

國民日報

1961



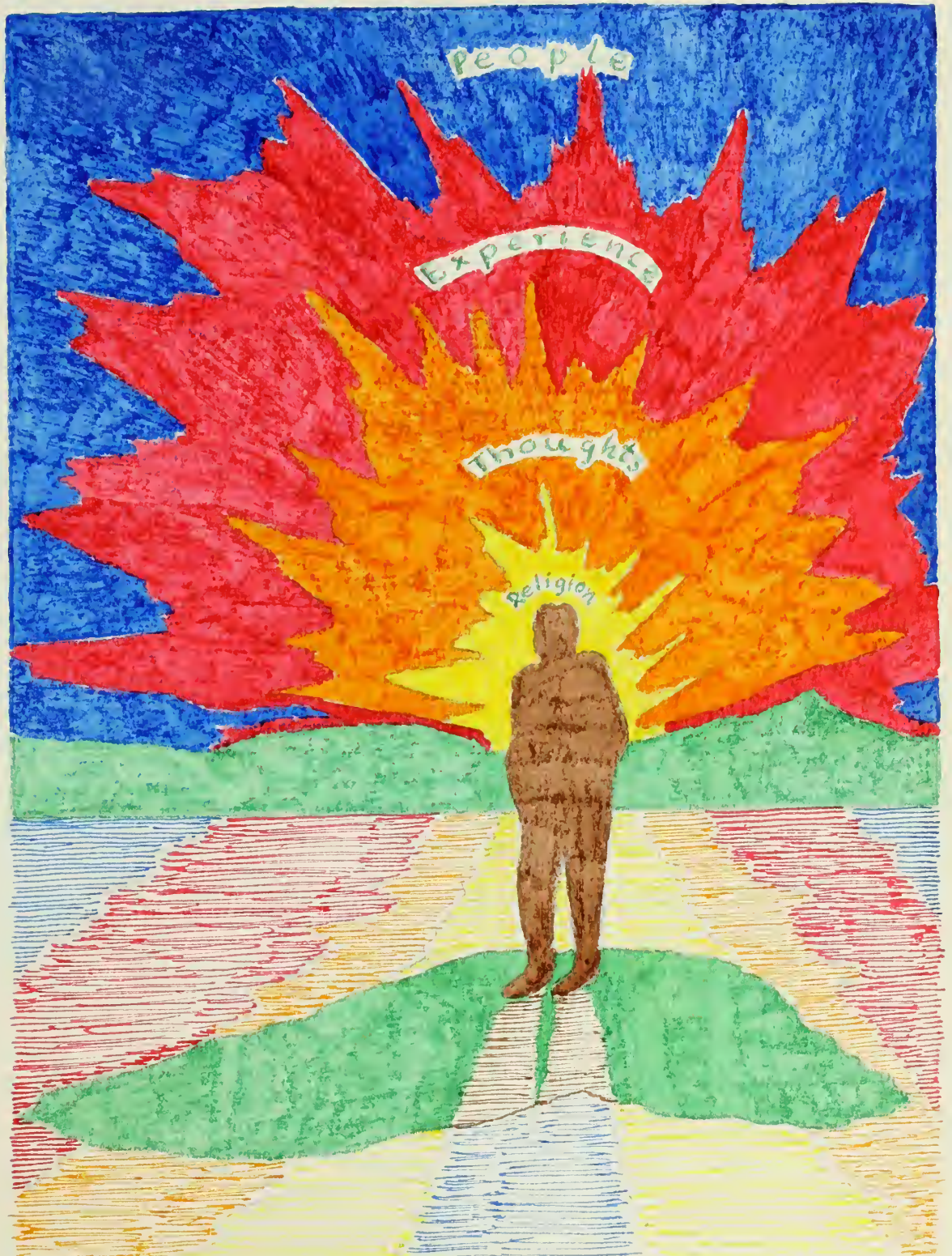
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The
English Composition
classes present a
collection of
Outstanding Creative
Writings
in the

Greenbook
1960-1961

"No Man Is an Island..."



No man is an island,
intire of itselfe; every
man is a piece of the
Continent, a part of the
maine; if a clod bee
washed away by the
Sea, Europe is the lesse.

- JOHN DONNE



EDITORIAL

Sharing the beliefs

- that NO MAN is left alone to steer life's craft without the help of the guiding Pilot;
- that NO MAN can discard the truths of past generations while forming his own thoughts and values;
- that NO MAN can share in life's experiences and keep from being shaped by them;
- that NO MAN can live long in society without becoming creditor or debtor to someone;

The GREENBOOK staff has chosen for its theme:

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND



DEDICATION



Because your scholarly discipline has inspired us to study and grasp the laws which govern God's creation;

Because your steady Christian life, with its genuine spirit of humility, has been a challenging example for us all to follow;

Because your reserved but friendly manner, your quiet helpfulness and your boyish smile, whether on the tennis-court or in front of a class, has won the sincere admiration and confidence of us students;

We dedicate the Greenbook to you,

Dr. Paul Calvin Maybury

IN

APPRECIATION

For her helpful advice, her assistance in proof reading,
and her encouraging support, the editor wishes to express her
sincere thanks to the GREENBOOK advisor,

MISS. ALICE SPANGENBERG



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"How beautiful is it ordered
that as many thousands work
for one, so must every indi-
vidual bring labor to make
the whole world."

G. A. Lala

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"No Man Is an Island"



"WE ARE NEVER WITHOUT
A PILOT"
-EMERSON

RELIGION

A Volunteer for Jesus

"A call for loyal soldiers comes to one and all,
Soldiers for the conflict -- Will you heed the call?"

A volunteer for Jesus!

Never had I felt the challenge of this song so strongly!
I sat on the rough park bench with a hundred other teen-agers who
had also come to this camping retreat, and wondered if they, too,
had felt the surge of this message.

"Will you answer quickly with a ready cheer?" --

The question seemed to be directed straight to me.
I tried to shy away from its force.
I delayed facing its challenge as long as I dared.
While my mind was frantically listing all I had ever done
for the Lord, my heart was telling me I hadn't done enough.

The night seemed to close in around me.
My friends, unaware of the turmoil within me, seemed to fade
into the background.
Only the stars seemed to understand --
They were watching --
Waiting to see if I would volunteer as a true soldier of Jesus
Christ.
The wind whispering through the trees seemed to chant --
A world is lost -- A world is lost!

As I sat gazing into the campfire, the coals and charred wood
seemd to take on new identities.
I saw a forest crowded with people --
Sincere people,
Curious people,
Indifferent people,
Some were laughing carelessly,
Or weeping -- weeping --
They were reaching in every direction--
Searching for something,
They knew not what.

"Will you be enlisted as a volunteer?"

What a high privilege is mine to win souls!

What a reward is mine to share in this holy enterprise that is so near to the heart of God!

I can hear the sob of Jesus as He wept over Jerusalem.

I can hear Paul as he cried, "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

I may never be a preacher,

I may never be a missionary on a foreign field,

But I will strain every nerve and exhaust myself if need be --

To put people in touch with the One who has the answer to this world's defeat and despair.

I must!

The urgency and intensity of Christ's call compels me.

What I do, I do for Him, and for Him alone.

Mary Ann Brigham

Do Science and Religion Conflict?

Historically, the conflict between science and religion can be traced back to the time of Galileo and Copernicus who, together, persisted in believing that the earth was not the center of the universe, but merely a planet of one of the myriads of stars. Even in the presence of contradictory evidence many of the religious leaders of that day considered belief in a universe not built around the earth as incompatible with their philosophy. Any natural law which conflicted with the religious doctrine of their time, which was inseparably associated with this philosophy, had to be quickly rejected.

The same situation appeared at the time of the publication of the Origin of Species, by Charles Darwin. The public debate between the ecclesiastical leaders and the evolutionists did much to leave the people with the impression that science and religion are irreconcilable. That impression, to a great extent, remains today.

However, the apparent conflict today between science and religion is not a conflict in the true sense of the word, but rather it is a misunderstanding of science by religion and of religion by science. This misunderstanding, in turn, is due generally to ignorance: the ignorance of religion concerning the methods of science, and the ignorance of science concerning the fundamentals of religion. Due to this ignorance,

religion often limits science, and science often limits religion.

This situation can be comprehended when one understands these two realms more thoroughly. Science has difficulty in believing in some particular thing unless it can, figuratively speaking, be put into a test tube, weighed, measured, and analyzed. Religion, on the other hand, also has difficulty in accepting an idea unless it can be made to conform with the religious doctrines.

"Religion and science," said the late Sir Richard Gregory, in his book, Religion in Science and Civilization, "are the two chief factors which have influenced human development throughout all stages of civilization: religion is the reaction to an inner impulse as to what is conceived to be sacred and arouses awe or reverence; and science is the accumulation of knowledge of the properties of natural objects - animate and inanimate - in relation to Man's needs and his understanding of them through the use of his intelligence. One represents the emotional side of Man's nature as expressed in religious ritual, art, and literature; the other - also a product of an inner urge - is the construction of a mental picture of what is known, at any stage of inquiry, about the nature of all things, visible and invisible."

