

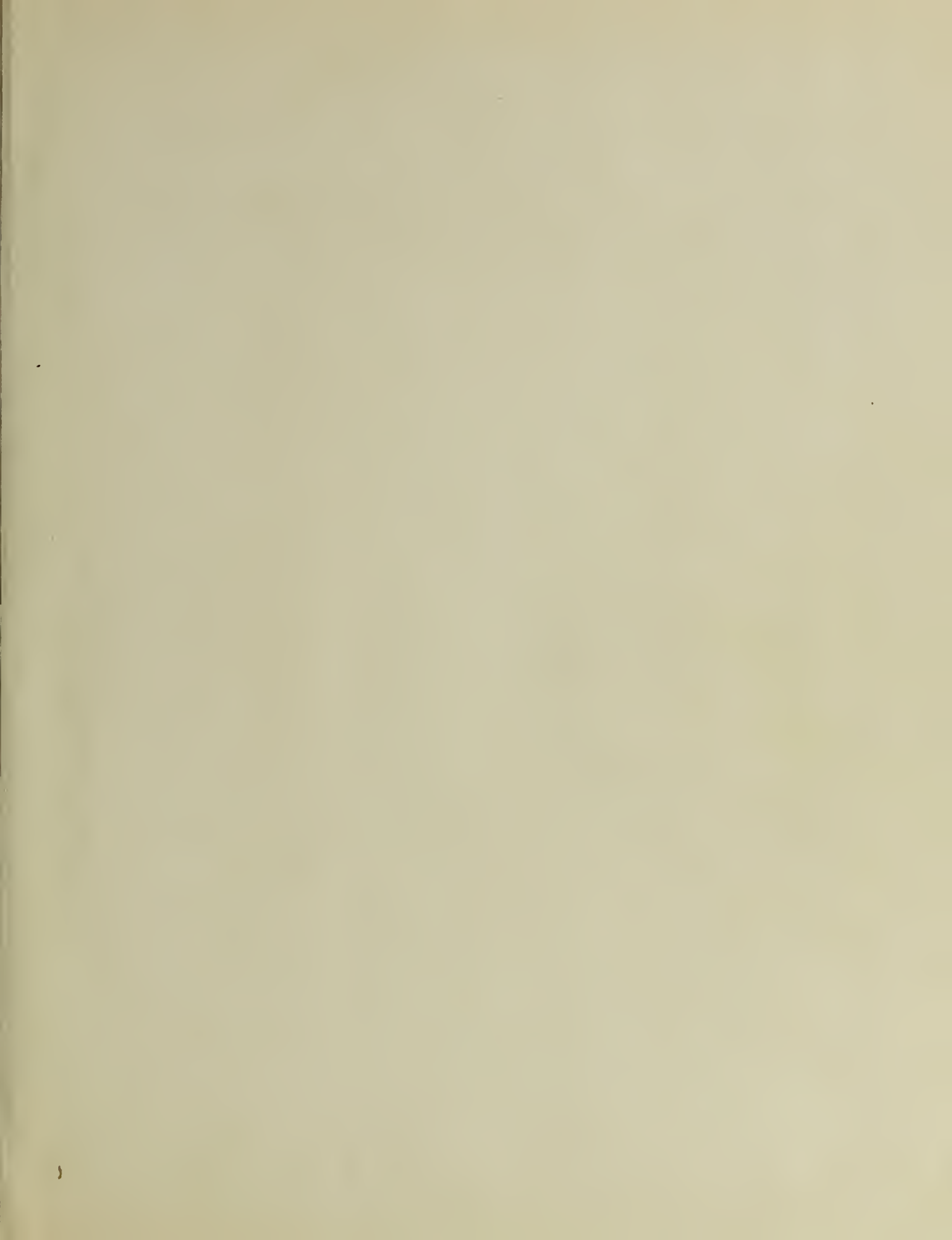
GREENBOOK

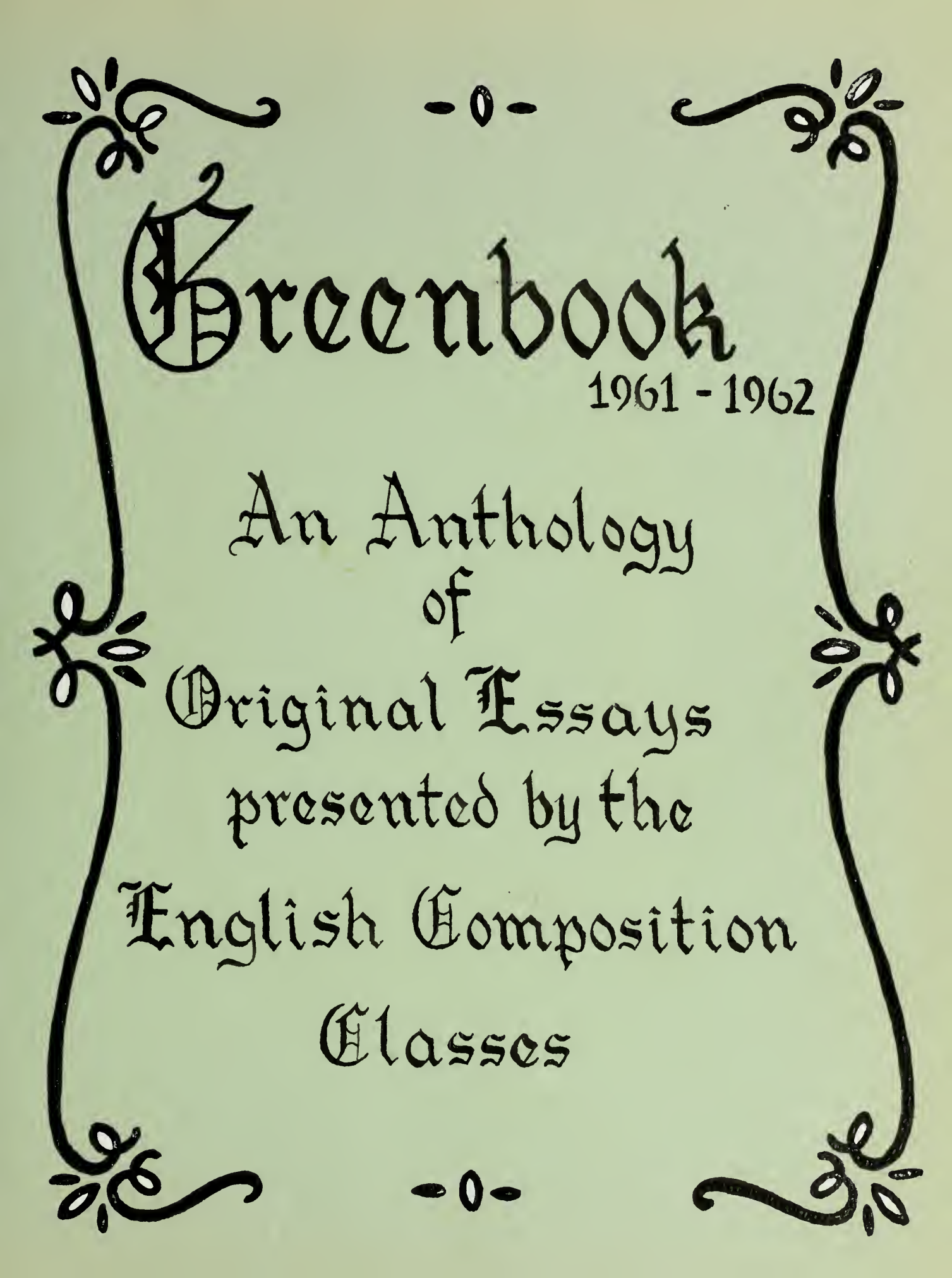
1962



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Greenbook

1961 - 1962

An Anthology
of
Original Essays
presented by the
English Composition
Classes

- 0 -



Dedication



PROFESSOR GERALD MOORE





Professor Gerald Moore

A Man -- A Voice -- A Spirit

- A Man -- enlivening programs and parties with a unique sense of humor ... guiding and advising us through our Freshman year ... appreciated and loved by the student body.
- A Voice -- dedicated to God ... enriching worship services and singspirations ... singing the "Messiah" or "Tying Little Apples on the Lilac Tree."
- A Spirit -- willing ... humble ... gentle but determined ... human but in tune with God.

To you we dedicate the 1962 Greenbook

Appreciation



PROFESSOR ALICE SPANGENBERG

The editor wished to express her appreciation to Miss Spangenberg for her aid and encouragement, but most of all for her confidence that this Greenbook would be the best yet.



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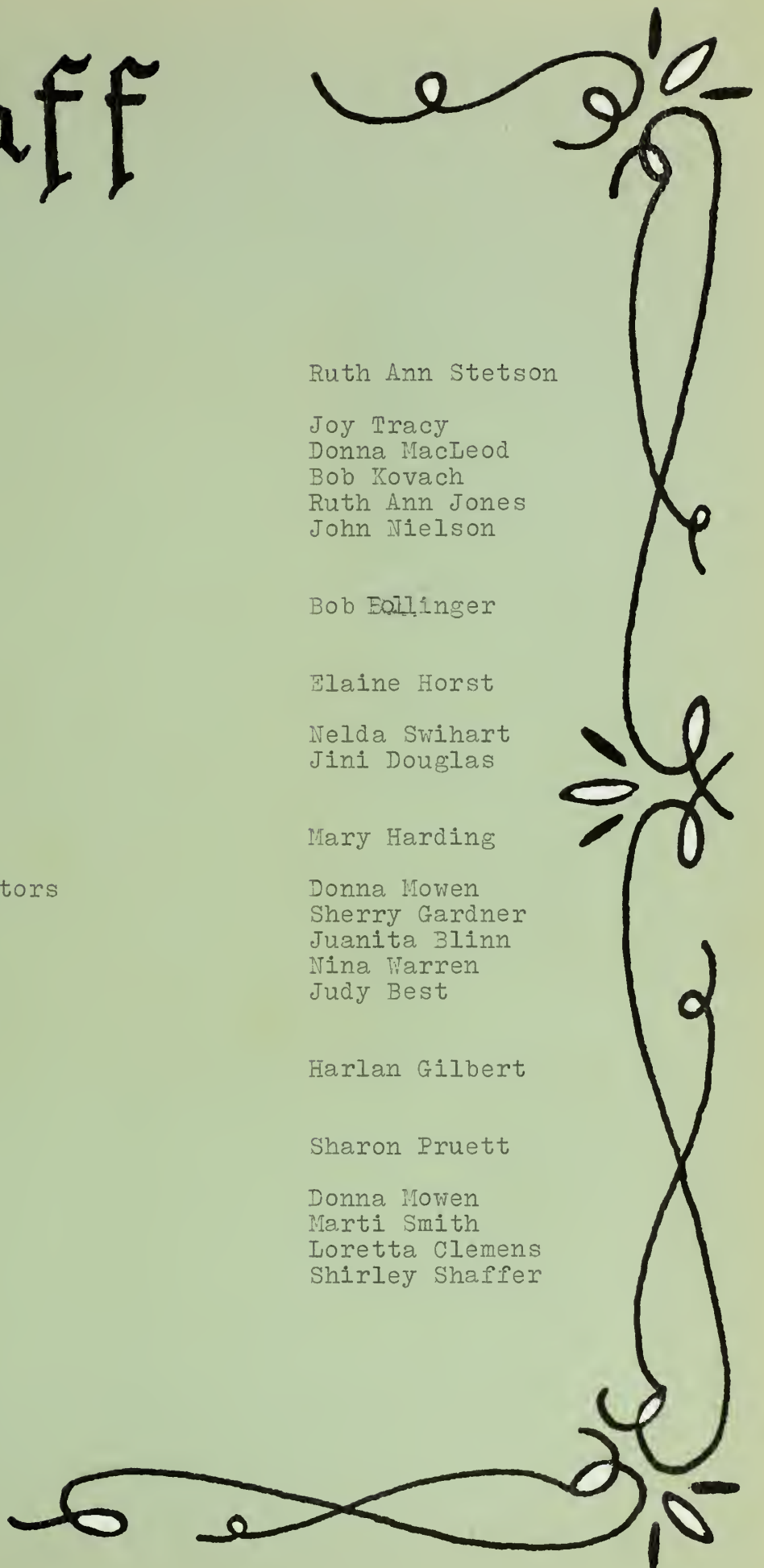
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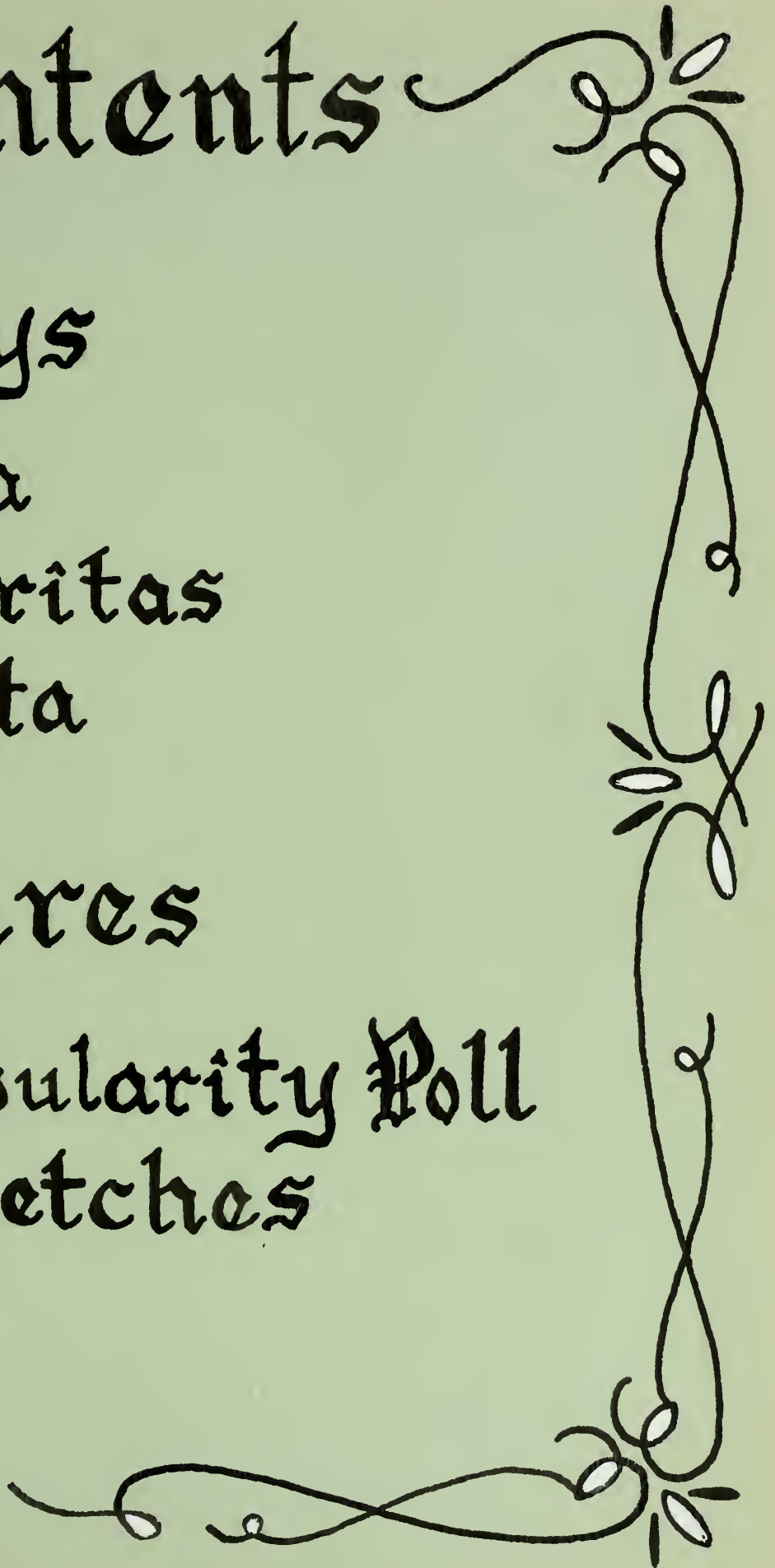
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Veritas

