

GREENBOOK

1959



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GREENBOOK

1959

That Others May
Know Our Thoughts

DEDICATION



To you, Mr. Greg Larkin:

Because of friendship rendered,
of faith exemplified,
of confidence shown, and
of seeing in youth the
potential goodness of Christ,
we affectionately and gratefully
dedicate this GREENBOOK of 1959.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT



The editor wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness
to Professor Spangenberg, SILENT PARTNER,
whose assistance and faith
helped move this GREENBOOK.





EDITORIAL



There is no better time than NOW
to think on life's patterns and of "the world and
all they that dwell therein" for we are

Not existing, but LIVING

Through GOD -

for He is the heart of our faith and
the source of our strength.
"Even youths shall faint and be weary,
and young men shall fall exhausted;
but they who wait for the Lord
shall renew their strength . . ."
We have only to put our hand in God's
to know that He IS life.

Through EDUCATION -

for it is the bridge connecting us with others,
with good, and with God.
Because we have felt the touch of Christ,
education means higher standards, Christian
convictions, disciplined thinking, and
clear purposes.
May we be not only recipients but transmitters as
we, too, increase "in wisdom and in stature."

Through Progress -

for days take on new dimensions with splitting atoms
and explorations of sea and space.
But, is man's heart dispensing sensitivity and good
will as rapidly or prolifically as is his
research producing scientific advancement?
"And when these things begin to pass, then look up,
and lift up your heads; for your redemption
draweth nigh."

Pauline Webster



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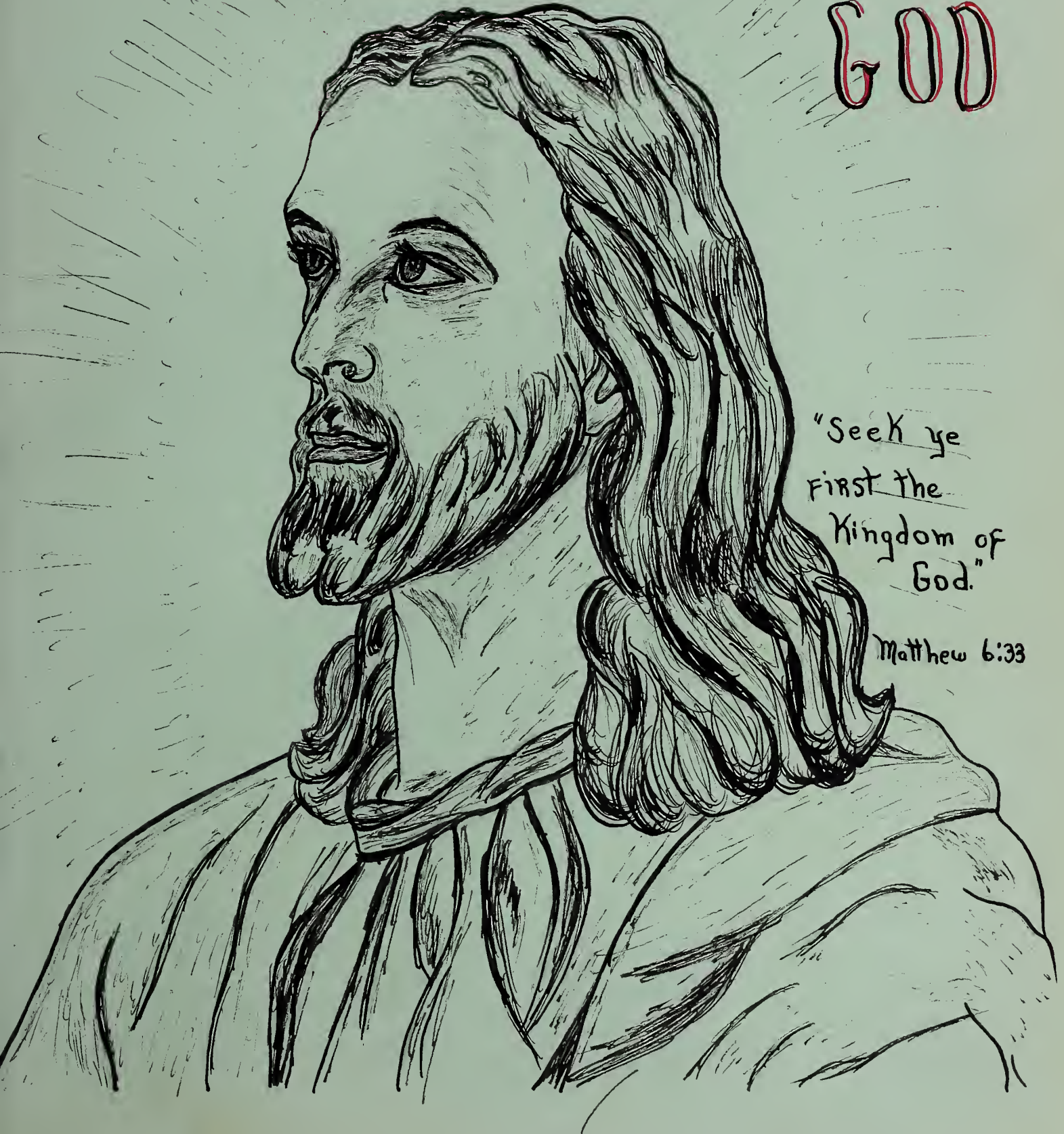
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Living

Through

GOD



"Seek ye
first the
Kingdom of
God."

Matthew 6:33

WHAT PROTESTANTISM MEANS TO ME

Protestantism is the religious path I eagerly walk
searching, seeking,
and finding God.

Yes! I search and find -
I, a youth in my teens.

The path is bright, uncluttered.
Protestantism draws me on!
My vision is clear, my step sure,
and so I walk unafraid.

Early, and certainly not by chance, I meet a young Galilean -
Jesus, the man
and Christ, the risen Son of God.

He speaks.
My heart listens.
Then, somehow suddenly I find my hand clasped in His.
The spillway opens, love pours forth, and I hear the words:
"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

Through the wonderful God-goodness of Christ I see the Father -
the head of the Christian family.
For it is the Master of Nazareth, above all others,
who reveals God to me.

I learn of the sovereignty of God -
of His love for the sparrow and
the lily of the field
and for me!

I learn that God is accessible -
that direct communication with Him is possible
and truly mine
just for the praying!

I learn, too, that it is God's "good pleasure"
to give me assurance, for Jesus said:
"And I will pray the Father, and he will give you
another Counselor, to be with you forever, even the
Spirit of truth"
This I believe!

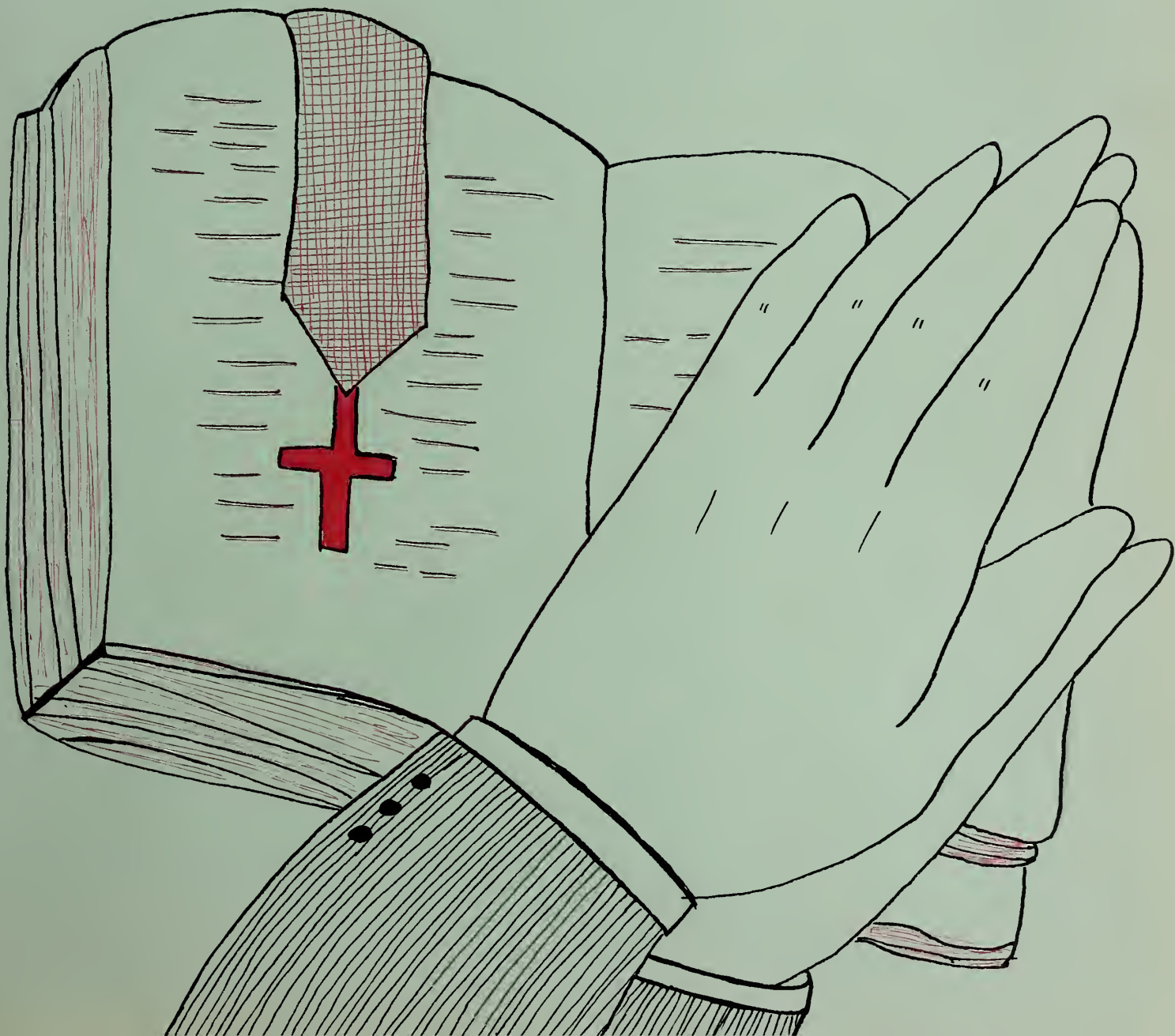
It is a challenge to my faith and a strength to my youth
to have been taught so kindly the ways of God.
Knowledge, inspiration, service, and guidance are mine,
for the path of Protestantism points like an arrow
to an open Bible -
the pages of which I myself may turn, read,
and interpret.
How privileged I am!

So, with eagerness and trust, I travel this road of Faith
knowing that at God's feet I may lay not only heartaches,
but joys and tender moments, too.

Truly, I have found an everlasting Friend as I follow
the young Galilean who teaches me to love my fellow man
and to walk humbly with my God.

Yes! I search and find -
I, a youth in my teens.

Pauline Heister





COUNTED BUT LOSS



"How about playing basketball with the team on Friday night? We are having practice tonight at 8:00 o'clock." What has happened to our discipline? College students seem to find plenty of time for things they like to do: an hour-long chat with a friend, a game of tennis, a walk in the evening, a prolonged lunch hour. Then there is time for dating, pulling pranks and participating in various school activities. College should be the setting in which we present the act of maturing. How disappointed and displeased God must be with the little time we give to Him! We rush through the day's activities doing things we enjoy, but without taking time to thank the One who gave us the day. We thrive on food for our bodies, knowledge as well as gossip for our minds; but we neglect the most important, food for our souls. We don't take time to pray nor do we take time to read the Word of God. Of what value is life if we neglect our soul's need? The days rush by, and the years, and that precious time is lost forever. Not only have we robbed ourselves, but we have not given our best to other people, nor to God. What a waste our lives can be unless we learn discipline!

Helen J. Chilcote



" . . . AND THE DARKNESS HE CALLED NIGHT"

The night has its twinkling stars, its glowing moon, and its gray clouds. The night has its strange and beautiful sounds such as the tapping of the crickets, the croaking of the frogs, the pattering of the squirrels, the hooting of the owls, the whining of a lonely dog, the rustling of the wind in the trees. The night has its deep, penetrating silence heavy with the presence of God. One feels a growing sense of peace and calmness with the Heavenly Father. One harbors an unceasing feeling of wonder and smallness as one contemplates the Creator of the night, infinite and all-powerful.

Then one becomes as a little child and asks the questions that he did then, the same questions that have secretly haunted him all his life. Where is God? Where did He come from? How did He make the earth? Each question leads to another until one is overcome with so great a reverence for the Almighty that He comes close and whispers through the rustling and the stillness. He smiles through every twinkle and glow of the sky. And in those precious moments God speaks to man.

Hours pass and soon the glowing moon slips away unnoticed; the twinkling stars melt into a soft yellow glow that begins to fill the pale gray sky. The night with all its wonder passes away as the sky is filled with clear, blending tones of yellow, oranges, and reds. Suddenly the sun bursts into glory, bringing with it a promise of something

new, a new beginning, a fresh opportunity.

"And God saw the light, that it was good . . . :and
God called the light day, and the darkness He called Night."

Elaine Coleman



OUR CHURCH AS I SEE IT

A visitor to Arlington, Virginia, viewing the Calvary Church of the Nazarene for the first time, would no doubt comment on its beauty, its modern design, its well-chosen location, the illuminated cross, its blacktopped driveway and parking lot, and its spacious, sloping lawn. I, too, see the beauty of church and surroundings, but I am not a visitor. I see more.

When I look at the large, modern, three-year old red brick building, I see, first of all, the home of a hard-working Nazarene congregation, and remember the toil and sweat of scores of volunteer laborers. I see the co-operation and unselfish devotion of a non-Christian building contractor. I see the badly-needed pay checks of working wives and mothers. I can see the donated labor of workmen - some skilled, some not skilled, but yet willing. I see the top-quality building material sold to us at a substantial discount by interested local building concerns. I see long evenings of hard work followed by coffee and doughnuts in the parsonage. I see the sacrificial giving of a congregation of about two hundred Nazarenes who realized that their former small, shabby building was inadequate. I can detect God's mighty Hand in shaping the plans, erecting, and blessing those concerned.

The visitor who admires the white cross, illuminated by spotlights and overlooking the city, does not know its full meaning.

Each one of us in the congregation remembers when our pastor's wife rode out to the barren hill on which the new church was to be built. As she looked up at the hill, she could think only of Calvary and its meaning. She then envisioned the Cross and

received a great blessing from God. Hence, the church was given its name, and a stately cross now adorns the church. The hill itself was ours through a near-miracle. God must have wanted our church to be set upon that hill in a strategic part of the city, for He made it possible for us to purchase that lot.

The shrubbery and beautiful flowers are the combined result of a church member's agricultural skill and his desire to beautify the grounds around the church. The vines were recently bought and planted by individual members of the church.

Our problem of paving the parking lot and driveway was solved by the non-Christian building contractor who generously donated this service, free of charge, as his Easter gift to the church.

Walking inside, the visitor would behold more beauty. He would exclaim about the modern, light-colored furnishings in the main auditorium, the thick carpet with matching draperies, the large organ, the long altar, the new hymnals. In the summer, he would feel the air conditioning. Looking up, he would see the five sets of huge beams supporting the super-structure. This beauty, too, has its own history and its own meaning.

The pulpit furniture was purchased by individual members of the church. The carpet was paid for by pledges in order to make ready for our dedication in June, 1957. A group of church women, including my own mother, worked long hours over the drapes. I can remember about six years ago when we bought our much-needed, big Hammond organ, after a long drive for pledges, and proudly placed it in our old, small church. That organ has special meaning for me. I remember how nervous I was when I played it for the services. The willingness of our people to give and give is

astounding. Somehow they always manage to come through whenever their help is needed. People of the city marvel that such a small congregation built such a large church.

Our altar may be just a piece of furniture to the casual observer. But, to me, it is the most important part of the building. I have watched friends and loved ones as they knelt at this altar and prayed earnestly. Many have received definite and wonderful victory. At this altar young people have been called into various fields of Christian service. In the future, perhaps more will be called. Here backsliders have entered the fold once again. Newcomers have found the joy of salvation. Here, I myself have often knelt and renewed my own relationship with Christ.

There are more objects which would impress the visitor. Each probably has some sacrifice and love behind it. Each symbol of this selfless, Christ-like, devoted, consecrated Love makes up a part of our church. The entire building was provided for by people who have a desire to see God's kingdom grow. And through their sacrifice, the church is growing, evangelism is spreading, and souls are finding God. Some things the visitor does not see.

Jay Smith



MY PICTURE

Let me paint you a picture, a picture of calm, a picture of serenity. For the canvas we will use the heart and the colors will be made from words.

The backdrop is the gentle rolling hills of southern Ohio. Here the meadows are green and the pines point their fragrant fingers at the sky, as if to pick the diamonds out of the black blanket of night and to seek out every ray of the sun by day.

The old trees have secret conversations at even. They whisper softly that I might not hear, but I listen closely and hear them speak of wondrous things, of precious drops of dew, of sparrows that nest in their arms.

Through these pines a narrow brown path wanders in and out. Past a sapphire pool and down to the green meadow it meanders, taking its time through the nodding field-daises and gracious Queen Anne's lace, and neatly sidesteps a gopher hole. It curves in under the sighing green willows and returns to view again over near the stately English hedges. It hesitates at the edge of the meadow, decides, then goes on. The tall grasses grow close to the edge of the path and their sweet rustle charms all who go along this friendly road.

Yet this is not the heart of my picture. It is but the background.

There in the midst of the woods close to the meadows and the pines lies a small Catholic Convent. The granite and brick buildings are ivy-clad and a diminutive church-yard hugs the side of the chapel.

In the quietness of surrounding beauty the nuns find a cool

and silent respite from their meditation.

The convent is located in the center of the woods and the chapel spires reach high above the pines, pointing the way to heaven.

In the still of the morning, the grasses and the trees cease their whispering and listen to the solemn chant of a high mass. The young voices and the old mingle in devotion just as they have for centuries previous. Since the fifth century Catholic hearts have reechoed the same words and still they are beautiful and new each time they are sung.

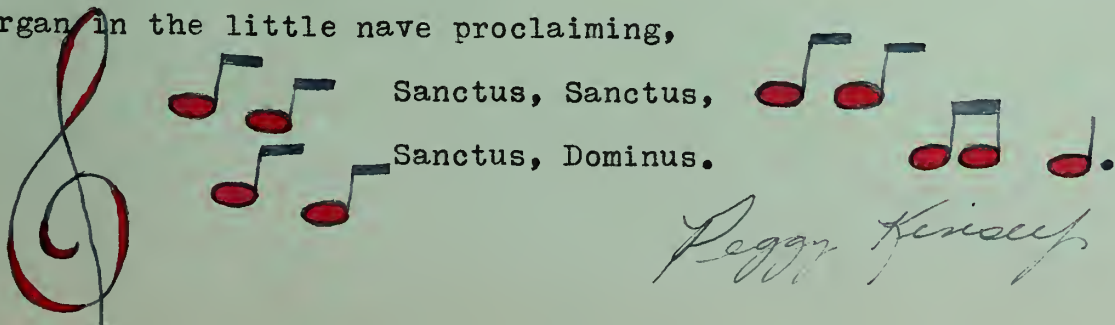
Somehow it all belongs here, the ancient trees, and the ancient customs, the soft rustle of the grasses, the softer rustle of black habits, the pine's whisper, the barely audible sound of voices repeating the rosary.