Although on the whole the two realms, science and religion, within themselves are independent of each other, one observes that there is

a ground common to both. "It is," Sir Gregory later added, "in the light of service to high ideals that science, without which we can not live, and religion, without which most people see no meaning in life, can find a common field of action."

So one can see that in some respects there appears to be in religion an actual need of science, and in science, an actual need of religion. Science gives confirmation to religion, and religion gives purpose to science.

Do science and religion conflict? Definitely not! Unfortunately at present science and religion merely tolerate each other, but this condition does not have to exist. We have seen that these realms, although separate, can successfully survive together in a spirit of unity. They do not have to conflict. Actually there is perfect harmony between science and religion. This is only natural, for both have the same Author!

That I May Know HIM

What does Jesus Christ mean to you? Now, I don't want you to rattle off, "He's my Saviour, my Sanctifier, and He's put me on the road to heaven." I want you to forget the trite terminology that has boxed up Christianity; forget the connotations you have always associated with Christ. What does the Person, Jesus Christ really mean to you?

As I ask this question, perhaps many of you are remembering the year you taught a certain Sunday School class. You are counting the hours you spent planning your lessons, inventing unique methods of presentation. You are thinking of the endless calls you made on the absentees. You are enjoying the challenge it gave you and the satisfaction you received when you saw your class grow. These energies, directed toward the work of the kingdom, are commendable, but did you get so busy doing the Lord's work that you forgot to worship Him? Is not Jesus Christ more than a motivation for labor?

Does Jesus Christ mean to you a theological abstraction? Much time is spent sorting out theological terms and packing them into labeled boxes. Do you try to give each religious experience a title, and fit it into an accepted mold?

Real Christianity isn't a mass of "isms" and schisms." It isn't liberalism or fundamentalism; it's Christ. It isn't Calvinism or Arminianism; it's Christ. Many well meaning Christians get sidetracked, and try to add something to Christ. To them Christianity is "Jesus plus Baptism" or "Jesus plus healing." Why don't we leave these "isms" alone and emphasize Christ? He is not just a theory -- He is a real Personality.

Are you like many sincere immature Christians who value the benefits of salvation above Christ Himself? It is true -- Jesus does give "joy unspeakable." He does satisfy one's deepest longings. He does give one a purpose to life. But our devotion to Christ shouldn't be motivated by a desire for these by-products of Christianity. Instead, our devotion should spring from a keen yearning to know Jesus Christ better.

Granted Christianity does involve service to a great Lord. It does require a creed. It does offer untold blessings. But these aspects of Christianity shouldn't be placed ahead of the Person of Jesus Christ. We must realize that He is a vital living being with a personality much like our own. He experiences sorrows and joys just as we do. The Lord is a loving person who desires greatly to be trusted. He wants us not only to talk about Him but also to talk

with Him. Our desire should be to become more intimately acquainted with Him. We should try to recognize and understand more clearly the wonders of His person. This is what I think Paul meant when he said, "That I may know Him."

Marjorie Brigham

I Alone with God

I wanted to be alone - alone with God. Here at E. N. C., with so many people, where could I find a secluded place where I could commune with God.

It was hopeless to try my room. My roommate has a lot of friends who are always coming in, and besides that, at the time had a big box of food which everyone wanted to share. No, my room was no place to be alone.

The church! That was the place! There I could be alone and God would be very near. I went to the church, already feeling better because now I could be alone with God. But no, I couldn't be alone there either; they were having choir practice. The singing was beautiful, but even that did not still my longing to be alone.

I returned to my room, which was now bustling with activity. It was almost as busy as the Dugout in rush hour. Solitude and peace here was simply out of the question.

I walked down to the bay in hopes that there I might be alone with God. These hopes were in vain also, because here traffic was whizzing by and people were parked all along the wall. I couldn't be alone here.

It was getting late. Perhaps I had better go to bed, so that I could

get up early to seek a place of solitude. For my evening devotions I turned to the Nineteenth Psalm. The first verse caught my attention: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork." God was trying to tell me something. Could it be that He was trying to tell me where to meet Him? Then I prayed, and as I was praying God spoke to me. He said, "Go up on the roof of the Mansion tomorrow morning before anyone else gets up." This sounded very odd to me, but if God was going to be there to meet me I was not going to fail Him. I set my alarm for five o'clock and went to bed.

When the alarm rang I got out of bed immediately. I dressed and crept quietly up the stairs to the roof of the Mansion. There God was waiting for me. I had never felt Him so close to me as I did then. Tears of joy filled my eyes and God really blessed me. Finally I had found a place to be alone with God.

About six o'clock the sun began to peep over the horizon. Soon the whole sky became tinted with pink, and then the clouds became edged with gold. It seemed to me that God was sealing a compact with me. As I watched the day brighten I thought of the verse I had read the night before: Psalm 19:1, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork."

God has showed me a place to be alone -- alone with Him.

F. Lewis MacLean

'No Man Is an Island'



"A THOUGHT BY THOUGHT
IS PILED TILL SOME GREAT
TRUTH IS LOOSED AND THE
NATIONS ECHO 'ROUND.. "-SHELLEY

THOUGHTS

"San Francisco

San Francisco, a wonderful city," the announcer half-croons. A swell of music follows and then he tells what portion of the city or of city life will be lauded this particular morning. Every day, year in, year out, this program is aired, and it is always fascinating. It is one of the most listened to radio programs in the San Francisco Bay Area. Why doesn't it become trite, dull, and boring after years of being broadcast? It is simply because of its subject matter: the bright, shining, dark, foggy, happy, carefree, busy, sad, elusive Queen of the West, the City by the Golden Gate.

San Francisco is a bright and shining city. Its fourteen hills are crowned with white and pastel houses, that twinkle in the noon-day sun. The massive silver Bay Bridge and the graceful Gate Bridge look as if they were actually made of precious metals. And the bay sparkles as it reflects the snow-white sails of sloops, gliding over its mirror-like surface.

But this picture can change in a flash. The sun suddenly goes behind the clouds. The wind whips in from the ocean. And the fog quietly drifts into the city, until it blankets it entirely. The pretty pastel houses seem to dissolve in the fog, and the bridges become cloaked in it. The delicate sailboats disappear, and only great, dirty steamboats dare the choppy bay.

San Francisco is a happy, carefree city. Its famous cable cars clang in toe-tapping rhythms as they climb over the hills. A well dressed secretary stops on her way to work to pass the time of day with a flower vendor and buy a bunch of violets or a camelia for her tailored suit. During his lunch hour, a business executive buys a bag of peanuts and feeds them to the seagulls on Union Square. Lovely Golden Gate Park seems always to be thronged by couples riding bicycles under cedar trees, or paddling boats on Stowe Lake, or just strolling beside the lily-pad pools of the Japanese Tea Garden. Many adults go regularly to the zoo to see trained seals perform gymnastics. Six times a year school youngsters invade War Memorial Opera House to listen to the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Ushers shrug as the children run up wide marble stairs designed for stately dowagers with tight corsets and long gowns, or romp through foyers filled with priceless tapestries and antique furniture, or run foot-races the full length of the grand tier.

But San Francisco is also filled with hard work and sadness. Bustling Montgomery Street is as important to the West's economy as Wall Street is to the East's. Brokers anxiously watch the pulse of the stock market, not even taking time out for lunch. Fishermen sail out through the Golden Gate at dawn, not to return till dusk, weary from the sea and salmon. Sinewy stevedores strain hour after

hour, loading and unloading huge cargo steamers. And all around, one can see the disillusionment and heartache in faces of people who have come as far west as possible to escape life, only to find that their problems have followed them.

This is San Francisco, a wonderful city. Wonderful because it is always showing a new face, but always remaining somewhat of an enigma. This is the city by the Golden Gate, the Queen of the West.

Judith Ann Lampson

More Than Cultural Exchanges Needed

Every nation in the world desires peace. The nations of the world await the day when fear, animosity, and distrust will cease and when true peace shall reign. Peace conferences have been held and the issues of disarmament and self-determination of nations have been discussed. But the cold war still exists.

Russia and America decided that positive steps should be taken towards the establishment of peace. Out of the many conferences come the idea of a "cultural exchange." If the Russians and the Americans could see the true culture of each other's nation, this enlargement of public understanding would be a step towards peace.

In 1959 this program was initiated, which covered every phase of Russian life. There was a section which showed the great technological and mechanical advances which have been made during the past ten years. Another section was devoted to life on the commune. We Americans were shown pictures of adults working in the fields or in industry, and of children playing or learning. Another section was devoted to the culture of the nation. A pianist performed the great masterpieces of the world. Artists proudly exhibited their paintings. Books were displayed and pamphlets were distributed.

America set up a display in Moscow. We tried to show the tech-

nological, mechanical, agricultural, and economical advances which we have accomplished within the last ten years. We dedicated a section of our exhibition to the home and had demonstrators show the use of refrigerators, washing machines, television sets and cars. We wanted Russia to see "true" America.