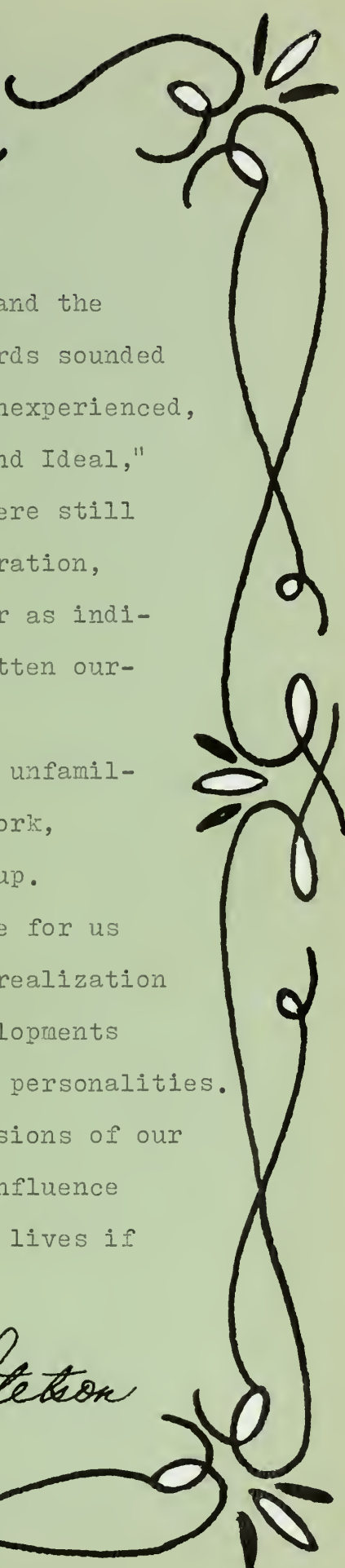
Vita

Features

Popularity Poll
Sketches



Editorial



Via, veritas, vita -- the way, the truth, and the life. How unmeaningful and disconnected these words sounded when we first arrived on the E. N. C. campus as inexperienced, frightened freshmen. "Be sure to read the Code and Ideal," they told us. So we read them, but these words were still cold and insignificant. Through the tests, registration, and initiation we went, getting to know each other as individuals, but yet wondering exactly what we had gotten ourselves into.

As the year progressed and the newness and unfamiliarity wore off, we discovered that college was work, fellowship, success, disappointment, and growing up. Gradually the three cold Latin words began to have for us a real, vital meaning accompanied by a conscious realization that our social, intellectual, and spiritual developments were being woven together into the making of real personalities.

The words recorded in this book are expressions of our awareness of life and of our recognition of the influence that the E. N. C. Ideal could have in shaping our lives if we willed it.

Ruth Ann Stebbins



Essays

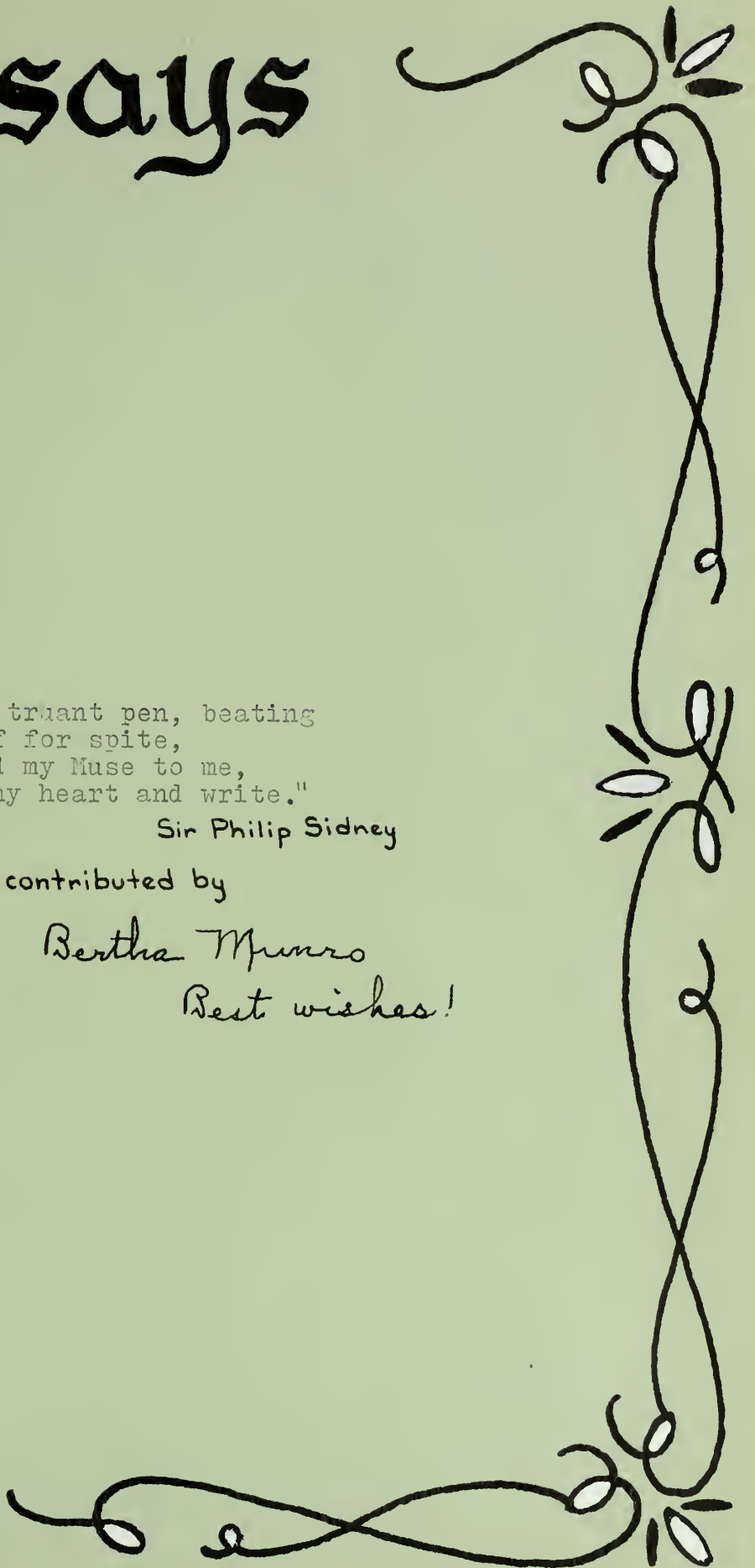
"Biting my truant pen, beating
myself for spite,
Fool, said my Muse to me,
look in thy heart and write."

Sir Philip Sidney

contributed by

Bertha Munro

Best wishes!



Via

"If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find a better way!"

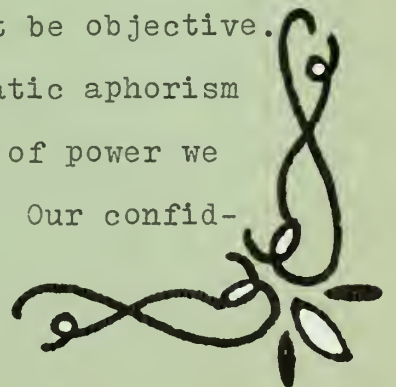
Alvin H. Kauffman



Self-Confidence vs. Conceit

What are the basic differences between self-confidence and conceit? Do the two terms overlap? Is having true confidence in oneself possible? Or must this confidence be a result of belief in a higher power? Is conceit simply an exaggerated opinion of oneself? Or does it further concern attributing one's merits to the wrong source? Are these two characteristics present in us all? How is it possible to distinguish between them in others? These are some of the problems that arose as I studied the statement, "There is a significant distinction between self-confidence and conceit." The ideas I have formulated are not conclusive; but I wish to discuss the summary of these thoughts so far as I am able.

Consider first the term self-confidence, which carries with it a number of favorable connotations. Self-reliance, boldness to try, determination, and good judgment are some of these. And these characteristics, I believe, stem from a realization of one's abilities and liabilities. Indeed, this knowledge is possible only to a certain extent, for we evaluate ourselves by the unsteady medium of comparison; and further we can not be objective. But certainly we should attempt to follow the socratic aphorism "Know thyself." For when we recognize the measure of power we possess, we can exercise such powers without fear. Our confid-



ence can truly be in ourselves alone; and we can possess self-reliance and determination, for we are free to act coherently. Man does not need a higher being, one that is omnipresent or omnipotent, to justify his confidence. Man does not overstep his boundaries when with conscious introspection, learning his limitations and abilities, he positively believes in himself. Then man for man's sake can act and assert his views without fear.

Conceit, on the other hand, gives no freedom, but instead restricts. It is responsible for false snobbery and petty acts committed for "show." The very definition of the word - an exaggerated opinion of oneself - implies falseness. The conceited individual has either not been perceptive and thorough enough to determine his capacities, or else he ignores what he sees out of fear. We can see how much a person would not be free to act because of a basic unsureness. Wavering faith may be a result of conceit, too, in that the person who believes he can accomplish anything with the help of his deity is actually exaggerating his personal powers. And the underlying fear that this exaggeration is present results in unsound belief.

Let us take the example of a self-confident and a conceited person called upon to make a speech. The self-confident man, knowing his possibilities, would set about to make the most of them. A handicap, such as a physical defect, could be taken into consideration and minimized without fear. But the conceited person would probably try to handle a subject beyond his ability and ignore any defects he might have. The self-confident person, in appraising himself realistically, will

be able to think and act freely; but one who is conceited will lack a true sense of worth and as a result live a life below the level of his possibilities.

Mary B. Lynch

ON JAM SESSIONS

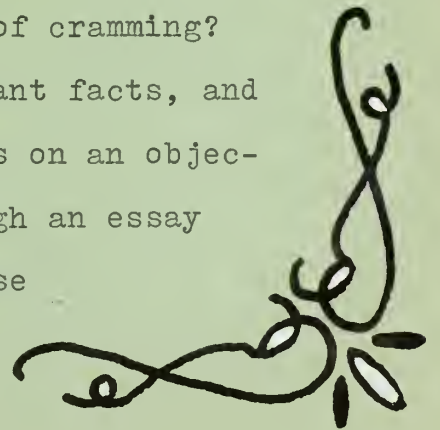
Are student jam sessions greatly overrated? I don't believe so. In fact, they are not emphasized enough. Sure, classroom work is important but it must take second place when compared with education outside the classroom. Student discussions incorporate such a variety of topics that they can hardly be compared with a limited Western Civ. Lecture. And the opinions that even we freshman have are almost always stimulating in discussion. Classroom work serves mainly as a springboard for private sessions. I have had some lively debates with friends over philosophy and convictions. In a classroom, I could probably never discuss my ideas, for fear that they could conflict with the prof's, or be considered heretical by my classmates. But in private arguments I can get them off my mind, and clarify my own thinking. These jam sessions also aid in getting to know the people I am with most of the day (and night). Listening to a person talk in class is quite different and sometimes shocking. Altogether, Jam sessions are an essential part of the growth of the individual. Without them, something vital would be missing in every student's education.

Joy Tracy

Cramming - Accepted or Not ?

Should cramming be an accepted method of studying in our colleges? By the phrase "accepted method" I mean a procedure which is generally believed in or approved. By the word "cramming" I mean putting oneself hastily through a course of study in preparation for an examination. By the word "studying" I mean acquiring by one's own efforts thorough knowledge of a subject. Interpreting the question in this way I would answer it with a loud, firm "NO." I have reached this conclusion as a result of my own personal observations and my own personal experiences.

Cramming usually takes place the night before an examination. The student who indulges in this method probably has not even "cracked" the book before this very evening. In other words, he has not read the chapters that have been assigned, nor has he done any of the writing - i.e. answering questions, working out problems, etc. - that has been required. How in the world can he expect to gain a thorough knowledge of the subject in one evening, with five or six hours of cramming? Oh, he may well be able to memorize some important facts, and remember them long enough to fill in the answers on an objective examination or even to bluff his way through an essay examination. But how long does he remember these



facts? If he were given the same test a few days later he would probably flunk it; he would retain these facts for such a short time. So, what good does it do him to memorize them in the first place? Yes, he is able to pass the examination, but he doesn't learn one thing. He doesn't have a thorough knowledge of the subject. He is lucky if he has any knowledge whatsoever concerning it. He hasn't learned to think about the subject and to apply it to his everyday living. He has only learned to memorize the facts as stated in the textbook.

For example, a certain student crams for an examination in psychology and receives a B. He is happy with the grade for it means that he will pass; his professor is happy with the grade for he feels that the student must know his subject. However, if the student would someday decide to be a psychologist, he would probably have to take the same course over again, for he would not know how to apply the principles he memorized. He didn't think about the reasons behind the principles nor about their essential usefulness. He wasted time and money on a course which did not benefit him at all. Whose fault was it? His very own.