During the tranquility of the afternoon you can hear the restrained laughter of the nuns working side by side in the garden plot or field. The air is heavy with this happy sound as the nuns find joy in the plain but beautiful things in life.

In the gloaming, the vespers float across the still air to haunt your memory and excite your imagination with thoughts of other centuries, other vespers, other sweet, silent figures in black.

Here in the heart of my picture lies the heart of life, the service of love.

And as I lean back from my picture frame, the window, to meditate on this, I hear again the vibrant tones of the pipe organ in the little nave proclaiming,



THIS I BELIEVE-----

It is good for man to stop in the midst of his hectic, everyday life and set down in an organized manner exactly what he believes. It is not only good, but it is necessary.

And so, this I believe-----

I believe that behind this universe, sitting in the control seat, is a Personal Power. This Personal Power is in charge of the universe because it is His creation. "For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods." This Personal Power chose not only to create the universe and humankind, as we know it, but to identify Himself with His creation by means of His own son, Jesus Christ. Jesus Himself stated His purpose for coming to this earth in human flesh, and occupying a human body, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The Personal Power, called God, chose to further identify Himself with His creation through the sending of His own Holy Spirit. "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."

I believe in the freedom to worship God, although not as a small schoolboy put it one day. When asked by his history teacher to name one of the four freedoms, he replied, "Freedom from worship."

It is my opinion that each person on this terrestrial ball is born with the desire to worship something or someone higher than himself. Whether he calls the object that he worships God depends on whether or not he has been reached by a God-worshipping religion.

We seem to have the wrong idea about worship. Worship, according to Webster, means "act of paying divine honors to

a deity; religious reverence and homage." We almost expect God to bless us with a warm feeling or sensation when we worship him, and which He sometimes does. But this must not be the reason for our worship. True worship should spring from a heart made whole by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ and made pure by the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit; a heart aware of the hopelessness of its condition without God; a heart desiring to give praise and adoration to the Holy God by whom all things were made; "and without him was not any thing made that was made."

I believe that God has a plan for each created being of His, even for me. This plan can be discovered through prayer, the Holy Word of God and the Holy Spirit of God. God has called us to follow Him and He will not lead us into confusion, but into the clear light of His perfect will.

I believe in the inspiration of the Word of God. I follow not this modern theory that the Bible cannot be the Word of God because it was written by human hands. God, in times past, revealed Himself in ways that our finite minds cannot comprehend. Just because men today are not writing books that become part of the Sacred Canon does not mean that the texts written many years ago are not the inspired Word of God. I believe that assurance of salvation, assurance of peace of mind and heart, assurance of life after death and assurance of God Himself are all to be found in Holy Writ.

I believe that if my creed is wrong, God, who has His abode within my heart, will guide me into all truth.

Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief.

Beth Albert



PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

Four years ago one of those unforgettable incidents which teaches an important and unforgettable lesson came into my life.

It was fall revival time at our church. One crisp Sunday night after our evangelistic service, our pastor and a few of us young people were talking about our oncoming revival. We youth were discouraged, for we knew that our hearts were not prepared for the revival. Our relationships with Christ had become dull and automatic; Christ had become unreal and distant. When we told this to our pastor, he suggested that we stay a while and pray about our problems. Our hearts were so hungry that we decided to do just that. We did not realize then what God had in store for us.

That supposedly short prayer meeting lasted all night. Each one of us prayed until he had complete victory. We went home the next morning with our heads in the clouds, went to school with our heads in the clouds, and went to our beginning revival service that night with our heads still in the clouds. Our speaker was a converted drunkard with a ringing testimony and a stirring message.

No one was saved that night, and our hearts became burdened for the other youth of our Church who did not have the same joy that we had. We stayed after that service to pray about that new burden. That was the beginning of a series of similar prayer meetings. God came in our midst as a result, and our altar was lined each night with

young people who after receiving victory, joined our group to pray for those who had not yet yielded to Christ.

One night at our prayer meeting, a young wife and mother was healed. She had just gone through a severe operation, and the incision was not healing properly. God touched her! Her eyes filled with tears that streamed down her flushed cheeks and moistened them with a Godly glow. Her husband was so thankful and happy that he jumped up from the altar onto the top of the first pew. He jumped from one pew to the other on the very top until he reached the midway section of the Church. Through all of that their small baby slept soundly.

That was one miracle performed as a result of prayer and obedience to God. Perhaps the greater miracle performed was the transformation of the lives of thirty young people who fell in love with Jesus Christ during those few days.

I learned a lesson from that experience. I learned that prayer changes things, that obedience to God is not tedious but is desirable and rewarding, and that one can find complete satisfaction if he loves the Lord with all his heart.

Eloise Coleman



THE EXISTENCE AND NATURE OF GOD

Man needs only to look about him to see the unique order and harmony in the universe. The white fluffy clouds in the sky, the beauty in the foliage of plants, and all the many different varieties of plants and animals lead him to the conclusion that these things could not have come into being of themselves. The universe must have had a creator. We shall call the creator God.

We may try to prove the existence of God by the evidence of the cosmological argument. The earth is the effect of something. To have an effect you must have a cause. In order to have a cause you must have something or someone to create the cause.

We may try to prove the existence of God by the evidence of the teleological argument. This is one of the oldest ways of trying to prove Him. This argument states "that there are adaptations of means to ends in the universe, and that these show purpose or design, and hence a designing or intelligent mind".

Only a few blocks from our campus is something that should prove the existence of God. That is the tides at the bay. The tide is the result of gravitational pull of moon and sun. As the moon revolves and the earth turns, the tidal bulge moves around the earth. It certainly took a great and supreme Creator or Designer to create such a

wonderful thing.

A few weeks ago I visited Nantasket, and viewed the ocean waves. Waves are caused by the winds, whose steady push gives the water its rolling motion. As the waves go up and down and come closer, they seem to grow higher and higher until they reach the shallow water near the shore. The waves come roaring, rushing, and gushing up onto the rocky beach spraying a fine vaporous mist. The rising motion reminded me of something with terrific power, but this power was harnessed as the waves came and beat on the shore. The falling motion reminded me of waterfalls. As I stood there on the rocks I realized that there had to be a Supreme God to design what I was witnessing.

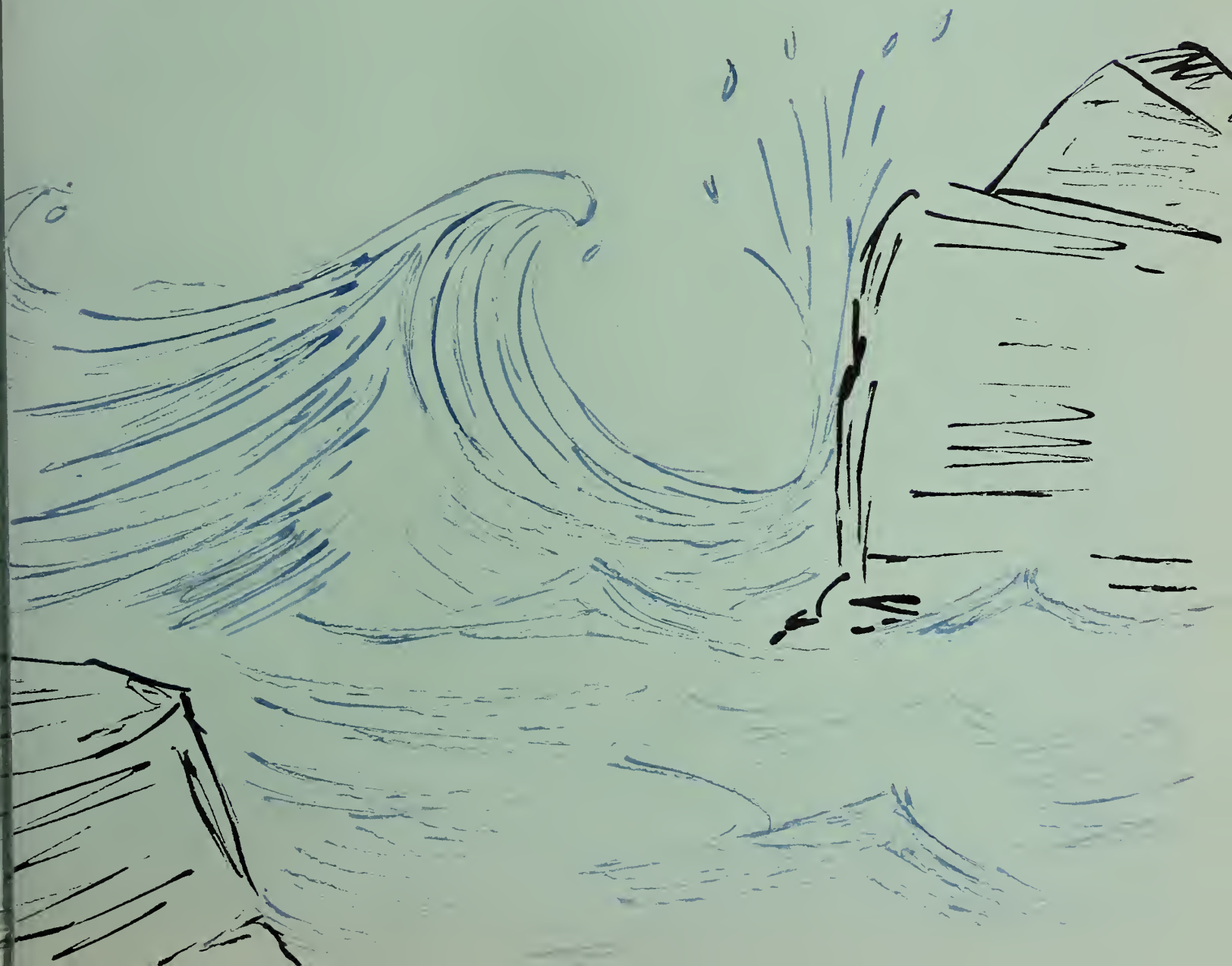
We may try to prove the existence of God by a moral argument. Man has a conscience which marks the distinction between right and wrong. A conscience is what makes man responsible and accountable. Man is conscious of a God, but man's mind cannot comprehend just exactly what or who God is. Man has often disobeyed God, but he is nearly always trying to please God. Man worships God but he also fears God. Man has the desire in his heart to worship a God and he wants to be good.

By the evidences of the cosmological argument, the teleological argument, the moral argument, and the reality of God in my life I know that God exists.

I know that God exists, but I can not describe His nature. I serve a God whose nature is indescribable. I wouldn't

serve a God that I fully understood, because then I would be greater than God. I serve a God that is higher and greater than I can realize when I am thinking about Him at my best.

Jim Huggins



THEORY versus FAITH

When I was three weeks old, I was taken to church for the first time. When I was a little older, my parents dedicated me to God. The church has been my second home.

As I have grown older, I have met people who know very little about Christ. Many do not even care that there is a Christ. It has been hard for me to understand those who have no interest in the spiritual realm of life, or in the world to come. Where their values lie in life, I do not know.

I had a chemistry teacher in summer school this past year who said he was an agnostic. And I truly believe he was. I have never met a man who was so bitter about spiritual things.

My chemistry book states, "All biologists and most laymen believe in the biological evolution." I asked my chemistry teacher if he believed this. He said, "Of course I believe it. I would be stupid not to."

He spoke for three or four minutes about the biological evolution. Then he began to discuss religion. He said, "If Jesus Christ is the Son of God, I am too." And then he laughed.

He said, "I'm a chemist. You have to prove things to me."

I then said, "You believe in an atom, but you have never seen one."

"Yes, but I have proof that there are atoms," he answered.

"I have proved Christ is real in my life, also," I replied, "for I have given up many things and done others which I could not have done before I accepted Christ."

My instructor then began talking about Judaism. He said the

Old Testament is just a history of the Jews. He laughed at the deity of God.

As he continued talking, his bitterness grew. He declared, "When I die, I'll be dead eighty billion years, yea ninety. Add ten, subtract fifteen - I couldn't care less."

After this remark, I remained silent.

He paused for a few seconds and then added, "Man has always been able to escape his environment; after death will be no exception."

He knew his Bible well. He could not only quote scripture, but he also had the life of Christ down "pat".

He laughed at the virgin birth of Christ. He said the idea was taken from an older religion (which he named). He said that Judas Iscariot did not betray Christ, but rather Christ betrayed Judas. He explained that Judas was the treasurer of the group. He told how Judas told the people that his Christ was the Son of God, and that He had all the angels in heaven behind him. But then Christ, the mighty Christ, did nothing to save himself!

I do not believe I ever felt more defeated in all my life than I did that night. I walked out of the school building with a knot in my stomach.

If that knot in my stomach was due to my failure to reach one man, it also served to heighten my appreciation of my own circumstances. I have Christian parents. I believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of the Living God. I believe that Christ was born of the Virgin Mary and rose from the dead. Faith, not theory, makes me a Christian.



David
Lynch

It Snowed Last Night

I saw snow last night, a kind of snow that I had never seen before. The snow sifted down from heaven and the unseen clouds above just as the dust particles fall to earth from outer space. It seemed as if the flakes were nearly as small as dust particles. The flakes fell on the long driveway, on the roof of the cement tool house, on the two acres of lawn. They fell on the pine trees, on the long blades of grass and dried ferns in the field that slopes away from the house and ends only when it reaches the surrounding woodland.

It had begun to snow just before lunch and it became apparent, by late afternoon, that all of nature was getting ready for its heavy winter coat of snow. Outside the dining room window the chickadees seemed to be dodging the flakes of snow as they darted back and forth between the pine grove and a large chunk of raw fat which dangled in suspension from the awning supports over the patio. At the same time, out on the gravel road that passes our house, the snow was also collecting. Here and there, as I looked up the road, I could see the remains of a single set of tire marks winding their lonesome way up the hill toward the former Bette Davis estate.

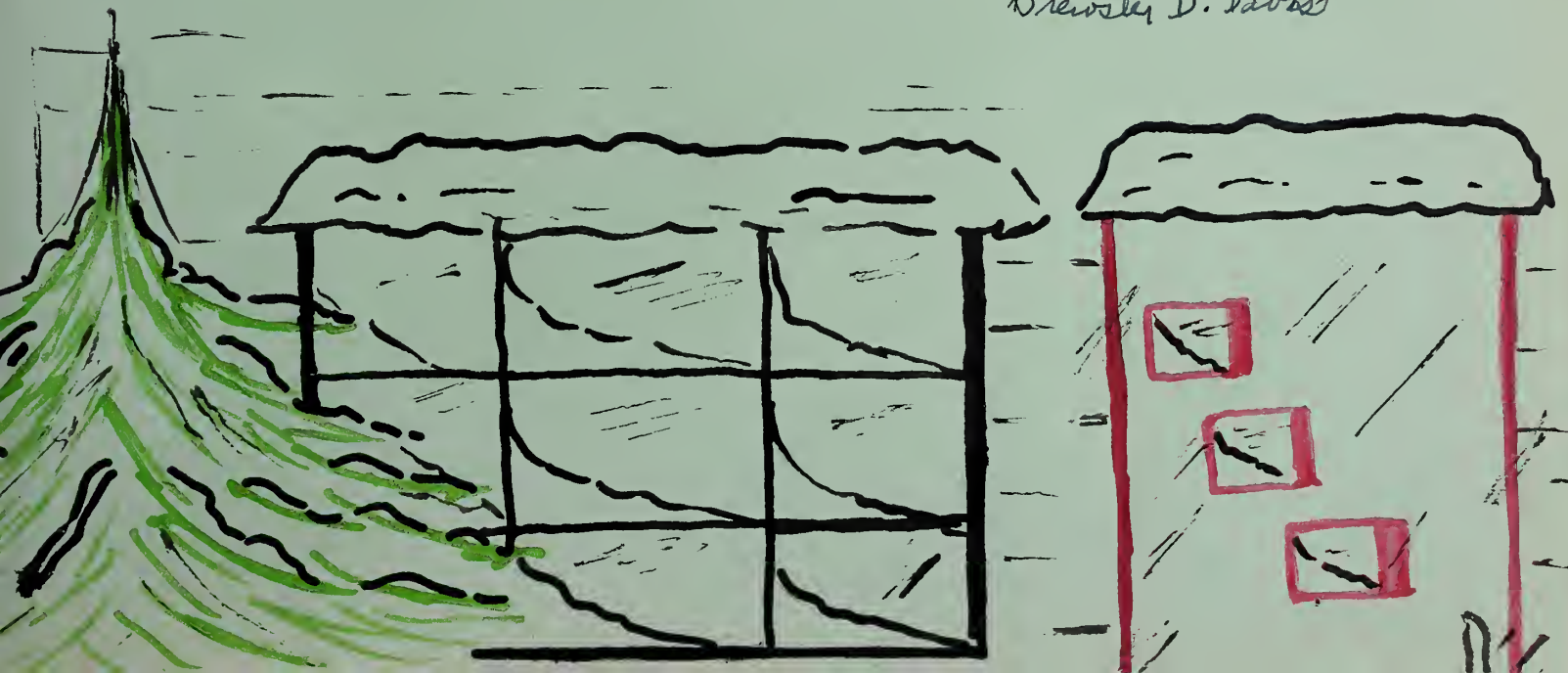
Along the roadside each leaf that had fallen a few months ago had a fine coating of white as it lay where it had fallen against the low broken stone wall. The wall, with its many broken and misplaced stones, runs along the road on the edge of the woods, now stopping to permit a driveway to pass, or again, to join in tangled splendor with another wall running perpendicularly into the woods. The wall reminded me of a conveyor belt in a large bakery. Each stone looked like a freshly made cake with a butter

and white sugar frosting.

After I had walked up the road a short distance I stopped and turned around. The view was spectacular. I was able to look down over the entire valley, with its little town and its many lights. With my eye I followed the main street to the north and south. Now and then I caught a glimpse of a street lights or a set of auto lights as they twinkled through the naked trees and the many snowflakes. It was difficult to see very far to the north, but to the south I was able to see the headlights of the automobiles as they slowly wound their way down the three mile hill to the valley floor. In the distance I also saw large white patches of snow that I knew were a part of the new highway that swings away to the southeast and then seems to end in a myriad of trees at the foot of the mountains.

It had been a wonderful experience to stand outside on that lonely road and to look down upon the valley below. It had been very calm and serene, with hardly a sound to be heard except the faint hiss of the snow as it fell on the ground and the occasional hum of an engine from a distant unseen automobile. That was how it was, when it snows in the mountains at night.

Brewster D. Davis



The Horseshoe Falls of the Niagara River

One of nature's most magnificent gifts to man is the horse-shoe shaped falls of the Niagara River, which forms part of the boundary between Canada and the United States. Although I have seen the falls on several occasions, I felt the same thrill of excitement and expectancy on my last visit as on my first.

