sin. Her indomitable spirit keeps her going.

*Kenneth Constantine*



## *Breaking The Binding*

Trying desperately to maneuver my car from the clutches of the Southeast Expressway, and then weaving to and fro on a life size kiddy car track laced with red, yellow and green traffic lights every forty feet - known to the true Sunday pleasure driver as the Parkway, I come to within minutes of leaving this area of asphalt hari-kari, a place where the people, surroundings and the atmosphere fuse together to complete the unity and togetherness of Eastern Nazarene College.

Pondering lazily through the many volumes of new people I've met, I visualize the college to be a vast encyclopedia of other people, their thoughts and their reactions to others. Turning each page it is possible to observe the bold print of someone's character. Their names, where they come from, why they are here, and what they are looking for are the factors that make ENC's students a challenge for their peers.





Some of them haven't had their bindings broken, others are gathering dust due to lack of interest and still others are flexible due to their use and exposure to the elements of campus life. As albatross is logued in a dictionary, so are people logued to the bindings and the tight wrapping of Eastern Nazarene College.

The college steps out to greet you and offers an endless realm of knowledge and education in the atmosphere of a close knit Christian community. I have found that you must accept everyone at ENC as a single individual and make an attempt to be unique and open-minded in your communication. This is a definite wave length on which every ENCer has a hold of and each person will be different in the respect of how they adjust to their wave length. An attempt has been made to tie a spiritual bond of completeness to all. I don't think however that this bond is at all complete, and, due to outside influences,



student morals and their beliefs, there is a confrontation with the laws of the college. The bold print of their past character is smudged with the lectures of restrictions, and many minds are set into a stage of semi-consciousness; a sort of intergalactic badminton game; bouncing up and down, waiting to get low enough to the ground so that you'll be hit back up into the air with another rule.

ENC has many volumes; some untouched - others have to be replaced due to a broken binding.

*Mark Tuori*



Dear Lord,

When I am alone and think no one in the world understands me, I am drawn to the Chapel. God- I know You're everywhere inside that Chapel and out but, Lord, somehow you fill that room and speak to me there in a very special way. In the front behind the pulpit there are three windows, Faith, Love and Hope.

Lord- today I needed hope. Hope in my studies, and hope within myself. In the window there is a picture of a plant. It's very much like a palm tree. The tree is yellow-green in color and seems to grow from the inside out. The branches reach up to You...

Lord, when I think there's no hope for me, teach me to reach up to You.

Help me to grow from the inside out... Amen.

*Jane E. MacPherson*





A Time  
to  
SHARE







## *Portrayal of a Modern Day Minister*

Since the ordained minister "must be all things to all men," so is this minister of the modern-day. He is well educated, holds a college degree, and had training in business administration as well as in theology. His spirit, consecration and attitude toward mankind is that of the Good Shepherd. Through the Word of God he feeds his flock spiritually and provides physical means of food and warmth for the poor. This shepherd cares for the needy, the sick, the handicapped, and the forgotten people who no longer are in the mainstream of life. Inasmuch as the shepherd is protective of his flock, so this minister is of his people. His optimism is an oasis in the desert to the depressed and down-trodden. He is well poised, and his appearance is immaculate. He walks with dignity and the self-assurance that he is in the center of the will of God. With God first, others second, and himself last, he lives by the golden rule everyday. From God's Word





he preaches the unshakable truths and standards of holy living, yet he never expects more out of his people than he lives himself. He lives by his motto: "To serve this present age, my calling to fulfill, oh may it all my powers engage, to do my Master's will."

*Catherine England*

A tribute to my father who I love very much...  
I wrote this when I finally understood his call  
and devotion to the God I now serve and give of  
my best.



## *A Comparison of High School to College*

The transition from high school to college is one of the major steps in the life of an individual. In comparing these two institutions, it is only natural that the differences outweigh the similarities.

For the first time in his life, the college freshman is on his own. Assuming the student lives on campus and is a long distance away from his home, he is no longer completely dependent upon his parents. He must begin to provide for his own personal needs and develop his own life pattern.

The high school student living at home still relies strongly on his parents. He has a few advantages (probably taken for granted) over the college student living in the dormitory. One of these is opening the drawer in the bureau and always finding clean underwear.



This is not always the case when referring to the male college student. The high school student also depends on his parents in another deeper sense; for values such as judgment and discipline. His parents are there to help him decide whether something is right or wrong or to encourage him in his studies. The college student must learn to rely on himself in these matters.

The work required by the college professor is more demanding than that of a high school teacher. A college student will have more reading, more written papers, and more extra projects assigned to him. Whereas a chapter a week is the normal of a high school course, a chapter each lecture period is the average requirement for most college courses.

Classes (lectures) in college are usually eighty minutes in length and follow a definite schedule mapped out for the student on a syllabus. The professor meets two or three





times a week with his class. In high school, class periods are approximately forty minutes and are held every day. The high school teacher has more of a lee-way to adjust his lesson plan from day to day.

A high school student sometimes carries five or six major subjects a semester in addition to the required courses, such as physical education. Almost his entire day, which consists of seven or eight class periods with a half-hour break for lunch, is spent in the classroom. The average college student carries four courses a semester. This allows him for a more concentrated type of study in each of his courses. He will spend, on the average, three hours in classes per day. The remainder of the day is his.

On the campus, the student comes in close contact with people every day. His classmates are also his neighbors and sometimes his roommates. The students not only go to school together they live together. In high school, the students



are from a certain geographical area. (Most of them live in the same city.) However, there are students from all parts of the country who live on the campus. The college student meets new personalities and new life styles. It is an extremely interesting life for the on-campus student.

*Richard Simons*



A Time  
to  
LISTEN



1875

1876





# Autumn

Don't you love autumn  
When the leaves come tumbling down,  
Where they fall in billowy carpets  
For the wind to toss around?

The air feels cleaner, calmer,  
As the sounds float o'er the hill...  
Of the gathering of the harvest  
As the barns and cellars fill.

It seems that in autumn  
The aroma of burning leaves  
Just fill our hearts with gladness  
While we're bringing in the sheaves.

And the smell of spicy cooking  
Of applebutter, jams, and jell...  
And all those pickles mother makes,  
And preserves we love so well.

Autumn is: "the summer gone"  
And "winter on its way,"  
And all those cheery autumn shades  
Can't help but make us gay.

I love the Indian summer  
With its flaming painted sky...  
Like an artist at his canvas,  
With a thousand pots of dye.

It seems that in the autumn  
Nature folds her work for rest:  
And gathers up her children...  
And holds them to her breast.