The student who stays up late to cram the night before a test is usually half asleep when he walks into the examination room the next morning. His mind is not very alert and he has to exert himself a great deal both physically and mentally in order to concentrate on his examination and complete it. This strain, especially if it is continuous as it would be during a week of finals, plays havoc with the health of the student. I have seen

students fall to pieces mentally or physically or both because of the pressure which results from cramming.

I wish that it were possible for college faculties to abolish cramming, but I realize that this solution is neither practical nor probable. The solution must be found by each and every student. I would suggest this threefold solution:

- (1) Keep up on all assignments and study as you do them.
- (2) Take notes in class and listen carefully to the professor.
- (3) Review all material for a few hours, in preparation for the examination.

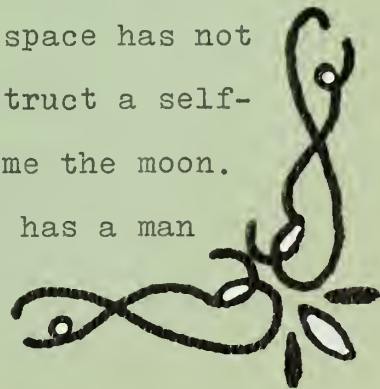
As an additional hint, I would suggest a good night's sleep before the examination--it helps!

Pearl Shoff

Conquer Space? Oh Yeah?

In the papers you read it: New Satellite Circles Earth. In magazines it is a prevalent theme: Russia's moon shot causes U.S. to lag in prestige. Television stations cut some of their best programs to show preparations to put a man into space. Radio Moscow cites the latest sputnik as a tremendous step in the progress of mankind. One teenager describes another as "way out" or "in orbit," and a child plays with his toy launching pad complete with rockets that pop into the air. There is no doubt about it, man is going into space and everyone knows it. Everyone accepts it as fact. Space will soon be conquered by mankind and there will follow a glorious new era upon the earth. But, really, will space ever be conquered? And will the earth be that much changed? I doubt it.

The extent of space is unfathomable. If the sun were represented by a sphere the size of a basketball, the earth would be as big as a BB shot, about one hundred feet away from the basketball. On this BB shot are three million people, one, or even five, of whom escape the earth's gravity and land on the moon, a grain of sand four inches from the BB shot. But space has not been conquered. Even if a group of scientists construct a self-sustaining colony on the moon, they have not overcome the moon. They have adapted themselves to their situation, as has a man



swimming in the ocean, but neither the ocean nor the moon could be said to be conquered. Even when a few specimens of mankind reach Mars, a particle one sixteenth of an inch thick 150 feet from our basketball, learn to live there without outside help, and are able to mine the resources which might be found there, it is only by defining the term as adaptation to, and exploitation of, something that Mars may be considered as "conquered." Yet Mars is but a small part of our galaxy, lost among the millions of galaxies of the universe of space. Man has certainly set himself a formidable task.

What effect does all this have on farmer Brown, plowing in his fields? On Mr. Smith mowing his lawn in the suburbs? They read and hear about proposed launchings and watch the take-off on TV. For a week or so they may even see the new star move slowly across the night sky. Radio and newspaper editorials tell them what a big advance this is for the U.S. (Ivan and Nicholas, though not aware of space shots until they are successful, can also see the star and read the same type of editorials about the U.S.S.R.'s efforts.) Whenever Brown and Smith meet, they have a new subject for conversation besides the weather. The President appropriates more funds to the space projects, and our friends visualize tax increases. They fear the destructive power of satellites in war, but are not entirely convinced that war is inevitable. They feel good about each new advance in space as a symbol of man's victory against nature.

There is much talk about colonizing other planets and it all sounds very wonderful and noble. But if the question were put to them personally, farmer Brown would not seriously consider

leaving his farm, nor Mr. Smith his job and friends. Life for them will continue as it always has.

Robert E. Dickman

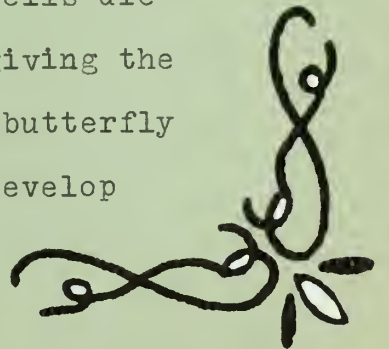
Death, A Necessity

Death is a necessity that there might be life.

In the biology of the human body, death is important in many ways. Cells divide at a fairly constant rate. If cells divided without death's being involved, our weight and size would double every fifty to one hundred days. Before long we would be monstrously large. If all of our cells should reproduce at the same rate, we would be hopelessly out of proportion and would soon die. For example, our hearts might be too large or our stomachs might be too small.

The cornea of the eye is composed of dead cells which have been modified to their intended use. Without the death of these cells we would be unable to see. The outer layer of our skin, the epidermis, which protects the inner skin, is composed of dead cells. Without this protection we would easily fall prey to the slightest germ with which we were to come in contact. Cellular death is also necessary in the development of blood cells and in the growth of hair and nails in the animal and the human being.

In the embryonic development of the chicken, cells die and release the elbow of the chicken's wing, thus giving the wing its characteristic shape. Before a beautiful butterfly is born, a caterpillar must die. The frog cannot develop



from a tadpole unless there is cellular death.

As is so often true in seemingly restricted subjects, the laws of biology are valid and applicable in other aspects of life.

Food is necessary to maintain human life. Before a man can eat, however, there must be death. If he eats vegetables and grains they must die, or if he eats meat or fish, animals and fish must die. Death is necessary for the life of man.

A group of soldiers were standing together when a hand grenade landed in their midst. Instantly realizing that if the grenade exploded, many men would lose their lives and would be lost to the cause, one soldier fell on the hand grenade, sacrificing himself. Once again death was required that others might live.

This law also holds true in the realm of the spiritual. Man was sinful and doomed to eternal punishment. In order that man might be redeemed and saved from the wrath to come, God sent His Son who sacrificed His sinless life for mankind. Without Calvary, there is no Easter morn.

Death is a necessity that there might be eternal life.

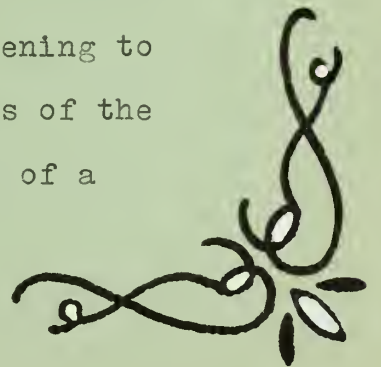
John M. Nielson

My Life of Enchantment

I have lived and died over one hundred times. I have fought as the bravest soldier, and killed as the worst murderer. Over a period of roughly three thousand years, I have been as beautiful as a goddess, more wretched than a toad, as young as a babe, and older than Methuselah.

No, I am not a super-individual. I am just an avid reader. I was born into the realm of Robert L. Stevenson's Child's Garden of Poetry. Whenever I....go up in a swing..., see me and my shadow..., or watch a yellow bird upon my window sill, my heart and mind begin to rhyme. These are only a few of my dearest associates and true friends. My sympathy is lavished upon those children who were not able to make such lifetime comrades.

When I was old enough to appreciate colors and spicy tales, I was introduced to another collection of art: Greek myths. I was fortunate to be allowed to fly with the great-winged horse Pegasus into the fluffiest of pink clouds, and to fall with my curious friend Icarus to our death into turbulent blue waters. Mercury and I ran races with hells winged with fire, and my first archery lesson was given by Cupid. From listening to these myths, I came to consider the deepest concerns of the gods, and to appreciate the comparatively easy life of a mortal.



Tragedy was the next aspect of literature that I experienced. Black Beauty was being flogged--this I finally discovered between my mother's sobs. Black Beauty was the stirring influence behind my craze for horses in kindergarden. However, I do not believe that I was alone in my child's world of sympathy for this beautiful creature.

After mastering my beginning readers, and having Dick, Jane, ^{Puff} Fluffy, and Spot forever engraved on my memory block, I felt very limited as far as books were concerned. "Do it yourself" is not the easiest thing in the world, especially when you learn to read. I had to resort to books with chosen vocabularies, lots of pictures, and very uninteresting plots. Perhaps that is why the Bobsey Twins series became so dog-eared after my vocabulary increased; however, I soon became discouraged when I saw how many adventures they survived. I gradually channeled my attentions in other directions, because of new interest in places and boys.

Series of books like Nancy Drew and Cherry Adams were devoured word for word, until I began to imagine my own mystery and love stories. Fortunately, I was given a copy of Heidi for Christmas one year. By the time I officially received my presents that year, I had read all eight of my new books, although I was more than willing to re-read Heidi immediately. When I found that I could live with my characters, my true literary renaissance began anew. I climbed mountains with Heidi and Peter, tried to reason with Grandfather, and watched Clara grow well day by day. Reading the sequels to Heidi, Louisa Alcott with her Little Men, Little Women, Jo's Boys

and the rest of the family made me proud of their integrity and courage.

I entered the homes of other families and watched them live lives of stress and comfort. Odysseus, David Balfour, and the Ancient Mariner allowed me to travel over rough waters with them. I tried many vocations and had an enchanting time. Well known authors and unsung writers have all shared part of their dreams with me either in reality or fantasy. Their joy has been my joy, and their sorrow my sorrow. One book reveals life and truth and it is known as the greatest book for all time-
The Bible.

Although a book can make a man of you, you must select the right book to become the right kind of man.

Transition

High school and college are very different. This inherent difference tends to make the transition period a difficult one. In high school, the student really has very little challenge presented to him. Everything is laid out for him: lecture notes written on the board for him to copy; composition topics assigned; scientific experiments all set up, just waiting for the experimenter to "push the button." And whenever a student fails to pick up one of these gems of knowledge or opportunity, his parents know about it within the hour. Thus an uninspiring motivation is forced upon him. At college, most of these gems are left for this student to dig out and polish for himself. The sensation of the first independent discovery almost overwhelms him, perhaps, but it also gives him an inner motivation for further digging, and a hope for even more thrilling discovery. This independence, along with the perhaps too rapid awakening and stimulating of his mind, are, I think, the chief factors which make the transition from puppet-hood to life a difficult one.

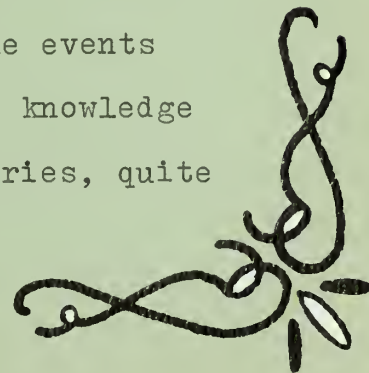
Joy Tracy



Understanding Why

History has always posed a problem for me. I never could see the sense in memorizing all the English kings, or learning the dates of the invasions of France during the Middle Ages. And although the study of Athens and Sparta does provide nice myths and legends, they never seemed to get across to me. Physical science was another subject which could, I thought, be quite easily dispensed with. Why should I worry about the cosmology of a person in 1500 A. D., or have to know all the vital statistics of a man who was burned at the stake for his heretical belief that the sun, not the earth, was at the center of the solar system? Then, when problems were assigned, such as finding the speed of an imaginary satellite around the earth or the time a person would have to repent between the top of the Empire State Building and his eternity, I almost gave up hope of ever finding any sense to the course.

But after six weeks of college, chapel talks, midnight jam sessions, and other such contacts, I have learned to appreciate both these courses, along with others that I enjoy. Western Civ. gives a perspective, without which the events and problems of today lose much significance. And knowledge of some ancient and not so ancient scientific theories, quite



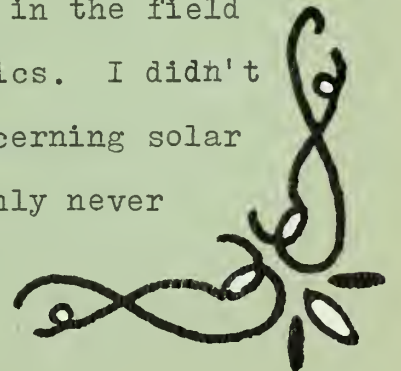
ridiculous to our modern enlightened thinking, brings us down a
peg in our self-confident and conceited idea that our theories
are all perfect and absolute truth. Every phase of college
classroom education makes a vital contribution to the person by
broadening his horizon.

Joy Tracy

Wake Up, Stupid!

Have you ever felt confused, bewildered, and absolutely stupid-- as if you knew very little, and could not even understand that? Well, I certainly felt that way last evening after leaving the science lecture hall where I heard Mr. Ross Peavey speak concerning some of the scientific information which was gathered during the International Geophysical Year. My feelings did not result from similar feelings on the part of the speaker; I'm sure that he was not confused or bewildered, and that he knew exactly what he was talking about. At least he presented his material in such a clear way that I could come to no other conclusion than the fact that he was thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

However, I wasn't acquainted with his subject, but I didn't realize how unacquainted I was until he began to talk. Though I was in high school during the International Geophysical Year and faintly remember reading articles about it in our current events papers, I am ashamed that I was content to learn so little about such an important year in the advancement of modern science. Why, I never knew about all the research which was done in the field of geophysics, solar physics, or ionospheric physics. I didn't realize that such extensive data was collected concerning solar flares, sun spots, and cosmic rays. And it certainly never



dawned on me that over one billion dollars was used to promote such a "little-known" project which was, after all, only world-wide. Certainly I can't expect to know everything that's going on in the world. Just because the International Geophysical Year resulted in our present-day space program doesn't mean that I should know anything about it. Why should I be interested anyway? It won't affect my life.