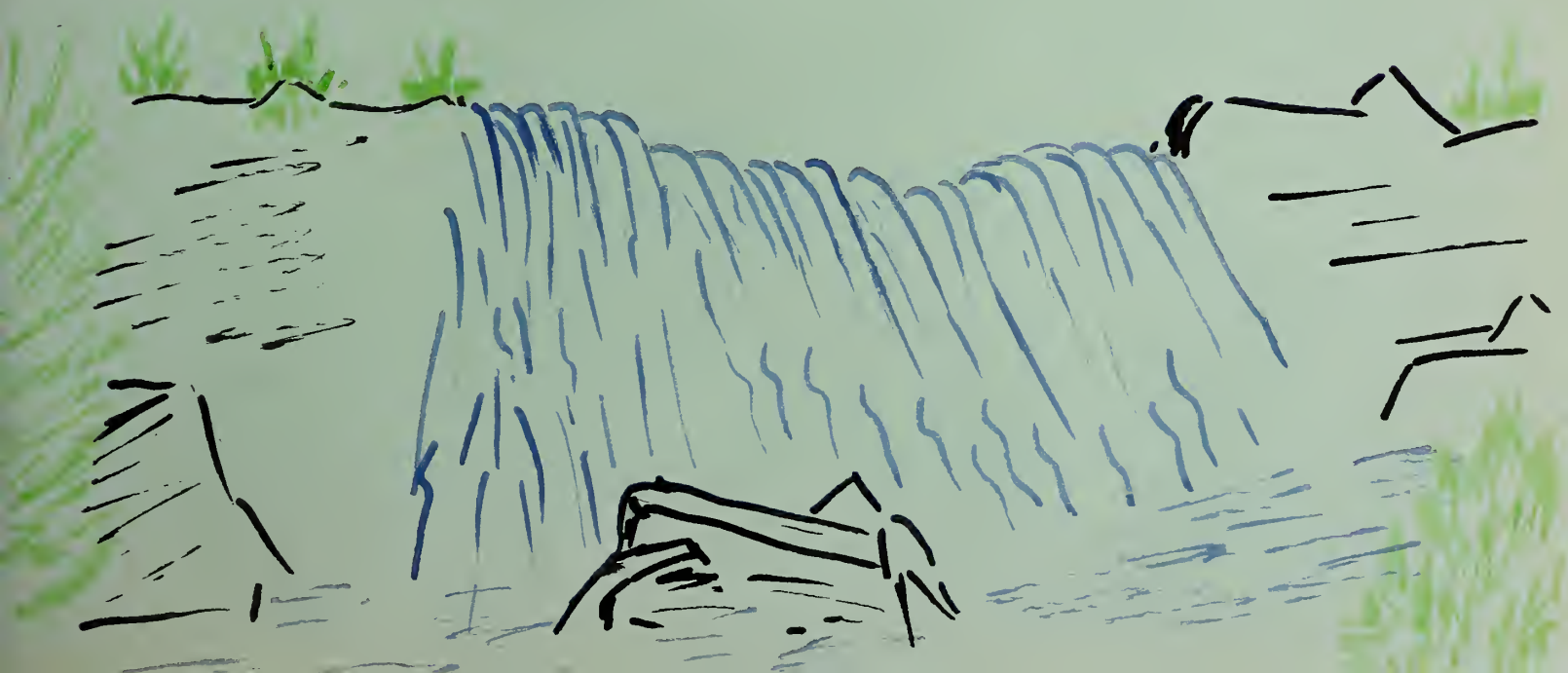
To reach the falls we walked through the spacious Oak Garden Theatre, a park on the bank of the river. As we walked through the gate, we were greeted with the scent of many varieties of the flowers. I remember walking down a winding pathway bordered by rose arbors while the roar of the falls grew louder as we drew nearer. On one side of the path was a pool with a score of goldfish darting to and fro, glittering in the waning sunlight, and in the distance we saw a quaint little stone bridge spanning a stream. Suddenly the roar seemed almost deafening, and then we caught our first breath-taking glimpse of the powerful cataract.

Looking on up the river we could see the seething water rushing madly and blindly onward until with a mighty crescendo the deluge plunged over the brink to the rocks below. From where we stood we could also see silhouetted against the darkening sky the beautiful Rainbow Bridge which was built to replace the famous Honeymoon Bridge. Directly below us were the power houses which were built to harness some of the untamed energy that is constantly going to waste, and convert it into hydro power. Then our attention was drawn to the tiny boat, the Maid of the Mist, which was literally riding into the mist caused by the force of the water as it dashed against the rocks at the foot of the falls.

Dressed in raincoats and hats, some of the more adventurous spectators were passengers on the boat as it edged closer to the falls, seemingly undaunted by the fierceness of the cataract.

As we stood leaning against the stone wall completely oblivious of everything but the feeling of awe that crept over us at the splendour of the scene before us, suddenly everything was transformed. The sun had completely disappeared below the horizon and now as the shadows of evening were creeping across the sky, someone pulled a switch and the gigantic spot lights on the hill behind us suddenly threw a rainbow of color across the cascading waters of the horseshoe falls. It seemed as though we could never tire of watching the wondrous sight before us. Finally we turned and slowly retraced our steps through the garden with the echo of the falls still in our ears and the grandeur of the scene still before our eyes.

Marilyn Lee



AND IT WAS CHRISTMAS

Talk about story-book scenes! I was in New Hampshire. It was a December morn and the thermometer registered a frigid thirteen degrees below zero. I stood at my bedroom window and lingered long over the sight below. The world was white. No other color showed. Presumably the storm had moved in during the night. Big flakes were still falling. Snow was everywhere. Gently nature had spread a clean winter blanket, rich and soft, across the valley, high on the hills, smooth around fences, and snug about house and barn. Contours were softened; paths were lost. Roads lay buried and . . . no creature stirred. Even the green and brown of trees was gone. White blobs of snow dotted the hedge, and mighty oaks and tall elms were burdened with arms of snow. Window panes were spattered with lacy gems and corners were piled with tiny glistening mounds. Soft clods fell silently from the sill and roof. Here and there smoke curled from a neighbor's chimney but the greyness was soon lost in the mass of white. It was, indeed, a strange and lovely world I gazed upon that winter morning - a world that lay deep in silence and wrapped me in an unfathomed peace. . . . And it was Christmas.

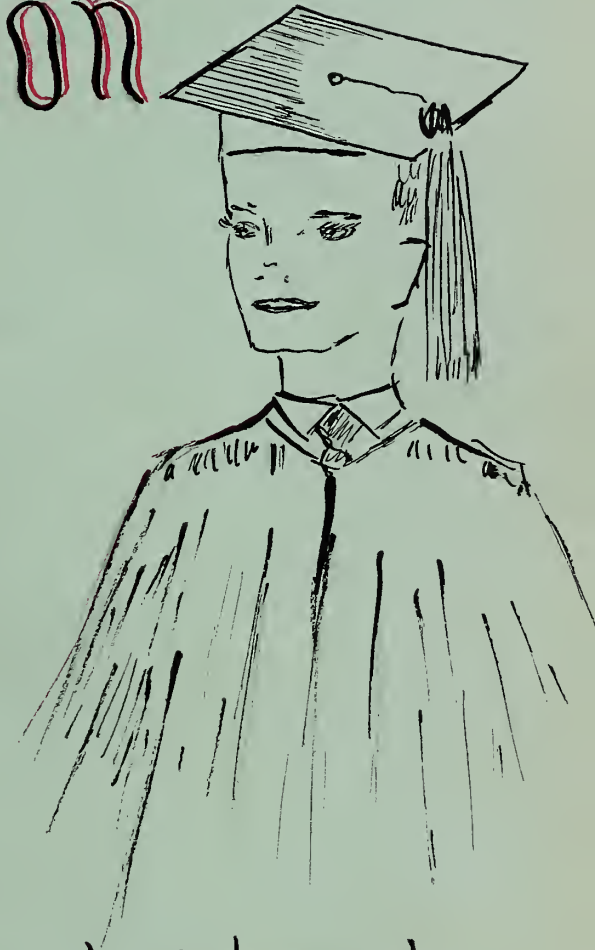
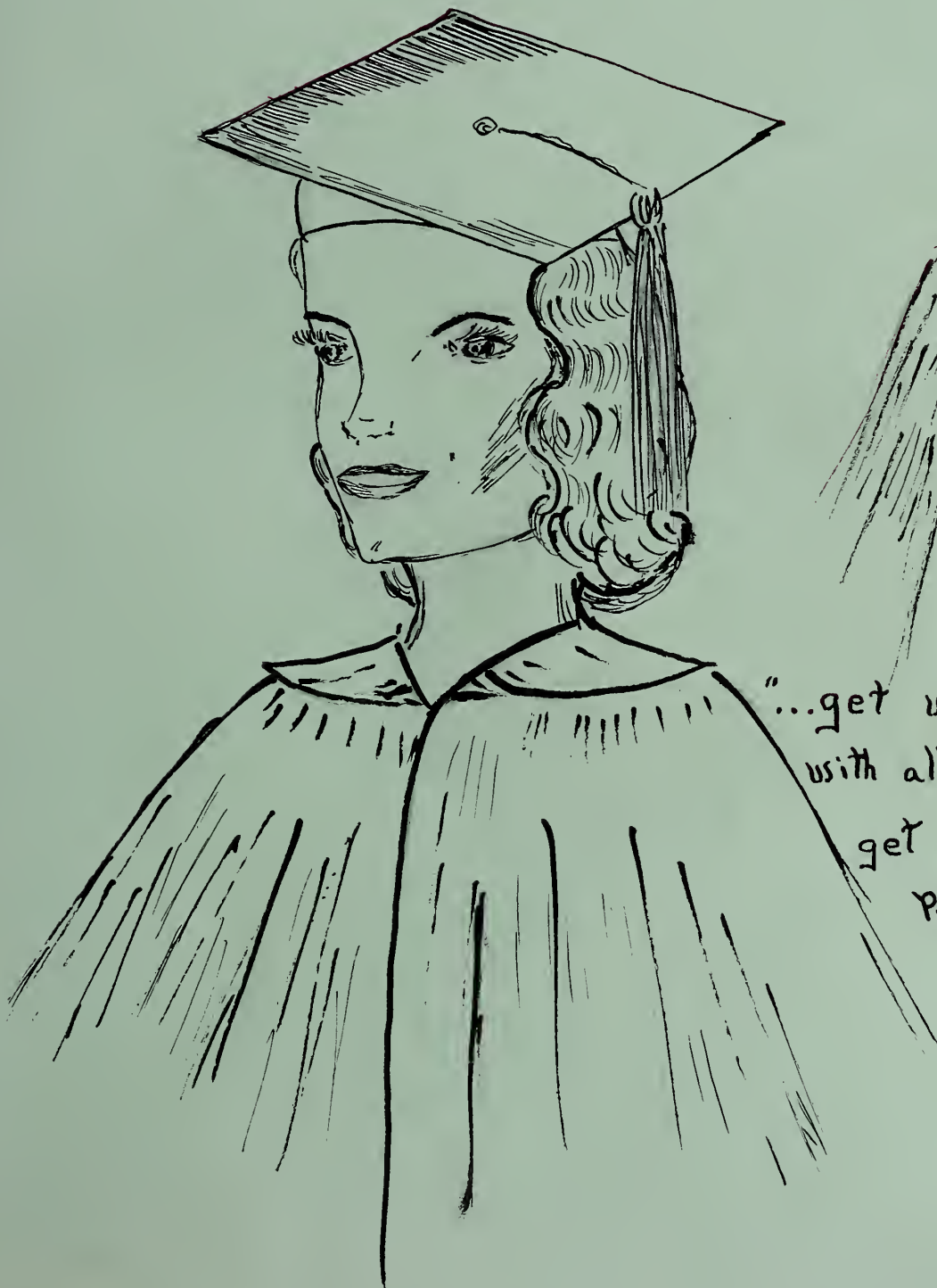
Pauline Webster



Living

Through

Education



"...get wisdom; and
with all thy getting
get understanding."

Proverbs 4:7

WHAT THEY TOLD ME ABOUT COLLEGE IS TRUE

It seemed "too good to be true" that now I, too, could go to college. Since early childhood I had heard about Eastern Nazarene College. In the church, and at home, I had listened intently as the members of the A Cappella Choir and the quartets told about E.N.C. The motorcade visit to the school was even more revealing and thrilling. The college catalogue described the curriculum, the faculty, the campus, the costs, etc. Former students and graduates gave me advice about life at college. From many sources I received much information. How much of it was true, and to what extent, I had yet to learn.

In the first place, I was told, much depends upon getting a good start. Who knew that, on the eve of my departure, I would become ill and have to postpone my leaving until the day for Freshman registration? Nor did anyone give me any formula for expediting the necessary and numerous details, amid the confusion common to such a day. I am still attending to matters which should have been settled during Freshman Week.

Then, there was the day when I became acutely aware of what "they" meant by all the admonitions to "make sure you choose the right subjects". My high school commercial diploma, naturally, did not equip me for college; therefore, I attended night school four nights a week (after working in an office all day). I felt quite proud of myself for having completed every required subject but one - the one I most needed. Yes, as I sat there in physical science class that day, icy fear gripped me as I suddenly realized that without a knowledge of algebra, I could never work out those equations. As a result I enrolled in a biology course, two

weeks late, and am now feverishly trying to "catch up" with the rest of the class. This is what is known as "learning the hard way", or, "having ears ye hear not".

"Form good study habits, budget your time, and you will make out nicely," I was told. So I made a schedule which seemed adequate, and even a little flexible. But I failed to include a week of illness when all I could do was to drag to classes. And what "they" forgot to include were such items as freshman initiation, Rush Day, preparation for Open House, picture taking, chats with passers-by, and many other delightful activities which are such a wonderful part of college life. Of course, assignments and tests came with their usual regularity.

I found that in the matter of "costs" there was also an element of truth. "It is the extras that will lick you," they had said. I sent the familiar letter home: "Please, Dad, more money for books."

I can see now why one would need a college education. Yes, what they told me about college IS true - woefully and painfully true. What they didn't tell me is equally true. But I love every bit of it!



CAMPUS ISOLATIONISM

Many students are threatened by the isolationism of college life. You may ask how college life can possibly be isolating? In the first place, many students often find themselves confined to the campus. They fall into the rut of eating, sleeping, and studying. Perhaps they take part in the college activities, but these activities are confined to those of the campus. It is all well and good to belong to the college clubs and associations except for the fact that students are still isolated. They become cut off from the rest of the world.

This world is a small and narrow one. Do I know what is going on in the world and what do I think about it? Am I confined to a group who thinks, believes, and looks like me, or do I mingle in with people who are foreign to me in their thoughts, race and beliefs? The world is not full of people like me, but of numerous types of individuals. Consequently, if I expect to get along with others and better understand the world, I must avoid the dangers which lie in the isolation of college life.

Virginia Hoekman



LET'S ALL PULL TOGETHER

BELOVED BIOLOGY

After a very strenuous hour in the gymnasium, I am completely worn out. All I want is peace and rest, so I am lying on my bed resting. A terrible thought has just come to me. Today I must go to biology lab and there spend the entire afternoon. I have a few minutes before I leave but already I can smell the lovely aroma so well associated with the laboratory. This beautiful odor is referred to as "Evening in the Biology Lab". It is a mixture of formaldehyde, old frogs, white mice and all of the chemicals which drift in and blend so readily with the other odors. If you have an imagination I'm sure you can realize what it might smell like. I will be privileged to go into one of the small classrooms - there are about fifty of us - close all the windows and doors and sit in this beautiful stench and listen to a seemingly endless lecture. I will watch some very boring slides and then later work on my already terribly mutilated frog. When I finally get out I will feel even worse than I did before I went in.

I don't want to go at all but alas, the gong has just sounded out 1:30. Goodbye, dear bed. Hello, my beloved biology lab.



WHAT IS BEHIND IT?

What is actually behind the money, the work and the sacrifices that have made our Eastern Nazarene College a reality?

People have donated money toward E.N.C. during fund raising campaigns without so much as seeing a picture of our college. Others have loaned or given large amounts of money through the Life Endowment and Loan plans without ever being on the campus. Friends and former students have established scholarships, grants-in-aid and loan funds to aid students. The students themselves have worked to improve facilities on the campus. The faculty has worked hard for years to bring scholastic standards up and to maintain them. The faculty and administration have sacrificed their time and energy and even their health sometimes for the benefit of the college. One president is said to have neglected his health and died an early death because he considered the college more important. Why? Why should hundreds of people give so much time, energy, and money toward this particular college?

There may be many superficial reasons given, but I think that these people all have a common reason for supporting E.N.C. Apparently they share a belief in the aims and purposes underlying the college's philosophy of education. But just what is this philosophy or interpretation of education which can attract so much interest and support?

E.N.C. believes that the highest type of life can proceed from a liberal arts education with a Christian perspective. The college seeks to combine a high educational

standard with the highest in religious and moral ideals as presented by Christianity. I know of "intellectuals" who claim that education and religion should not be combined. They feel that religion denotes superstition and blindness to facts and that, in sharp contrast, education denotes clear, logical thinking and the revelation of facts. But those who have contributed in so many ways to E.N.C. are seeking to prove that Christian ideals and educational ideals can and should be combined and integrated. The College, through this combining and integration, reveals its primary concern with the awakening and growth of the student's total personality.

Our school realizes the danger of developing the mind without developing a social conscience backed by moral and religious convictions. Of what value is a man to himself or to others if he has developed his intellectual potential and feels no obligation to society which made his intellectual growth possible? He sees religion as superstitious belief because he cannot seem to correlate it with his knowledge and understanding. But does he have a knowledge of real truth and a deep understanding of his fellow-men and of God?

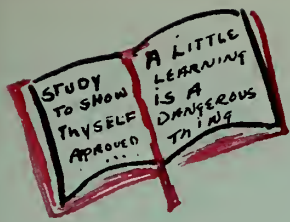
On the other hand it seems nearly impossible for a person to be a really spiritual Christian without having curiosity about his surroundings and a desire to learn. I have seen person after person, upon becoming a Christian, find purpose in life and develop a stronger desire to learn and to grow intellectually. This learning and development is important

because it enables a person to better serve God and men. His education, while not the ultimate aim in his life, is the means to his aim.

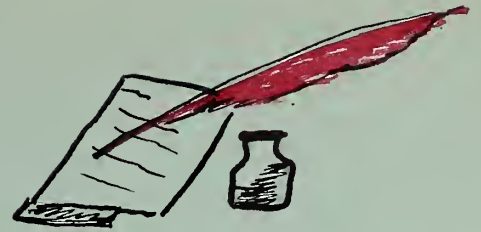
By placing a Christian emphasis on a liberal arts education our school seeks to aid the student in developing morally, socially, intellectually and spiritually so that he may truly lead the highest type of life.

Anna Trout





"HOW NOT TO . . . "



Many articles have been written and many moments have been wasted trying to impress upon the student the great importance of studying. Companies have produced various pamphlets such as "Ten Commandments for Better Study Habits", "How to Get A's in Five Easy Lessons", or "Scaling the Steps to the Honor Roll". However, I have also observed that there is never any advice given on "How Not to Study".

A still small voice enters a student's mind in the midst of his pleasant pastime, and doggedly, persistently needles him with the accusation that he should be studying. As the feeling persists, the student is overcome by the guilty sensation that he should be engrossed in one of his books. Who wants to iron a blouse to the tune of the evolution of humanism as inspired by Dante's writings? Who cares to stand in the lunch line trying desperately to recall the twelve tribes of Israel in their correct order? And who enjoys a rook game accompanied by geometric figures churning around and around in his tight little brain? How can a person ever feel relaxed after spending an afternoon battling his conscience?