I was fortunate to be able to visit the Coliseum during the Russian exhibition. I was impressed by the great strides Russia has been making. This impression was, of course, the effect I desired. I had been shown only one side of Russian life: the favorable side. I could not help thinking of the other side. I thought of the poverty, the deterioration of family life, and Pasternak's Doctor Zhivago, and I remembered the deep implications that these thoughts suggested.

When the Russians left our display in Moscow, they, too, probably left with thoughts of our weaker side. They had probably thought about the American slums, the racial problem, and juvenile delinquency, although they, too, had been shown only the favorable side.

The basic idea behind these exhibitions was to give the true picture of Russia and America. Unfortunately, the purpose was not accomplished. Only one side was shown, because the other side was, and is, a reflection of weakness and great lack.

Our peace conferences have failed; our cultural exchange programs have failed. Is peace possible? I believe that Americans will have to

do more than exchange cultures to propagate peace. We must be willing to believe in America and be willing to work for America. We must believe in God and we must spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is only through the power of the Cross that men can love their enemies and that nations can live in peace.

Annita Sabine

Twine Entwined

Twine is a universal substance made in almost all countries for the purpose of making something secure in a particular position or location. Twine is of varying sizes: heavy for anchoring light boats; medium for holding kites; light for attaching Twirp Week tags on coats or shirt buttons.

But is fastening an article securely the only function of twine? I do not believe so. Have you ever seen rope tangled; have you ever seen wires webbed; have you ever seen fingers entwined?

A kite in the air generally follows the course of the wind currents. The only limitation of the kite as to the distance it can travel is that the base of the kite is connected to a limited length of twine which is held by a person on the ground. A difficulty arises when two kites get into the same wind currents, cross each other several times and then lose wind support. As they fall toward the earth, control of the kites is hampered and may be completely lost because of the entanglement of the twine.

Electrical wires can cause a tremendous amount of trouble for power companies when a storm tears down wires, throws them around and webs them together similar to a spider with its silk. The web is difficult to untangle, not only because of the complexity of the entangle-

ment, but also because of live electricity.

This brings us to the third question -- entwined fingers. By combining the two previous illustrations there can be created an accurate picture of the result of entwined fingers. As with the kite, the fingers start out separately. But from thirteen to seventeen years later, the wind currents bring them into contact with the fingers of a person of the opposite gender. A thrill of electrical current flirts around the tips of the "live wires" as the electrician works overtime attempting to keep the lines of meritorious thinking uncorrupted. But the control of the current gets away and the electrician is overcome. The restraint lessens as the entwined fingers become a symbol of entwined emotions.

This all may lead to a bond of love and law. However this bond is no longer twine tied to a "Twirp Week" invitational tag; this bond is no longer made up of two. This bond is a merger, two becoming one, tied by the twine of love and the knot of law.

Paul J. Smith

A Description of a City

While traveling through the Southern part of Germany, we discovered the city of Ulm, on the left bank of the Danube. Once it was a large city with its shining domes towering against the sky and its attractive building sites on the outskirts. But now, wherever we looked, we would see the frightening results of war's devastation. Almost the whole city lay in ruins. Only the Cathedral of Ulm, with its steeple, the highest in the world, stood firm and unshakable. Every figure of sculpture inside and outside reminded us of the greatness and spirit of the Middle Ages. The stone steps leading up to the steeple were deeply worn from many footsteps of the past. The view from the steeple was grand and impressive. At the right the beautiful Danube glittered proudly in the sunshine. Calm and peaceful it was, flowing toward the sea.

The ruins, scattered all around the gigantic cathedral, bespoke mortality and transitoriness of the bygone era. And when we turned back to look once more upon the majestic Gothic lines shooting toward heaven, we felt anew a deep longing to lift up our hearts to Him who reigns and moves over the ruins of civilizations, and whose love gives meaning to our little transitory life.

Individualism

Of what value is individualism? Should we endorse it or abhor it? This I believe is a vital question that must be answered by each generation. A generation's answer to it can mold its politics, economics, philosophy, and religion; in short, its entire system of values.

Let us first consider the word individualism. It is most decidedly not a neutral word. People have either a very positive or a very negative reaction to it.

To some, the word individualism brings to mind strange people, badly in need of baths, living in filthy attics, chain smoking cheap cigarettes, pounding out meaningless free verse on a decadent typewriter and subsisting only on bitter coffee.

To others, individualism brings to mind a zany artist wearing a red beret, tweed jacket, purple turtle-necked sweater, green slacks, and shoes that look as if they had been taken from a leprechaun.

This is not true individualism. It is nothing less than the worst sort of conformity, conformity with a worn-out stereotype.

The individualism of which I am speaking is an individualism of the mind. It is the concept that each man may reserve the right to question any idea and accept it or reject it according to his own convictions and evaluations. Involved in this concept is the acceptance of the consequences of one's ideas.

When we consider this individualism objectively we see that it has inherent dangers. If it were taken to an extreme on politics, anarchy would result. If it were taken to an extreme in religion, the disbandment of all churches would result.

But I do not believe that this is our problem. Ours is an age of conformity rather than of individualism. We are taught conformity from earliest childhood. We support our conformity with vague generalities. We believe in democracy because it is "the American Way," not because we think that the governed have the right and the ability to say how they are to be governed. We are evangelicals because it is the "good old-fashioned, straight-and-narrow way," not because we are convinced of the importance of a personal Saviour.

Perhaps at one time or another we experience a slight rebellion against this mass molding, but usually we feel only slight irritation when conformity interferes with our personal ease.

True, we are not totally responsible for this condition. We did not ask to be born in an age of intellectual laziness, spiritual lethargy, and political confusion. Our world was made for us by many, many generations.

No, we are not responsible for the way the world is, but we do become liable if we add to these problems by accepting conditions as they are. Only as we accept our responsibility as individuals to find sound

reasons for our political, economic, philosophical and religious credos,
do they become truly ours. And it is only when our creeds are really
ours that they are vital enough to rejuvenate a decadent society.

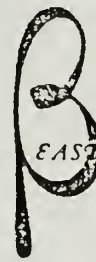
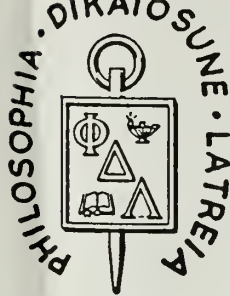
Our responsibility is great to have vital beliefs that are as dear to
us as life. May T. S. Eliot's fatalistic words never be true of our society:

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
Remember us - if at all - not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

"The Hollow Men", ll. 13-18

Judith Ann Lanpher

PHI
DELTA
LAMBDA



CHAPTER

EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

SCHOLASTIC HONOR SOCIETY OF THE COLLEGES OF THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

ANNUAL MEETING
SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1987
8.15 a.m.

PROGRAM

Welcome and Prayer

Mark Taylor

Breakfast Buffet

Devotional

Helen Metcalfe

Phi Delta Lambda: A Word of Explanation

Donald Young

Induction of New Members, Class of 1987

Donald Young

Business Meeting

Report of the Secretary

Amy Watkins Barnard

Report of the Treasurer

Michael Holt

Report of the Chairman of the
Scholarship Fund

James Cameron

Election of Officers for 1987-89

Address

James Cameron

Adjournment

Observations on the Need for Social Workers

I have seen the need for social workers, I have seen it on the streets of the slums of Boston and New York. Sisters fight with brothers, and friend battles with friend. Children run away from parents and race up and down the streets, scarcely caring whether they live or die. They gather in groups and taunt a child passing by, or chase a boy from another neighborhood like a pack of wolves after their prey. Sounds drift down from fourth floor tenements of quarreling families, who do not know how to settle their disagreements. A tiny child huddles in a corner crying, with no one to comfort her. Two boys grab a girl who is passing by and pull her into an alley. She screams and they release her and laugh. Fifteen teenage boys break into an abandoned store and pass each other knives and blackjacks and pistols. Two police cars silently drive up and surprise the group. They collect the weapons and crowd the fellows into the cars. "We weren't doin' nothin'," they grumble.

I have seen the need for social workers on the other side of the tracks, among the upper-middle classes. My girl friend invites me home for the weekend. As we drive there, she quietly confides in me that her parents are getting a divorce. I would like to ask her why. Perhaps her parents are always disagreeing or they cannot speak

freely with one another. Perhaps they suspect each other of infidelity. My friend may confide in me but I cannot be frank and embarrass her and ask her why. These people do not broadcast their need for social workers. Their houses stand straight, isolated and silent on the smooth green lawns. The people are like their houses -- outwardly calm and full of dignity, but who can tell what troubles lie within? A mentally retarded child is born into a wealthy family. Their questions of "what to do" and "how to treat him" are as desperate as those of a poor family with the same child.

I have seen the need for social workers in the schools. A bright child is doing poorer than average work because of his emotional instability. An eleven-year-old constantly lies. His mother and the teachers talk together but they do not know what they can do. A white boy refuses to sit beside a Negro boy. A foster child sits silently at his desk, belligerently refusing to answer questions or make any contribution to the class. A young girl, plagued by fears and an inferiority complex, carefully keeps her head lowered and avoids contact with her classmates.