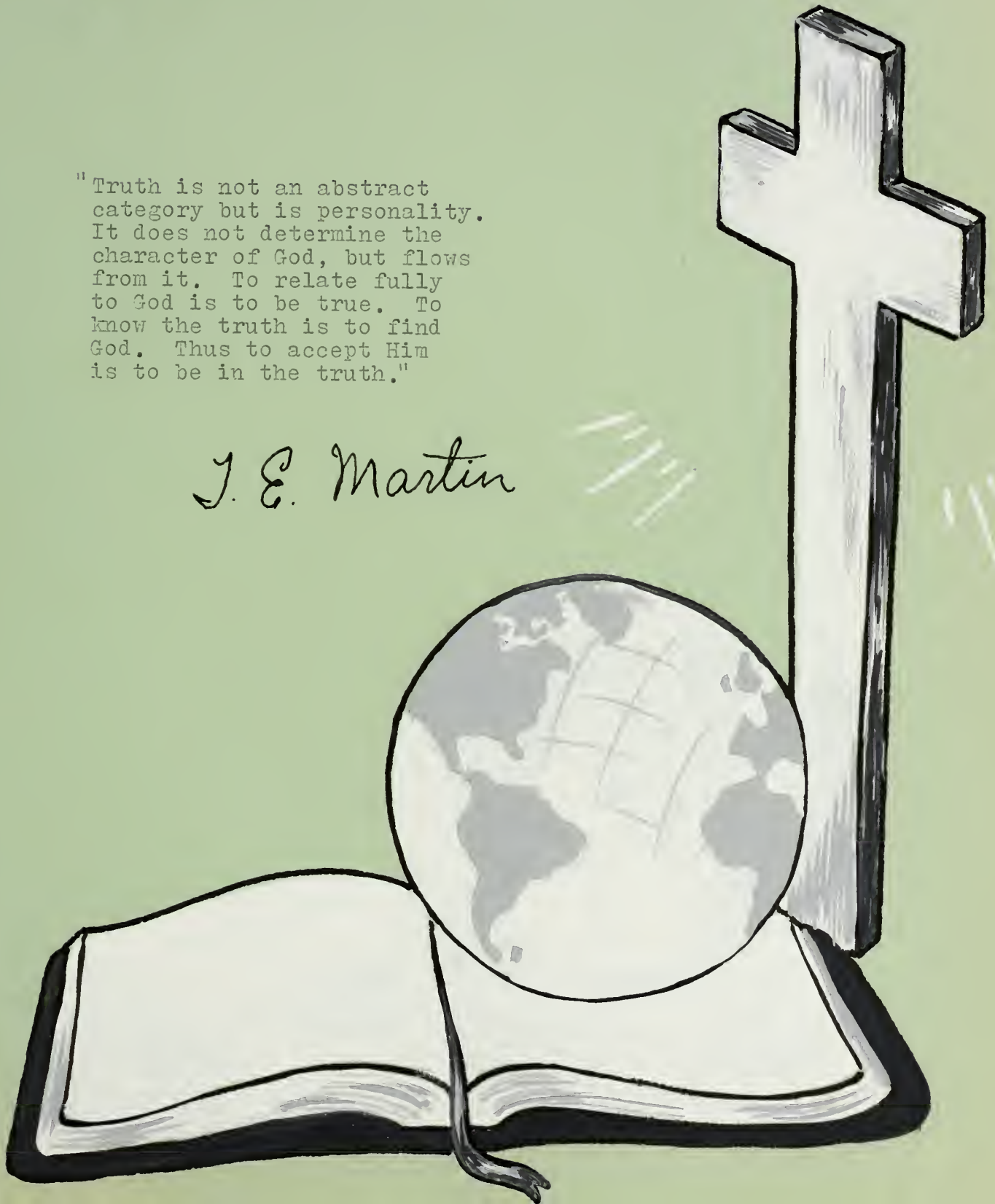
Wake up, stupid! Get over that confused, bewildered feeling-- learn something.

Pearl Shoff

Veritas

"Truth is not an abstract category but is personality. It does not determine the character of God, but flows from it. To relate fully to God is to be true. To know the truth is to find God. Thus to accept Him is to be in the truth."

J. E. Martin

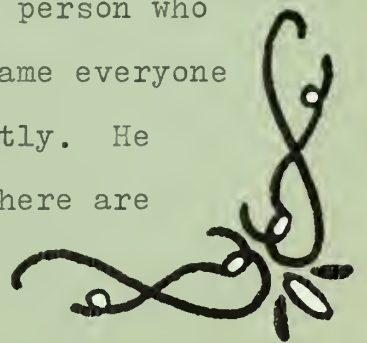


Christian View of Life

The Christian way of life affects every aspect of our lives. Christianity causes a change in our attitudes towards nearly everything concerning us and those around us. By Christianity, I mean more than just believing in a Christ. I am referring to the acceptance of Christ as a personal Savior so that He is working in and through our lives. Only by this acceptance can we really be different from those around us.

Christianity gives us a purpose in living. The ultimate goal of a Christian is the attaining of a place in the eternal home with God. Everything a Christian does on this earth is aimed toward that goal. His goal is completely different from that of a worldly person, or one who does not know God personally. The goal of a worldly person is the seeking of happiness in material possessions which will not last. A Christian knows this happiness is only temporary and strives for true happiness in serving God. Things of the world mean little to him.

Not only does the Christian life give us a purpose in living, but it also gives us a clearer view of why things happen as they do. Many times a great sorrow will cause a person who does not know Christ to nearly lose his mind and blame everyone for what has happened. A Christian reacts differently. He accepts what happens as God's will for his life. There are



times when he cannot see the reason for certain happenings, but the Christian can turn to the Bible and read that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. When others get panicky, he turns quietly to God for guidance. Others learn to depend on a Christian because of his calm acceptance of whatever life holds for him. In times of need a Christian is dependable. He can see clearly that God has a reason for everything.

The greatest asset of a Christian is the love Christ places in his heart. This Christian love affects many areas of his life. When a person becomes a Christian, all the old bitter hates and grudges are changed to love. This love causes him to spend hours on his knees in prayer for those around him who do not know his wonderful Savior. This love causes him to sacrifice his time and money that others may find Christ. He is prompted by this love to help those who at one time he may have despised. He can look beyond their human faults and blunderings to their immortal souls that need to know and accept Jesus, just as he at one time knew and accepted. He forgets old quarrels when he is transformed by Christ. He has a love that overcomes all human faults and failures. He forgets himself in his desire to see others find the same peace and happiness he has found.

Many times we have heard of the change in a man's life when he finds Christ as his Savior. This change could not be made by human means alone. God had to cause the change. A person's entire life is radically transformed when he finds Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

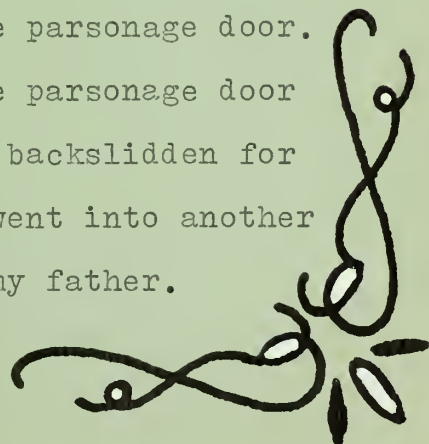
Lucille Peterson

Through the Parsonage Door

The parsonage door has been, over the years, a passageway for people who are drawn to the parsonage for many different reasons. Some come with financial trouble, others with problems concerning their marriage, or spiritual condition. Sometimes it's a passageway for service boys who are far from home and friends. Often the parsonage door is opened to a group of vivacious young people who come to their pastor's home where they know they'll find a welcome. Many times a man and a woman go through the parsonage door single and later come out as man and wife.

Many alcoholics found their way to our parsonage door. One of those whose life was changed was Peter Hockman. He had been in prison eight years and was on parole when he almost fell in the parsonage door. Even in his drunken condition, Peter knew he needed God. My father gave him some coffee. Soon they were both on their knees. Peter prayed a simple prayer of repentance but one he meant with all his heart. God had prepared him for that moment and had led him to the parsonage door.

I'll never forget the man who came to the parsonage door about 11 o'clock one Sunday night. He had been backslidden for five years and wanted to be reclaimed. We all went into another room, closed the door, and left him alone with my father.



But the closed door did not shut out the voice of this man who was sick of sin and desperate to be reconciled with God. His voice rose hysterically as he walked the floor and made a confession that was meant only for the ears of the Lord. He will never know that we heard his awful confession that night, and that our family determined in our own hearts that we would never allow ourselves to stray so far from God.

Those having marriage problems often knocked hopefully at the parsonage door, for within was someone in whom they had confidence. One such couple was Leroy and Peggy Hayes. They had been married four months when they found their problems too much for them to handle alone. The night they came it had been raining very hard and the wind was blowing furiously. When we heard someone knocking at our door, we were surprised since we didn't expect anyone to be out in such weather. When Leroy and Peggy stepped into the house, I sensed that something was wrong, as Leroy very quietly asked to see my father. They spent about an hour and a half in my father's study. When they came out, they were holding hands and had smiles on their faces.

Many servicemen have passed through the parsonage door. Some of them have been young, new recruits, and others have been older and wiser; but they all have left memories not easily forgotten. There was Roy, a tall lanky boy from Oregon who had been raised on a farm and found life in the Air Force a little rough. He used to complain that even the stubborn cows on his farm were easier to get along with than some of the sergeants in his squadron. Roy would have long discussions with my mother

and father about some of the temptations of a Christian boy in the service. He used to tell Mom and Dad how much these discussions helped him and how, when temptation was strong, he would remember the faith they had in him and would not yield. Roy's presence challenged my brother and me by his determination to be a strong Christian against many odds. His example has remained with us.

If it wasn't servicemen, it was the teenagers of our church who knocked most frequently at the parsonage door. Sometimes I would yearn vainly for some peace and quiet, but most of the time we enjoyed their company. These Christian young people were my friends. Some of my non-Christian friends used to wonder what I did for entertainment since I didn't share in some of their activities. They could never understand how I had such a good time just singing around the piano in the parsonage with the young people from my church.

While for most of the young people the parsonage was just a gathering place, for some it meant much more. When a sixteen-year-old boy named Gregory came through the parsonage door, he was entering a place where he felt wanted and accepted. It was a place where he felt love--a home quite different from his own. For though Gregory had a house where he could sleep at night, he had no real home. His mother's present husband or boy friend, we were never quite sure which, was an alcoholic and would beat Gregory unreasonably. His refuge was the parsonage. It meant much to him to see the welcome mat in front of the parsonage door.

As long as I can remember, the welcome mat has been there,

and people have unhesitatingly taken it as an invitation. The parsonage has not been our home to enjoy alone, for it belongs to others, It belongs to the members and friends of our church; and because it is dedicated for Christian purposes, it belongs also to all those having a need. We enjoy playing host to servicemen and other visitors, and my father is only fulfilling his responsibility as a clergyman when he counsels people and attempts to help the needy. It has been a rich experience to live behind the parsonage door.

Ruth Ann Jones

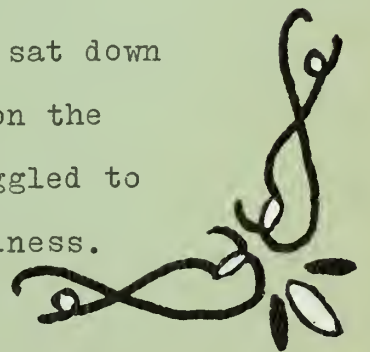
Moment of Meditation

The vegetation became more and more dense as I slowly walked down the path to the woods behind my home. Huge trees burrowed twisted roots deep into moist black earth and lifted their leafy crowns heavenward. Silvery-green moss clung to the weather-beaten bark.

A thick carpet of dead leaves swished and rustled beneath my feet and tiny twigs blown down by past storms cracked like miniature explosions when I put my weight on them. Vines and creeping plants clutched and tugged at my ankles. Low-hanging branches and leafy shrubs brushed my face as I continued on my way.

My destination was a little clearing in the center of the woods which harbored a tiny cemetery, forgotten and neglected by the people in my town. Rows of cracked and crumbling monuments told of sorrows long past. Words, almost obliterated by years of exposure, held messages of the love expressed by those who mourned for a lost parent, relative, or friend.

I wandered aimlessly among the stones, stopping now and then to read an inscription or to run my fingers over the rough, uneven edges of corroded markers. Finally I sat down in a bed of blossoming myrtle and began to reflect on the futility of life. These people had worked and struggled to maintain themselves and to find some degree of happiness.



But no matter whether they were outstanding or ordinary, wealthy or poor, aged or youthful, death had eventually claimed them. Now no one remembered or cared enough to keep the forest from completely covering their graves.

This thought depressed me. But as I rested, I began to feel the peace and beauty this refuge afforded. Patches of clear azure sky peeked through the foliage and morning sunlight sparkled on filmy spiderwebs laced with dew. The sweet fragrance of the flowers attracted the bees which buzzed from one to another, busily collecting the precious nectar for combs of rich honey. In the quietness and serenity of that moment, I felt as though the whole world had paused in an expectant hush to hear God's voice. Softly I began to hum one of my favorite hymns, "Blessed Assurance." In that fleeting instant, God had shown me that there was no reason to think that life was futile, not when He controlled my future.

Why should I worry about death when God held my life in His hands? He watched over me, cared for me, and blessed me every moment of every hour of every day. True, my journey on earth would be brief and fairly insignificant, but I had the promise of an eternity of joy and glory with Him in heaven. A feeling of wonder flooded into my heart as the truth of His love was revealed to me.