A typical day of classes (at least as far as I am concerned) would be one in which I could spend my first four periods thirsting hungrily after knowledge. The subjects

and class discussions would turn out to be too deep for me and I would find myself drowning toward the end of the morning. Sitting through dinner, I would find myself playing over things I could and should have said in my tutorial . . .

The afternoon begins in the library with an English composition plus two or three back assignments hanging over my head. "Write on a topic of your own choosing or a suggested topic in Thought in Prose". I gaze at the clock, the top shelf, and the exit sign for twenty-five minutes and finally go out in search of inspiration. It comes in the form of my cute little roommate as she guides me back to my pencil and paper with a few words of encouragement.

It's going on 3:30 p.m. by now though. This time in search of stimulation I head toward the Dugout for a hot cup of coffee. As the steam rises, I am reminded of the Western Civ. test which is also arising - and sometime in the near future. Pushing these unwelcome thoughts from my mind, I decide to take a little nap (to clear my somewhat fuzzy brain)! It might have, too, except that I no sooner drop off to sleep than I start dreaming (nightmares) about Dr. Akers and Western Civ. tests! I soon awake and start cleaning the room. However, it is too near suppertime to accomplish much.

After spending an evening between my books and conscience, I wind up sitting on my bed at midnight tired and discouraged, without the satisfied feeling of accomplishment.

Why doesn't someone endeavor to explain how not to study? I believe that I could master that technique. I could concentrate even more when I sat down to do homework and would even enjoy it.

Judy Neiderhiser



THE LAST MILE

When one recalls graduation, he remembers this ceremonious occasion with mingled emotions. The friends who seemed so important then have long since faded from reality. Nevertheless, as I look back upon the day June 8, 1957, it appears as clear as if it were yesterday.

The parking area of Thayer Academy was overflowing with the cars of parents, friends and alumni from far and near. The students of the graduating class were dressed in a fashion befitting the event, the girls wearing white dresses and the boys wearing summer tuxedos. The ceremony was to be held in the newly constructed gymnasium which had been beautifully decorated with flowers and plants.

The visitors had filled the gymnasium to overflowing. Our professors, having donned their caps and gowns, were filing into their respective places as we, the graduating class, formed two lines and proceeded to do likewise. The two lines, one of boys and the other of girls, were not equal in length, and so the boys, who were in the majority, had to "double-up" at the end of the lines.

With the last remnants of confusion swept away and with heads held high, we began our march to a victory which took twelve years to accomplish. Plodding "onward and upward" with John Philip Sousa in the lead by a half beat, I turned left with the tide, blissfully unaware of any purpose for so doing. Left foot - right foot - head in the clouds, a semiconscious feeling of lines

forming and a sea of faces engulfing the large hall ran through my mind. Vaguely noting through the mist a last vacant seat, I paused briefly at attention - and on the last dying note of the band, lowered myself into it, meticulously hunching up the creases of my carefully pressed trousers.

The rustle of papers ceased, the shuffling of feet subsided, throats were cleared along with a sharp, down-to-earth impact preceded by a gentle whisper from the gossamer attired blonde angel on my left; "George, you're seated on the girl's side".

Oh, agony so long endured! Sterner men have quaked at less frightening circumstances. The speaker's opening salvo had been fired as one more graduation was launched. Meanwhile, I, the cynosure of all eyes, rose with what dignity I could muster and braced myself for the lone, lengthy walk up the aisle, across the auditorium, and down to a seat with the masculine element. Exactly what occurred after that I cannot remember too clearly. However, after the ceremony at the Graduation Tea, I was approached by a group of classmates and, expecting a volley of ribbing, was asked what college I was going to attend in the fall.

George Glover



MY NEW WORLD

The first time I read the poem "The Eternal Goodness" by John Greenleaf Whittier, I was a junior in high school. The course I was taking was American Literature and the reading of "The Eternal Goodness" was the assignment for the next class session.

I approached the assignment as one who tries a foreign dish for the first time. Up until this time I had been very firm and a little obstinate in my objection to poetry of any type, having regarded all poetry as a sing-songy piece of writing that could not possibly hold any beauty or meaning within its metered lines.

All this was true until I read "The Eternal Goodness." I seemed that a whole new world opened before me; a world untrodden by my prose-bound feet.

My first reaction was one of sheer joy and exhilaration. So much so that my joy took physical form and dropped silently to moisten the paper.

The first impression was of the pictorial language. I could almost see "the quiet aisles of prayer," and someone waiting "beside the Silent Sea," that lonely island in the middle of nowhere, and a desolate, storm-tossed region where peace would be out of place.

Delving deeper I soon found a quality more beautiful than beauty itself: faith. Mr. Whittier's unfaltering trust in the providence or "eternal goodness" of God lifts one out of the weak realm of doubt and unbelief into a realm of peace and confidence. You can feel the peace and rest in the midst of turmoil in this stanza:

"Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings
I know that God is Good."

Even in the face of one of the hardest trials of life,
Faith rises up to say,

"But God both led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong."

My discovery of poetry through poetry made me like
a child on Christmas morning, running from one surprise
package to another.

I discovered that one package held Keats, "Ode to a
Grecian Urn" and "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty." My
supply of packages was unlimited. Time permits me to name
but a few; "Thanatopsis," "The Winged Gendean," "Snowbound"
and many works by Robert Frost.

Poetry knows no race, creed or color. The boundaries
of nations and ways of life cannot suppress the poetic
beauty in the spirit of man.

As Julius Caesar said, "The die is cast." From a
seemingly dead coal, a spark of desire for the orderly
beauty of measured lines and iambic feet has been fanned
into a flame that cannot be quenched.

Beth Albert



THEY SAID I DIDN'T DARE

Our home is located along the Allegheny River in Warren, Pennsylvania. In front of our house the river is about fifteen feet deep. Each spring when the first warm spell is on, the neighbor boys take their first swim. One summer they decided that an eight-foot diving board was too tame, so they secured a fifty-foot rope and hung it from a high branch of a mighty elm tree. In order to reach the rope they had to climb a ladder. The drop into the water was about twenty feet and the swing out about thirty feet.

Naturally, all the boys wanted to try it right away. But after getting hold of the rope and looking down and out, they all had to be nearly pushed off. One boy was so scared that he tumbled off the ladder and never, never tried it again.

I had always wondered what the experience of flying through the air, stopping for a split second, letting go of the only link with return, and plunging down down into the deep blue water would feel like. One day I rowed the boat around where the boys were jumping in and swimming around, I asked my brother why I couldn't go in just once. Shocked, my brother stared at me, and then burst out laughing. "You drop off that rope!" he said. "Why, even the big rough boys are afraid the first three or four times!" However, I was determined that I was not chicken or sissy. Back over to the house I went to don my suit and also build up my courage. "It looks easy," I thought. "All you have to do is climb up, swing out, let go, and hold your nose."

As I returned ready for the great feat, the boys all came out

of the water to watch me. Not a single one of them believed that I could possibly dare to drop twenty feet from a fifty foot rope into fifteen feet of water.

But I did it! This is how it felt. I took hold of the rope with my nervous sweaty hands and looked up at the clear blue sky. Pushing myself off, I swung out, farther, farther and farther. "Would I ever hit the dropping point?" I frantically wondered. Suddenly I stopped in mid-air. "What has happened?" I thought. Subconsciously I let go, grabbed my poor nose for all I was worth, and straightened my back. I didn't want all those boys to see me go in crooked or kicking my feet, as they usually did. The first thing I heard, upon returning to civilization from that strange aqueous world, was my bother saying how brave a sister he had, and how glad he was that I wasn't a brother. I was "on top of the world" as I experienced that thrill of being "part of the gang."

Yes, I dared when the boys all said I didn't dare. In fact, I went off twice more just to prove my point.

That night, after all the glory had faded, I was lying sleepless on my bed. The heating pad was wrapped over one ear and a woolen cloth around the other. Mother was worriedly pacing the floor and trying unsuccessfully to comfort her suffering daughter. My ears had never ached so badly before in my life. They pounded out the words in my water-sogged mind, "You had to show them! You had to show them." Yes, you are right, I never even wanted to drop off that rope again!

Marilyn Reeder



"IF THE COUCH COULD SPEAK"

In the parlor of Munro Hall there is a brown, plastic-covered couch or davenport, which ever you prefer to call it. It looks much like any other couch - three cushions, two arms, four legs and one back. This couch is different, though, for it has quite a story to tell: a story of human lives, their problems, their loves and their faith.

It is early morning. The parlor has just been cleaned and the furniture put in place and readied for a day of activity. First hour is over. Here comes a girl who has no class second hour. As she turns the couch around to face the bay window, she wonders, "What am I doing here at college? Is there any real purpose to my life? Everything seems to be pointing in the direction of home, with its quiet, relaxed life. My bill for this month will be due in a week and I don't have quite enough money to make the payment." As she ponders these questions, time slips quietly by. It is almost third hour and she must hurry to class. Does she find the answer? We can only wonder . . .

Chapel, fourth and fifth hour and a busy afternoon hurry into the past and become part of the history of the couch.

Early in the evening, before dinner, a young man and a young woman are sitting on the couch. They have been seen together on campus lately, laughing and talking. But this evening they are strangely silent. They have discovered the love for each other that only God can put in the hearts of His children: a love that, if tenderly guarded, will last throughout eternity.

The dorm closes at ten o'clock and one would think that all

activity for this day is over, but it isn't quite. About 10:15 five young girls meet in the parlor for prayer. They have come to pray about a common desire of theirs: a return to God by the students of their college. The humble brown couch now becomes an altar as these girls kneel down and give audible or nonaudible expression to the desires of their hearts. The couch hears the strains of the songs,

"Lord, Lay Some Soul Upon My Heart"

and

"Spirit of the Living God".

Twelve . . . sixteen hours, a brief period of time when compared to the span of eternity and yet, so many things that change the shape and direction of human lives have happened.

If the couch could only speak . . .

Beth Albert



SOUNDS

From my dormitory room I hear a variety of sounds.

As I sit by my window each evening to study, the swelling, the dying, the crackling, the sighing, the rumbling, the humming of myriad of sounds reach my ear. The variety of noises, human, natural, and mechanical, seems limitless as I futilely attempt to concentrate on trigonometry or the history of western civilization.

In the early evening, before most students have begun their evening's studies, the strumming, whining, repetitious chords of some tuned-last-year guitar float through my window, accompanied by the doleful, modulated wail of the guitarist. Alone, this homesick hillbilly might give a peaceful and restful atmosphere to the evening. However, a guitar and a cornet don't blend very well. From down the hall I hear the piercing blast or the metallic bleat of a jazz enthusiast.

As the evening progresses the sounds multiply. The confused babble of latest "hits", the weather report, and symphonic classics gradually builds up as the fellows return from supper and switch on their radios. From overhead comes the thud of a persistent foot stomping out the syncopated beat of a rock'n roll number. As if prompted by the request that quiet be kept during study hours, almost everyone seems to make a special point of displaying his musical talent loudly during this time.

My room being adjacent to the shower room, the unnerving din of vibrating water pipes provides a constant background for all other sounds. The relaxing warmth of the water seems to bring a normal expression of pleasure to those taking showers - another

source of music, gurgling out through the surge of water. This is especially agitating as the notes echo and re-echo in the shower room before finding their way elsewhere.

As the evening turns to night, and studying meets a common fate, the hamburger-scented breeze becomes filled with a mixture of voices, a skidding chair, the incessant "pong" of table tennis. From the gymnasium come alternate shouts of triumph and dismay. Numerous cars filled with exuberant kids squeal out of the parking lot, destined for pizza palaces and "submarine races".

I can clearly distinguish the resonant chimes as they strike twelve times. The rush of the day has passed. Now I can hear the rustle of the fallen leaves, the lulling, melancholy song of a northeast wind; and I lose myself in a reverie of silence.

Dave Lifford



EDUCATION AND PLEASURE MEET ON THE BOOKSHELF

Without a doubt, the spotlight today is focused on education.
It has top-billing in the news -
 important enough to be featured,
 headlined, and syndicated.
Education has become news-worthy!

Why?

Probably, first and foremost,
 because society received a real jolt and education a needed prod
 with the launching of the Soviet satellites.
The first "sputnik", spinning along in its orbit,
 opened the door to a new age -
 a technological one.

Of course, it is to be realized that the great outer space adventure
 was bound to come.
It was inevitable!
But the suddenness and secrecy of its appearance created an urgency.
And this urgency is and will continue to be felt in
 every classroom,
 on every campus,
 and in more than one country around the globe.

Today's and tomorrow's youth will need to be well trained,
 informed and specialized,
 and will need to be highly refined and tempered by education.
The scope of achievements and challenges is a veritable invitation
 to the alert student as the borders of the world grow closer.

What it will mean to the individual man,
 what it will mean to the world at large
 has yet to be determined.

The upsurge in and demand for better training,
 will it build or destroy peace?
Will international relationships improve as competition between
 world powers grow?
Will man find happiness and security as he seeks new and remarkable
 ways to make life more pleasant?

Obviously, for the present,
 such questions must remain unanswered, for these first years
 in the last half of the twentieth century are but the threshold
 to an exciting and fast-moving adventure.
However, it is to be agreed that,
 if nothing else, this is no time in history to be shortsighted -
 especially concerning education.

Now, if the spotlight is directed on education,
 then indirectly it must also shine on the bookshelf.
For without books, there would be no education.
Books are the very fabric of learning.
Through them we enter strange new worlds which otherwise would not
 be open to us.

We encounter events of past years,
we see into the lives and minds of eminent people,
we journey the world over sharing in religious happenings,
political proceedings, and in historical wars.

Simply by opening a book it is possible to sense
the grandeur of Norwegian fjords,
the loveliness of Mediterranean waters,
or the mysteries of the Orient.

We can march with royalty,
stroll with Charles Dickens,
or watch a young scientist, lost in research.
The choice is ours and in such company time never passes slowly.

Admittedly, books can never totally be interchanged for actual
experience.

No brilliant picture,
no well-chosen words, for instance,
could possibly substitute for a personal view of the Grand Canyon.

But, life offers so much that it is unlikely that individuals,
in limited lifetimes,
can ever experience half enough.

Nor can the pages of history, science, or medicine
be turned back that we might participate in past discoveries.

And so we turn to books.

It has been said many times by many people
that good books are like good friends -
unassuming, dependable, and
ever at hand to please or to inform.

How valuable are such friends!

As we vary our friends, so we should vary our books.

For it is true,
that through diversified relationships and experiences do we grow
mentally, morally, and spiritually

So
for knowledge, for companionship, and for sheer pleasure
go to the bookshelf and reach for a friend!



Lawline Webster

HANDS

Before each game the members of our football team, with hands clasped and standing in a huddle, offer a prayer for good sportsmanship during the game. As we are bowing there in God's presence I can see only the hands of each player on our team. To the left of us is a brown lake, only two hours old, with an island of muck making the center. To the right is the half-filled grandstand. However, because of the angle of my eyes I can see only the pile of hands formed by my teammates.

On the bottom of the pile is a huge hand turned up as is to hold the rest. I can see parts of this hand, sticking out from all sides, and also the muscular forearm. The muscles stand out like balloons from his bare arm. Instantly, I know that this can only be the hand of Pete Moss. Pete is our football star, heavy of muscle and huge of bone. This hand can show its power by tearing a telephone book in half, and its gentleness by holding the hand of a small girl in protection. I have never played alongside a better halfback.

On top of Pete's hand I can see a tan one with long slender fingers, the type of sticky fingers that grip and hold any football thrown in their reach. Yes, this is the hand of our very efficient end, Chester Field. In a few minutes he will stretch out his six-foot frame, with bronzed legs and arms, ready to play his part on our team.

The next hand is short, powerful, and very fat with calluses. Behind this is our offensive right guard, Philip Morris. Philip is a squarely built, bandy-legged little man

with plenty of needed guts. He has grizzled hair, a low twisted mouth, a dome-like forehead, and an expression incomparably savage. What makes Philip a good offensive guard for his comparably small round body is the fact that he looks like the devil himself, and his reputation is nearly as bad.

The hand under mine has only four fingers. Touching it I can tell by looking at the hand that it belongs to a farmer. The first person that I can think of is Henry Jay for he wears the clothes of a mixed cotton and wool material, and his woolsey trousers are of the homemade sort. Henry's hair is cut without ceremony and lies on his brow in the natural way of hair, being unhindered. Henry is the fighting tackle on our football squad. I know that if I would raise my eyes to the level of his, I would meet the stare of a frightened animal.

My hand lies on top of Henry's and beneath the hand of Jim Note. Jim's hand, average in size, is distinguished by the ten-stitch scar across its center. I have seen it drawn into a fist ready for any fight. With German and English background Jim is physically well built. He enjoys playing defensive tackle, but doesn't like to be hit, for he has a snarling temper. Jim's uniform, a loose shaggy garment with a broad patch, gives him the look of a typical football player.

Closeto thetop is the hardened yet relaxed hand of George Wash, our quarterback. George is just the type of fellow that looks you squarely in the eye and fears nothing. When he gets cornered behind the line, he keeps his head. This is the reason why George makes such a fine quarterback.

George always wears a short sleeved jersey with his bare arm displaying the tattoc of an anchor.

On the top of the pile lies the hand of my roommate, Abraham Lincoln. Abraham, who is studying to become an engineer, engineers us through many scoring plays. Abraham is the half-back on our squad that calls the plays. He is graceful of body, slender of leg and thin of chest. He has flashing eyes and walks with the pride of one who is aware of the admiration he excites.

It takes all types of individuals, each with a different personality, background and future, to build a good football team. Each fellow must have guts, brains, muscles or determination; and each betrays his characteristics through his hands.

Robert Emmett Zollinhofer Jr.



THRILLS INNUMERABLE

It was late in the fourth quarter of our basketball game with Cleveland Heights. We would score a basket to take the lead, only to see it matched by our opponent. A team mate and I made a last-ditch effort to get the ball. We double-teamed their guard and tied him up with only eleven seconds remaining. At this point time out was called. We gathered around in a circle, each of us panting like horses that had just worked out. We planned our strategy and broke out of the huddle.

The crowd were standing on their feet, yelling at the top of their voices. Since we had tied up the opposing player near the center line, we would have the jump ball in the center circle. My team mate was given the nod by the official and readied himself to jump. The official threw the ball up and it was hit in my direction. The clock continued to tick off the seconds-eleven, ten, nine. The crowd was pleading with us to take a shot at the basket in a final effort. We continued to pass the ball and work for one good shot. Four seconds remained and the ball was in my possession. I was at the head of the key and had a good shot at the basket. The shot was mine, but standing closer to the basket and in a better position to score was one of my team mates. I flipped a pass to him and in one silk-smooth motion he shot a turn-around jump shot. The ball nestled softly in the net as the buzzer sounded.

It was three or four minutes before I could hear myself talk. Finally, the crowd settled down and the team prepared to play off the tie in an overtime period of three minutes.