Debbie Vandiver



*Nov*

Time...time. There is so little time and so much to do. That is what I tell myself at least once a day. When I stop to think, reflect on what I've accomplished that day, I usually discover that I've spent all my time doing nothing worthwhile. How often do I find time to give a word of encouragement to a disheartened friend? Do I know someone better today than I did yesterday? Did I make one person smile today? What good is living, going through the motions of living, without growing day by day in love and understanding and patience?

I want so much to be the kind of person who brightens the lives of all those he encounters. Instead, I build walls around myself.





I want to reach out, but I'm afraid of being hurt. In me there is a great struggle. Is the joy of love and friendship worth the possibility of being hurt? Yes, I'm sure it is, but yet... I'm afraid.

Time goes on, quickly passing by. I must hurry; I must try now; I must give now; or time will rush by me and I will no longer be.

*JocAnn Stearns*



## *Dreams*

Sometimes I lay awake in my bed at night and dream. Before me I see lovers running through meadows aglow with sunshine, waterfalls tumbling into gurgling brooks, rainbows caressing the dewdripped sky, nightingales singing and daisies tilting their heads in a gentle spring breeze. In my mind is a beautiful Utopia. It's where there is harmony among all men and all nature. Peace and love are all that's known; pain and fear are nonexistent. This is my escape world. This is where I go when I can't face life anymore, when all its sorrows, burdens, complexities, and injustices are too much to bear. I cry.



I cry because I don't understand. I don't understand why things must be as they are. Why do people enjoy hurting others? Why must they feel obligated to wear masks? Why can't we be truthful with each other? Why, oh, why can't I be myself without fearing what anyone thinks of me?

Harsh words echo through the hall and slip under my door. A tear slides down my cheek. Escape. Forget. Run away. Again, into my dream world I fly.

*IsAnn Weaver*





# *A Guitar In Its Corner*

A guitar in its corner and I in mine have something in common. Loneliness hangs like a mist in the air even while fellowship is near. The much desired joy reaches like the rays of the sun through the window and touches only part of the scene for the moment but brings a promise of future light. The guitar is yet in semi-darkness but the hope of being touched shines brightly through the panes. I too am in the shadows but the hope of being touched also shines brightly through the pains.

Potential cries out for development; it begs to be heard; it needs to be heard! Be patient; wait for the skilled hand to initiate that development. Think of the results of being touched by the unskilled hand. Harmony is in danger of becoming dischord. Dischord is unpleasant to the ear and potential is overshadowed by the distasteful noise. The unskilled hand causes the beauty of the instrument to go unnoticed. The harsh tones are heard and that is all. Yet, beneath the harsh tones potential beauty lies stagnant; exquisite beauty still exists. It is only waiting to be summoned to the exterior



by the skilled hand.

The rays of sun begin to slowly but systematically shift their angles of entrance into the shady room. Is it time for the skilled hand to come and play a familiar song? Is it time for the skilled hand to play a new song? Be patient; premature expectation causes pain and dischord. Remember how the unskilled hand departed without leaving any real satisfaction. Potential, although bursting within, contains itself and only whispers to be heard. Be patient; wait for the skilled hand to initiate that development.

The streaming light now falls upon the face of the guitar. Warmth surrounds the wood and steel. The skilled hand arrives and lovingly caresses the strings with a floating melody. Expertly, the skilled hand plays a snatch of a familiar song and follows that with a song that is very unfamiliar. Both are beautiful but the assimilation of the two songs creates a song that is even more beautiful than either one of the melodies in themselves.



Joy shines through but is now coupled with wisdom. The skilled hand gently strums that joyful tune on the steel strings of the instrument. I, like that instrument, patiently wait for the skilled hand to play a joyful tune within me.

*Nancy L. Chambellan*



It comes down in a cloudy white mist,  
This fog that I love,  
And enfolds me in itself to make me feel,  
I feel eerie and then I feel great,  
But most of all I feel me!

It brings my identity out so I know  
who I am,  
But then suddenly the sun pierces  
thru my fog,  
And makes me question my thoughts,  
Do I feel me, or what's around me?

*Debbie Lenhart*





*I Never Liked to Walk Alone*

I never liked to walk alone  
or not know what to say.

I never wanted for my own  
the hours of ev'ry day.

I never thought I'd always lead  
a life of solitude--  
'cause many times I'd almost succeed  
pretending a sociable mood.

But as it is, I can not change  
to have a merry time,  
And others' lives I can't rearrange  
to fit in with mine.

So when I go to my eternal rest  
I'll have had my share of loneliness.

*Valerie Russo*



# Fog

The sky begins to darken

The silent fog rolls in.

I don't know where I'm going

I can't see where I've been.

The people once beside me

all have disappeared

leaving me alone with

the thing that I most fear.

What could be more soothing

than softly blowing mist?

Oh, such a clever camouflage

of nature's evilness.

The concealment of reality

makes my blood run fast -

My bones are chilled with terror

How long will it last?

I can not bear to be submerged

in a sinister haze.

I shan't remain like a mouse

running blindly in a maze.



It can not last forever.

Soon the sun must rise

destroying false illusions

of life before my eyes.

*Valerie Russo*





## *The Stuffed Silk Heart*

On Christmas morning, beneath the tree  
there lay a package just for me  
Inside the box of red and gold  
was a stuffed silk heart for me to behold.  
It was, indeed, a work of art  
and from other gifts I set apart.  
I placed it in the closet which held all my clothes  
so I could look at it whenever I chose.  
One day I remembered I had left it somewhere  
and searched my closet, but it was not there.

On the next Christmas morning, beneath the tree  
there lay a package just for me.  
Inside the box of red and gold  
was a stuffed silk heart for me to behold  
It was, indeed, a work of art  
and from other gifts I set apart.  
I locked it in the closet which held all my clothes  
so I could look at it whenever I chose



One day I remembered I had left it somewhere  
and searched my closet, but it was not there.

On the third Christmas morning, beneath the tree  
there lay a package just for me.

Inside the box of red and gold  
was a stuffed silk heart for me to behold.

It was, indeed, a work of art  
and from other gifts I set apart.

I didn't want to lose it again  
so I decided to give it to a friend.

Although I finally gave it away  
I have never been without it since that day.

*Salerie Russo*



I sat motionless on the sands of the beach,  
Watching the foams of the sea  
Engulf my curled toes.  
The seagulls were soaring  
High above me, like hawks,  
Surveying the land for prey.  
One glided slowly down beside me  
As if to question my being there.  
Soon after he landed, two, then three.  
Then many more landed around me  
As if to circle me from danger.  
I stood up slowly to my feet and  
Walked through the massive cluster  
I wandered to another spot,  
It was there, that I rested my flesh.  
Once again the birds gathered around me,  
As if I was going to preach a message.



I started to speak and they quickly flew  
to the water. I have frightened them away.  
I crossed my legs and started to draw pictures  
In the sand.  
A violent rushing sound occurred ... they came back.  
Will the birds  
Always ...