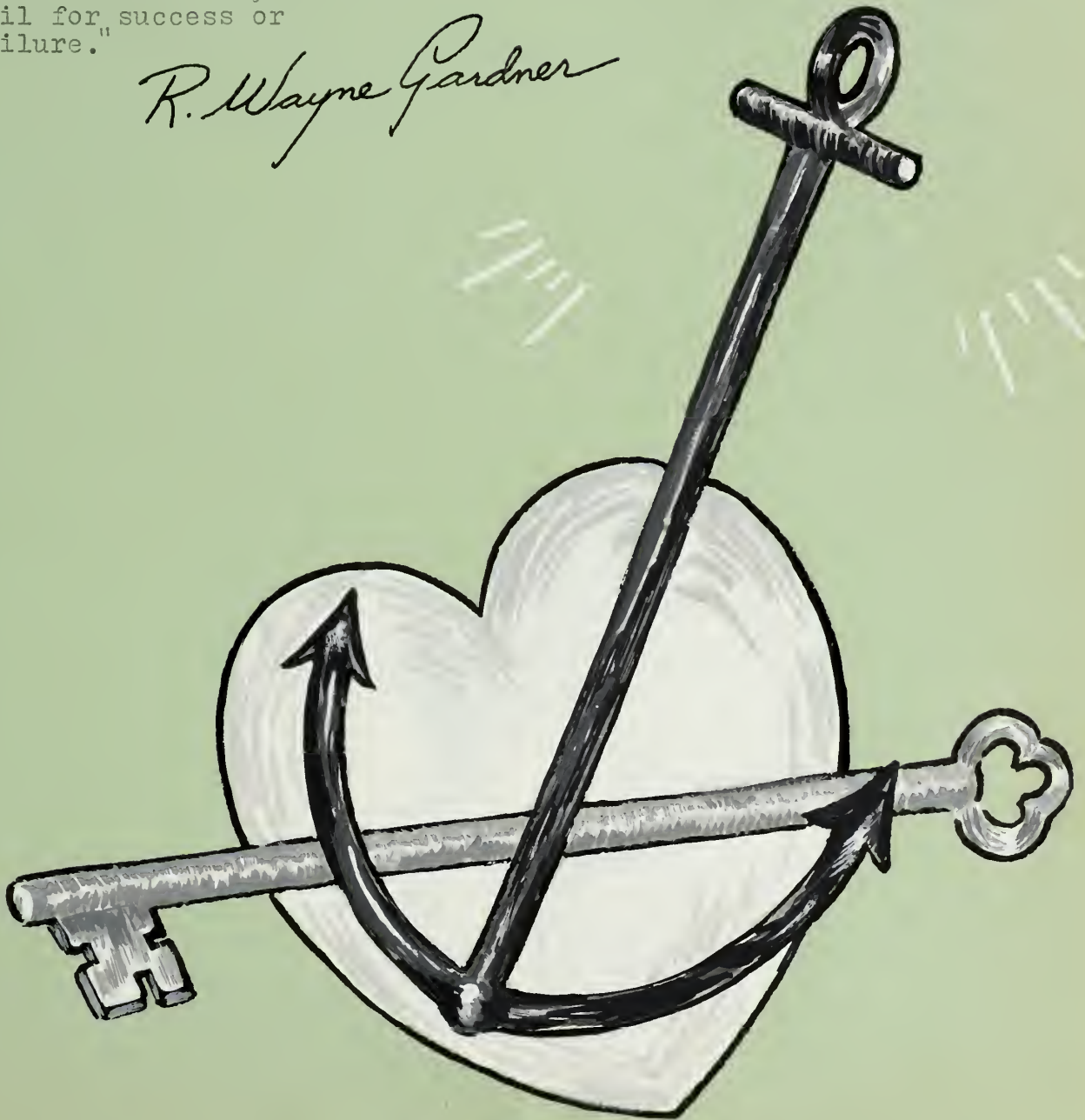
Moments passed and I reluctantly arose. This secluded spot would always hold special meaning for me. The spiritual awakening I had received here would carry me through many trials and temptations because it had reaffirmed my faith in Him and had drawn me closer to His immeasurable love.

Elaine Horst

Vita

"Character is the weather-
vane of life. It deter-
mines the set of your
sail for success or
failure."

R. Wayne Gardner



Last Call for Breakfast

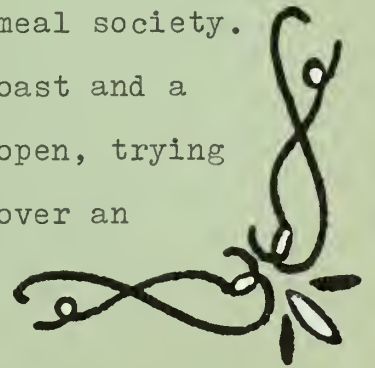
The subject of breakfast is perplexing to me. In Germany I have eaten muffins and rolls served with a pot of coffee and with seventeen different types of marmalade, jam, and jellies. Hardly a balanced diet, but quite colorful.

In France I have eaten stale bread with marmalade, again with coffee, but in a smaller cup.

Then in Italy, I didn't even get the bread. Breakfast consisted of a very small cup of coffee and a very, very large pitcher of milk to dilute the bitterness of the over-boiled brew. Unfortunately, it seems that the people in Italy have never heard of Louis Pasteur and his wonderful discovery. Thanks to a fear instilled in me by other European travelers as to the effect of drinking unpasteurized milk, I found breakfast in Italy completely impalatable.

Coffee and rolls, or bread, are what is called the "continental breakfast." The name has palate appeal, but the meal itself can never surpass the good old American scrambled eggs and bacon.

On returning to this country, I was sadly awakened to the fact that Americans are also degenerating to a two-meal society. For some people breakfast consists of a piece of toast and a cup of coffee. They sit at the table with one eye open, trying desperately to spread a solidified piece of butter over an



already cold piece of toast. They usually give up the futile attempt to spread the butter and eat the battle-scoured toast, but occasionally devour a huge chunk of butter in one swallow.

Once while in Milwaukee I arrived in the dining room of my hotel later in the morning than usual. When I asked the waitress for a breakfast menu, she stated apologetically that breakfast was over and brunch was being served. Thinking that brunch was the same as breakfast with a new name denoting the time of day, I asked her to bring me the special as I always liked the specials at the Milwaukee Inn. I never consulted the menu for details. Besides, I delight in the element of surprise at mealtime. Almost immediately she returned with a glass of orange juice, which I drank eagerly. After what seemed like an hour, she returned again with a tray laden with food: scrambled eggs, steak, toast, peas, mashed potatoes, and a pot of coffee.

The light of an awful truth dawned upon me. This was a moment of sadness, of awakening. Breakfast, as a meal, was becoming extinct.

Lee P. Nevers

Secret World of Debaters

Two coeds, arms piled high with books, pamphlets, and magazines, hurry into the small square room. On a corner of a table covered with magazines and books sits an old battered typewriter. Open file boxes, manila folders stuffed with pages of notes, and a shabby, threadbare briefcase complete the jungle-like appearance of the table. A green, dilapidated filing cabinet with drawers that never open without a tug-of-war crowds into a corner opposite the window. A small blackboard on the wall bears the message: Time of Departure: Fri.-- 6 a.m. for Rochester; Sat.-- 8 a.m. for St. Anselms.

Pushing aside some of the rubble, the two girls draw up chairs and begin reading. More reading, more study, more research, more questions. Tomorrow night is the practice debate. Tomorrow night they will see if their affirmative case will stand up under strong negative opposition.

Once again the girls hurry into the room. Two other students are now at work, making final preparations for the negative stand.

"We've got your case all wrapped up in pink ribbons, girls. You might as well concede now while you are ahead," the fellows challenge.



"Aha, but you don't know what our new case is like. You may have to eat your words."

At last everyone is ready. The podium is in place, the timekeeper prepared. The coach waits for the first speaker to take his place.

"Honorable Judge, Mr. Chairman, Opponents, Ladies and Gentlemen: We of the affirmative of Eastern Nazarene College are very happy to be here today, debating the topic the labor organizations should be under the jurisdiction of anti-trust legislation. Let us first look at the terms in this resolution. According to...."

Her partner listens carefully, taking a few notes now and then, while the negative team members also listen, take careful notes, and whip evidence cards out of their ready fileboxes. The first negative takes his place at the podium.

"Honorable Judge, Mr. Chairman, Opponents, Ladies and Gentlemen: We, the Negative of Eastern Nazarene College...."

And so it goes. By the time the first four speeches are over, one wonders how four people can be so completely right and so completely wrong all at the same time. With a five-minute rebuttal speech remaining to each, the debaters take a break to plan their attack.

"Where's that quote about collective-bargaining? How am I ever going to refute those statistics? They are completely ignoring all the evidence as if I never even stated it. What's the matter with them anyway? I hope the judge notices his sarcasm and his awkward gestures. Oh, why did I ever join Debate?"

After the last rebuttal, tension mounts as all four look to their judge, alias coach, professor, Sunday school teacher, and friend, who takes a few minutes to look over his notes before giving an oral critique.

"Carol, you must learn not to hide behind four by six evidence cards. Use your head first and then your cards. Dave, you are making a lot of improvement, but rocking back and forth on your heels does little to enhance your eloquence. All of you need to improve your organization. And please stand still until you learn to use arm and hand motions effectively.

The next two days before the actual tournament are busy ones for the debaters as they work desparately to put the winning touches on their arguments. They pester the librarians for material, the coach for advice, roommates for favors, and each other for approval. More than one person sighs with relief as the station wagon pulls out of the parking lot early in the morning.

During the long ride to the tournament, conversation flies between the young people and their coach as if they were planning to attack the iron curtain. Nerves grow taut as the college campus spreads out before them, and they spot others with the same trying-to-look-confident expression that lurks in the features of most novice debaters.

Once inside the administration building, they note impressive-looking briefcases and file boxes. And that shaggy-haired, bespectacled genius must be from Harvard--or at least he looks like the type. For the first round, the affirmative team, the

negative team, the chairman, and finally the judge step inside the four walls that inclose them all in a strange world of words. Brief, terse introductions, and preliminary questions soon conclude as each participant makes a quick appraisal of his opponents.

Now, the merry-to-round of words begins as the first affirmative speaker takes his place. All the weeks of research, analysis, and organization culminate in the next hour. The kaleidoscopic arguments twist and change their shape in a maze of facts and contradictions. On and on until the last word is spoken and the decision made. The ethical handshake and the departure to another room mark the end of one round and the beginning of another. And on they go through three, four, five rounds, until the debaters are in a virtual daze accompanied by severe hunger pains and shattering headaches.

What do they talk about on the way home? Surely not debate! But, oh, no. How to win next time, where to improve, changes in basic contentions, better speech techniques as well as an analysis of each round and the judges' criticism keep the conversation going for many miles. To win, to lose, to try again, to be a participator, a challenger, a victor--for this a debater works and sharpens his only weapon--words. The frustrations, the worry, the work, and the loss of sleep are all forgotten when the team bring back to their school a winning record.

Ruth Ann Stetson

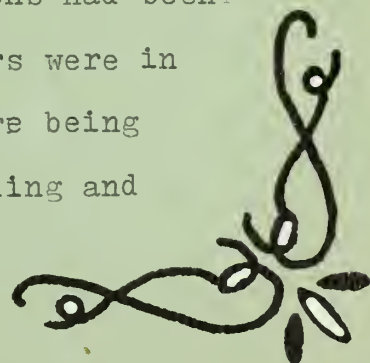
A Bird Takes Wings

In the shimmering splendor of a glorious dawn the glossy winged colossus stood delicately poised like a graceful ballerina. The rays of the rising sun glinted in a golden halo about the enormous body. All the brains and technical know-how of a thousand dedicated men had gone into the creation of this awesome giant now nearly ready to catapult itself into the glacial blue sky.

Because planes fascinate me, I had gotten out of bed as the first fingers of morning touched my pillow and had made my way to the airport to watch the jet being prepared for the flight I planned to take a few hours later. This was to be my first time on a jet plane, and I was completely exhilarated with the thoughts of it.

The swept wings and the symmetry of the long lithe body gave me the impression of swift and effortless motion even as she stood there — earthbound. Here, in a metallic masterpiece, I found "Flight" personified.

Through the monstrous picture windows facing out on the field, I perceived that the final flight preparations had been nearly completed. The hostesses and flight officers were in their appointed positions and the boarding rigs were being manipulated out from the side of the terminal building and



locked into place against the side of the plane.

I made my way through the long carpeted tunnel arrangement connecting the terminal boarding area with the passenger compartments. When I entered the aircraft itself I was amazed at the luxury of the appointments and the large amount of space allowed for passengers. There were lounges for reading or talking, thick carpeting, comfortable roomy seats, and numerous buttons and levers with which to adjust the environment or summon aid. Not the least among the lavish accoutrements were the smiling faces of the four very attractive and personable young ladies who were to be our hostesses for the trip. These girls greeted us all cheerfully and assisted each of us to a comfortable seat. After all the passengers were settled, the hostesses demonstrated the proper use of seat belts and the oxygen masks contained in small receptacles recessed into the backs of each seat.

Suddenly I became aware of a quivering shudder running through the whole plane. It seemed like a pulse or heartbeat coursing through the whole structure and communicating itself to each passenger. As the giant ship sped down the pavement it seemed to gather all its resources for one final push which would lift it clear of the shackles binding it to earth. In that supreme effort it fought free and climbed toward the vast uncharted byways of the sky.

As we came through the fleecy cloud cover and emerged above it, I was confronted with the most hauntingly beautiful world I had ever seen. I shall never forget the exclamation of a breathless six-year old passenger as she stared out the

window. "Mom," she said softly, "this must be Heaven. Will we see God up here?"

The stunning beauty of the sparkling sunlight in the crisp air reflected by the cottony clouds was too radiantly brilliant for most of our eyes to behold for any length of time. So we closed the curtains and settled back to enjoy the nearly soundless and seemingly motionless trip. After what seemed to be only a few brief minutes suspended in the sparkling atmosphere, the captain flashed the seat belt sign and announced that we had nearly reached our destination and would join the landing pattern in a few minutes. As the wheels touched the ground lightly I knew that my short trip in that gigantic silver-hued bird had only whetted my appetite for more.

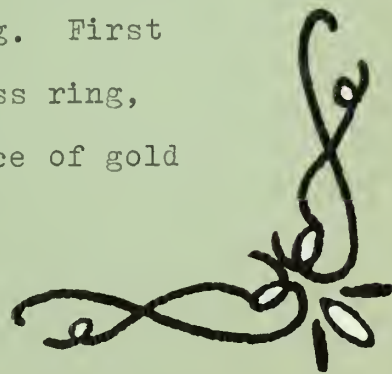
Life Significance of a Hand

Have you ever thought of the way a part of your body grows with you? The hand has always fascinated me in this way. The first parts of a hand that one notices are the palm and the thumb. Even a baby first notices these two parts of her body. The thumb she uses as a pacifier and in the palm of her hand she gradually learns to hold things, even if only her evening bottle.

The first finger, often referred to as the index, the child notices when she reaches one or two years of age. This finger she uses to point out objects, some of which she is able to name and others which create a question in her mind.

The second finger combined with the first finger and thumb lead her into her next age. She grasps a crayon and learns to draw, although some of her scribblings are only silly pictures of her pets or parents. As she passes from her crude drawings into school, she learns to write. Now the figures she draws really have meaning and instill a novel interest in her.

As she moves on through life her third finger begins to play the big part. On this finger she wears a ring. First it is her baby ring, then a friendship ring, a class ring, and at last when she has grown up, a permanent piece of gold encircles her third finger.



As life comes to a close we must not forget the last "little finger." This has carried a different characteristic all through life. At first it learned to stretch a piano octave, then it was used to dial a phone, it gave social grace to drinking a spot of tea, it held the end of the yarn while grandma used to knit, and now it is crippled up with nothing to hope for but its eternal rest.