One minute had passed. Again we found ourselves two points behind. The ball was in my possession and I was approximately twenty feet out and to the left of the basket. I was looking for someone to pass to when I saw daylight between the basket and myself. I was dribbling left-handed at good speed, toward the basket. My opponent was caught off guard and I swept around him. Laying the ball against the board I knew from the roar of the crowd that the ball had found its mark.

Our opponents brought the ball down court and worked it cautiously. Then it happened. The inevitable - someone on our team had committed a personal foul. Their best foul shooter stepped to the line. Eying the basket he sank the first try but watched sadly as his second try bounced away into our possession. Now we were on offense but we had little chance to work the ball, for in their eagerness to protect their one-point lead they committed a foul. Under a new rule I was allowed only one foul shot. At this point the crowd was jumping, yelling, pleading, almost crying. As the official handed me the ball my hands were shaking. I bounced the ball a couple of times and eyed the basket. Usually when the ball leaves my fingertips I can tell whether it is good or not, but not this one. The ball rimmed once and finally fell through the hoop.

Once again we found ourselves in the same tight situation. The score was tied fifty-three to fifty-three and only seconds remained. Fantastic as it may seem I found myself in approximately the same position as before, twenty feet out and to the left of the basket. Driving left-handed again I drove around my man and laid the ball up. I turned around just in time to see the ball fall through the net.

Such display of emotion I have never seen before nor since. People were hugging each other, jumping and forcing weird sounds out of hoarse voices.

I love to tell this story because in one sense of the word, I relive the game. It was even more of a thrill to see the look on my mother's face. You see, this was the first time she had ever seen me play basketball and I got the feeling that she might have been the least bit proud. Anyway, I know that I found it hard to sleep that night.

Bill Wilhoyte





On Getting To Bed



Four nights a week my roommate and I return to our room on third floor, Munro Hall, and wait patiently until the floor monitor reports us in. Then preparations for getting to bed begin. In the lavatory you can't avoid listening to a long string of events of the day from some dear friend who would be hurt if you rudely left her standing there. So a good twenty minutes is spent in washing and listening.

Upon returning to the room, you are greeted by a girl in your Spanish class who asks if you were able to figure out the translation of sentence six. Handing her the book, you hurriedly array yourself in your pajamas. Your roommate already has set half of her hair. Grabbing the comb and bobby pins you begin on the same chore and growl to yourself that the fellows never have to go through any of this. Then comes a knock and two girls from next door enter to ask their usual question: may they peer out of your front window? The excellent view of the campus prompts them to ask at least eight times a day. You are beginning to think seriously of charging admission. The girls are a lot of fun, however, and before you realize it, you are laughing and talking and have forgotten your wish to be in bed by eleven thirty. Half an hour later your hair is completely set. You decide to let your roommate entertain while you iron your clothes for the next morning.

In the ironing room you wait your turn for an iron for it seems everyone had the same idea. Fifteen minutes later you go back to your room and pick up your English Composition book to

see if there was an assignment due for the next day. Sure enough, but you're too sleepy to do it tonight. Maybe you can look it over in breakfast line tomorrow morning.

Heedless of the girl sitting on your bed, you climb in. Your roommate reminds you to set the clock, so you climb back out and perform this annoying little task. It is more annoying to know that at six thirty in the morning that bell will sound off like a fire engine, waking you out of a peaceful sleep.

The girls talk, not very softly, and it seems ages before they finally take the hint and leave. Your roommate is soon asleep, and as you think over the good things of the day, your mind drifts off to some crazy line of thinking, and soon, soon you, too, have fallen asleep. The little clock registers twelve thirty.

Janice E. Shreds



OUR HEADMASTER

At five O'clock every morning the first light goes on in the small town of Oaks. The coffee pot goes on, the skillet goes on and Daddy goes on making his breakfast as he has been doing for the past twenty years.

During the first year of their marriage Mother used to get up and fry his potatoes, and for a whole year Mother's mornings ended with bitter tears because she couldn't understand why Daddy didn't talk to her. He isn't grouchy, mean, or unhappy; he just doesn't like to talk in the morning. After his devotions he trots out to his truck and heads for Norristown to load and unload hundred pound sacks of flour, sugar and other bakery supplies for about twenty-five local bakeries. His day usually ends about five O'clock at night. But many a night when I'd be dozing off to sleep I'd hear the sides of the truck rattle, and the brakes squeal. Five minutes later I'd hear him stoking the fire and then the sound of his tired feet on the stairs.

. . .

Sunday school superintendant, secretary of the church, truck driver, carpenter, plumber, gardener, mechanic, choir member, electrician, republican, all these and yet so much more. He's my dad, always ready and happy to listen to my biggest problem or smallest concern. Many times I have gone to him with spiritual problems-things I just couldn't

understand, and each time he would try to help or give me a solution to my problem. And somehow it always helped to hear him say, "You know, Susie, I had this very problem, and the Lord can help you just as He helped me."

Conservative brown and gray suits for Daddy. I can't help remembering his favorite shirt. It's made of heavy cotton with long sleeves, tan with dark brown horses jumping fences and little red caps on the riders. I believe that shirt has brought more pleasure to him than all his other shirts put together. If Mother had allowed it, I think the people at the Sunday school picnic would have seen it for the past five years. He likes to wear it to choir practice, to wear it around the house, and when we go visiting. Oh, it's the right kind of shirt for all sorts of things.

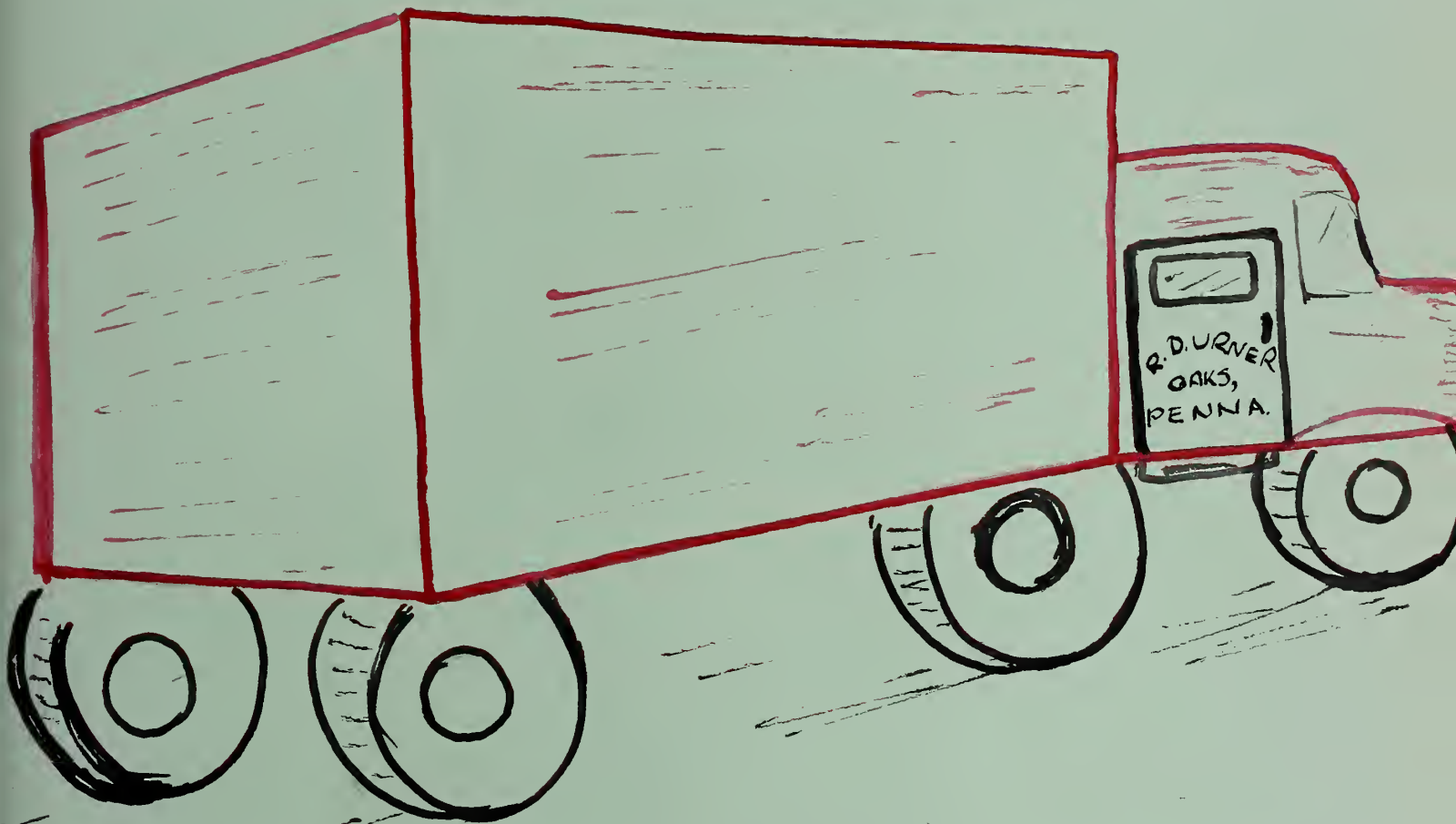
Dad loves to eat roast beef and rhubarb pie, read the funnies, particularly "Pogo", and watch "Gunsmoke," but lest you think him perfect let me tell you one of his weaker points.

Usually about three times during the Sunday morning sermon I see him jump just as if he were suddenly bitten by a horse fly or some other stinging insect. Everyone knows now when he makes that little startling movement that it's just Mother on the other end of the hat pin doing her duty. He can't seem to keep awake in church.

Perhaps there is a vestige of homesickness in my heart tonight. I miss our big house, our cats and dog,

the delicious food, the piano and my bed; but I think
the main reason I'm crying is that I miss Daddy so much.

Suzana L. Urner

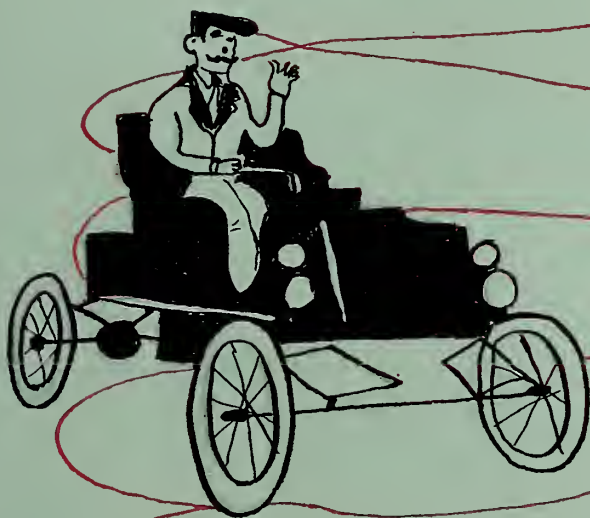


Living

Through



PROGRESS



"For it is God
which worketh in
you both to will and
to do of his good
pleasure."

Philippians 2:13



INTERDEPENDENCE of MEN

Over the Appalachian Mountains and out through the West went the early American pioneer. He broke new trails from the Cumberland Gap to California. The rough and tumble pioneer was a man that used ingenuity and strength to hew new empires from the wilderness. He was completely free--he answered to no one except his God.

The pioneer built his own world. He built his home from the wood of the forest. For nails he used wooden pegs, for shingles, wooden slabs. With a few metal tools he could fashion anything- hoe handles, plow handles, wooden spoons, bowls, ladders, tables, benches and rail fences(a relic which can still be seen in Pennsylvania today). His clothing was buckskin and homespun. His vegetables and fruits were grown in his own garden or gathered wild, his meat came from deer and "bar" killed practically in his backyard. He was free, independent, self-sufficient. He depended upon himself for everything except that which he could not fashion himself: guns, powder, metal, tools.

The dependence of man upon man grew stronger as the country became more populated. As the country opened up, commerce grew in the form of the trading posts. More and more the trading post supplied many of the basic needs of the pioneer. It became a center for trade and also for social exchange.

The pioneer was still dependent upon his ingenuity and hard work for success in this wild, new land. But soon, around the trading post were built a blacksmith shop, a wainwright's,



saloons, a church, a bank and a school. Thus the pioneer began to direct his commercial and social activities toward the nearby community, and to depend upon other people as well as himself. The pioneer was still independent to a degree for he became the small farmer to whom the town looked for its chief food supply.

But much time has passed. The pioneer-turned-farmer is no longer independent. He is told how much he can plant and how much he can sell his produce for. Today, he is the smallest but most important part of society. The farmer can live without society but society cannot live without him.

All of us have become very dependent upon each other. For example, George Kachel farms a hundred acres of land near the town of Reading, Pennsylvania. He sells the milk from his cows to the Rose Maid Dairy. Rose Maid processes the milk and in turn sells it to the Kessner family. Mr. Kessner drives the bus on which Jim Kackel, George's son, rides to and from his job at Pomeroy's Department Store. Jim is engaged to Sally Sweitzer. Sally's father works at the steel mill in Reading that ships steel to a plant in a nearby town that makes, among other things, milk pails. This plant sells milk pails to Pomeroy's and Pomery's sells them to Jim's father, George.

So you can see that the pioneer with his independence had a maximum of freedom, yet offered only a minimum of service to his fellowmen. But the men in today's society offer a maximum of service but have the minimum in freedom and independence. Interdependence is a lesson taught by modern society. We can no longer be completely independent and therefore must consider all our actions in the light of consequences to the whole.



Elmer L. Fryberger



MAN DICTATES THE FUTURE

The twentieth century could be the century in which man conquers the universe, or the universe conquers man. A serious and thorough study of the earth, sun, and moon will reveal that definite changes are taking place which will affect man.

The important point is that these slow alterations are not controlled by man nor are they likely ever to be under the domination of man's tools. Because these changes are extremely slow, they often go on almost unnoticed by the average human being. There is absolute proof that the ice cap which covers the North Pole is melting, and has melted at an increased rate since 1900. The earth's revolution has decreased in speed ever since the earth was formed, and the moon is gradually moving away from our earth. All these "happenings" in the universe are perhaps more important to the man of the next century. In fact, the transformations are so slight and slow that they may not even be measurable in a mere one hundred year span. The melting of the glacier and the resulting warming trend of the northern sections of the globe is one of the few phenomena that man has been able to witness successfully in a relatively short period of time.

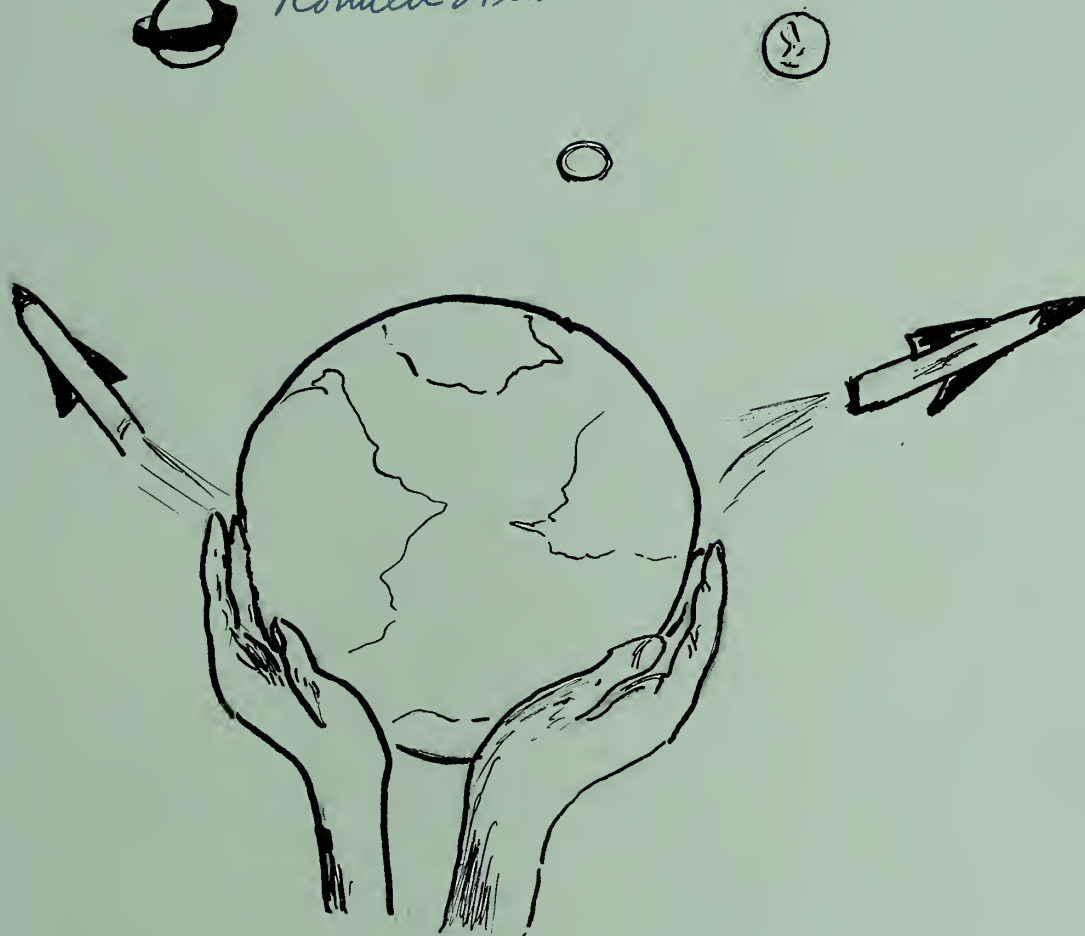
Today, we are witnessing changes in man himself. These changes can be seen and felt because we are a part of the great inter-revolution of the twentieth century. Science claims we are on the brink of outer space travel, society cries that man has morally declined, and governments assure people that economic

prosperity is "here to stay". We are caught between the "good" and the "bad", and have tried to find a happy balance which we term "normal". But often there are people who shock us out of complacency by their stark and sometimes tragic predictions of future events. These individuals usually are philosophers, theologians, scientists, with a sprinkling of "crackpots". The twentieth century has been besieged by predictions of gloom and destruction. Yet, it is the people who dictate the future, not the events themselves. Whatever we do or think right now, will have a definite bearing upon the actions of people living in 2060. Every era has built upon the remnants of a previous era. At times this pattern of "layer building" is broken and reversed, but usually it is only modified and modernized. We of the twentieth century are quite satisfied to believe that we have reached, or are close to reaching, the ultimate of knowledge. But what about the people who lived in 1860? They believed that there was not much man could do about certain problems, which are no longer problems today. The people of 2060 will probably look back upon us with the same impatience with which we now look back upon those of 1860.

This century has been plagued by an erosive element called the juvenile delinquent. The millions of dollars spent to combat this problem might have been saved if the causes had never had a chance to grow. Another menace to our society has been the moral decline of man. This is another problem that has been allowed to creep up on our society because its causes were never stopped.

Our century could easily be the turning point. Man can now destroy himself in a matter of minutes, or man can rebuild himself and his society. The future lies in our hands; we cannot blame anyone but ourselves if it is disastrous.

Ronald White



DEMOCRATIC IDEALS

The manifestation of true democratic ideals in the human being comes from God. The true nature of democracy is not in what it affects directly, but rather the lasting effect it has on its recipient. To me, the concepts of democracy are a sound basis for the growth of a God-centered life.