Come...

Back?

*Debbie Beckelman*





**A Time  
to  
SPEAK**







# *Essay On Mandatory Chapel*

The question we are considering is whether or not chapel attendance should be mandatory for all students. Reasons for compulsory attendance such as the college's reliance upon the Church of the Nazarene for financial support have already been given. That reason may be valid, but it is also very shallow. I would like to take a deeper look at some of the problems and purposes of chapel services.

I believe that real spiritual benefit can be, and is, received in chapel. I, and most of my closest friends, as well as others not so close, have expressed to one another many times receiving inspiration and enlightenment through the message of a chapel speaker. We have been able to learn more about some of our professors than we ever could have in class, and President Parrot has shared with us many practical truths for campus life. Indeed, the sharing itself has done a great deal for campus relationships.







I have heard several objections to chapel. The first does not deal with compulsory chapel per se, but it raises a problem which I feel can be profitably dealt with here. It is that some chapel services have not been worthwhile. This cannot be used against mandatory chapel for, to borrow from William Hordern in his Introduction to A Layman's Guide to Protestant Theology, the answer to poor chapels must be good chapels, not no (or non-compulsory) chapels. But the statement is true, at least in one sense: some chapel services have had no explicit spiritual value. Yet, if we think a little more deeply, we realize that it is good for the entire student body to be together for a short period of time, to be able to listen and laugh together. If we are not pleased with such services, we ought to give suggestions for consideration to those who are responsible for chapel planning, and to criticize constructively those which we feel are not up to par.



The second objection does deal with mandatory chapel.

Many students do homework or sleep during services. These students are usually either antagonistic or indifferent to what is being presented and, it is argued, continuance of compulsory attendance only increases resentment toward and rejection of spiritual things. This seems to me to be true in some degree. But is a discontinuance of required chapel the best solution?

Could not we who consistently derive benefit from chapel services pray more for the speakers, that they might be used as much as possible by the Holy Spirit? Could not we pray more for our fellow students, that they will be as attentive and as responsive as possible to God and to His way? Could not we pray more for ourselves, that we will be as open as possible to the directives of the Holy Spirit concerning our relationships with those students whom we know need to obey God? I believe we can and that,



if we do, chapel will become an important part of true revival at ENC.

I see no real reason why arrangements should not remain as they are, provided each one of us does his part in making chapel all it can and ought to be.

*Sidney Smith*



## *Protest On Veal*

I traveled home the other weekend to find, to my surprise, one of my cousins. He attends some large, radical university in Tennessee, and he visits his relatives occasionally when he thinks he is about due for some homemade cookies or a home-cooked meal. I don't know if he learns anything, but he must be having the time of his life. He said that, the week before, they had painted the cafeteria pink with green slanted stripes, locked the president in his office, and barricaded the kitchen so that the cooks could not get in. We weren't sure what started it all, though he did say something about eating cold veal cutlet two days in a row, so maybe that's what caused the discontent.

This cousin is eccentric and ludicrous. His parents gave him everything that he ever wanted. He never had to work during the school year because his father didn't want anything interfering with his grades, and in the summer his mother thought





he should relax in the sunshine and breathe plenty of fresh air. When there was a decision to be made in the family, they'd hold a family council and vote on the issue at hand. And that is why they had to drive halfway across the country once and spend their vacation in the wilderness of Maine, because the kids outvoted their parents.

Maybe our college isn't great, and I suppose I have some of the same gripes as the rest of the students. There are things about the courses I don't like and things about the food I don't like, and I'm sure that I would object to cold veal cutlet two days in a row.

But somehow, the knowledge that this is my only chance to produce in college causes me to pause. Somehow, just knowing that I worked three nights a week and summers through high school to help pay college expenses leads me to think twice before locking the president in his office. Somehow, knowing that I couldn't fall back on my father's payroll if I did not



make good deters me from barricading the kitchen. Somehow, knowing that if I were sent home, my mother would serve me cold greasy veal cutlets everyday for a couple of months stops all thoughts of painting the cafeteria pink and green.

I guess a family and environmental background makes all the difference; but somehow I figure I must succeed in college, whatever the rules, because once I graduate to the big, cruel world, the only person that will be locked up if I try something like that is me.

*Marty Sainsbury*



## *Wollaston Beach*

My wife and I spent the last Sunday afternoon of September at Wollaston Beach. It was a usual autumn day. The sun was shining brightly and the air was very chilly. My wife spent the time sleeping beside me, protected from the cold, in a warm, soft blanket, while I, on the other hand, experienced something truly beautiful. Who knows for sure though? She has been there a hundred times before and she has repeatedly told me it doesn't look any better any day of the year. She was contented.

As I lie on the soothing white sand, inhaling the fresh sea air, I look across Quincy Bay and see silver planes disappearing in the distance. They are cutting across the sky from four different directions and they are landing almost every minute. Boston's skyscrapers are clutching the clear blue atmosphere. To my right is a large bridge connecting two islands. Not so far away are





small boats anchored near the yacht clubs, rocking with the breeze.

Suddenly I am startled by two small children -- caught in the joy of having fun -- who run by kicking sand in the air, yelling, "Help, help, I'm falling off a cliff!" Still looking ground level I notice numerous horseshoe crabs lying on the shore. I don't know if they're dead or not. I don't see them move. Maybe they're resting in the sunshine, or maybe they're just waiting for the tide to come in again. They seem to mind their own business.

White birds glide above the water, sometimes landing, sometimes not. I think they're seagulls-- most of them anyway. I look again but I'm still not sure. A speedboat, followed by parallel cascades, goes by and the winged creatures vanish.

A daring woman slowly wades out into the water. How cold it actually is is revealed by the severe look upon her face. She gulps but steps out farther. I see a jogger. His hair is blowing in the wind; sweat is dripping



off his chin. He is smiling. In only a matter of minutes he turns into a small speck some distance away then disappears. A young couple is tossing a football behind me. Every time the girl throws the ball it wobbles end-over-end, falling short of her boyfriend's grasp. He has very little coordination.

Late in the afternoon I chose the comfortable heaven which my wife is enjoying. Soon I am awakened by loud noises of traffic I hadn't heard until now. Peeping out from beneath the blanket makes everything look hazy. I observe a dreadful change though. The tide is out. The ocean floor is ugly. Green patches of seaweed spot the mucky bottom. Two cement walls, covered with barnacles, stretch out to sea. They are storm drains. They look more like sewer outlets to me. The air stinks. Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Some kid steps on every crab in front of me. I can't quite believe what I am seeing. Litter and broken glass cover the beach. The same airplanes are polluting the air. A tired jogger passes by with a sad look on his face.

We leave. Backing the car out onto the highway I am stunned by a sign which reads: POSSESSION OR DRINKING OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES FORBIDDEN, \$50 FINE.