Myrene (SUE) Hoyt

TOMORROW

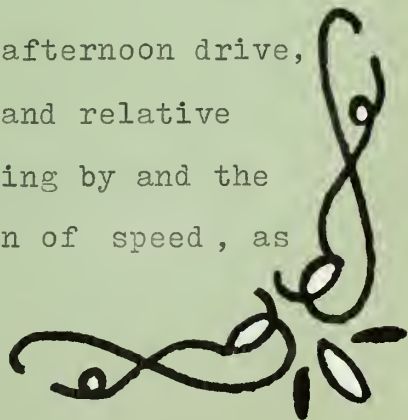
Tomorrow night will be a night of many aches and pains. My whole body will feel as if it had been stuffed into a bottle, then suddenly released, to suffer from all kinds of cramps. Along with these cramps I can imagine myself jumping out of bed in the middle of the night with a "charlie horse" or a pulled muscle. And as I watch the large knot form, I grab my bottle of liniment to try to relieve the pain and reduce the knot. But all the aches and pains will be worth it because I will get them from doing something I enjoy. Tomorrow is the first day of basketball practice.

Sliding Down the Banister

Just about any morning a person comes into the main entrance of the Mansion, he will see college students engaging in an activity which is rather unexpected. He will see them sliding down the banister. Some come down rapidly, almost losing their balance and hitting the floor with a loud bang. Others come down slowly, using their hands as a brake. After taking a drink of water from the fountain located at the end of the banister, each boy will straighten his clothes, assume an expression of soberness, and stroll out the front door to breakfast or class. This sequence of events is repeated again at noon and suppertime. What is the sense in this activity anyhow?

As a resident of the Mansion, let me try to explain some of the reasons for sliding down the banister. Sometimes, when there is only half a minute until class starts, sliding is faster than running down the steps. If a boy happens to be wearing a slick pair of trousers, he has a pretty fast running start for the front door when he reaches the first floor. In this respect, banister sliding serves a purely practical purpose.

People like to roller skate, take a Sunday afternoon drive, or ski for the pleasure found in forward motion and relative speed without apparent effort. The stairs flipping by and the wind whipping against one's face give an illusion of speed, as



does the small amount of heat produced by the friction of wool and wood. Also tied in with the sensation of effortless motion is that of skill. It is not the easiest thing to keep one's balance on a piece of varnished board while trying to hang on to an armload of books. There is a definite challenge in arriving at the water fountain gracefully.

Another reason for sliding down the banister is that it is contrary to what should normally be expected. Some boys enjoy surprising the girls who are on their way to typing class. Sliding is also an easy way of expressing the small degree of nonconformity which most students seem to possess. It is their way of showing that they are not tied down by convention, namely the steps.

Finally, when a boy has spent two or three hours translating Greek idioms, trying to develop a suitable topic for speech class, or figuring why x is equal to $2b \times 3y$ instead of 4.64 times the hypotenuse, he needs to rest his mind for a few minutes. So he slides down the banister and takes a drink at the water fountain. After this exciting and refreshing pause, he is ready to retackle his original problem with new enthusiasm.

If you should happen to be on the first floor of the Mansion and see a student sliding down the banister, don't be too surprised. He may be releasing tension from studying. He may be trying to scare you. He may be sliding for the sport of it. Or he may just be late for class. After he has left and there is nobody around, try it yourself. It's great fun.

Robert E. Dickman

Hungry? Let's Eat

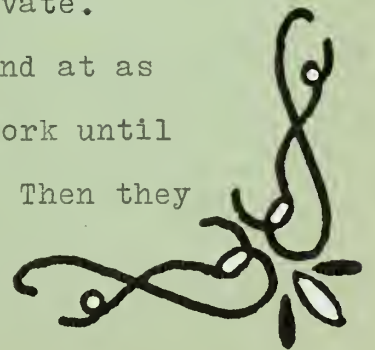
We Americans all too often take preparing our meals for granted. We never stop to think how simple it is merely to be able to run to the supermarket, pick up a can of corn, dash home in the car, open the tin, heat and eat our corn--all in a matter of minutes.

Now let us look into how some other people come by their "tin" of corn. The people concerned are the Shangaan people of Portuguese East Africa. They have to plan their meals a year ahead of time.

The first thing the African woman does (her husband helps her if he is at home, but many times he is away at the gold mines in Johannesburg) is to go into the woods and clear away any trees and shrubs that may be in the way of her proposed garden. If there are any stubborn stumps of trees, she will make a fire around them. Later when they rot, she is able to remove them.

This primitive woman now proceeds, with the help of her children, to hoe the cleaned ground with a short-handled hoe, and what a hard job that is! Sometimes these people even have oxen do the ploughing for them, although the hoe is more common.

After planting the seed, soon it's time to cultivate. This woman and her children will start working the land at as early an hour as three-thirty in the morning. They work until the sun gets too hot for them to work in the fields. Then they



do other work like drawing water, getting firewood from the woods, and preparing food.

These poor people have many pests to compete with. Crows, rats, mice, worms, chickens, white ants, as well as thieves, also like corn and don't have to work for it either.

At long last harvest time comes. Of course the ears are all picked by hand. Many times the season has been too dry, or the pests have thrived, so that there is very little good corn left. The natives store their corn in bins or sacks until the next season.

When food is needed, enough for the meal is taken from the stored portion and soaked in water overnight. The next day the hulls are removed by placing the corn in a mortar, and pounding it with a pestal. Next it has to be winnowed. The chickens feast on the left-over hulls.

Next our friend has to boil water in a pot over an open fire. This water has previously been carried on her head from the valley. Now she stirs in the corn flour, and cooks it until it is well done.

At last the corn porridge is ready to eat. The ^{black} beach family sit around the cooking pots eating their porridge with a gravy of either greens cooked with peanuts or of meat. My, but it's good.

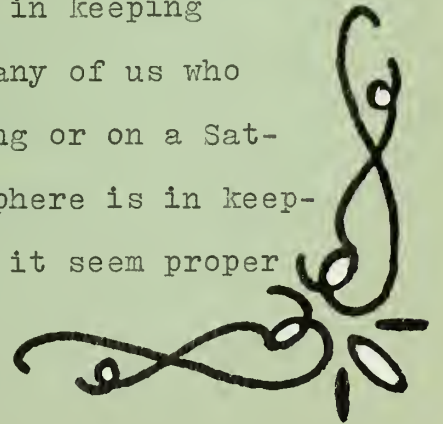
And so let us who get our food so easily remember those who have to slave to get theirs. "Let us be truly thankful for what we are about to receive."

Beth Stockwell

Christian Conduct

In accordance with the high standards connected with any Christian institution, the E.N.C. women's "Handbook" states the regulations concerning various college facilities and privileges and the level of conduct expected of each student at all times. The rules as listed fulfill the expectations of the average person when he thinks of a religious organization. But he would be sadly disillusioned to see how some of these principles are ignored in the daily campus activity. During my first semester at E.N.C., I have noticed one area especially in which I feel that Christian concepts of good behavior are being totally disregarded - namely, that of the parlor.

The parlor is to be used by all students and is to promote recreation and social fellowship. Games, puzzles, a record player, magazines, and a piano give each student an adequate opportunity to relax and enjoy himself during his free time. This is the basic purpose of the parlor as advanced by the rules, but the most important principle stated is: "Couples are expected to conduct themselves at all times in keeping with the highest Christian principles." How many of us who have walked into the parlor on a week-day evening or on a Saturday afternoon can say honestly that the atmosphere is in keeping with the standards of a Nazarene college? Does it seem proper



that couples sit for hours at a time with their arms around each other, kissing each other, completely oblivious to the disapproval or embarrassed reactions of students who are trying to use the parlor for its intended fashion?

Perhaps the greatest injustice arising from this situation is the fact that it is the individual student, not the couple, who is made to feel ill at ease in the parlor. The student who is seeking to play the piano and sing, challenge a friend to a game of scrabble, or just converse with his classmates is received with icy stares from the couples occupying the sofas or chairs pulled close together. It isn't hard for him to understand what is implied in those disgusted glances - he is intruding and doesn't belong. Because this attitude is not conducive to a pleasant evening, many students have purposely avoided the parlor.

When questioned as to their opinion of the present situation, most students will admit that they do not approve of this lack of etiquette, but are hesitant to voice their views for fear of becoming unpopular. The student who does stand up for what he believes finds the couples counter him by inferring that he is jealous of them and would change his attitude if he were "going steady." If the couples will concede to the fact that their conduct is not acceptable, they voice the argument that the parlor is the only available place where they can socialize. This may be true, but as Christian young people, can't they enjoy each other's company without breaking the rules of conduct supported by the college and by the church?

Basically, I believe that the conduct of the couples shows

a complete lack of consideration for their fellow students and, even more disheartening, a lack of respect for the standards of this college and the God we serve. Certainly, they could not expect that a visitor to this campus would gain a favorable impression of E.N.C. or the Nazarene church as a whole after seeing the actions of some of the students.

As college students, we generally are considered old enough to distinguish between what is proper and what is not, and to lead our lives accordingly. Since many seem to have taken an indifferent attitude, perhaps it is necessary to institute stricter supervision until we as students gain enough pride in our school, our church, and ourselves to make this campus one on which a stranger can see a Christian testimony rather than simply hear or read about one.

Elaine Horst

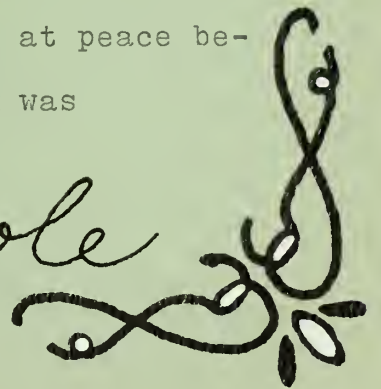
Fall

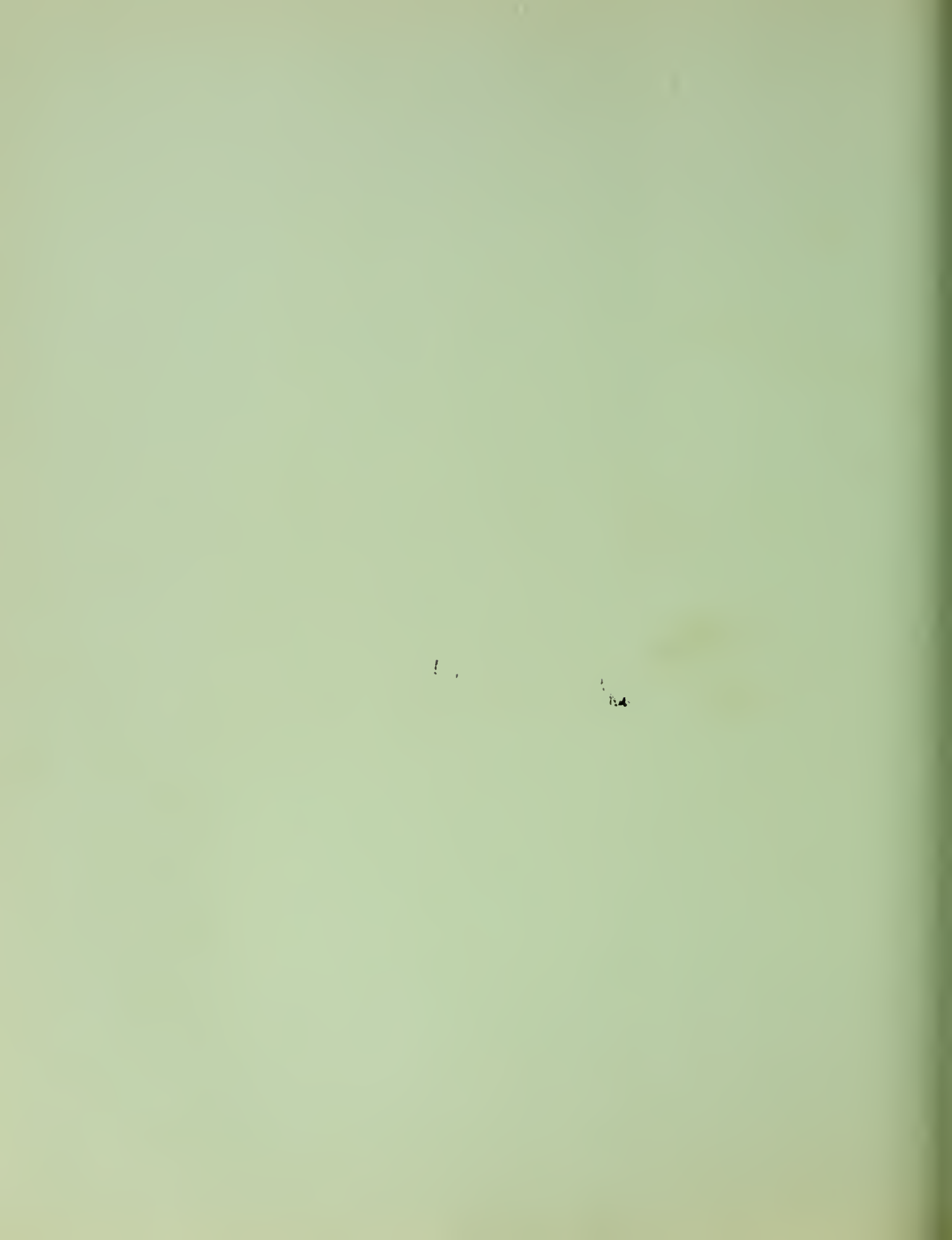
Turning from his paint tray, Jack dabbed a small speck of gold on a leaf nearby. He liked so well the contrast it made with the green that he tinted each leaf on the huge maple tree. The warm sun smiled on Jack as he began to hum a merry tune and dabble in his tray of paints. He dipped his brush into the red and, with a sweeping gesture of his artistic hand, spread another glowing color of fall.

After daubing the leaves of all the trees, Jack turned to the hedges, flowers, and bushes. On his left arm he carried his paints, as his right hand skillfully handled the brush. Walking along his happy-go-lucky way, Jack tripped on a rock and spilled a can of golden yellow. At first he was sore dismayed, but when he stepped back to survey the mess he thought he had made, the sun shone so brightly on the spilled paint that he decided to paint the whole field that same color.