The newspaper tells of the need for social workers. Ugly stories of murders, robberies, thefts, and gang wars are reported brutal. Poverty causes a father to break into a grocery, while his hungry

son sneaks an apple from the display when the grocer's back is turned. Twenty children are treated with scorn and their ears are filled with threats of violence because they were born with darker skins. Puerto Ricans are turned down and refused jobs that require little education and no special skills. Statistics recorded in the paper of the rates of divorce, illegitimate babies born, and juvenile crimes committed give evidence of the need for social workers. The cry is given, sometimes hesitant and pitiful and sometimes bold, for someone to come and help.

Lolly Cornell

We A True Education

We, as young college students, are primarily concerned with obtaining an education. We are earnestly and diligently striving towards this goal. But do we know what this goal really is? No we know what we are striving for? Do we know what a true education consists of?

Many of us have been led to believe that an education is the mere acquisition of numerous facts or the absorption of much information. We feel that our education is based solely upon the art of learning the facts established by others, but if our education is to progress, we must come to the realization that knowledge consists of more than than established facts and propositions. We must not content ourselves with obtaining knowledge only from what others tell us. We must concern ourselves with those problems which do not have immediate answers and strive to acquire all possible knowledge from every possible source in order to find our answers. True knowledge comes from our own inquiring and questioning minds.

History shows us that new discoveries and progress have been brought about mainly by those men who questioned the established facts. America might never have been discovered if men such as Columbus had not questioned the belief that the world was flat. Our modern scientific molecular and atomic theories might never

have been proposed if daring man had not questioned the phenomena of the microworld. Penicillin, sulfa drugs, and polio vaccine, given to us as a result of the inquiring mind, have helped to free us from many dreaded diseases. Yes, upon the examination of the past, we become fully aware that the inquiring mind played an important role in the development of our modern world.

We must learn not only to question the established facts and to search for new truths, but we must also learn to apply our knowledge. We must learn to apply what we learn to what we already know. The problem depicted in Alan Paton's Cry, the Beloved Country should not be viewed only as a problem of our own United States. When we study the early history of such countries as Germany and Russia, we should immediately recognize the effect these early years had upon the condition of the present-day nations. We should be able to regard any part of a subject as only a part of a whole.

Yes, a true education is the "clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it."¹

1. John Henry Newman, "Knowledge and Learning," Thought in Prose, p. 186.

Mary Ann O'Brien

Love vs. Love

Teen-agers must become adults. This transition is a difficult one. It involves many alterations in likes, dislikes, ideas, and feelings. During this process many young people become aware of a more mature way of looking at love. They may find that there are two experiences that are labeled "love".

The first one involves a great deal of emotion. One feels as though he is on "cloud eight", so to say, with heart fluttering and emotions tingling. Naturally, feelings are involved in love, because man is basically an emotional being. But this emotion should not get out of hand and become the primary factor in a relationship. When a teenager experiences this love he is said to have "puppy love". It may even be "love at first sight."

When a person experiences this love, he usually is not aware of the faults of his companion. Or if he is aware of them, he pushes them from him, fearing they will lessen his love. These faults that he may try to ignore now will probably seem very disturbing and great to him when he falls out of love. His love may often be turned to dislike.

Another characteristic often associated with this type of love is

selfishness. More than to please each other, the two people desire to be pleased. More than having concern for the feelings of each other and having the desire not to hurt, they desire not to be hurt. This feeling may turn to fear, then resentment. More notice may be taken of little things which really aren't important but if meditated upon long enough would hurt. Unhappiness is the result.

This love usually fades as fast as it begins and then everything begins to come clear. The couple may even wonder what they ever saw in each other.

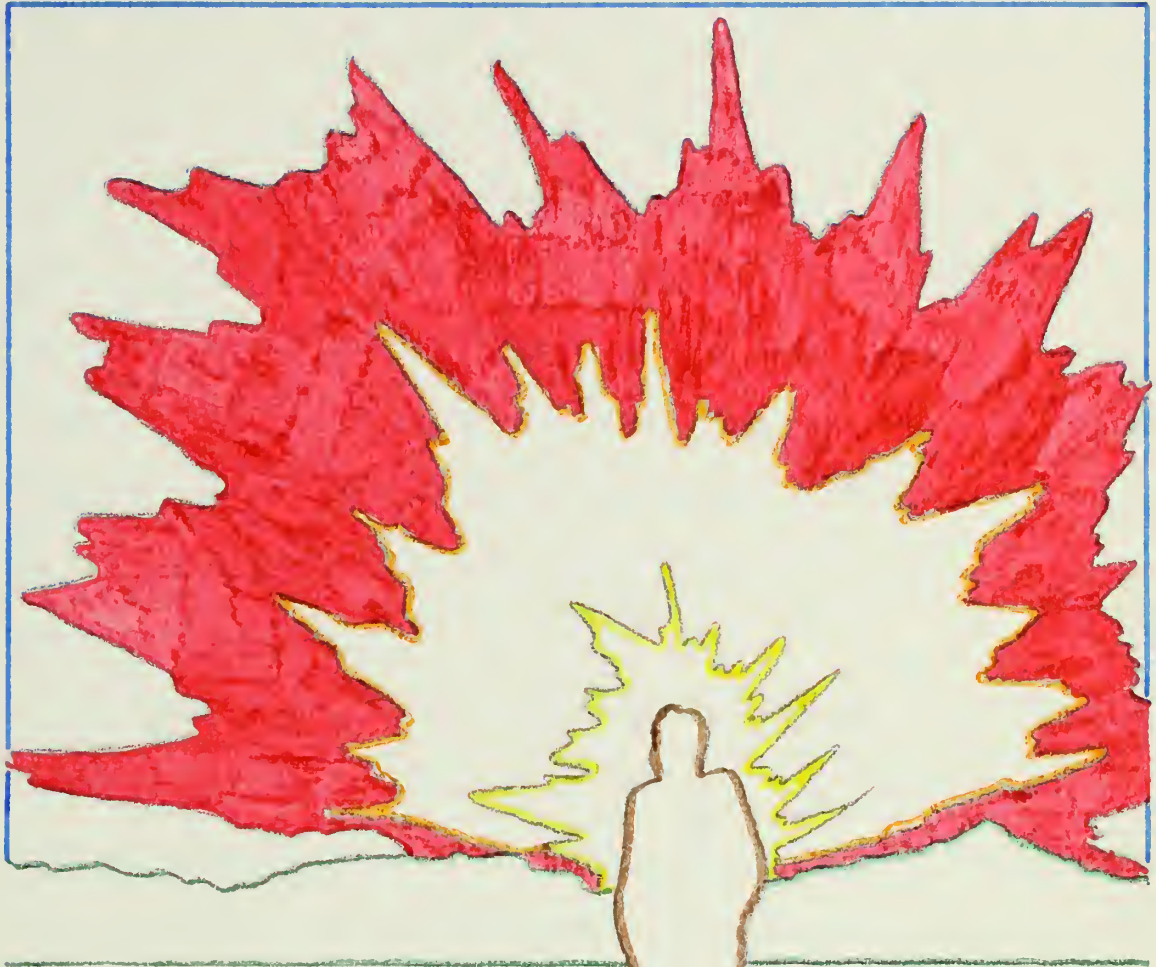
The other love involves a moderate amount of emotion but usually brings a warm, peaceful, secure sense of mutual companionship and adoration. The couple respect and esteem each other.

Fear has no place in real love. Neither does selfishness. The desire is to please, not necessarily to be pleased. The chief concern is to prevent hurt and promote pleasure. The two people want the best for each other and sacrifice to obtain the best. There is a deep understanding involved. Faults are accepted as well as virtues.

This love usually does not come quickly, but grows as time goes by. Many older men and women have often been heard to say that true love never ceases but continues to grow throughout life, and on into eternity.

Marilyn Scott

"No Man Is an Island"



"WE ARE A PART OF ALL
THAT WE HAVE MET"

- ANON

EXPERIENCE

They Fool Me Every Time

A lovely girl smiles and swishes her golden honey blonde hair back and forth. Standing beside her, some famous, handsome movie star sings, "There is nothing like a Halo girl." As you watch, you picture yourself in this lovely girl's place, with all the boys admiring you. If you're like me, before very long you find yourself at the corner drugstore asking for a bottle of the advertised shampoo. After trying the shampoo, I note that my hair seems to be the same drab color and just as lifeless as ever. No handsome boy appears to sing to me. I realize that I have been forced into an idealization just to be made to buy the product.

It doesn't take much persuasive power to get me to purchase something which I will have absolutely no use for later. I become the main star of T. V. commercials. Newspaper advertisements catch my attention, and I find myself believing them. Friends talk me into buying things when I actually can't afford them.

With a big date coming up, I try for weeks to think of something to make myself dazzling. I pick up a magazine and see an article on making your own clothing. It tells how simple it is and how much fun you can have while doing it. Styles can be invented to suit your own taste, and all you have to do is cut out the pattern and sew it up. A little buzzing on the machine and then . . . you appear in a gorgeous

dress, one that makes you feel like and look like a queen. I think to myself, "I have some money upstairs in my drawer, the year of sewing in high school out to be plenty to help me make a simple little dress, I've always wanted a stylish, fashionable dress." I take the money that I had been saving for some sensible item and off I go to buy the materials. Before long I return with a pattern, one that is entirely opposite to what I should wear, and material that is absolutely wrong for the pattern bought. The first steps are easy, but as I go deeper into the process, I find that those 1, 2, 3, steps described in the magazine have little gaps in between. After hours of struggling and straining, the finished product lies before me.