*Jim McFarland*



## *"Because I Said So"*

Teenager: Good morning, Dad.  
Father: What time did you get in last night?  
Teenager: About 12:30, why?  
Father: You will be in this house no later than 11:00 from now on.  
Teenager: Why? I'm nineteen years old and-  
Father: Because I said so, that's why.

The above dialogue is a perfect example of the correct usage of the all purpose statement, "Because I said so". This statement has been the mainstay of adults all over the world for countless ages. There are also countless uses for the B.I.S.S. statement. However it is usually used after the question, "Why". For example, ["Can I use the car tonight?" "No." "Why"? Because I said so.]

There is usually some valid reasoning behind the first "no", or behind the law that has been set down, but there is really no reason to inform the inquisitive teen of such a reason. He should just accept your judgment as just and leave it at that.



B.I.S.S. is also a time and thought saving expression. It's so much easier than "your mother and I worry about you and would like you to be in early so we won't worry as much".

Think of all that wasted time and thought.

It's so much simpler to say, "Because I said so".

You don't need to express your love and concern for the teenagers well being. He already knows that, and if he doesn't there must be something wrong with him. Why waste time thinking out silly complicated reasons for rules and regulations you know are good ones?

Everyone knows teens aren't capable of major decision making.

Why if you gave your teenager a reason for your rule, you would in fact be recognizing their ability to do so. That would be dreadful.





The B.I.S.S. statement is also a boost to the adult ego. Lord knows in these times we all need a little ego boost, and what better way than to assert your authority over your loving daughter or son. Let us say one day you decide you don't like your son's attitude. What can you do about it? First, wait for an opportune moment,

"Do I have to be in at eleven again tonight"? Don't waste any time - you have your opening. "Yes, you do, and by the way, I don't like your attitude around here recently, so you had better make that 10:00!" "Why"? "Because I said so, that's why."

Not only will your ego be boosted considerably, but you will have once again proved your superiority and authority.

I envy you adults. It must be great to see your son rush out of the house in a rage, unable to change your rule, or see your daughter rush up to her room in tears because you've spoiled the date she's been waiting for for months. What power!



"Because I said so" is also a very effective coverup for those rules you know very well need to be laid down, but you just can't think of the reason why.

For example, your son wants to use the car. You don't want him to use it. You don't know why you don't want him to use it. You just know you don't want him to use it.

When you tell him no, he will undoubtedly ask why.

"Because I said so, that's why".

I often wondered why the President didn't say that to Mr. Cox when he continually hounded him for those tapes.

Finally, I would like to thank the parent who centuries ago first told his rebellious son or daughter, "Because I said so that's why".

The world will be eternally grateful to you, sir, whoever you are.

*Richard J. Messana*



A Time  
to  
LAUGH











The Physicist was quite absurd;  
He had the appetite of a bird  
Since seldom took he time to eat  
A piece of bread or slice of meat;  
And though his landlord charged him rent  
For the most part his time was spent  
In his lab trying to perfect  
All the flaws of his latest project.  
It is said he graduated summa cum laude  
But all his classmates thought it odd  
That when he stepped up to receive his degree  
Everyone asked, "Who is he?"  
Our topic turned to Vietnam  
But he could only explain the bomb  
Though not the value of human life  
Or why the world has endless strife.

There was one Unemployed on our trip  
Who had a swollen lower lip



And though his checks weren't quite enough  
They did suffice to buy his snuff.  
His years at Wollaston numbered only one  
But in that short time he had lots of fun  
Skipping classes and sleeping late  
And acting as if it were his fate  
To be abused by that vicious curve  
Which was quite haughty to think it had the nerve  
To tell him again that he had not passed,  
That once again on the scale he was last.  
From his shape it was plain to see  
That little time was spent in the library;  
But most of his evenings he sat in a pub  
Or in front of the T.V. with a Santoro's sub.

One made the trip, the circus he'd joined;  
He came along with a phrase he had coined,  
"To some of us, God gave brains;  
But in my body it is brawn that reigns."  
He told me at college he lacked the finesse  
To play with the Varsity but that he was best



At Society Sports where all skill decreases,  
But each society player simply his hostility releases.  
Most men wear suits, a woman, a skirt,  
But this one to church wore a sleeveless shirt  
That didn't nearly come down to his waist  
And his pants were so tight as to be in poor taste.  
Never before did I happen to see  
A person who was quite as vain as he.

A Teacher also was returning  
To this institute of higher learning  
Where four long years she'd toiled hard  
And now she was reaping her just reward.  
She'd worked her fingers to the bone  
And finally paid off her government loan.  
Though in college she spent many a day  
Studying hard and earning her pay  
She still found time to be  
A person that all would want to see.  
Though when she left she had a great debt  
She left an impression that none could forget.



There was one who at twenty-four  
Had already become an Ambassador,  
And though that seems strange to you or me  
His father is president of I T & T.  
He came to Eastern but knew very well  
That he'd be accepted at Harvard or Yale  
Not on account of his intellect  
But because he drove a cadillac.  
His talk of Europe was such a bore  
But he thought everyone wanted more  
Because everyone was afraid to offend  
And lose this most valuable friend.

A worthy woman from the city of Wrath  
Who obviously didn't care a bit about math  
But here she was three years of her life  
Looking for a man who was looking for a wife.  
She wiggled her hips in an enticing way  
And thus was offered many walks to the Bay;  
Although these trips did little yield  
She still worked hard in her chosen field.





Her sole purpose in life was a family  
And her second goal was a Mrs. Degree.  
Her skimpy clothes made her cold alot  
Though most of the time she kept the guys hot.  
When she had to get married her husband was stout,  
But within three weeks she'd tired him out.

By this time you should know  
All the members who will go  
On the pilgrimage to Wollaston.  
After our conversation ceased, the door opened  
And the church pastor was heard to say,  
"My wife and I want you all to stay  
In the parsonage for the night  
And in the morning when things are right  
You all can start your journey  
Which will take you back to E.N.C.  
And each will tell a tale which I shall ref,  
And the teller of the best shall be treated at Happy Chef.



Yes, I'll be the judge, and those who won't obey  
Shall pay for the gas used upon the way."

We all agreed and straws were drawn  
And the Ambassador picked the shortest one  
And in a cheerful style he then began  
At once to tell his tale, and thus it ran....

*Scott Mc Inturff*



## *To Sleep, Perchance To Dream*

College life has traditionally been a radical change for the young person fresh out of high school. Since his freshman year in high school, he has been told terrifying tales of "final exams" and all the hours of study required to pass them. To study properly, it is a known fact that an adequate amount of sleep is necessary. Living in a dorm of screaming Bohemians makes this a difficult, if not impossible, task.