Democracy, as understood by socialists, must fall. This is a falsehood. A famous person once wrote, "Civilization is co-operation. Union and liberty are its factors." It is the socialistic government that must fall, as they oppose this truth. The socialists lack the rich qualities of freedom, but rather with hate and greed, they seek gain for themselves only. They avoid the congeniality of union and the opportunity in liberty. In contrast, democracy deems that law is to first regard the people. Democracy defends people of all classes, whether rich or poor, big or small. It never fails, but instead it repays and it equalizes the rights and opportunities of all. I believe it is the will of God that we as Christians further carry out the ideals of democracy in our lives.

The personal freedom, which in a democratic society every individual is entitled to, involves the possession of many rights in addition to those defined in our Constitution. The following are most important to me:

First, is the right to work usefully and creatively through the productive years of our life. This affords untold self-satisfaction when one can see that his earnings are upholding his family, church, and country.

While working, man has the right to fair pay adequate for sustaining life in exchange for work, his efforts, ideas, and thrift. Democratically, wages involve a fair business transaction between employee and employer.

Second, I believe, is the right to food, clothing, shelter and medical care. Such liberties are sometimes forgotten and we take them for granted. We should reverse our forgetful minds to thoughts of thankfulness to God who grants these provisions.

The third, which is over-looked so frequently, is the right to security during old age, want, dependency, sickness and unemployment. Some of us hasten toward this despondent state sooner than others. Only those who are in this position can fully appreciate the privilege of receiving these benefits.

The right to come and go, to speak or be silent, is fourth. In a democracy people often over-use this privilege.

Fifth, democracy also gives us the right to an education and spiritual growth. Schools and churches everywhere are waiting to award earnest seekers the opportunity and privilege of increasing their knowledge and obtaining spiritual satisfaction.

As we have learned, in a democratic government man has no barrier. With the possession of the personal freedoms already mentioned, man can rightly seek any office, position, or type of employment into which his own intuition would guide him.

David Wuori



FEAR GRIEF AND DISASTER

There is always a nameless fear lurking somewhere in the subconscious mind of a coal miner. He goes out to meet a new day, knowing full well that danger, accident or even death may be waiting for him in the bowels of the earth.

On the cold, gray morning of November 1, 1956, in the little mining town of Springhill, Nova Scotia, one hundred twenty-six miners left their warm homes and loved ones, unaware that tragedy would strike for them before the day was over. Thirty-eight men did not realize, as they clasped their wives in a final embrace before setting out for their day's work, that they were saying goodbye for the last time. As the women gave their husbands their lunches and watched them leave their homes, they did not know that many days filled with sick heartache and sorrow would intervene before seeing those dear faces again, or that some of them would never again see their loved ones on this earth.

That evening a sudden explosion instantly killed eleven men who were working at the entrance to the mine and trapped one hundred thirteen others several miles below the surface of the earth. Rescue men immediately attempted to reach the men. Appeals for help brought men from other mining towns all over the province to assist in rescue operations.

Wives, children, mothers and friends flocked to the entrance of the mine. There they stood night and day, filled with apprehension and dumb with terror. Everyone was very quiet. What was there to say? What could they do but await news of the progress of the rescue workers that came over the loud speaker at intervals? Mine officials did everything in their power to make things easier

for those who waited and for the rescue men. Charitable organizations brought food and warm clothing for the rescue workers. Ambulances stood by at the entrance of the mine ready for any men who might be brought to the surface. Everywhere people prayed, hoped, and waited.

Many obstacles hindered the progress of the rescue workers. By Friday morning everyone, including mine officials had given up hope of ever finding the entombed men alive. One of the main obstacles hampering the work of the rescuers was the deadly gas which had to be overcome. This gas tended to rise to the ceiling since it was lighter than air. Thus the rescuers had to crawl on their hands and knees and even on their stomachs to avoid inhaling the gas. Two of these men died from the effects of the gas.

A second obstacle hampering their progress was fire which continued to burn after the explosion, creating the danger of a second explosion, which might have killed the rescue workers. Many hours of dangerous and back-breaking work were spent in sealing off the section where the fire was burning.

The rockfalls which the workers encountered were another hindrance. The men had to clear these away, all the while contending with the deadly gas. Many of them fell unconscious and had to be brought to the surface on stretchers and rushed to the hospital.

There was water along the tunnels of the mine through which the workers had to crawl. When it was time for a new crew to go into the mine, these men would come up tired, hungry, wet and covered with grimy coal dust. Willing hands were ready to supply hot food, warm, dry clothes, and comfortable beds for these men who were risking their lives for the sake of their friends.

No one knew whether or not all this work was being done in vain. There was no way of knowing for sure the state of the trapped miners, but they were almost certain to be dead by this time. The rescue workers and mine officials held no hope for their survival. There were air pipes leading down into the mine through which compressed air was pumped. There was a chance that the explosion had caused breaks in the pipe which would keep the air from reaching the miners.

Saturday morning dawned. The rescue workers had worked night and day since the explosion had taken place on Thursday evening and still they had not reached the miners. Oh, those hours of anxious waiting! The loved ones, friends and groups of spectators stood hour after hour in the bitter cold, grimly waiting and hoping that by some miracle the miners, who were imprisoned somewhere far below the earth's surface, would be found alive.

Suddenly an announcement flashed out over the loud speaker that the miners had been reached. Tension mounted. At 12 o'clock the first two dirty and bedraggled miners were brought to the surface. All was confusion and bedlam. Women who had waited without showing their emotions as the hours passed in slow succession finally broke down and cried. Those of us who were listening to our radios could not keep back tears of joy and thanksgiving. Even the radio announcers were unable to keep their voices from breaking. It was as though these men had been brought back from the dead. By evening thirty-six of the one hundred thirteen miners had been taken to the hospital to rest and have a checkup.

The first news was that all the trapped miners were alive and well. If only it could have been so! There were still the seventy-

six men entombed farther down in the cold, dark, gassy mine. Rescuers worked feverishly but were hampered by more fire and increased gas conditions. At eleven o'clock Sunday evening, after many more dreary suspense-filled hours for those who were left waiting, the announcement came that between fifty and sixty miners had been found alive. Doctors arrived and went down into the mine to give the men oxygen and other necessary treatment. They also received raisins, their first food in three days, and later hot soup and coffee. Finally they began to bring those who were still alive up the mine shaft on the make-shift hoist. They were taken to the hospital and the armouries where emergency beds and other equipment had been set up. Relatives, who had almost given up hope, and ministers were there to hear the miraculous stories of how these men had survived. At five thirty Monday morning those who still lingered at the entrance to the mine with hope almost gone turned away in solemn silence as two small but meaningful words, "That's all", revealed to them the sad fate of the twenty-five men who were dear to them.

And so the days of grim suspense, showing how well founded is the feeling of fearful uncertainty in the life of a miner, came to an end for the people of Springhill. But the cold, haunting fear is deeply embedded in the lives of every man, woman and child. It will always be there.



Marilynn Seal

THE AUTOMOBILE

The automobile has grown in recent years to become a mark of prestige. Now unthought of as mere transportation, it is man's symbol of his growing material prosperity. Yet, in the last few years, the auto has slowly lost the high symbolic esteem it previously carried. Still, man continues to literally put himself in debt to "keep up with the Joneses".

The Detroit manufacturers are quite delighted to see this battle for prestige carried on. In fact, they are doing their utmost to try to see that the "Joneses" are kept aware that a new auto is a necessity in the society of today. They have made sure that the new car you bought last year is not so new as you thought. They also insist that mathematics is "all wrong", and longer and wider autos can be made to fit into narrower and shorter parking spaces. On top of all this, the manufacturers can see no reason why your wife should not have three hundred horses to transport her to the corner drugstore.

But this is only the beginning! Detroit now feels everyone should apply for his jet pilot's license, and has installed numerous switches, dials, knobs, and handles. These are to familiarize the driver with the instrument panel of a modern jet airliner.



Ronald White

PARDON ME, BUT I'M AN AMERICAN!

Pardon me, but I'm an American! This seems to be the attitude of a large percentage of our citizens. We are privileged to live in a free country and enjoy the opportunities of a democracy--education, free enterprise, and our basic freedoms. Instead of realizing that these are a part of our heritage and our way of life and need to be accepted wisely, we as Americans have a superiority complex.

Democracy as a way of life is rewarding in many ways to those living under it. However, it is not the only way of life nor would it be an effective government for every nation. Simply because democracy is our way of life and works for us, we seem to think that it offers the solution to every political and social problem of any group of people. Our environment, economic situation, history, customs, and social and political ideas affected our development as a nation and our acceptance of democracy. Likewise, these same factors in another country could hinder the development of democracy. Thus, we must realize that although our way of life may be the best for us it might not be the best for all people.

Education of the masses is one of the keys to our success as a democratic nation. Sometimes we allow this opportunity to serve as a point of comparison between our country and others. But when we base the worth of the individual on the amount of education he has received, we lose sight of the true significance of education. We have become a nation of individualistic thinkers because of our education. This is truly an advantage of democracy but it must not be over-emphasized in our relations to other peoples. We must remember that

these people of foreign lands are likewise individuals who have certain basic rights and freedoms and a particular way of life which we should respect.

The principle of free enterprise has helped to raise our standard of living to that of the highest in the world. This is good and wholesome to us as a race. However, we often deceive ourselves by believing that our material possessions make us a superior people. The danger lies in the fact that this concept affects our attitude toward people in other lands and influences our associations with them. For example, some Americans when traveling in foreign countries, display their wealth lavishly and expect special favors and recognition. They are shocked to find that money doesn't buy friends or respect but, instead, often breeds contempt.

We also tend to feel that our culture is superior, that the customs of some foreign countries, although sometimes more colorful than our own, do not deserve our respect. Each nation has its own folk songs and dances, legends, and daily customs. Why should we feel that ours are any more traditional or colorful or any less "sentimental" or nationalistic?

Perhaps, after all, the "American way" is not the only way.

Gaytha Lutschall



Is There A Solution?

As I get along with my studies I find that man has been searching for a way to live in a democracy since history was first recorded. In the western civilization class I learned that Athens was the first democracy. Previously, I had thought the first attempt at democracy was made by writers of the Declaration of Independence in this country. I had no concept of the struggles, conflicts and wars that mankind had experienced. This problem of man living at peace with his neighbor has been a perennial dilemma.

How can one estimate the loss of precious lives, the needless sufferings, the endless grief that man has endured since the first murder was first documented? Is there a calculator that can estimate the economic loss that war has cost civilization since Jericho was laid waste by Joshua?

In my quest for knowledge I have turned many a page, reading till the dawning hours about man's struggle for liberty and his desire to be a free creature as intended by his Creator.

In our generation the scientific gains made by man are almost beyond one's imagination. The atom has been split. Preparations are being made to send a rocket to the moon. Medical science has made wondrous discoveries to prolong our lives. But what gains have been made so that man can live without fear and be assured of peace?

A button can be pressed in Washington and reduce the city of Moscow to rubble. A Red finger can press a button in Moscow and leave Boston a mass graveyard. Are these the advances that

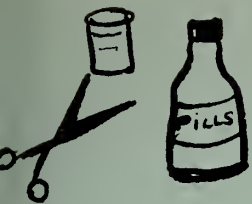
this generation has achieved so that man will understand his neighbor and promote peace?

"Economic security, mobility and ease of communication" are necessary essentials to democracy according to Becker in his essay. Myriads of words have been written defining and giving essentials of a democracy. "We seek to dominate no other nation. We ask no territorial expansion. We oppose imperialism. We desire reduction in armaments. We believe in democracy; we believe in peace; we believe in freedom; . . ." These are eloquent words spoken over a score of years ago by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Throughout the ages philosophers, physiocrats, humanists, sociologists, and psychologists have made contributions to mankind to solve his perpetual enigma.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" are words I wish the scholars would use as a foundation for their essays, speeches and dissertations. They are words spoken by a Man who was born in an obscure village, who worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty and then became an itinerant Preacher for three years. He also never owned a home, never had a family and never went to college. They are also words that are written in the Book that is the best seller of our ages. Over one billion copies have been printed.

Clarence Swartz





MY FIRST NIGHT IN A MENTAL INSTITUTION

I came to the Boston State Hospital on September 10, 1958, as a very frightened attendant. My mind was filled with visions of some wild maniac grabbing me and trying to kill me. Although I had been told that the patients were harmless, I was still wary of the job.

At three o'clock I started work and was taken to D building, the medical-surgical installation of the hospital. I was assigned to ward D-7 and was surprised to find that the two fellows I was to work with were from Eastern Nazarene College.

My first duty was to dispense some pills to the patients. The first patient that I went to seemed to be asleep. I shook him to wake him up and he sat up and hit me. As you can imagine, panic struck. I called the charge attendant and told him what had happened. He laughed and said he forgot to tell me about the patient. This patient gets very disturbed when he is touched without warning. So I was off to a great start.

Later as we gave out supper, I had a patient throw a cup of hot coffee at me. By this time, I was really watching my step. As we put the patients to bed, I noticed that many of them were watching me very closely. When I inquired why, I was told that they were sizing me up and trying to find out how much they could "get away with".

Later that night, we were called to the next ward to bring some oxygen for a sick patient. As we entered the room the patient expired.

All these things happened the first night to make things interesting. My fears of the job were realized and I was not too happy.

But now I am glad to report that I have not had another such night since. I have learned that although the patient is disturbed, he is not stupid. Now through experience I know what it is like to be one of the Men in the White Coats.

Paul W. Joy



"TO BUY, OR NOT TO BUY"

"New Simoniz Floor Wax---childproof because there's vinyl in it!" Hmmm, that sounds pretty good to you, Mrs. Gullible Housewife, doesn't it? Just think, now no matter how much the little ones spill things, scuff, splash, skate, or jump rope on the floor, it will still look as if you've just washed and waxed it with a great deal of elbow grease.

This advertisement is typical of many appealing to the lazier side of individuals by making life appear less complicated and tedious if their product is used. What mother of several small children wouldn't welcome the chance to get away from the drudgery of waxing floors?

The word "vinyl," although it causes the reader to think the statement valid because of the scientific air it lends, is probably not understood by most people. When the average person sees an advertisement involving scientific terms, he oftentimes, without any question at all, accepts the product as the Truth! For example, thousands upon thousands of people across our land are buying Gleem toothpaste because it contains G L 70 (whatever that is!) This truly is the ultimate in gullibility.

Let's see what else this advertisement has to say. "Try New Simoniz Floor Wax-the only one with miracle vinyl! So easy to use--it polishes itself." An example of perfect communication is contained in the expression "it polishes itself." The advertiser naturally doesn't expect the reader to see the floor pick itself up and start vigorously shining itself to a high gloss. Instead, he means that the

shine will be renewed by a quick mopping after spills or children have supposedly ruined the floor. This type of advertisement would be unintelligible to anyone who isn't an American, because a double meaning is implied.

This advertisement has only one step to go in order to contain all the "pitfalls of signs." So far gullibility and perfect communication have made their appearances. Shall we try for the third which is generalization? Well, here it come.--"Brilliant, tough, and Durable Vinyl found only in Simoniz Floor Wax makes this wax the most outstanding in the world." Really this is quite a broad statement when you consider the size of the world and the number of wax companies existing here.

If you can avoid the dangerous "pitfalls of signs," you are one in a million. Most of us fall occasionally, though, but each stumble should make us more cautious until we may some day learn to think before we leap.

Muriel Jordan



WHY NOT BE HUMAN?

My name is Joe Averaginsky. I have a gripe. If all men were created equal, why shouldn't we all be satisfied to be one of the bunch? We would all get along better if we were. Why does somebody always have to go and make an individual of himself? He's probably just anti-social and enjoys self-persecution. Self-sacrifice and super-human efforts when reaching for far-away goals are what he lives on. The striving man ought to be outlawed. We would be more satisfied with ourselves if this man didn't keep popping up every now and then and startling us out of our beautifully average way of life.

Just think, there are no longer any true differences in classes of people and now everybody has the chance to get the lucky break. But, then a guy comes along and really works for the position. Boy, how I hate him. He really thinks that he is smarter than I am but I could do the same thing. The only thing that is stopping me is my principle of self-respect. I wouldn't stoop so low as to butter-up the boss by working late and working Saturdays if he didn't ask me.

I remember, when I was in the army, there were a few of these striving guys too. Some of them must have really like the army, the way they worked. I couldn't see the reason for my having to waste two years of my life when there was no war going on, so I let them know how I felt. I kept out of the way and got out of as much work as I could. A couple of the guys said they were going to make the most of it as long as they were there. "The most of what?" I asked. What did they get for it? Just another stripe

and a raise from thirteen cents an hour to sixteen cents an hour. They were out of their minds.

Then there was the time I worked in a factory. We had quite a system but every once in awhile one of these striving guys would get hired. We used to call them "scabs". Some of the machines had a low production rating so you could really work slow and still make the quota. When I was working nights I used to make the quota and have a couple of hours to spare. And then some conscientious worker would come in with the crazy idea that if he didn't work steady he would be cheating. We used to keep after these hard workers until they either quit or got transferred.

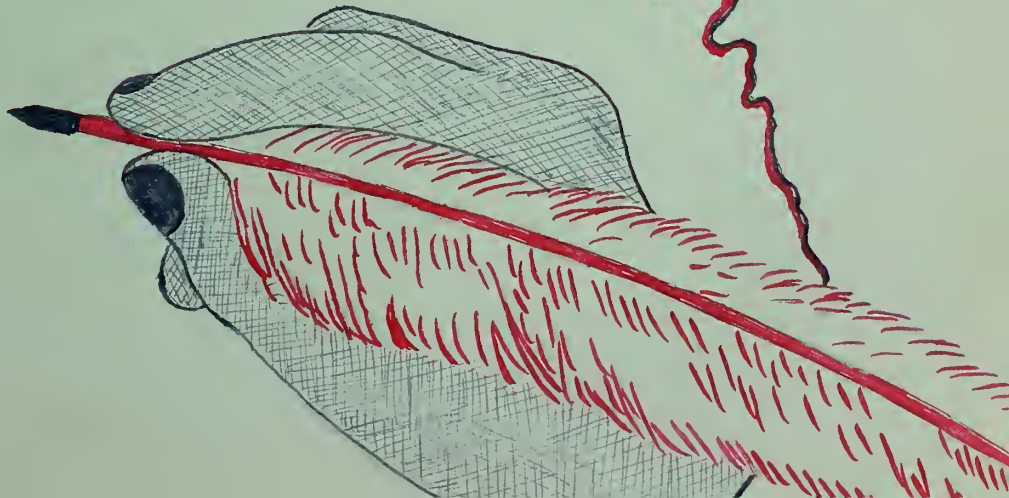
Another guy that I don't like is a cop who takes his job too seriously. With all the crazy drivers on the road he has to stop me because I was going a little over the speed limit. It's a good thing that I know the chief of police so that I can get my ticket fixed. These conscientious cops ought to go after the really bad drivers.

Now here is another gripe. It's those holier-than-thou people that think man can live a perfect life. That's really crazy because everybody likes to have a good time. Weren't luxuries put on earth for people to enjoy? I don't quite know what they are trying to prove by outlawing all these so-called degrading material things of life. I smoke and take an occasional drink and I'm as healthy as anybody else. Why are they striving after perfection? They must be hypocrites. Nobody can be perfect, so why try? They act like they are carrying their religion around with them all week when everybody knows it's for Sunday only.