The night of the big date arrives. After carefully pressing my masterpiece, I slip it on, trying to overlook the fact that the seams are crooked. When my date arrives I prepare myself to sweep him off his feet. As I float into the room like a queen, his eyes seem to bulge and his mouth drops open. At first I think he is amazed at my beautiful creation. But bitter truth finally hits, and hurts. During the rest of the evening, my creation remains hidden under my coat.

This is but one experience. I have had many. I imagine everyone goes through this gullible stage. But the whole problem is that with me it is not just a stage or a phase. I am still "taken" by commercials. Past experiences have helped, but not much.

Virginia L. Ford

Street of Despair

As I walked down the familiar street that led toward home, I did not even glance around me, for my mind was filled with deep and troubled thoughts. Questions surged through my mind, and fears of the future sprang up unwanted. What was I going to do? I was soon to graduate from high school and a great many possibilities loomed before me. I could study to be a doctor, a lawyer, or a teacher, or I could stay here and work in the local stores or factories.

My mind then came back to reality. I lifted my eyes and, as I walked along, gazed at the row of houses at my right. The houses stood side by side, huddled together, as evidence of past hurried construction and present recklessness and neglect. The windows here and there were broken. The stone on the fronts of the houses was cracked and dirty. This area was the slum; this street was my neighborhood.

My eyes lowered to street level and rested upon two dirty children eating candy and playing hopscotch on the walk. On the corner was a group of boys talking and laughing. Across the street a mother leaned from one of the windows and screamed at a small child who was about to step into the street. Then I remembered

myself, as a child, playing on this street. I remembered the dark alleys and the numerous obscure places to hide. I remembered not liking the darkness, dirt, and lack of space. As I looked at it now, I despised it all.

My thought then turned toward home where I had had a relative degree of happiness in my childhood. My parents had bought a four room, shabby apartment in this area many years ago. The apartment became shabbier every year as each of my nine brothers and sisters added his crayon marks to the wall and pulled a little more stuffing out of the couch. I used to lie on that lumpy couch at night and dream of a house with grass in the front and back, and beds and beautiful furniture on the inside. Such were the dreams of childhood.

Then the unanswered questions crowded back into my mind. I wanted so much to make a success of my life. I wanted so much to get away from this neighborhood with all its squalor and filth. But where would I get enough money? My parents had hardly enough money to buy food for us.

I thought of my friends at school and what they would be doing. Joe would be going to work for a shoe repairman down the street and Jack would be working as a mechanic at the garage on the corner. Why weren't they going to go elsewhere? Their parents had no money either.

Their families were no better than ours.

I decided then that going away was useless. How could I, a "slum kid," ever go anywhere else? Filled with despair, I walked up the steps, opened the door, and climbed the dark and crooked stairs to home.

Joan Harney

Lopez,

In the hilly, barren region of northeast Pennsylvania, the half-hidden, sparsely populated area of rocks and pine trees known as Sullivan Country is the nicest, most pleasant place I have known.

There is little activity in the area anymore, especially near the village of Lopez, where my grandmother lives; it lies there, like Dogpatch, minding its own meager business, while highways encircle it with traffic which rarely seems to penetrate within.

Back in the 1920's, and a little before and after that time, anthracite coal mining was the big industry and chief means of earning a living for the three thousand people of Lopez and of the surrounding towns. Except for one small, erratic outfit that is still operating, the mining industry is now dead, as evidenced by dark remnants of gaping mine entrances and weather-worn slag heaps. The only thing that keeps the town from completely reverting to wilderness, which to some extent does seem to be closing in, is one shirt factory and a few tired stores and saloons (many with false fronts) facing the main street.

But the village of Lopez is not so interesting to me as the remote woodland country around it. It is rather bleak, especially in late autumn, when the land is deadly silent and dry and windblown, but the aura of of peace, quiet, and seclusion more than overcomes the bleakness. The few dull colored houses, all of an older style, scattered among the hills

seem empty, so that one is surprised to find inside a humdrum of activity.

I am not much of a fisherman, but I can still enjoy the numerous still, black ponds and swift creeks that provide ample opportunity for fishing. Many people, most of them former residents, come here in the spring expressly for fishing, when the raging brown streams are full of winter's just melted snows. Here it is fresh, very green, sharply cold, and exhilarating. Most of all, spring in Lopez awakens an awareness of the nearness of all nature. The whole earth appears freer and more open to life and living.

The thought I have of Lopez in the summer is one of all-illuminating sunlight. The sky is colorless except for the blazing yellow-white of the sun; the light brown of the dusty side roads glaring with the sunlight; the young boys and girls filling the creek to overflowing in a delighted effort to escape the sun; the sweating men walking home from their jobs on the road with their dinner pails in their hands and the disappearing orange sun at their backs. In the scorching heat of noon the only sound is the hum of locusts, and in the deep quiet of evening, as we sit on the porch swing and railings, only the chirping of crickets.

Winter is really just as bleak as any of the other seasons, but the heavy snowfalls that completely cover everything help to brighten the

the landscape so that it looks light and clean. Only the black cords of roads are noticeably not white. And life in my grandmother's home in winter is entirely different from that at any other time. The huge old twelve-room house, without insulation or central heating, does not keep the cold out effectively, and makes us reluctant to go to bed at night. In the daytime we hesitate to go outside for any purpose. The warmth of the kitchen coal stove is much more inviting than the common daytime temperatures of twenty degrees below zero.

Certainly, much of this description of the good country around my grandmother's home is based on memories of young childhood, for there I spent a good deal of my spare time and all school vacations. I do not have as much time or opportunity to go there as before, but I still yearn for the remoteness and simplicity of life there. Lopez will always be a second home to me. I feel that I am lucky to have found some measure of contentment in this quiet land, not far from my own back yard.

My First Day of School

I guess I was more anxious to start school than the other children were because I had a first-hand view of what went on in that immense red brick building. Our back yard adjoined the grade-school playground but was separated from it by a high gray stone wall. I could easily climb up onto a protruding edge, climb precariously to the top and peer over into the yard to watch those fortunate grade-schoolers. But the best time came when, after three fifteen, I could climb over the wall myself and squeeze through the wrought iron fences (was I ever that little?) to play with the other pre-schoolers. I can remember feeling that I did not quite belong there yet and that perhaps I was trespassing on forbidden ground.

One morning in early September I woke up suddenly, remembering that this was the day I was going to school. At this point slow, creeping fear came over me. Those fourth and fifth graders looked terribly big to me, and above all else, I was afraid of being lost.

I dressed in one of the new school dresses mother had bought for me and was ready to leave the house at quarter of nine. My father and I walked up the street to the corner, turned to go past the gas station and soon came to the front entrance of Washington Grade School. I had never seen so many children in the yard all at one time. Every one of them looked brand-new and shining. The older ones were yelling

and calling to one another while the obviously new first-graders stood quietly huddled beside their mothers. There was an atmosphere of anticipation in the yard that was communicable. It was now five of nine, and everyone seemed to be tensely waiting for something. When would they open the doors? I, too, soon became restless just to get inside the building. Children and parents alike fidgeted until, suddenly, the bell rang. In one grand, forward surge all students rushed with their parents for the three main doors.

At last we were inside the cool halls of the building. The next step was to find the room in which I belonged. My father seemed to know where it was. We filed along with the others until we came to room number two.

I guess it was at this moment that my education became primarily my own responsibility. For my father had brought me to the threshold of my first classroom, but it was now my duty to place myself into the new world of learning. I am glad I did not hesitate here. Perhaps if I had, I would have lost the eagerness that drove me to devour Dick and Jane books and times table flash cards.

All of the first-graders in our class had assembled by this time. The teacher took down our names and left the room. In a few minutes she returned with papers for our parents to fill out and then promptly dismissed us. I had never been so disappointed in my young life. Rather

‘dazed, I found my way out of the building and walked home. The first thing I am reported to have said to my parents is, "I'm not going back to school. There's just no use. They didn't teach me to read or write, so I'm not going back."

Of course, I went back the next day, the next year, and for the next ten years, and every year seemed to be better than the year previous.

Judith L. Williams

Main Street at Midnight

As I approached Main Street, I could see the deep dark shadows of the adjacent Methodist and Baptist Churches, forming abstract figures on the wide, light colored pavement. The massive heights of their steeples overpowered my imagination. I shuddered, then crossed the street to walk around the shadow. I looked into the fire station. Even there, was a haunting silence. I walked on, past the lonely traffic lights whose red and yellow flashes glowed luminously against the tall sharp lines of the city hall. I passed the furniture store, where one small light in the background made all the furniture take the form of an abstract jungle.