Imagine that it's 12:30 A.M. We find our hero settling down to sleep after long hours of study. He is abruptly awakened by a mob of wild Aborigines, returning from a night out. Doors slamming, loud laughter, and inhuman screams fill the once peaceful dorm. It suddenly occurs to "sleeping beauty" that his roommate has not returned, but it's too late. The door bangs open and his roommate sweeps in with a small army of natives, triumphantly announcing that there's a "heck of a good movie on." The T.V. comes on just as Johnny Carson says "Goodnight." He pleadfully protests, "Come on, you guys, I've been studying all night and I'm tired." The warm understanding response brings tears to the sleepy eyes. "SHADDUP!!!"

His body now screams for much rest as John Wayne shoots another Indian.

Trying to sleep amid the roar of the roomful of classmates is useless. Counting things like cracks in the ceiling, the spots on the walls, sheep jumping over a



fence, how many indians bite the dust all prove fruitless in this quest for sleep. Thoughts of stretching his roommate on a rack placed strategically below a flock of vultures drift through his tired mind as Charlie Chan unravels another mysterious murder.

Finally, almost mercifully, Mr. Chan arrests the butler and the station goes off the air. Just as our hero finishes praising the Almighty, his dear roommate proclaims, "Hey, have you guys heard my new Black Sabbath album yet?" Filled with utter disbelief, he hears the vinyl disc drop to the turntable. Loud, hard rock and roll fills the room. He lifts his eyes and hands towards the heavens and cries, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The villainous roommate, having stuck a rather large knife in the back of our hero, begins to slowly twist it. "Hey, I don't have to be up until 11:10 A.M. so be quiet when you get up at 7:00, will ya?" As Black Sabbath rocks on at a very high decibel rate, the lack of sleep begins to catch up to him. He begins to hallucinate, "Is this a dagger I see before me, its' handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee that I mightest slay my roommate." \*

His head is swimming and his eyes are red and half closed. In a dream, he sees the tormentors leave the room. Jack the Ripper crawls into bed and he





realizes that a restful, much needed sleep is close at hand. He drifts off into the dream world. His subconscious senses a disturbance, soft, barely audible music. The music is accompanied by an ever loudening buzz. The realization of what is occurring hits like a slap on the face. It's the clock radio. It's seven o'clock!! Our hero drags himself from bed and crawls slowly, painfully to the bathroom. He showers shaves and dresses. Marching bravely to his first class, he begins another uneventful day as a college freshman. Go get 'em, Tiger!!

*Richard J. Messana*

\*with apologies to William Shakespeare



# *The Wollaston Tales*

## *The Prologue*

When October comes, that frosty fellow  
Who turns September's leaves to yellow  
And tells the fowls to flee away  
To yet return a latter day;  
When Old North Wind begins to blow  
So every creature looks for snow  
Which soon will come without a warning  
To whiten the earth on some crisp morning,  
And stirs creation to a heightened rage  
Then do folk long to go on pilgrimage,  
And leave their homes and lives upended  
To again return to colleges they attended.  
Especially from every part of the eastern seaboard's end  
Of the United States they to Wollaston, Massachusetts wend  
To visit the holy blessed campus, sitting so serene,  
To again cross the pious pathways of Eastern Nazarene.

\*All characters are imaginary. Any resemblance to real people is purely coincidental.



It so happened that in that season, on that day,  
In Pittsburgh at the First Church I stay  
Waiting patiently for the service to begin  
After which I would start towards Wollaston.  
About the moment the choir was to enter  
A group of persons moved to the center  
Of the sanctuary and I chanced to see  
That on all their clothes was embroidered E.N.C.  
When "Just As I Am" had finally ended  
I hurried over and this group befriended  
Who told me quickly that I should know  
That to Wollaston they sought to go  
Because "Homecoming" was drawing nigh,  
The time for the return of every alumni.  
It didn't take long for us to decide  
That together we all would ride.

Before we start I must describe  
The members of this adventurous tribe,

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles.

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18. The eighteenth part of the document is a list of names and titles.

19. The nineteenth part of the document is a list of names and titles.

20. The twentieth part of the document is a list of names and titles.

And this I trust shall not be a bother  
For there is none just like another.

To give us all a chance to grin

At the Bartender I will begin.

There was a bartender who came along

With a merry heart and boisterous song

Which though the notes were on the scale,

The tune had its origin in a glass of ale;

His smell was as that which pervaded his pub

And it did not diminish after a dip in the tub.

As we talked I gained his favor

And then he told me religion had been his major

When he first came to Quincy Bay,

The days he used to kneel and pray.

It did not take long for him to discover

That he was meant to be a lover

And chase around the wildest women

Which led to all kinds and sorts of sinning.

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## *Successful Failure*

Failing a class is an art which can be mastered by most college students. Since working towards an "F" requires little time or discipline, and no previous experience, it has become a popular pastime for many college students.

One of the most reliable methods for failing a course is non-attendance. This method calls for little originality of thought, but it is effective and avoids one's meeting of, and hence biasing of, his professor. This procedure also safeguards against the possibility of one's attending a class and discovering, to his great astonishment, that he actually enjoys it.

A second fashion by which one can fail a course is by consistent sleeping in class. This very natural method is most effective when loud snoring accompanies the slumber. Other simple variations include head-



nodding and conspicuous yawning, both of which are dependable at raising any professor's ire. For the more audacious student, there are more intricate stratagems. One plan is to sleep, and then, immediately upon awakening, to raise one's hand and request that the teacher repeat himself. If executed properly, this method will succeed in flustering the instructor and humoring one's classmates. A second scheme is to ask a question of the professor and then quickly slip into a short siesta.

The sleep method is an extremely popular one because:

1. By appearing in class one complies with the rules of attendance established by the academic committee;
2. Sleeping helps resolve the lethargic stupor of the typical college student;
3. Sleeping is readily excusable with such lines as, "I was at an all-night prayer meeting," "I ran out of Geritol," or "I am conducting a study in subconscious learning."



A procedure for flunking that any student can become an expert of effortlessly is that of being repeatedly late. In being tardy, one can demonstrate to his professor and classmates his individuality, in that he will not allow any person, especially a professor, to dictate his whereabouts at a prescribed moment. The student can rationalize to the professor about the reason for his lateness. He can relate that he has decided it is not worth getting an ulcer by rushing to be to class on time and can quote the proverb, "Haste makes waste." Also, by rushing, the student would miss the climax of his class period when he struts flauntily in, one hour late.

Not only should one be late to class, but one should also be certain that no assignment is turned in on time. This is most easily accomplished by waiting until you are in the mood to do an assignment. In this way your work will never be completed on time, if at all.