The day ended slowly. As twilight crept across the countryside, Jack Frost surveyed his work. Standing tall and proud against the evening sky, the trees carried priceless jewels of gold, red, and amber; the rolling yellow fields lay at peace beside the velvet of bright green winter wheat. Jack was satisfied--it was fall.

Grace Cole



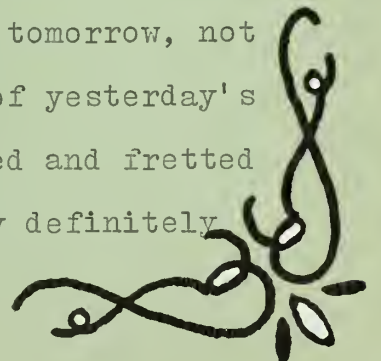


Tomorrow

Tomorrow... what is tomorrow? It is a word full of excitement for some: "Tomorrow I'm going out to dinner with Tom Dream!" To others, it means eager expectation: "Tomorrow we're leaving for Europe!" It signifies the end of anxious waiting for some: "Tomorrow we hear the doctor's verdict." It is a fear-laden word for many: "My Western Civilization final is tomorrow," or "Tomorrow I will be operated on." Yes, the simple word "tomorrow" bears infinite meaning to every person.

Yet, what is tomorrow in reality? Is it not merely a word? Since one day follows another in regular procession, the concept, although commonly thought of as absolute, is really only relative. To be sure, tomorrow is always the day after today, but then what is today? The trite expression, "Today is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday," sums up the relativity quite concisely.

In spite of the nebulous quality of the term, many people still waste time and lose sleep worrying about their tomorrow. They spend precious hours thinking about what they will do tomorrow, or what terrible things may happen to them tomorrow, not realizing that they are frittering away the hours of yesterday's tomorrow uselessly--the hours for which they planned and fretted then. It seems, perhaps, of little use to plan very definitely



for the future, since it is so uncertain whether there will even be one more tomorrow. The Bible gives us some advice concerning this matter:

Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. (Proverbs 27:1)

James 4:13, 14 repeats the theme:

Go to now, ye that say, Today or tomorrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and but and sell, and get gain: Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

Yet tomorrow, although uncertain, must still be prepared for. In the immediate area of schooling we find a practical example: each day's lessons and homework must be completed the day before; there are tests to study for and assignments to prepare which will determine the usefulness of many yesterdays and the occupation of many tomorrows. Politicians must also plan for the future: campaigning, public speaking, advertising, and other practices are all parts of a plan for success in a future venture. Military scientists think almost entirely in terms of the future: how much will we have accomplished by 1970? How much time do we have before a war will come upon us full force? The answers to these questions must be considered and sought after now, before tomorrow comes. The individual soul has, perhaps, the greatest, most vital preparation to make for the future, for upon this preparation, made today, will depend an eternity of tomorrows.

For all people involved with the demands of tomorrow, there is a reward to be gained if the preparation made is adequate and

complete. The student hopes to receive an "A" in his course; the politician hopes to be elected; the scientist hopes to be the first to make a certain advance, so that both he and his country will receive recognition. The reward of the Christian, however, implies no uncertainty; there is no "I hope . . ." in his future. A glorious life has been promised him--a life free from sickness, worry, fear, tears, heartache; a life filled with only joy and love and brightness and fellowship.

Tomorrow is unreal, but real. It must be both to each person. What it is, beyond this abstraction, is completely up to the individual. Each one can cause it to be whatever he wants it to be. Let us, as Christians, determine to make it another day to live for our Saviour, another day to draw closer to Him, and perhaps to look for His return.

Joy Tracy

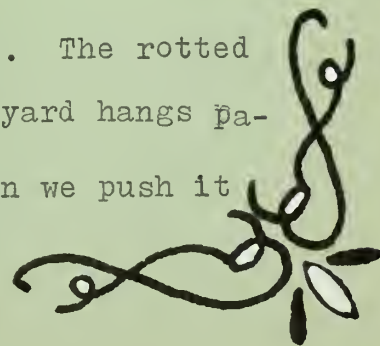
The Dirt Road

Come with me for a walk. We'll go down the old dirt road. When my family used to live in the country, this dirt road was one of my favorite spots. No, this dirt road is not unique; it's a very ordinary road. But it means something special to me and, because you are my friend, I will show it to you.

It's a lazy midsummer afternoon. The sun warms the dust under our bare feet. The trees stirring in the gentle breeze seem to be whispering to one another. A red-winged blackbird gliding by us dips his scarlet feathers. Everything is quiet. You don't have to say anything to me. I don't mind. I never talk when I'm walking on the dirt road. I can see more things that way.

Here's the frog pond. It's nothing more than a large mud hole. The frogs are basking in the sun. There are a few timid ones that sit on the very edge of the pond. Then, if even a little twig snaps, they plop into their green, pond-water refuge. Some of the more venturesome frogs are fearlessly sunning themselves on a far distant brown rock. Their large yellow eyes are tightly closed.

Further down the dirt road is an old graveyard. The rotted wooden gate in the stone wall surrounding the graveyard hangs pathetically on one rusty hinge. The gate creaks when we push it



open. Inside the graveyard, if we push back the bushes and brambles, we will find some moss-hidden gravestones. Some are cracked; others broken into two or more pieces. The oldest stone is dated 1800. The graveyard is dark and gloomy even in summer for little sunlight ever penetrates the dense overgrowth.

Continuing along the dirt road, we come to a patch of blueberries, dust-covered now because Mr. Rose's tractor has just passed by. My sister and I used to pick blueberries here frequently. We wore frayed straw hats. We had contests to see who could find the largest blueberry. Take some blueberries home with you. Perhaps your mother can make mouth-watering blueberry muffins like my mother's.

We are at the end of the dirt road now. But just let me show you some huge bushes at the side of the road. They are lilac bushes. Every spring I come to look at the bushes as they carry their heavy armloads of scented blooms. The bushes tower way over my head. Standing next to them, I feel lost in a world of lavender.

Just before our family moved away from our country home, I again took a walk down the dirt road. I picked a tiny bouquet of wild flowers. I noticed many flowers and trees I'd missed before. I cried a little. At home I said to Mom, "I'm really going to miss the dirt road." She smiled, understanding. And now perhaps you understand, too.

Barbara Carter

Features



popularity poll
sketches

Ruth Ann
Jones

Brad
Patch



personality polly and pete

continuous speech



Marti
Smith

Tim
Cardwell

Marie
Yates

Tom
Benson

shyest

mr. and miss einstein



Elaine
Horst

John
Vangor

Shirley
Shaffer

Jerry
McCloy



all-american athletes

sharpest dressers



Sharon
Pruett

Steve
Anderson

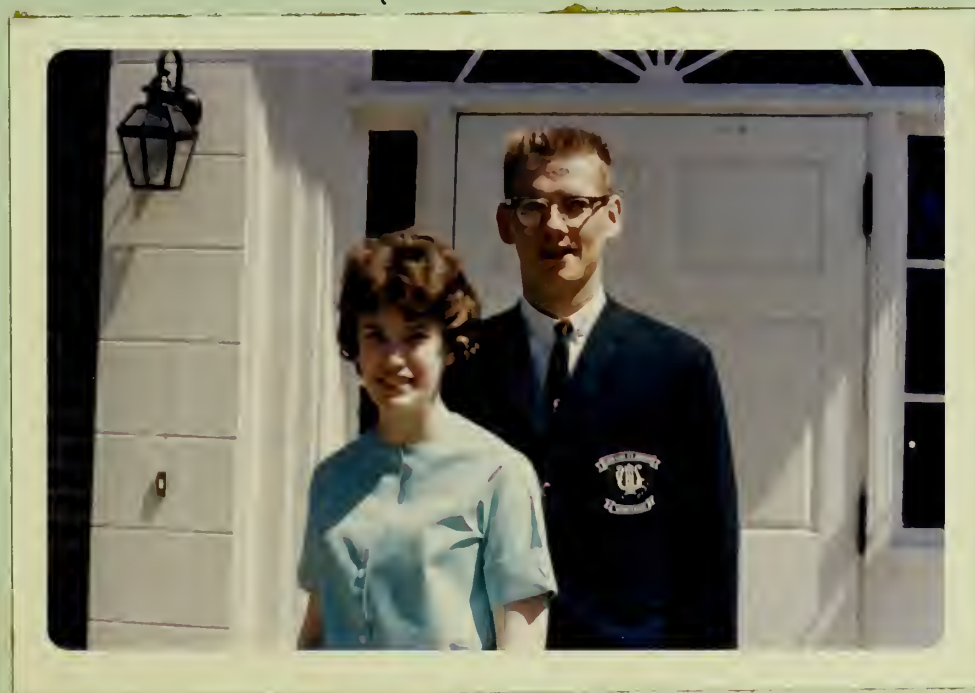
Donna
Mowen

Dave
Hooper



bender kids

cupids of the corridor



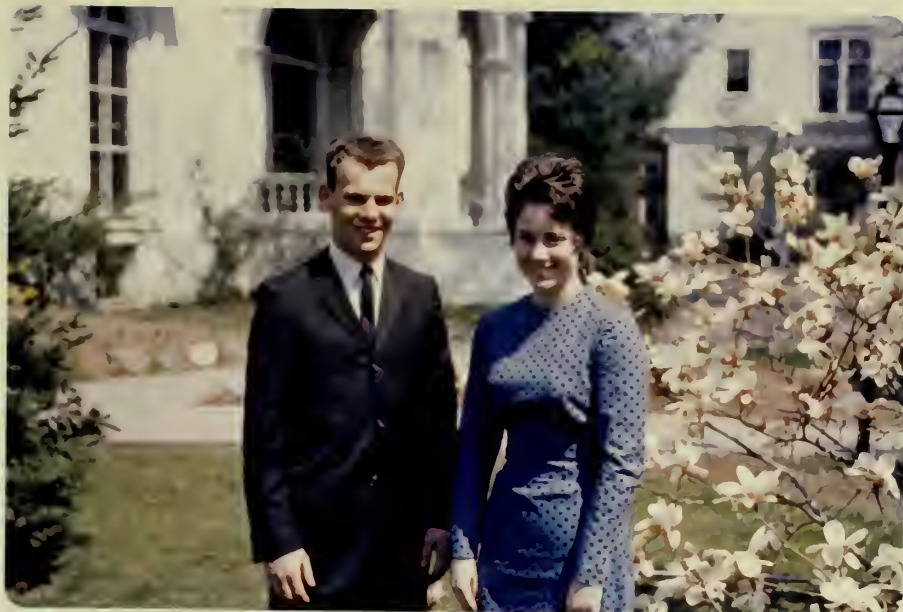
Sherry
Gardner

Bob
Bollinger



Ann
Whitacre

Jay
Kern



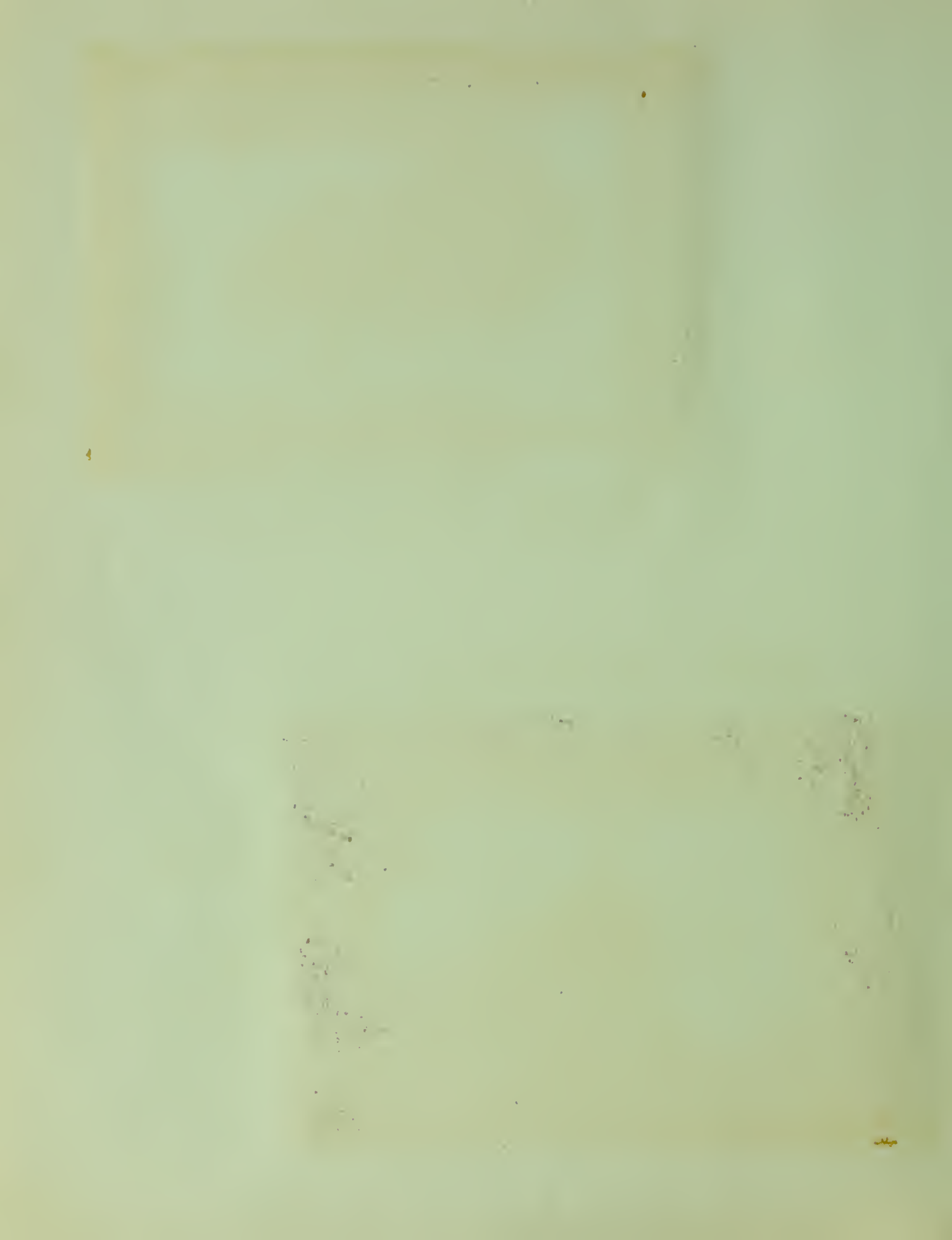
radiant smiles

vim, vigor, vitality



Jackie
Lynn

Jon
Gray



Grace
Cole

Dave
Pennybaker



class comedians

best looking



Loretta
Clemens

Dale
Mingledorff



Marilyn
Reiman

Doug
Bean



instrumental
sharpies

Lucille Acton: "Innocent look, but just the same, mischief is her middle name."