As I started to cross the street, suddenly bright lights accompanied by a loud noise were bearing down on me. I ran to the sidewalk just in time to see a small car disappear into the darkness. Its headlights and the purr of its engine had been magnified by the dark, silent atmosphere of the night. The realistic mannikin staring me in the face from a department store window startled me.

I walked on, a little faster. I was attracted to the drug store by a faint red glow that almost looked like fire, coming from behind the large window. I looked in, only to see a flashing 'Coke' sign,

inviting me to take a pause for refreshment. The vacant marble soda fountain took on the appearance of a large casket, ready for burial. I suddenly became conscious of a clomp -- clomp -- clomp coming up behind me. I whirled around and with a sign of relief waved to the policeman making his rounds of the stores. As I passed beneath a dim streetlight my own shadow across the stony sidewalk startled me. Cautiously I passed every dark alley, always expecting a hand to come out and grab me.

I was running now, and almost out of breath. I stopped and leaned against the bank. I could hear my heart beating rapidly. As I looked around I could see no activity for the town was dead. I listened, but heard nothing. Then a faint tick -- tock -- tick -- tock fell upon my ears. It was the old bank clock, warning me it was past midnight and time to hurry home.

Y A Date to Remember

His car stopped in front of my house. Now my heart pounded. David had come to take me out.

While I tried desperately to see if the ribbons on my pigtails were straight, my mother was futilely explaining to me how a well-bred young lady of five should behave in the company of others. Her advice was unheeded, however, for my mind was filled with dreams and anticipation. There I was, practically a woman, and she was trying to tell me how to act. All I knew was that I was going out with the most handsome young man in the entire first grade, and that I was the proudest girl in New Jersey.

The doorbell rang. There stood David, so manly in his dark suit and bow tie. I could sense my mother's fears; she was comparing his exquisite manners to my abrupt way of doing what I wanted to whenever I wanted to do it. David held my coat for me. He opened the door and said a pleasant but well rehearsed "good evening" to my mother. I could feel four eyes glued on my back as we went down the sidewalk and got into the car.

I managed a bold "hello" to David's parents, but spent the remainder of the ten-minute trip in silence. We entered the conservatory and took our seats. Giving the excuse that I was cold, I endured the concert in my coat so David wouldn't have to help me put it on again.

David's piano teacher appeared on the stage to announce the first number, then the second and the third. I was spellbound. I didn't know so many people could play the piano. All of a sudden I realized that David was on the stage seating himself at the piano. "The Little Red Schoolhouse" had never sounded so beautiful. It was the proudest moment of my life.

I was even surer of David's superiority when the next performer forget her selection and began to cry. Piece after piece was played, each becoming longer and more intricate. My appreciation of piano players was decreasing as rapidly as it had grown, but my pride in my date dissolved all boredom. Finally the ordeal was over. Congratulations were flowing through the room as the jubilant artists were rewarded for their strenuous labor, rather their parents' labor.

The happy party went to Green Valley Farms, the local dairy bar, to celebrate. Not wanting to be rude, I ordered as much as I could so David's parents would think that I was wide-awake and eager to celebrate their son's success. My blue dress soon became decorated with fudge, root beer, and strawberry ice cream.

Arriving home, I thanked David's parents to the very best of my ability, and meant every word.

It had been not only my first date, but one which will remain in a prominent place in my mental gallery of happy memories.

Joan Duffin

O The Graveyard

On the eighth day, the last man was rescued from the mine. And the total count dead was thirty-nine.

It had rained heavily during and after the terrible explosion and now Hillside Cemetery was in a sea of grey mud.

The lone grave digger that normally serviced the town was unable to keep pace with the dead. Weary miners brought their own picks and shovels and like robots flung them slowly into the wet earth. Their arms rose and fell to the rhythm of the rain.

Earth mounds began to form along the hill as graves were cut from the early autumn mud. A grim miner crawled from a grave, walked a few feet to the side, unhesitatingly raised his pick and began to dig again. As a new grave was finished, a man went to it. He drew from a sack a freshly cut maple peg and drove it into the ground at the head of the grave. He tied a tag with a name on it to the peg, went to the next grave and did the same.

The leafless trees bordering the graveyard bowed their dripping branches in a strange respectful way. The skeleton bouquets at the headstones of earlier residents stood starkly in their places, their life's spirit departed but strangely alive at this hour.

The big black hearse came through the gate bringing the first for burial. The dismembered bodies of the miners in closed caskets were

hurriedly placed in the warm graves as old women, men, and children wandered through the gate. Relatives came; friends and neighbors filed in along the paths of the hill. Other hearses came and left the dead.

And when they were all come and were in their graves and when all who wanted to be present were there, a clergyman stepped forth from a group of his colleagues and amid stunned compassion performed the mass burial ceremony.

When all that remained was the dull sound of the diggers' shovels filling the graves, a man and a woman who had been standing aside under a tree stepped forth and made their way between the new graves.

The woman hung tightly to the man's arm and he had to shake her away so that he might bend to read the names on the maple pegs. They went along between the graves until they came to a new grave that was still empty. The man stooped and pulled the peg from the ground.

He looked at the name on the tag and then held it so that the woman could read it. She read his name aloud.

He half smiled as he shoved the tag into his pocket. As they moved toward the gate together, the woman hung tightly to the man's arm.

Howard Patton

Deer Hunting

It was deer season at last! Sixteen years I had waited to go hunting with my father, and finally the day had come.

Opening day of deer season my father and I got up very early in the morning and journeyed to Alleghany County in Southern New York State where we met many other excited hunters. It was fun listening to them discussing their hunting adventures.

After we had breakfast, we went to the hunting area in the woods, down a long trail that led to a clearing of about an acre in size. We crossed it and went into the woods on the other side of the trail. Here my father showed me a place where three deer trails came together at the top of the valley. I selected a spot to wait by three trees. Carefully I cleared the area of leaves so that I would not make any noise. Suddenly I heard a noise sounding like a man or maybe a deer walking toward me. Hardly daring to breathe, I slipped the safety of the gun off. I stared at the spot where I heard the noise but could not see anything.

Then, out of the bushes walked a deer. I stood motionless because I could not see any horns. (During this season only bucks could be killed.) The deer came closed and then walked behind a big tree. At that moment I raised my gun to the spot where he would appear. When

he walked from behind the tree I raised my gun to the spot where he would appear. When he walked from behind the tree I saw the horns. That was all I needed. My first bullet hit the deer in the right front shoulder and killed it. I was thrilled! I called my dad and then counted the points on the deer's rack. After this I checked my watch. I had killed this five-point buck one minute after the season had opened.

The next day while I was reading the sport page in the newspaper, I spotted a headline which read, "Dale Laird Shoots Deer One Minute After Season Opens." I know I shall remember this hunt the rest of my life.

Dale A. Laird

The Corpse Was Alive

For the first of June, it was a gloomy day inside and out. Outside there were rainclouds in the sky. Inside, my heart was dreary, for today was the beginning of my six-week assignment in the hospital "blue room" or morgue. I had lost patients before and knew how it felt. I wasn't exactly anticipating this assignment.

My first duty was to watch an actual autopsy being performed. We were taken through the "refrigerator," where the bodies are kept before and after embalming until they are taken to the funeral parlor. Next, we saw a baby who died at birth being prepared for the casket.

Now we were entering the "blue room." When I got inside I found that this place was appropriately named, for the walls and ceiling were painted blue and the floor was covered with blue tile. The room was empty except for a huge bright light hanging down over a table in the center of the room. The shadows on the wall made the room look like a haunted cabin. Lying on the table was a body covered by a white sheet except for head and chest. One girl commented, "He looks like he's breathing!" The intern in charge then told us that all dead people appeared to be doing so. This frightened me even more. Tension mounted, for the more I looked at the body, the more I too believed he was breathing. His face and eyes also seemed to be twitching.

Preparation was now being made to begin the autopsy. I was startled when I realized the similarity of the body to a doctor I had seen upstairs just minutes before, although I said nothing.

Exactly what happened in the next few minutes I don't remember. I recall seeing a knife being brought out from underneath the table and lifted above the chest of the corpse. Before it could touch flesh, the body jumped off the table, wrapped the sheet around himself, and ran out of the room.

When I "came to," I learned that this was just a practical joke planned by the interns as a part of initiation. I have since learned to take such practical jokes from the interns, but I will never forget the "corpse that was alive."

Janice K. ...

Between the Lines

It is 6:45 p. m. , Monday evening. I have approximately fifteen minutes before beginning an evening of work in the school library. Just enough time to brush my teeth, wash my face and hands, powder my nose a little, comb my hair, and dab on a little perfume. It is important to feel and look your very best when you face three hours of library work.

A few minutes before 7:00 I stamp my work schedule card at the time clock. I stand there for a few seconds trying to line the card up so that the time will be printed on the "In" rather than the "Out" side, or on top of the line.

The library looks pretty deserted before we open. Another librarian and I turn on the lights and blowers, unlock the fine drawer and the doors, put out the stamp pad equipment, and prepare ourselves for what is to come. Students start coming in groups of two's and three's. Noise and confusion reign as they drop return books on the counter, shuffle to their selected tables, and pull the chairs out with screeching and scraping. Several students rush to the desk to ask for reserve books before their classmates come in and put them all to use.