The means of failing a course which is the most entertaining and requires the most ingenuity is antagonizing the professor. If consummated correctly, this method can be by far the most effective of all. A group of peers sitting together in the classroom situation can make this the ideal method. However, in such a group one must be careful not to just be identified only as "one of the cliché", in which case one might earn only a "D". Rather, one must strive to be the initiator of such a group and, whenever possible, to be the center of attention, upstaging fellow classmates and the professor. Bringing numerous copies of "The Boston Globe," "Mad Magazine," or "Playboy" should suffice to thoroughly thwart even the most good-natured P.H.D.'s attempts to teach a class. An evident imitation of the professor could cause a cool-headed doctorate to lose his self-control.





The more introverted student has at his disposal a large barrage of gimmicks to antagonize his instructor. Basket weaving, paper folding, or knitting may prove to be enough of a distraction to cause the professor to charge out of the classroom. For one with artistic talent, an autographed caricature of the professor can easily disrupt the class and antagonize the teacher, especially if each student laughs obnoxiously loud as he sees it. An alert student can ask questions which are suggestive or unanswerable and watch with a sense of satisfaction as the professor stumbles over them. However, one must avoid the pitfall of contemplating too long in making up such questions or one may find his brain getting into a habit of thinking.

Any person can be caught helplessly in the rut of passing a course. However, only a person who is slightly motivated can master the sophisticated art of failing a course.

*Scott M. Centurff*

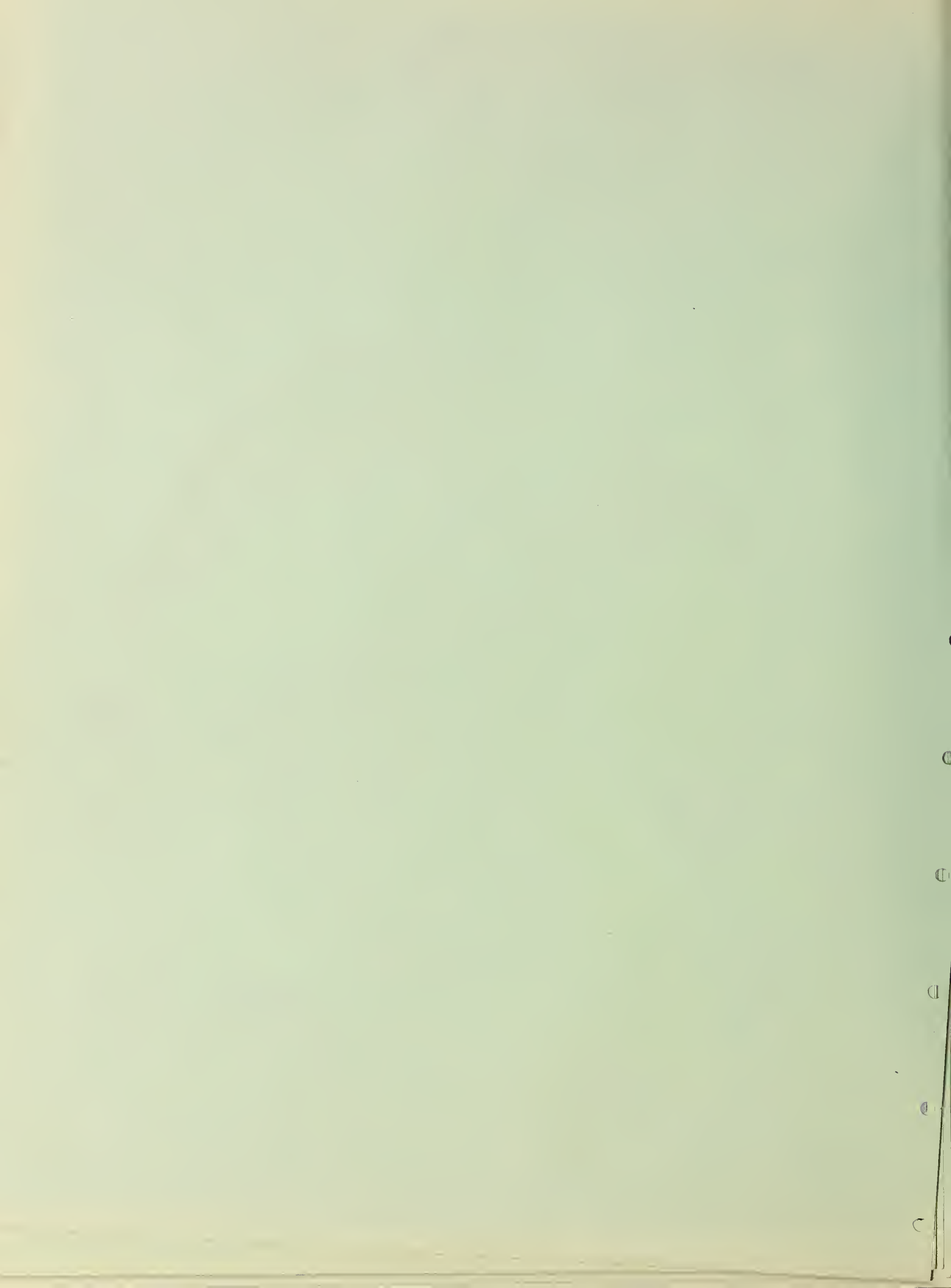


A Time  
for  
PEACE

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# *A Time For Peace*

A time for peace some day we'll find when we can call  
each man our bro-ther

And love with all our hearts and understand with all our minds

Some day there'll be a special per - son just for me

Whom I will love 'til the end of time.

A world like a carnival exciting and fun filled:

That is the way it ought to be. --

With ev'ry one hap - py, laugh-ing, forget-ting some of their  
problems for a while.

BUT MOST OF ALL,

I want a world where man will lis--ten to others' suffer-ings  
and help to bring them some so-lu-tions.

Love, not preju-dice should be the force to guide us.

In God we'll put all our hope and trust.

Come, let us sing a song of friend-ship.

Come, let us sing a song of love and peace,

Let it come into our hearts so we may live in har-mo-ny  
at least.





Oh come, let us sing a song of good times.  
Come, let us sing farewell to war we'll have no more.

A world like a carnival excit-ing and fun-filled.

That is the way it ought to be.--

With ev'ry one hap-py, laughing, for-get-ting some of their  
problems for a while.

But this I know can never be  
'cause men will ne-ver be free of fear and hate  
when they're un-sure of their fate.

I hope I'm not right  
and that some day  
that we just might find peace of mind  
before the end of time.

*Valerie Russo*



*A Time  
to  
Sing*









*Lord, Won't You Guide Me?*

1. Lord, won't you guide me?

So the way I'll know.

Lord, won't you guide me?

And take away this load.

Lord, won't you guide me?

You're the One I need,

FOR, Only You can know my heart,

Only You can cleanse each part.

Only You help me make a new start.