I have my ideas about these politicians too. They're just a bunch of "truck drivers" who know the right people. I could get in any office if I had the money. Now, I will have to admit that this is the place for those striving guys. I surely don't want to have a bunch of crooked politicians in the government. So I say sort out the striving guys and ship them off to the state capital or to Washington. Then I won't have to worry about being knocked out of a job. And this will leave the rest of us normal human beings to enjoy life and get rid of the guys that are always out of step.

Curtis Stuenkel

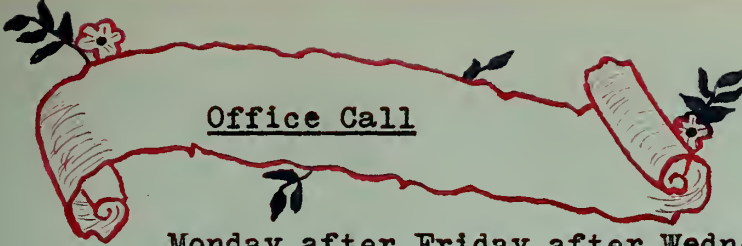
The End



MOMENTS

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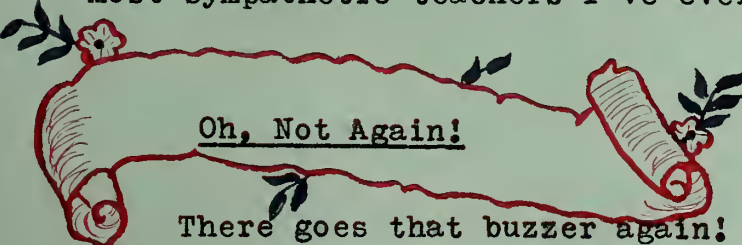


Office Call

Monday after Friday after Wednesday I sat in Miss Spangenberg's English Composition class, almost afraid to open my mouth. I sat in the back row, and when her eyes would wander to the back of the room I would tie my shoe when it wasn't untied, or lean down to pull up my sock when it was already up. I was so frightened that she would say, "Miss Urner, what is the black and white fallacy that Beardsley was trying to point out?" Or "Just what does 'vagueness' mean?"

And then I didn't hand in three assignments. The very thought of going to her office staggered me. But I had to go. I stood in front of her door for about five minutes. Every time someone would walk by I pretended I was looking at the teachers' mail boxes. I just couldn't go in. The second attempt was a little more encouraging. I knocked on the door. "Come in," was the reply. I had to go in now. She knew someone was out there. I opened the door and there sat Miss Spangenberg with a smile. "Good morning, Miss Urner." My heart sank. I gave a faint smile but all I could get out was, "Do you know when Miss Balwit will be in?"

The third time I decided that I had been acting very foolishly. After all, she wasn't going to bite me. I opened the door, Miss Spangenberg smiled and said, "Come in, Miss Urner. I'm not going to bite you." I went in and found Miss Spangenberg one of the kindest, most sympathetic teachers I've ever known.



Oh, Not Again!

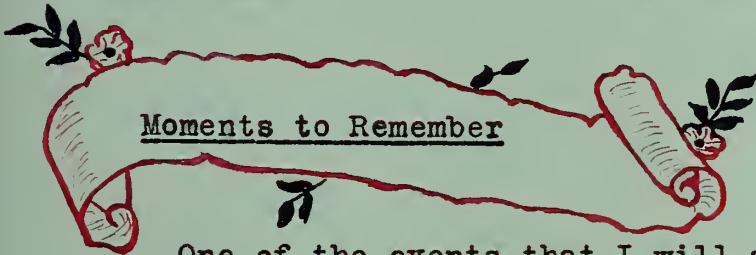
There goes that buzzer again! Well, I wonder what it means this time. Possibly a trip to the Dugout, a date for Friday night's all

Suzana Urner

important basketball game, or perhaps it's just your roommate's boy friend wanting some help with his problems.

Whatever the occasion may be, there is no answer to the problem until you go downstairs and find out just who it is that keeps ringing your buzzer. If you're too scared to go down "as you are", you can always ask the operator on the switchboard. Girls try to discourage this, however, because it's very possible that you will get even weaker after finding out who it is.

The ringing of one's buzzer is very important. In a matter of moments it can build you up to great expectations, or it can leave the world crumbled at your feet. Which will it be? Why, only the caller can answer that question. So whatever your feelings, answer your oh, no, there goes that buzzer again.



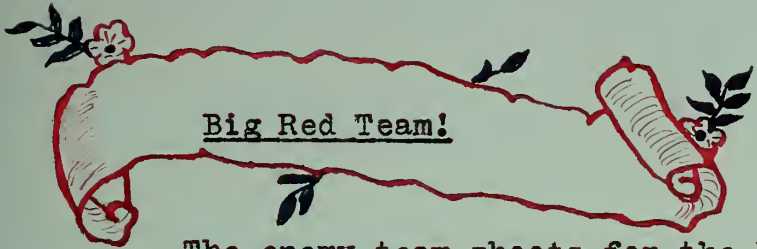
Moments to Remember

Judie Lambesh

One of the events that I will always remember about my first year at Easter Nazarene College is the laying of the cornerstone in the new science building. The setting for this occasion was a beautiful morning in the fall of 1958. As I marched toward the new building in my gown along with other members of the A Capella Choir I felt very honored indeed. My heart was greatly thrilled to be able to take part in the ceremony of the cornerstone laying of this new and splendid addition to our campus. I watched and listened intently as the dignified guests gave speeches and comments on the progress of E. N. C. and how God is truly working in marvelous ways. Then after all the preliminaries were over I gazed as articles like the Bible and E. N. C. publications were put into the cornerstone before it was cemented into the building. These were unforgettable moments

snatched from another year that marks the onward progress of
E. N. C.

David Johnson



Big Red Team!

The enemy team shoots for the basket! The ball rolls around the rim and off! Big Dave Hutchinson grabs the rebound and the Crusaders have control of the ball again. Hutch passes up court to Dick Mann. A three on two situation. Dick Mann passes off to brother Merritt, over to Jack Smith who slows it up and works the ball around. Pillsbury has the ball back over to Smith on the right side. Jack holds the ball momentarily and gives the signal for a play. "Six!" He passes back to Pillsbury on the left side. Pillsbury to Hutchinson at the foul line. Pillsbury and Smith cut off Hutchinson for the basket but can't get a pass. Merritt Mann breaks off the pick, no pass. Dick Mann breaks, still no pass. Hutchinson with the ball fakes, drives and lays it up and in! The score goes up another notch. Yea! Big Red Team!



What's for Lunch?

Howie Williams

When class finally is dismissed at noon, you rush over to the dining room hoping that the line won't be too long. But no such luck! Forty other starving bears are ahead of you.

Suddenly, as you wait, "What's for lunch?" pops into your mind, and you peer intently across the aisle, trying to discover what that couple have on their plates. Could it be . . . cheesburgers? Cheeseburgers! Oh joy! The perfect lunch! Why does the line have

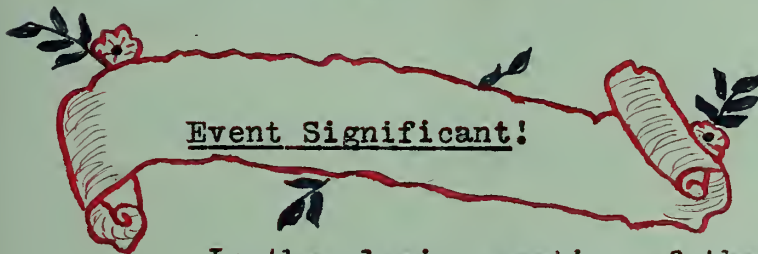
to be so long?

Have you ever noticed a cheesburger, really looked at one? First you see rich, creamy-yellow cheese oozing over a round hamburger patty nested on a fresh bun. Then the dash of ketchup for a bit of color catches your eye. It certainly looks delicious.

The line gradually gets shorter and shorter, you grab up your napkin and silver at the silver table, and impatiently wait to get to the counter. Why must the waitresses be so slow?

At last! You've arrived! Quickly you grab up your food, call off your number, and whisk off your tray. Flopping yourself into a seat, you prepare yourself for a wonderful moment. With eager hands you pick up your treasure, hesitate for a split-second, and then bite into it with such gusto that you almost choke. Could anything be better? What's for lunch? Cheeseburgers.

Sharon Hampton



Event Significant!

In the closing meeting of the Missionary Convention the Holy Spirit gloriously came down and swept over E. N. C.'s campus. There was the feeling of something different in this meeting even as it began.

The attention of every student was focused on the speaker, the Rev. Paul Hetrick of Africa. When he finished the message and began the altar service an unusual spirit was noticeable. At this moment the meeting was taken over by the students.

For quite some time there had been a need for revival on E. N. C.'s campus and we truly experienced one. Many souls were saved and cleansed by the Holy Spirit.

As I sat and listened and took part in the testimonies, I

realized the Holy Spirit was closer to me than He had ever been. The Lord blessed me through the testimonies of others. Never have I experienced such a wonderful fulfillment of the Holy Spirit. I will remember this as the most significant events of my freshman year at E. N. C.

Lais Kellogg



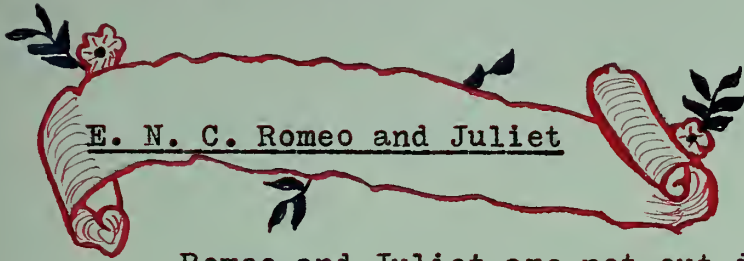
Slowly she walks into Munro Hall, dreading the ordeal which must be endured within the next few minutes. She knows what day this is and hopes she will escape but fears she will not.

As she advances toward the mail box, her eyes scan the group milling around the switchboard. Daring to peek into her mail box, she shudders to see it lying inside. One consolation still remains - it might be her partner's. Very slowly, feeling the cold roundness of the little knob, she opens the box without the usual difficulties, of course. She picks up the crisp folded pink slip and reads the name at the top. She realizes that it is her own and she experiences a cold feeling of nausea in the pit of her stomach. She glances around, slyly and perhaps, guiltily, to see if anyone has seen her. She feels mixed emotions, a little ashamed with herself, a little disgusted with her professor, a little afraid of her parents' reaction.

The ordinary odors of lunch below, the newly-waxed floor, and the perfume of the other girls only add to the nauseating feeling. She hears the complaints of other unlucky souls and feels a comforting arm around her shoulder. Finally, clutching the pesky thing in her hand she turns and walks upstairs.

Believe me, I know how it feels. It happened to me. Luckily,
it was a mistake.

Gaytha Gutschall



Romeo and Juliet are not out-dated characters of by-gone days. On the E. N. C. campus both Romeo and Juliet are very much alive, and active.

Juliet sits in her room trying to study, but her mind wanders. She puts her book aside and stands in front of the mirror to comb her hair for the third time.

Her ears are tuned to a certain familiar sound, not a mandolin or a love song. She listens for the unromantic click of a pebble striking her window pane, or for a sharp unsophisticated whistle. She does not step out on a vine covered terrace; she shoves the window up and "yells" out that she will be right down. "Hurry up," is the reply.

It sounds as if Romeo and Juliet have lost some of the romantic flare in this modern age. Not so! This is, to the boy and girl at E. N. C., real romance. Even if the pebble happens to be a wee bit too large. Even if several windows go up in answer to one whistle.



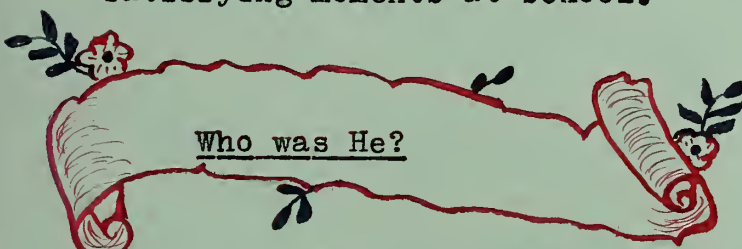
Helen J. Chilcote

One of the most inspiring moments of my short career at E. N. C. is not the thrill of receiving an "A" on an exam. It is not the competition debate match, or being greeted by a favorite feminine friend. It is stepping out the night after long hours of grueling study and fatiguing concentration and going in through the door of

the gym to see the wide, clear, clean shining floor, the high backboard with the surmountable orange rim which you hope to conquer. It is knowing in a moment that you will be free to grasp the basketball with all your might, drive down the court, stretch your body to its full length, jump with every ounce of strength in you and try to drive the ball through the basket.

The thrill of competition, and matching both the full mental and physical abilities you have with others makes your heart beat faster and your body to become tense. It is one of my most satisfying moments at school.

Nicholas Polite



Who was He?

"I dream of 'Richard' with the light brown hair." Oh, it's wonderful to be going out with him. He's so nice and tall and good-looking! That piece of hair is sticking out and if I can't get it in I'll look terrible. I must look my best or he might not want me to go out with him again. He should ring and moment now. There goes the buzzer. That must be him. Oh, joy, here I go.

I wonder why they don't turn the buzzer off. I heard it ring. That noise it makes is awful. I wish they'd . . . Oh, dear, my alarm clock! What a revolting development! Why didn't it wait to go off until I'd at least seen who "Richard with the light brown hair" was? I'm going to lie back down and see if I'll go on dreaming.

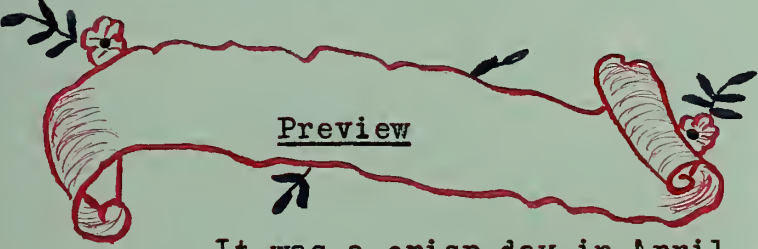
One, two, three, four, five minutes have passed and I still don't know who Richard was. Well, with five gone, I guess I'd better get up. It can't be true! Fifteen minutes, not five

minutes, are past. Can I make it?

Rush, rush, rush! I'm so tired now that I'll never last to the end of the day. Only a few more steps to climb and I'll be in class. I hope class hasn't started. It hasn't. Let me see now. If I can stop panting like a dog I might be able to think straight.

"Miss Savage . . . Miss Savage." Roll Call. "Oh, I'm here." Class has finally started and I've calmed down - finally, but, I wonder who Richard was.

Kathryn Savage



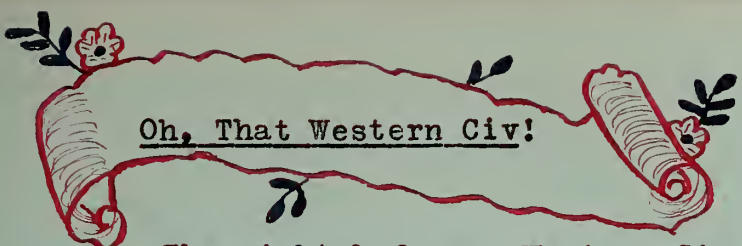
Preview

It was a crisp day in April, with a royal blue sky in which floated clouds like feathers. We heard the merry laughter of students and the rustle of leaves. As I looked more closely I saw everyone in his work clothes. Some were raking, some picking up piles of leaves and some just having a wonderful time.

I proceeded to walk up the step of the Ad building and went to the business window where they sent me to the administration office. I was greeted there by more friendly faces and warm welcomes. This, I thought to myself, is what I'd like to be a part of next year. Having finished finding out requirements and other details, we said good bye, hoping to hear from them soon.

As I left the campus, I looked back for a last glance at the wonderful time and fellowship the students were having working together, and realized that if they work together like this, they must study and live together in the same harmony.

Sylvia Nickerson



Oh, That Western Civ!

The night before a Western Civ. test is a night of horror. After about one hour of study, you must spend approximately a half hour "letting loose", just being miserable, or having another cup of black coffee. Then, back to the books. One by one, then two at a time, then groups at a time keep dropping in.

"How much have you read?" "What do you think he will ask?" "Do you think he will ask anything about Louis XIV on the test?" These questions really help to calm the nerves! So, just give up and go to bed. You've got some time to study in the morning.

Morning comes, as all mornings do, but there seems to be more lead holding you down. You get up.

All your worry and frustration comes to a climax as the prof. stands in front of the room, holding those little blue books in one hand and white sheets of paper in the other, and, with a little grin on his face, starts to give instructions. First, there is a split second of panic, then terror, then you start to think. You haven't really studied. You can't afford to fail. What if . . . ?

The paper is in your hands. Go ahead. Look at it. A second moment of panic. You don't know anything on the test. It's so long. You'll never finish. But you just start writing. Every now and then you recall a fact, and include it in your writing. At last, you can pass it in. You leave the room, and you just forget it!

Faith Hunter



It's That Night Again!

It's that night again, that night you've been waiting for all week. It's Thursday night, and time again for the girls' basketball games.

Tonight, we, the Zeta Society, play the first game with the Sigmas. The usual warmup takes place and then the game is under way. Well, all expectations of a good game are being fulfilled up to the last few minutes of the game.

Then, the timekeeper yells out that there is only one minute to go, and that the score is tied, 28-28. You feel a pang of excitement rush through your body from your fingertips to your toes, for you know that this game must be won by your society. You know that it is up to you and your teammates to keep that team from making a basket!

Your heart is pounding and your face is hot and perspiring, but you must not give up now. So far, in the last thirty seconds you have been able to keep them from scoring, but now there is only a matter of seconds left in the game. Do your eyes see right? Yes, one of your teammates has stolen the ball, and sent it down the court to one of your forwards. You hold your breath as they try to work into the basket. The crowd is going wild, and from somewhere comes the shout, "Come on, Zeta, you can do it." Then you know that you must win. The seconds are closing in, and you hardly know what to do, when you see the basketball cutting through the air, straight into a perfect basket, just as the whistle blows. The noise is deafening! You even surprise yourself by jumping into the air and screaming, but nobody notices, for everyone else is doing the same thing!



Receiving Marks

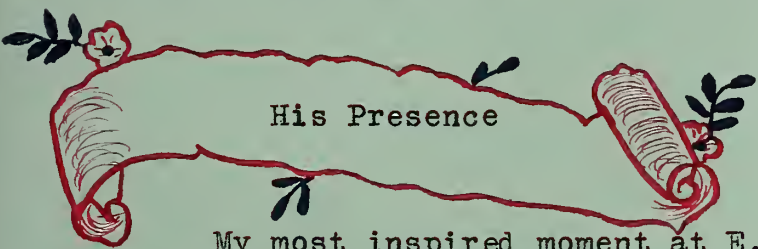
They were there - a neat pile of marks next to his right hand. Now only three people were ahead. They had to see Dean Kaufman as

part of the registration process. In a few seconds I would have my marks. My hands were moist and cold.