Linwood Adams: "Those freshman girls simply fascinate me."

Ken Akins: "To spend too much time in studies is sloth."

Sue Alexander: "You may think she's bashful -- until you get to know her."

Don Allison: "At first we think he's rather quiet, but soon we find he's a riot."

Ken Almeida: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Steve Anderson: "Here's to me; good men are scarce."

Joan Babson: "Keep true to the dreams of thy youth."

Charlene Badoud: "Work, work work; that's all I do morning, noon, and nighttime, too."

Eileen Baughman: "Not too serious, not too gay; a fine girl in every way."

Priscilla Bean: "Acreator of merriment."

Doug Bean: "Genteel in personage, conduct, and equipage; noble by heritage, generous and free." (Henry Carey)

Marty Beauchamp: "Quiet, you say? We know her the opposite way."

Mabel Bell: "Short of stature, but a friend to all."

Tom Benson: "Save your old confederate flags. The South will rise again."

Judy Best: "A cheery word, a pleasant smile, a girl that's friendly all the while."

Tom Beyer: "Not as quiet as his manner would appear."

Marilyn Bickford: "What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

Juanita Blinn: "A merry heart that has plenty of friends."

Tommie Blunt: "The world knows nothing of its great men."

Bob Bollinger: "Girls irritate me; how I love to be irritated."

Doreen Boshart: "Don't get me riled, I'm dangerous."

Mary Ellen Bosworth: "A heart with room for every joy."

Beverly Bower: "If you attempt to do anything, plan to go
all the way."

Lin Bown: "Zing went the strings of my heart."

Pauline Bragdon: "Happy-go-lucky, fair and free; there's
nothing at all that bothers me."

Merrill Briggs: "A free and friendly disposition though not
oft' displayed by words."

Bradley Brunsell: "Men who know much, say little."

Barbara Burton: "If I couldn't talk, I'd die."

Colin Campbell: "These are much deeper waters than I had thought."

Alice Cannell: "A husband is a medicine that cures all the
ills of girlhood."

Tim Cardwell: "His manners seem so fine, but did you ever hear
his line?"

Bill Carlson: "My mind is elsewhere."

Melvin Catterton: "I know I'm not good looking, but what's my
opinion against a thousand others?"

Carolyn Clarke: "She looks demure, but are you sure?"

Loretta Clemens: "Good things come in small packages."

Stanley Cokkinis: "When asked a question, answer slow; the
professor forgets what she wanted to know."

Grace Cole: "In simpleness, and gentleness and honor and clean
mirth." (Kipling)

Mary Collom: "Good humor only teaches charms to last."

Doris Condon: "A sunny lass and winsome, too; we never see
her cross or blue."

Alice Coulson: "We hear a giggle and see a grin and know that
Alice has wandered in."

Fran Cove: "Officious, innocent, sincere, of every friendless name the friend."

Nancy Craft: "A tender heart; a will inflexible." (Longfellow)

Gladys Craig: "Give me my old slippers when my feet ache, and Nova Scotia when my heart aches."

Earl Crandall: "Around the curve lickety split. It was a beautiful car, wasn't it!"

Bob Crandall: "I never let schooling interfere with my education."

Arthur Curtis: "Haste makes waste."

Andrea Dahlstrand: "It seems I like the off-campus fellows."

Denver Deeter: "Let's go bowling."

Arlene DeMarco: "Oh, just to get through classes."

Stephen Denton: "I'd rather wear out than rust out."

David Detwiler: "What! all this for a song?"

Bob Dickman: "I give lessons on how to blush."

Paul Dickson: "Short and blond is his trait, Paul also has a steady mate."

Lois Dockendorff: "What, me worry?"

Jini Douglas: "What passions cannot music raise or quell?"

Richard Dressler: "Be silent and safe."

Joseph Drinkwater: "Even a man is known by his doings."

Bonnie Dunbar: "Laughter has many tools, but the smile is the handle that fits them all."

Rodney Erb: "I'm God's gift to women."

Betty Felts: "Wonder what Mother will write this week?"

Liz Ferrioli: "Here's to love, the fire against which there is no insurance."

Marlin Figard: "May I stay in the gym a little longer tonight."

Janet Fillmore: "A maiden, happy and sweet, very active and always neat."

Lowell Flanders: "I have to live for others and not for myself."

James Forsythe: "Yes and no are the causes of all disputes."

Fern Fraser: "Love is the best educator; I'm educated."

Ilga Freidenfelds: "To succeed in life she's a sure bet; a better you have never met."

Gary Fryman: "Always quiet and sometimes shy, but still we can never pass him by."

Carol Gardner: "What would I do in this world without men?"

Sherry Gardner: "A winkle, a twinkle, a grin; you might know it's mischief she's in."

Dick Garrant: "Cordial and courteous; a gentleman in and out."

Sharon Gauthier: "A quiet manner is a sure way to success."

Archibald George: "His ways are quiet and friendly."

Harlan Gilbert: "I was born this way; what's your excuse?"

Sara Glassford: "She's got her diamond and her man; just check the third finger of her left hand."

Betty Glassford: "A merry twinkle of the eye, a sunny smile as she passes by."

Paul Goble: "Not as quiet as his manner would appear."

Beth Gould: "Hope the wind doesn't blow. I'll blow away."

Ron Graham: "All around good fellow."

Bonnie Gray: "Speaking from experience, I'd like to recommend that a day be set aside for appreciating men."

Carolyn Gray: "Whene'er she met a stranger, there she left a friend."

Joan Gray: "Hold the fort, I'm coming through!"

Jon Gray: "And he says to himself, says he, 'Oh, what a fine lad I be.'"

Denny Greenwood: "Is western civ. my favorite course?"

Wilfred Haley: "I can do it."

Elizabeth Hall: "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Carol Hamilton: "What comes from the heart goes to the heart."

Mary Harding: "College is but a step."

Jay Harter: "Hope the nurse gives me red pills next."

Halsey Haselton: "He drives as if he were rehearsing for an accident."

Phyllis Haselton: "Truth and goodness in her heart finds place."

Irene Hawes: "Peppy, mischievous, full of fun, her smile is known by everyone."

Harold Henderson: "A fine upstanding sort of man, whose very manner says 'I can!'"

Elizabeth Hodges: "Short and sweet; small and neat; her personality can't be beat."

Earl Hollett: "He who works hard will get ahead in his endeavors."

Linda Hollis: "Zealous, yet modest." (Beattie)

Dave Hooper: "All great men are dead; and I don't feel so well myself."

Elaine Horst: "Knowledge is the key to success."

Sue Hoyt: "Sweet were the days when I was unknown."

Eileen Hunter: "The better known, the better liked."

Nancy Hunter: "I'll be good ..."

Clifford Hurst: "What's the use of hurrying when there's plenty of time?"

Ronald Jack: "Rugged the beast that beauty cannot tame."

Sue Jacobs: "Love isn't the only thing in the world, but it does make it interesting."

Alan Johnson: "To you I have but three words of counsel -- work, work, work."

Gilbert Johnson: "Just tell me something to say and I'll say it."

Dick Jones: "The smile that won't come off."

Ruth Ann Jones: "A spirit still and bright with something of angelic light."

David Kagombe: "People like David make for good international relations."

Karla Kaminske: "Work fascinates me -- I can sit and look at it for hours."

Adrees Kassab: "From Iraq I hail."

Ronald Keller: "A little mischief now and then is relished by the best of men."

Jay Kern: "Lord, reform the world, but don't begin with me."

Johnny Kierstead: "I'll tell you about perfection."

Dana Kimball: "I laugh, I smile, and when it's necessary I work."

Gayle King: "I could be better if I would, but it's so lonesome being good."

John Klopp: "With all the mail in box 192, you'd think he was taking a correspondence course."

Charles Knize: "He doesn't have to worry; he has his girl."

Bob Kovach: "Thank God that I have no twin, for if we argued, who would win?"

Gayle LaBelle: "Neat, sweet, and hard to beat."

Ralph Lambright: "Learning makes a man fit company."

Betty Lane: "Peppy, mischievous, full of fun, her smile is known by everyone."

Tom Lang: "The man behind the scene."

Judy Lape: "Judy Lape is my name; music is my favorite game."

Dave Larson: "Will WENC ever be on the air?"

Frank Laurie: "Make sure you're out of the parking lot before it closes."

Ron Lewis: "Oh, no, must we have chem. lab today?"

Virgil Linger: "He can answer the question when everyone else is stumped."

Dick Lint: "Give me a basketball, and I'll be happy."

Joan Locassio: "Bet you'll not stay single, I'll betcha; a year out of college and he'll getcha."

Tom Long: "Our chaplain is also a fine speaker."

Mary Beth Lynch: "What would I do in this world without men?"

Jackie Lynn: "Your locks are like the raven, your bonnie brow is brent."

James Lunden: "I wish I were in Hawaii with my guitar."

Donna MacLeod: "Stop the world, I want to get off."

Norman MacLeod: "Why should the Devil have all the fun?"

Jerry McCloy: "Man is the noblest creature on earth; I am a man."

Dolores McGee: "It's nice to be natural, when you're naturally nice."

Dave McGowan: "To worry little, to study less, is my idea of happiness."

Colin Mallard: "May I ask you a question, Sir?"

Alan Manchester: "Beware, I may yet do something famous."

Sylvia Manna: "Who is Sylvia? What is she, that all the swains commend her?"

Manny Manzano: "My clarinet is my best friend."

Joan Mardis: "My children are my pride and joy."

Ralph Marple: "Some day it will drive me to despair, that awful trite, 'How's the weather up there?'"

Lynn Miller: "Speech is the mirror the soul."

Carleton Mills: "How about saying that over again, and if you don't mind, please explain."

Ken Mills: "Enjoy yourself; it's later than you think."

Dick Milne: "To live long, it is necessary to live slowly."

Dale Mingledorff: "Say now, girls, why look sad? Don't give up hope, I can be had."

Donna Mowen: "Why should the devil have all the fun?"

Eleanor Nelson: "To have friends, you've got to be one."

Lee Nevers: "Life is a game of chess. It's your move."

John Nielson: "But my father says so..."

William Oblinger: "A man achieves according to what he believes."

Carol O'Donnell: "The conversation always ends in giggles."

Joan Overholt: "She hears no evil, speaks no evil, sees no evil."

Dick Pagano: "In every argument there are always two sides; the right side and my side."

Brad Patch: "The best way to have a friend is to be one."

Bill Patch: "Wish my girl's dad would give me an F-85."

Roberta Paul: "Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned."

Jean Pearson: "Every cloud has a silver lining."

Dave Pennybaker: "There's no lead in my feet."

Marge Peterson: "My voice is weak but beautiful."

Sandy Pierce: "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Janice Prest: "Worry and I have never met."

Bob Preston: "How can I listen, study, and learn while patiently waiting for class to adjourn?"

Janice Prime: "Still waters run deep."

Sharon Pruet: "A friendly manner finds a way."

Edward Raley: "A man achieves according to what he believes."

Marilyn Reiman: "Her middle name is athlete; in every game she does compete."

Carol Rippel: "Where there's a will, there's a way."

Donna Rodgers: "Wise as a serpent."

Vic Ross: "None but himself can be his parallel." (Virgil)

John Ruuska: "His ways are quiet and friendly."

Fran Sanford: "Come on, kids, answer that question so prof. won't know I'm not listening."

Orville Sapp: "Me and my guitar."

Charles Scheer: "The next world will always wonder what he will do next."

Shirley Shaffer: "Man has his will, but woman has her way."

Pearl Shoff: "The whole world loves an athlete. Why shouldn't I?"

Roger Silvieux: "They call me honest Abe."

Beryl Smith: "It's time for hospital choir, girls."

Gary Smith: "Which girl will I take to church tonight?"

Joanne Smith: "Love is a many-splendored thing."

John Smith: "Manners make the man."

Marti Smith: "She talks a while and then she'll pause until another breath she draws."

Ruth Smith: "It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice."

Thomas Smith: "Give me a stream and my rod and reel."

Tom Snyder: "A ditch in time saves nine out of ten drivers."

Adele Spæth: "I have no cares; why should I worry? Not even the bell can make me hurry."

Rich Stengle: "I'll trade my intellect for a pair of new skates."

Ruth Ann Stetson: "Who, with a natural instinct to discern what knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn."

Beth Stockwell: "Her heart is kind, her foes are few, in all ways, she is really true."

Carleton Stowell: "Fights his way through thick and thin, yet always comes out with a big, wide grin."

Lena Sumner: "She is quiet, yes indeed, but with her friends, she does succeed."

Barb Swift: "Silence is the sign of wisdom."

Pat Swift: "Silence never betrays you."

Nelda Swihart: "Don't touch me, I'll break."

Tim Taylor: "In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

Denny Thomas: "If I'm too busy to sleep at night, I sleep in class."

Gary Tower: "Let's play twenty questions."

Brenda Towle: "Who's next in line to have their hair styled?"

Gene Towle: "To some people nothing is more troublesome than the effort of thinking."

Joy Tracy: "A light heart lives long."

Frank Turner: "Tis midnight but little thought have I of sleep."

Jerry Ulrey: "Still waters run deep."

Janice Vale: "Laughter is sunshine."

John Vangor: "Man of light and leading."

Peggy Waltermire: "I may be quiet, but I'm thinking."

Nina Warren: "What mischief lies beneath that calm, sweet smile."

Nancy Waterman: "I shall depart from E. N. C. next year, but I shall return."

Alan Webber: "So what? Napoleon was small."

Dolores Weslow: "What a wonderful thing love is."

Bob Westerberg: "Once a bachelor I vowed to be, but still the women appeal to me."

Dick Wheeler: "I should have stayed in the girls' dorm."

Anne Whitacre: "Southern Sweetness."

Naomi Wilhelm: "Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Margo Williams: "Men are like books. There's always another one on the shelf."

Colin Woods: "Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Lynne Wright: "Her virtue and the conscience of her worth, that would be wooed, and not unsought be won."

Marie Yates: "She's not of the talking sort; her deeds speak for her."

John Young: "More often seen than heard."