2. Lord, please stay close to me,

Through troubled times ahead,

Lord, please stay close to me,

Let me remember all you've said,

Lord, please stay close to me,

In my heart I pray.





Oh, Never let the day dawn that I'd forget  
Never let the day come that I'd regret.  
Never let the day find me without YOU!

3. Lord, will you lead me?  
Lead me, oh please,  
Lord, will you lead me,  
In your Hands are the keys,  
Lord, will you lead me,  
Lead me home to YOU.

FOR, Only YOU can know my heart,  
Only YOU can cleanse each part,  
Only YOU can help me make a new start.

(Go back to verse 1, up to):

You're the One I need,  
You're the One I need!!

*Sue Marlatt*



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# Superlatives

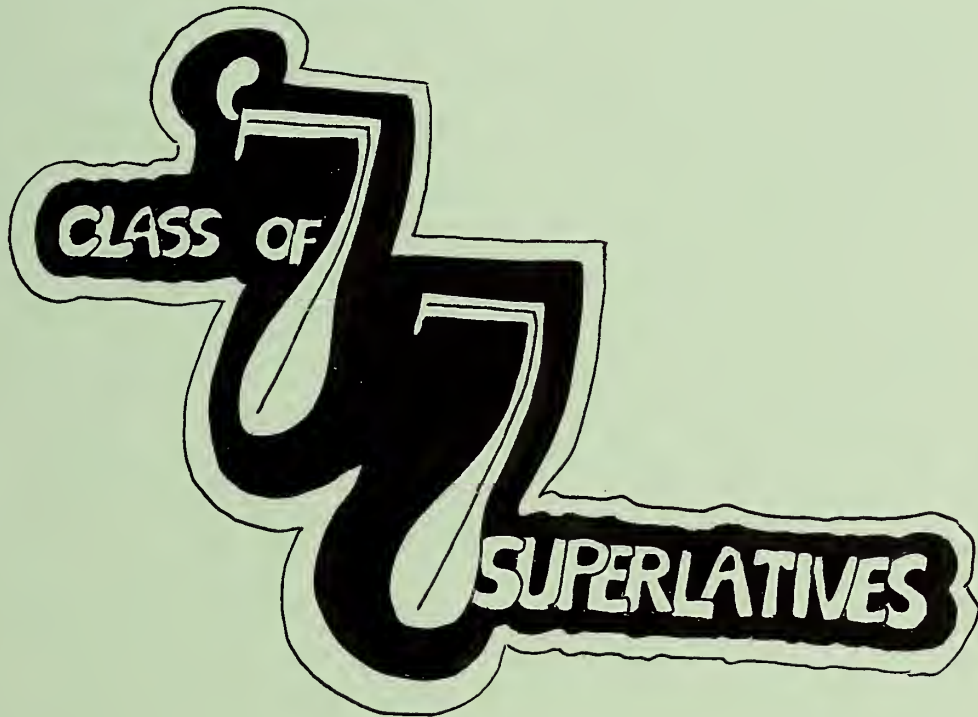
Best Looking . . . . .	Gloria Terry Jeff Lilja
Best Dressed . . . . .	Debbie Scott Jeff Lilja
Class Clowns . . . . .	Debbie Beckelman Bob Evans
Most Likely to Succeed . . . . .	Brenda Keys Alan Scott
Class Flirts . . . . .	Debbie Vandiver Barry Purdy
Most Athletic . . . . .	Gen Beck Gordie Wetmore
Quietest . . . . .	Tamara Tietze Sidney Smith
Class Sweethearts . . . . .	Beth Watson Alan Scott
Most Intellectual . . . . .	Brenda Keys Steven "Barney" Smith
Most Talented . . . . .	Joy Gantert Ed Johnson
Most Sarcastic . . . . .	Marion Rinehart Corey Akeley



Friendliest . . . . . Regina Warner  
Bob Evans

Most Talkative . . . . . Debbie Beckelman

Most School Spirit . . . . . Gen Beck







*Freshmen~  
Class of '77*



# CLASS of 1977

BECKY ABBOTT  
RONALD AHLQUIST  
COREY AKELEY  
WAYNE ALLEN  
BRYANT ANDERSON  
CHRISTINE ANDERSON  
DEBORAH ANNIS  
ALAMREW ASSEFA  
DALE AUSTIN  
ENILDO AVILA  
WILLIAM BAILEY  
JOHN BAKER  
KENTON BAKER  
DAVID BALL  
DEBRA BAUN  
RUTH BEAUDRY  
GENEVIEVE BECK  
DEBRA BECKELMAN  
JEAN BERLINGUET  
CYNTHIA BERRY  
DEBORAH BILLINGS LEA  
CYNTHIA BITTERS  
DEBRA BLANK  
DAVID BOHALL  
KENNETH BOWEN  
BRUCE BRASWELL  
GARY BRENNAN  
DEBORAH BROWN  
JOHN BROWN  
MICHAEL BURDICK  
DANIEL CALCATERRA

BRUCE CALE  
ROY CALEY  
ROBERTA CAMPBELL  
CATHERINE CARMICHAEL  
NANCY CHAMBELLAN  
VALERIE CHAMBERS  
CONNIE CHARLES  
BEVERLY CHATFIELD  
JACQUELINE CLARK  
ORAL CLEMENTS  
MICHAEL CNOSSEN  
RONALD COLE  
RONALD CONKLIN  
IDAMAE CONNER  
KENNETH CONSTANTINE  
SHARON CONSTANTINE  
DOUGLAS COUSINS  
ELLEN COUSINS  
CHARLENE COVE  
GLEN CRAWFORD  
JULIA CRESSWELL  
HELEN CRUICKSHANKS  
DENNIS CUSHING  
SUSAN DARLING  
BARBARA DAVIS  
DONN DAVIS  
GARTH DAVIS  
STEVEN DAVIS  
BETTY DECASTRO  
DONNA DELLO RUSSO  
JOSEPH DEROBERTS



STEVEN DEZOTELL  
JACKSON DILL  
ROSEMARIE DOANE  
STEPHANIE DOHANIAN  
DINA DOODY  
DAVID DOUGLAS  
SHERRIE DRINKARD  
MYRON DUNN  
CAROLE DURFEE  
CHRISTINE EATON  
PAMELA ELAM  
MARK EMERY  
DEBORAH ENGLAND  
PAUL EVANS  
PAULA FASSER  
LAURA FERREIRA  
MARY FERRIS  
ANN FINNIE  
JAMES FOLEY  
DAVIDA FREER  
JAMES FRENS  
CONNIE FUHRMAN  
RICHARD GAMAGE  
CAROLYN GANTERT  
HARRY GIRTING  
EDWARD GOMEZ  
DOUGLAS GOODWORTH  
LYNETTE GOPAUL  
PAUL GRESHAM  
KEITH GRISWOLD  
DIANE GUNSALUS