There were only two people now. An icy knot tightened in my stomach. Now there was only one. My legs felt like wooden stumps as I shuffled forward two steps. A muscle twitched uncontrollably in my arm.

There was no one left. I was there. I turned toward the Dean. My heart felt like a trip-hammer in my chest. A voice between us inquired, "May I please have my marks?" I was aware of a roaring in my ears. It seemed to take him an eternity to look through the pile and extract one. My wooden arm shook as I extended it. It took only an instant to flip the tiny pages. My whole body suddenly went loose and limp. The marks were all right.

Richard Murphy



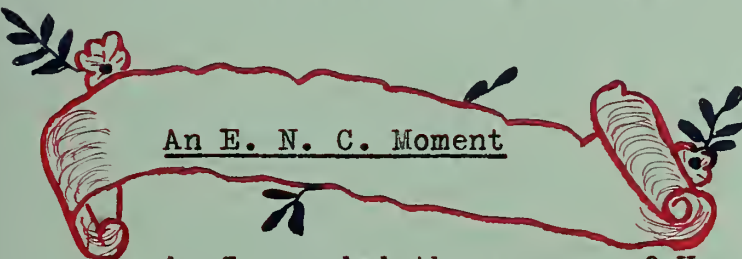
His Presence

My most inspired moment at E. N. C. is not a moment that comes to me once in awhile and is something I can clearly explain to others. It is the moment in which I think upon Jesus Christ. These moments are not rare because with Christ dwelling in my heart I can continually feel His presence. The moment which inspires me is the moment in which I realize Christ saved even a sinner like me. I was unworthy of Him, but as the shepherd cared for the one lost sheep, so Christ cared for me. This is a thrilling moment because I realize that now Jesus is the lover of my soul and through this love He sought to save even me.

It is such a divinely wonderful feeling to know Christ and to know that as long as I keep my hand in His I need not have fear of

what the future may hold for me. As long as I remain in the center of God's will, I will have this real joy and happiness I have truly felt. Other things follow in their respective order as to their importance in my relationship with God. Along with this thrilling moment comes the realization that I never could understand until I felt it in my own heart, "The things I once loved I now hate and the things I once hated I now love."

Benedetta Hulber



An E. N. C. Moment

As I rounded the corner of Hancock Street and lifted my feet in the direction of the famous Mansion gate, the urge to quit was being pounded into my mind by every step I took. As I passed the nature touched islands centered in the middle of East Elm Avenue, the fact that beautiful flowers blended their scents was lost on me for I had lost the power of smell. I could not even see the islands, much less the green grass spotted with red and white flowers. These islands seemed to pass very slowly although I knew that this was the fastest I had ever passed them on foot.


I could no longer feel my legs. I had to rely on the fact that I was still moving to be sure that they were still there. The warm, salt filled wind blowing off the bay about a mile down the road together with the speed with which I was traveling caused my eyes to be so filled with tears that even my hands which kept shooting past them one at a time were blurred. The only thing that kept me going at such a rapid rate of speed was my athlete's conscience which was urging, "Come on, Zollie, keep those feet shooting out there as far as possible."

Then I could see the crowd gathered around a little red object called a stop clock. At this point I don't know quite yet where I got the strength, but I shot out like a bolt of lightning from almost top speed to a speed that I had never before achieved. The little red clock passed quickly on my right and I took two more steps to fall upon the soft dry grass just inside the gate. My track uniform was soaking wet and I could not breathe. My face was hidden in the moss-like grass and my knees were bent under me. It was at this moment I said I would never run again. It took a minute or two to learn how to breathe again.

Then when I turned over to sit down I saw a half dozen hands reach for me to assist me to my feet. These hands lifted me right up on their shoulders. I began to understand now as I heard the cheering and yelling coming from about thirty throats.

As the crowd carried me towards the shower room I motioned to Ray carrying the stop clock. He quickly yelled my time. It was 19.30. This beat the school record by thirty-nine seconds. I knew then why I was being treated like a hero. This would not be the last race I would run. Now I am eligible for the Boston Marathon in the spring.

Robert Emmett Zollinhofer Jr.



CAMPUS THOUGHTS

College, indeed, an institution of higher learning,
Seeks to start the student's mind a-turning.

"Think for yourself," education's motto of life;
College is the promoter of knowledge, yet strife.


Class, the one thing that the student despises
Is only for him who understands and first realizes
That study is foremost, then all the rest.
Knowing your values, that is the test.

Teachers, professors, and all the rest
Why are they forever giving a test?
A tester of knowledge they may be,
But, oh, how much it's wearing out me!

Books, and more books, along with each thought
Just aren't worth the money with which they're bought;
When you think of the study and work to be done
You'd rather leisure about and have lots of fun.

There's a little hidden haven at E.N.C.
Where many a student finds life as free as can be.
They only linger forty-five minutes out of every hour;
"Why," says one, "food and drink - my only source of power!"






The food tastes better, I guess, if you pay,
Or would you rather keep carrying that old grey tray.
You might hear a noise, or even a shout,
But there's no place better than E.N.C.'s "Dugout".

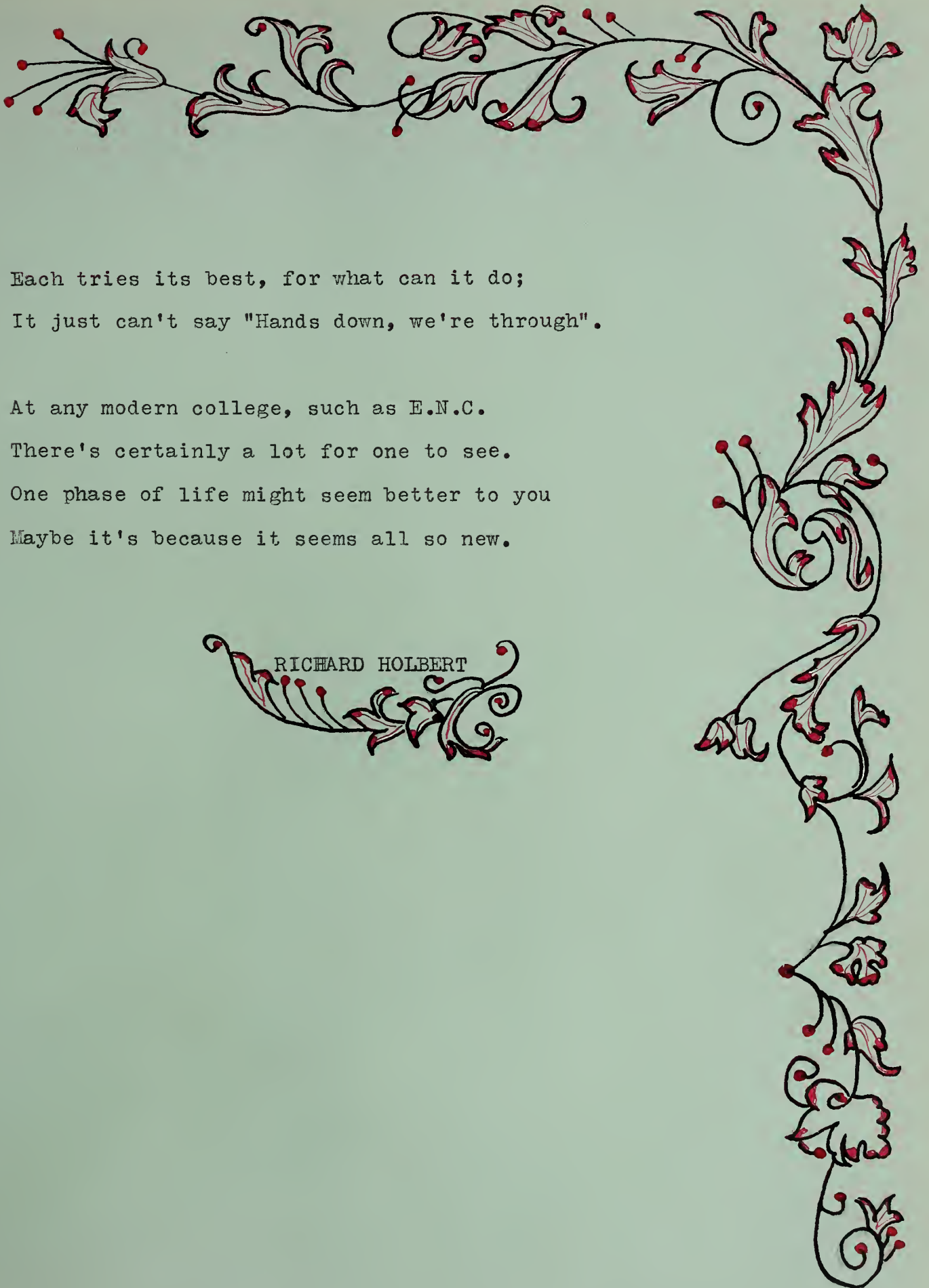
There's a big white structure at E.N.C.
Where every musician practices a little "do, re, mi".
His practice might be brief, it might be long
But you'll easily know when you hear his song.

Some do it as study, or even as fun;
Music for all and everyone.
Well, for whatever reason it may be
There'll always be the "Hall of Canterbury".

There's a phase of student life at E.N.C.
Which tends to belong to every society.
Are athletics as important to you as your studies?
Where would you rather be, with your books or your buddies?

Every society cannot ever be the same;
The difference lies in what each can attain.





Each tries its best, for what can it do;
It just can't say "Hands down, we're through".

At any modern college, such as E.N.C.
There's certainly a lot for one to see.
One phase of life might seem better to you
Maybe it's because it seems all so new.

RICHARD HOLBERT

QUICK
QUIPS



Quick Quips

HERBERT AALPOEL - "Men believe in luck! It's a must in fishing and hunting."

ALICE BAXTER - "A twinkle, twinkle in her eye. Who I wonder is the guy?"

JANE DICKEY - "Her quiet manner may be due to reading or much thought."

FREDERICK FARRAR - "There is a time for study and a time for automobiles."

CHRISTOPHER HALL - "Actions speak louder than words."

MILDRED JANE HARRISON - "Small of stature, but large of heart - that's M.J."

SHERMAN HILL - "What in Sam Hill do you work in the dish room for?"

HEATHER HOOK - "You'll see her in the library with a friendly smile."

FRANCES CHARLENE MANLEY - "Charley's friendliness is delightful . . . so's her sewing."

JULIUS OSIBODU - "He can conquer any barrier."

JAMES PAYNTER - "He enjoys work and sports, he has a smile for everyone."

WILLIAM PORTER - "To worry little, to study less, is my idea of happiness."

BEVERLY RYDER - "Speech is great but silence is better."

HELEN SPEARE - "That one talent which is death to hide - sing, sing, sing."

VERA STANFORD - "Mischief dances in her eyes, and a song on her lips."

DAVID THATCHER - "Run over all obstacles and win the race."

ANNA TRAUT - "The secret of life is in art."

RONALD WARD - "He has a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand in mischief - Rah!"

DAVID WELLS - "A not-so-very bashful Canadian, a joy to know."

DAVID WHIPPO - "No one ever had such good sports . . . or spirits."

WILLIAM WILHOYTE - "He has plenty on the ball - 'specially basket ball."

VONDA WOODS - "Nice things come in small packages, and maybe write poetry."

FRED WOODWORTH - "Behold, a hockey player and a proud pop."

MARY BILLETT - "It seems to me 'tis only noble to be good."

ELOISE COLESAR - "As good-natured a soul as e'er trod on shoe leather."

ROY B. FRYBERGER - "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ear."

MURIEL GORDON - "A college joke to cure the dumps."

DOROTHY HAGAR - "My greatest inspiration is a challenge to attempt the impossible."

JUDITH HISSOM - "Without music life would be a mistake."

BERDETTA HULBERT - "And had a face like a blessing."

FAITH HUNTER - "If I should lose, let me stand by the road and cheer as the winners go by."

JO ANN HUBERTSON - "Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."



KENNETH KERN - "O give us the man who sings at his work."

NANCY McLEOD - "All mankind love a lover."

RICHARD MURPHY - "It always was the biggest fish I caught
that got away."

JUDITH NEIDERHISER - "I laugh'd till I cried."

LANA REDEYE - "If music be the food of love, play on."

CAROLYN REYNOLDS - "The smile that won't come off."

CURTIS STEVENS - "Men of few words are the best men."

CLARENCE SWARTZ - "The secret of success is constancy to
purpose."

GERALD SWARTZ - "He makes sweet music."

SUZANA URNER - "I'm no angel."

CAROL WADE - "Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

PAULINE WEBSTER - "Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars."

DAVID WUORI - "I've taken my fun where I've found it."

ROBERT ZOLLINHOFFER - "You must run to win the race."

KATHYRN SAVAGE - "Either I will find a way or I will make
one."

GERALD BEARD - "There studios let me sit."

DONNA ALTIC - "Friends I have made whom any must command."

JOYCE BENDER - "On their own merit modest men are dumb."

DONNA COWHERD - "The brightest still the fleetest,
But to be lost when sweetest."

DENVER DEETER - "To be content his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire."

PEGGY FERRIS - "Her wit was more than man, her
innocence a child."

BARBARA HARDING - "The sprightly eye, the lively
wit,
The engaging smile, the
gaiety."

BARBARA A. HAYES - "Too low they build who build
beneath the stars."



- CAROL HOBSON - "Nice as she is pretty - one who gives and forgets the gift."
- EVELYN HOEKMAN - "True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice."
- DAVID JOHNSON - "Man of many talents - basso profundo - great 'tater eater."
- LOIS KELLOGG - "Slow and steady wins the race."
- SYDNEY McCLOY - "Style is the dress of thought."
- JUDY LAMBERT - "The strange disease of modern life."
- EDWARD MITCHELL - "All things come round to him who will but wait."
- SYLVIA NICKERSON - "Among good things, I prove and find the quiet life does most abound."
- RICHARD OSSMAN - "His Christianity was muscular."
- NICHOLAS POLITI - "Nothing is more becoming in a great man than courtesy."
- CHARLES RITCHIE - "Poor old Klijah" - very athletic when eligible."
- JOAN SORENSEN - "A girl whose winning personality complements her sincerity."
- STANLEY SUMNERSON - "Quiet for a purpose - working steadily towards a noble good."
- NANCY THORPE - "Gentleness and fineness that express themselves in music!"
- TOM WELLER - "There is an unknown depth to this man."
- CLARA WHITE - "God looks to pure hands, not full ones."
- RONALD WHITE - "Man of action - going places, doing things, getting things done."
- HOWARD WILLIAMS - "Smiles come naturally - basketball, too."
- RICHARD BARR - "Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing but very few a generous thing."
- DWAYNE BYERS - "One whose interests are diversified will succeed."



BARBARA R. HAYES - "The soul secured in her existence,
smiles."

JUDITH HEBERLE - "The commandment all alone shall live
within the book and volume of my brain."

GRACE HENCK - "Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

MARLENE McDERMOTT - "Trust no future howe'er pleasant.
Act, - act in the living present."

JUDY MARTIN - "Our knowledge is our power, and God our
strength."

BETTY MORRIS - "She who is good is happy."

WARREN ROLER - "Happy years! Who would not be a boy?"

MARILYN RUHL - "Every man (woman) is the architect of his
(her) own fortune."

KATHERINE SABINS - "I have learned in whatsoever state I
am therewith to be content."

JEAN SMITH - "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying."

KATHLEEN TAYLOR - "I would meet my creator awake."

MARILYN TEAL - "If the motive right were understood,
Her daily pleasure is in doing good."

BRUCE TRACY - "Too busy man would find his sorrows more,
If future fortunes he should know before."

JOAN WHITE - "Fortune favors the bold."

ALLAN YACUBIAN - "All may do what has by men been done."

LISBETH ALBERT - "So young, so fair, good without effort,
great without a foe."

BLANCHE ARMSTRONG - "Art is difficult, transient her reward."

LARRY GERDES - "I do know him by his gait; it seems to match
Arlene's."

ALAN GRUBER - "Knows what he believes and lives by
his beliefs."

GAYTHA GUTSHALL - "The gift of gaiety may itself be
the greatest good fortune, and the
most serious step towards maturity."

SHARON HAMPTON - "The best things come in little
packages - radiant smile -
blooming Christian."



NANCY CARVER - "And a very nice girl you'll find her."
LYLE CHRISTENSEN - "Good example earns theyself a good name."
GEORGE DAY - "A strong body makes the mind strong."
DANIEL FRENCH - "With enthusiasm one can achieve greatness."
GEORGE GLOVER - "He lives by admiration and hope."
JANICE GRENNON - "With virtue and quietness one may conquer
the world."
PAUL GUNSALUS - "A little nonsense now and then is relished by
the wisest man."
PATRICIA HAZEL - "In quietness and confidence is her strength."
RICHARD HOLBERT - "His limbs are cast in manly mold for hardy
sports or contest bold."
GERARD JERNEGAN - "Men love to wonder, and that is the seed of
our science."
PAUL JOY - "Wisdom tinged with humor is all."
HELEN KERR - "Her care is for the future."
RODGER LINCOLN - "Purpose is what gives life a meaning."
MARGARET KINSEY - "The voice is a celestial melody."
DAVID LYNCH - "Longer liveth a glad man than a sorry one."
DEEN MC PHEE - "Laughter gives good counsel."
RAYMOND MAC PHERSON - "Sincerety is the keystone to prosperity."
AUDREY MOSHER - "She is as sweet as a lamb."
JOHN NAYLOR - "Bold, ingenious, and capable."
JAMES HARTLEY POOLE - "He bears welcome in his eye, a smile in
his lips."
MARILYN RIEDER - "The secret of success is constancy to purpose."
EDITH SAPP - "The highest graces of music flow from
the feelings of the heart."
DAVID SIFFERD - "In a good surgeon a hawk's eye; a
lion's heart; and a lady's hand."
WILLIAM SITTING - "Few words, but to effect."



ED MITCHELL - "Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life."

JOY SMITH - "A sweet smile, a gay laugh, and a pleasant personality."

CAROL SORENSEN - "Her smile betrays a warm heart."

LARRY GERDES - "A man of hope and forward-looking mind."

LINDA WORTH - "The force of her own merit makes her way."

BETTY MINOTT - "Gentle in manner, strong in performance."

Case Closed on
Quick Quips



F **A****C****T****S**
and
F **A****C****E****S**

MOST ATHLETIC

Faith Hunter

Bill Wilhoyte



MOST SCHOOL SPIRIT

Sue Gardner

Bob Zollinhoffer



MR. & MISS EINSTEIN

Pauline Webster

Bruce Tracy



MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Gay Gutshall

Ron Ward



MR. & MISS VERSATILE

Jean Smith

David Wells



MR. & MISS ETIQUETTE

Beth Albert

Nick Politi



MR. & MISS FASHION

Sydney McCloy

David Lynch



BEST LOOKING

Judy Hissom

Jerry Jernegan



MR. & MISS SHY

Kay Sabbins

Stan Summerson



CLASS COMEDIANS

Vera Stanford

Alan Yacubian



FRIENDLIEST

Judy Heberle

Jim Paynter



MOST TALKATIVE

Marilyn Ruhl



MR. & MISS PERSONALITY

Carol Hobson

Dave Sifferd



MOST TALENTED

Peggy Kinsey

Jim Onion