Now it's 7:30. It is time to take the 'count'! In other words, I must walk through the library counting heads and at the same time warn a few talkers to keep the noise down. I don't enjoy this task at night. The

library is almost filled to capacity . . . You have to walk slow and count fast . . . 86, 87, 88, 89, . . . These kids are pretty noisy over here. I'd better quiet them down . . . 90, 91, 92, 93 . . . Oh, here comes Pat. I have to remember to see her about the Biology assignment . . . Where was I? . . . Oh yes . . . 94, 95, 96 . . . Someone over there is whispering numbers to try to make you forget the count, but don't let it bother you . . . Upstairs now . . . Oh, was it 97? Yes, that's right . . . 97, 98, 99 . . .

So it goes. With the final number repeating itself over and over in my mind, I hurry back to the desk to write it down. The cart has books on it to be shelved. I'd better get busy. A glance at the call numbers on the back of the books show that, as usual, most of them go to different areas of the library. Oh well, I didn't do my exercises last night.

All of a sudden a thud and a gale of laughter is heard coming from the alcove. Upon inspection I find that a couple of boys were having a contest to see who could slide their books the closest to the end of the table without shoving them on the floor. Someone miscalculated. I relax to the process of stamping out books at the desk.

May I have Art Then and Now, please." This reserve book is asked for so often that I know just where to look for it. As I pull it out, with it comes another book which knocks over the metal book end as

they both go banging and clanging to the floor. The result -- a curious audience of about 130 students gaze down on one embarrassed librarian. There isn't much time to sit around and feel sorry for myself. Students ask for magazines from the stack room, the phone rings, a pile of return books comes in, or it's time to take another count.

The hands of the clock finally twirl around to 10:00. Now we can chase out the few people left and close up.

Once again I struggle to hold the time card in the right place. These tiny little spaces . . . so close together. If only they could read between those lines.

Virginia - Ford

My Adventure In the Forest

A tap . . . tap . . . tap. The slow rhythmic tapping of the woodsman's ax chopping down a tree echoes faintly through the woods of Pennsylvania. I'm coming, my heart responds to the calling.

I climb over treetops, run along logging roads, striving to reach the sound. The tap becomes a slashing sound that can be likened to waves slapping against a pier. Onward, through the woods of oak, maple, poplar, and ash trees, I march happily forward to the sound that beckons me. Again the sound changes as I step into the small clearing. Crack! An ax is carving into the trunk of the tree. Crack! Again the ax falls, removing another chip of wood that flies into the air. I stand there astounded as the tree falls, crashing, thundering to the ground.

Suddenly I'm running, running toward the fallen tree, jumping onto it joyfully, almost with shouts of triumph. The mighty tree has been conquered. A determined man with only a small instrument is conqueror over the strongest and greatest of these towering giants.

I walk up the trunk and out on the stronger limbs as if I were a tight-rope walker in the circus, skillfully moving my body, feet, and arms in a grandeur of motion. From far below a voice calls, "Behold, above on the high wire, Maximus, The Great!" I grasp the smaller branches and move on up the limbs to the very top of the fallen tree,

crying to my imaginary friends, "I can climb higher than you."

The woodsmen begin to trim the limbs from the tree and I am forced to leave my green throne. The strong men work with the ease of an office worker, their long massive arms swinging the axes, severing limb and tree in one easy motion. I dream of the day I will become a woodsman with a strong body, beautifully shaped and in perfect condition.

I rush about to the skids filled with logs, to the treetops lying about in mountain shaped piles, to a small pine tree that was destroyed by a falling tree. Put-put-put. The logging caterpillar is lumbering up the valley. Louder comes its sound, faster is its putting as it accelerates for its long climb up-grade. Down the log road I race to meet the "cat." Nearer it comes, ever so sure, never faltering, always onward toward the skids. My dad stops to let me get onto the sled. As the cat climbs, I begin to imagine . . . Indians! "Down, everyone," I shout, "kill those dirty Indians," The battle rages on until I shoot the chief and the battle ends. The crowd cheers as the speakers thunder, "The next stunt rider, No. 7, will pick the handkerchief off the ground while at a full gallop." Out goes my hand, up it comes, grasping a handful of leaves, and the crowd cheers me on.

Arriving at the skids I am shoved aside to watch. Having been promised a ride on the "cat," I patiently wait for the men to load

the logs. My dad climbs up to his seat, and then I am helped upon the cat. Sitting on the seat between my dad's legs, I am now in command: leading a tank force against the enemy, heading a research team, pushing on to our outpost in Northern Alaska, or showing a crew of construction workers the proper way to build a road bed.

The days of my youth were filled with dreams and experiences, never to be lived over again but always living in my memory.

A World Within a World

Have you ever had the wonderful experience of viewing the world which was beneath the sea? Well, I have, and what a thrilling and meaningful experience it was for me when I put on my friend's skin diving outfit, and discovered the vast beautiful world existing beneath the waters of Quincy Bay.

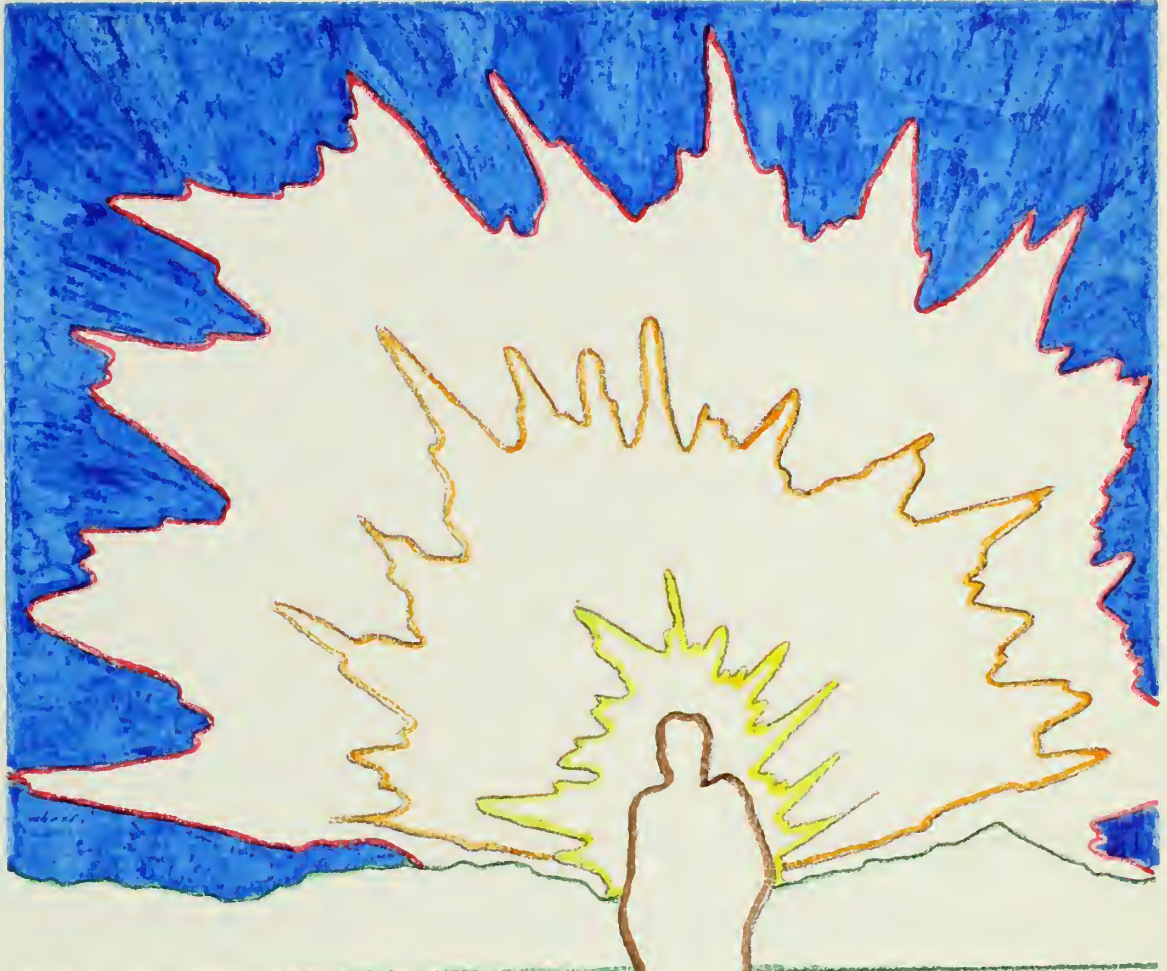
I first became acquainted with this world when my friend wanted to teach me the fundamental rules of skin diving. I did not know what I would discover beneath the water, but my inquisitiveness to learn to skin dive, to explore the deep blue sea got the best of me. The first task that confronted me was to learn to swim with the aid of fins and a snorkel tube. Once I had learned properly, I proceeded to acquaint myself with the aqualung. I was now ready to descend into a world unknown to me.