MARGARET HALL  
DIANA HAMBY  
WILLIAM HARDIN  
THOMAS HARVEY  
BETH HASKELL  
DEBORAH HASTINGS  
TIMOTHY HAWK  
MAVERET HAYWARD  
JOANN HEAVNER  
GARY HELFRICH  
DAVID HESPELL  
REBECCA HILDERBRAND  
ALLEN HOUSTON  
SHARON HOWARD  
KATHLEEN HUGHES  
MARK HURD  
CATHERINE INGLAND  
DEBRA JACKMAN  
IRENE JACKSON  
RONALD JACKSON  
LARRY JOHANSEN  
FLOYD JOHN  
CHERYL JOHNS  
EDWARD JOHNSON  
EDWIN JOHNSON  
SHARON JOHNSON  
SHIRLEY JOHNSON  
ALAN JONES  
ROBERT JORDAN  
KATHLEEN KALISH  
LINDA KEIM





LOIS KELVINGTON  
BRIAN KERN  
BRENDA KEYS  
BETHANY KIERSTEAD  
MARJORIE KISH  
DEBORAH KITCHEN  
CHRISTINE KNEPPER  
KATHERYN KNOWLES  
DAVID KOHR  
JOYCE KOHR  
NANCY KORNBAU  
DELBERT LABELLE  
LESTER LACOMBE  
DWIGHT LANDERS  
RUTH LANE  
NANCY LARKIN  
GLENN LARSEN  
DOUGLAS LAY  
DEBORAH LENHART  
MICHAEL LEONARD  
JEFFREY LILJA  
CHERYL LINCOLN  
NANCY LINDSTROM  
DEBORAH LINSDAY  
MICHAEL LORD  
FRANKLIN LOWE  
TIMOTHY LYNCH  
JANE MACPHERSON  
TIMOTHY MCCLUNG  
RALPH MCFARLAND  
SCOTT MCINTURFF

PRISCILLA MCNEELY  
APRIL MCNEILL  
JEAN MACCHI  
PAUL MADTES  
PAULA MAGLIOCHETTI  
ARTHUR MAGNUSON  
BRYAN MARKS  
SUSAN MARLATT  
PAT MARLOWE  
DONNA MARSHALL  
JAMES MASON  
LEO MAVRELES  
ANTHONY MEIDANIS  
RICHARD MESSANA  
PAULA METCALF  
DIANE MIDDLETON  
PETER MILLER  
PHILIP MILLER  
RUTH MILLER  
WESLEY MILLER  
KATHLEEN MORRELL  
MICHAEL MORRILL  
SHARON MORSE  
PAMELA MURPHY  
LINDA MYERS  
FRANK NEMETH  
JAMES NEILSON  
BEVERLY NOLAN  
DEAN NOWLAND  
DEBRA OLIFF  
ROGER ORR



FRANKLIN OSGOOD  
DIANA PAIGE  
MARK PAULEY  
CHARLES PENDLETON  
WILLIAM PERRY  
DEBRA POST  
RICHARD PRAHL  
IRVING PRITCHETT  
BARRY PURDY  
THEODORE RAABE  
LUCY RAKER  
DONALD REED  
MARION RHINEHART  
KATHY RHULE  
GARY RICKEY  
STEPHEN RHINES  
RONA ROBERTSON  
JOHN RODMAN  
JOHN ROLER  
SHARON ROMEO  
RICHARD ROUSE  
MICHELLE RUSSO  
VALERIE RUSSO  
ALI SADEGHI  
JAMES SAINSBURY  
DONALD SALISBURY  
NANCY SALISBURY  
ELIZABETH SCHMIDT  
LORELEI SCHMITT  
EDWARD SCHOENLY

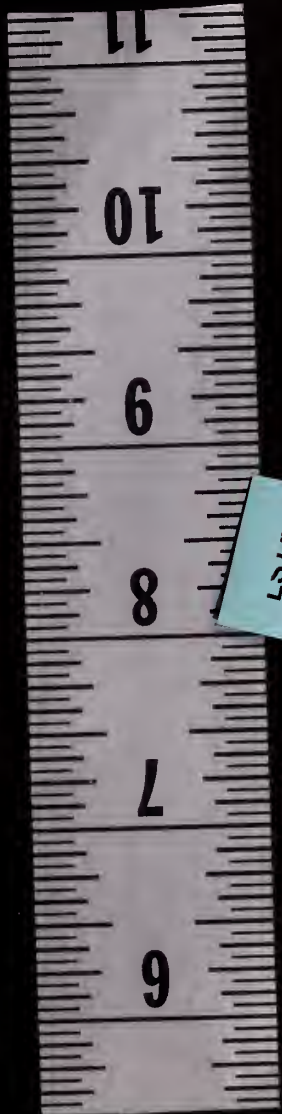
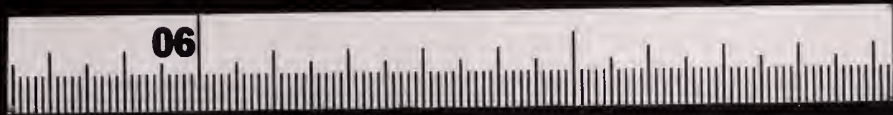
ALAN SCOTT  
DEBORAH SCOTT  
PAUL SHELP  
LYNN SHEVEL  
THOMAS SHREFFLER  
ROBIN SHUCK  
NANCY SHUTE  
PAMELA SIBBALD  
MANUEL SILVA  
RICHARD SIMONS  
CAROLYN SLUSS  
STEPHEN SMITH  
SYDNEY SMITH  
TERRY SMITH  
KENYON SNAVELY  
KENNETH STANFORD  
JOHN STANLEY  
LERAЕ STANTON  
KAREN STEELE  
LEE STEWART  
STEPHEN STILES  
LINDA TEAGUE  
SANDRA TEAGUE  
CONSTANCE TEMM  
GLORIA TERRY  
DONNA THOMPSON  
JOANN THOMPSON  
TAMRA TIETZE  
GREGORY TITUS  
DEBRA TROUP



MARK TUORI  
WILLIAM UMBEL  
DEBORAH VANDIVER  
LOWELL VAUGHAN  
STEVEN VIGNEAUX  
CAROL VON FRICKEN  
STEPHEN WALLACE  
REGINA WARNER  
RANDY WASHBURN  
ELIZABETH WATSON  
CARLTON WEST  
GORDON WETMORE  
SUSAN WHITE  
MARK WHITNEY  
CAROL WILLIAMS  
JUANITA WILLINGHAM  
GLENDON WILLS  
LOIS WILSON  
YVONNE WILSON  
APRIL WILTSE  
JAMES WOODWARD  
DONALD YATES







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