Upon entering the vast blue waters of Quincy Bay, I was surprised to see the many schools of shiny little fish swimming about. As I looked around, everything seemed magnified. The small fish looked twice their size. At a depth of about twelve feet the sun's rays, which then illuminated all, began to fade, and as I descended still further, darkness completely surrounded me. With the aid of an underwater flashlight I was able to find my way in this dark, unknown world. I had no sense of direction nor any idea of the possible dangers around me.

How odd this world was! Plants of all kinds, twisted and entangled in the rocks, grew up from the ocean floor. Fish of all kinds, large and small, flat and wide, and of all colors ranging from a light green to a dark reddish brown swam through the network of weeds, plants, and rocks. As I approached the floor of the bay, which was made up of sand and rock, I discovered many forms of still life such as oysters, clams, and lobsters which were buried in the sand or lodged between the rocks.

I was able to explore only about ten feet of the ocean floor, for my air supply was running out. As I slowly ascended, and climbed into the boat, I realized that I had discovered a wonderful, new, and exciting world. Man's environment can include more than land; it can include a fascinating world of water. The unusual fish and plant life once again caused me to breathe in awe, Almighty God, how great Thou Art! Even His handiwork on the ocean floor declares his power.

"No Man Is an Island"



SALA-

"LET EVERY MAN LEARN THAT
HE IS AS MUCH DEPENDENT ON
OTHERS AS OTHERS ARE ON HIM"

"PEOPLE"

I Remember Grandfather

One of the greatest delights of my early childhood was visiting Indian Lake in Michigan. There were many attractions that the old place on the lake had for a four- or five-year old. There was the lake itself, quiet and peaceful. There was the beach, perfect for sand castles, fortresses and frog huts. There were aunts, uncles, and cousins, all of them ready to tease or indulge young members of the clan. But of all the factors that make my early visits to Indian Lake memorable, one looms above the rest. It is Grandfather Chapman.

He always got up very early in the morning. Just how early, I don't know. But he was always well into his day's activities by six thirty, when he joined six of us for breakfast. The menu was always the same - pancakes. Those are the only breakfasts I can ever remember anticipating with great relish. We always had a pancake-eating contest. Grandfather won every one. Sometimes he ate as many as twenty pancakes! I always came in last, eating one or two. But he would praise my efforts so that, in spite of my finicky five-year-old's appetite, I started each day with a hearty meal.

Grandfather was a busy man. But I didn't know it. He always had time for his grandchildren. He never once said, "Not now, Judy, I'm writing," or "Can't you see I'm busy?" If I asked for one story, I usually got two. He never told great moralizing stories as one might assume he would. He told stories about children and animals.

I can't remember him ever telling me a Bible story, with the possible exception of David and Goliath. "

He dearly loved nursery rhymes and poetry. Together we would chant, "Ding-dong bell, pussy's in the well" or "Wee Willy Winkle runs through the town. " Then I would sit quietly as he recited "Hiawatha" or "The Raggedy Man" or "When the Frost is on the Pun'kin. " Or maybe it would be "Father William. " I loved them all, particularly "Father William. " But the very best one he would always save till last, and he always waited for me to request it. It was "The Jabberwalky. " I would sit completely transformed, mouth and eyes wide open, as he told of the sword that "went slicker slack. " A feeling of relief would come over me as he said, "thou hast killed the Jabberwalk, my son! . " I felt that, once again, the world was safe.

Grandfather had a large collection of canes. He had collected them from the four corners of the globe. They all stood in a rack in the main hall of his house. Some were very valuable, and each had special meaning. They were considered to be almost sacred, by most of the family. No one ever touched them. That is, no one except his grandchildren. All of us loved to play with them. And if grandfather was around, no adult dared to scold us. My favorite was of polished ebony with green jewels in the handle that made it look like a green-eyed snake. I have since learned that it was one of the most valuable canes

of his collection. But as a youngster I never thought of its value. I would hobble about the grounds with it, giving it all the rough treatment that I, a lively five-year-old was capable of. If Mother would become anxious lest I break it, Grandfather would say, "Now, Gertrude, Judy's enjoying herself and she isn't doing any harm. What earthly good can that cane do just standing in the hall?"

This was the Grandfather that I knew and have remembered. Now I am learning to appreciate his writings, his church leadership, and his great concern for foreign missions. These are the activities in which he showed his greatness to everyone. But to me he was great because he could communicate with me, a five-year old, not by guessing at what I was thinking and feeling, but by thinking and feeling with me.

Judith Ann Lamphee

Brothers

Brothers are really marvellous inventions. They can be loving or hateful, interested or indifferent, helpers or hinderers, depending on the mood. They fight with each other at the wink of an eye, but if another child starts a fight, they rush to each other's defense. They are jealous of each other and go to no end to prove it. They shout and scream and drive all grown-ups insane. And they have a special they have a special technique for looking small, innocent and pitiful when punishment is in order.

Brothers look with great disdain on sisters and girls in general and think them sissies. They are always playing hero, stepping in father's footsteps, trying to be like him. They are explorers, Indians, cowboys, firemen, spacemen, quarterbacks for football teams, or baseball stars, depending on the current T. V. hero. They are sure their world will end if they don't get that new rocket in the window of the toy store. Then after they do get it, it is tossed aside and a model schooner takes its place.

They seem to work especially hard at getting their clothes torn and dirty. They fill their pockets with various pieces of string, nails, apple-cores, pennies and half eaten candy bars. Occasionally, a misplaced frog gets into one of the pockets, much to the chagrin of dear mother.

Brothers grow rapidly from kiddy-kars to tricycles, bicycles, hot-rods and finally full-fledged automobiles. They usually start out in life by abhorring sisters, and all girls in general, enjoying the pulling of pigtails and the throwing of taunts. These feelings gradually change, however, and soon they are tolerating sisters and actually liking all girls in general, and enjoying the gentle playful tweaking of curls and the passing of compliments.

Brothers grow up very quickly, are highly embarrassed by an affectionate kiss from a mother or an aunt, and feel like kings when the kiss is changed to a firm handclasp.

They are really pretty nice to have around, even if sisters don't think so at times. They serve, if nothing else, to make life interesting, to break the dreadful monotony of a peaceful existence. And we sisters really appreciate them when they aren't around.

Brothers are the best

The First Lady of Emmorton

The house was old and in need of repair. Traces of yellow and green paint were evident in some places. To me it looked like any other old house until I saw its owner, Miss Bertha Wann. She was so unkempt that it was almost impossible to guess her age. Her otherwise white hair was gray with dirt. The two or three badly torn dresses that she wore at the same time usually managed to cover her adequately.

To me, as well as to the other children in the neighborhood, she was a source of wonder and horror. We told each other that she was a witch or that she carried a dagger in her shoe. However, these tales were nothing compared to her real story. For over fifty years she had lived in Emmorton where her father was postmaster and also ran a general store. Miss Bertha and her sister were the belles, not only of Emmerton, but also of Baltimore and the surrounding countryside. Her sister eventually married and led a normal life. Miss Bertha was engaged, but shortly before she was to be married, her fiance eloped with another girl. Then she began to lose interest in everyone but her father. She was his housekeeper for many years. During this time she dressed poorly and sometimes acted a little oddly. Nobody thought anything about it until her father died. She

decided that she wanted to keep his body in the house permanently. Several men held her while others removed the body to the churchyard. After the funeral she gradually began to neglect the house, which had been of the best around. She began to give away the valuable furnishings.

When we moved to Emmerton, she started coming to our house to use the telephone. These visits used to terrify me, but as I grew older, I lost my fear of her. After we had lived in Emmerton about five years, she got into the habit of coming over to make a telephone call every Sunday at noon. She knew she would be offered part of our meal. I especially remember her sitting on our couch eating her meal one Sunday before Christmas. That day she seemed almost happy, dirty as she was.

Finally plans were made to place her in an institution. The day before she was to be taken, my grandmother noticed smoke pouring from her house. Grandmother and two neighbors tried to get into the house, but the door was locked. By the time they were able to force the door open, the fire had gained such a head start that they couldn't get up the stairs. The firemen, after a hard battle, got the fire under control. Miss Bertha was dead on the bed upstairs. The sheriff placed a guard at the house that night. The next day he used a shovel to scoop

up the money he found in the house. He also found a large roll of hundred dollar bills.

When Miss Bertha's estate was settled, it was revealed that this woman who had lived as a pauper had left an estate worth about \$75,000.

John Scarborough

1 Corinthians for Roommate

Though I have a charming smile and a closetful of new clothes, and though I get on the Dean's list and am elected freshman treasurer and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love is slow to lose patience. My roommate comes to supper wearing my freshly ironed shirt that I had planned to wear the next day with my new skirt. Naturally, she couldn't ask me for permission since I left the room early to work as a waitress . . . Last Saturday I spent thirty minutes sweeping the room, emptying waste baskets, dusting and shaking out the rugs. This week its my roommate's turn to clean, and she assures me that she will. Saturday afternoon and then Saturday evening comes, but the dust still lies embedded in the sky-blue rugs, and the waste-basket spills over with pretzel bags . . . but love is slow to lose patience.

Love looks for a way of being constructive. Perhaps I could clean the room for two weeks in a row . . . I know my roommate has trouble with Spanish but it's a snap course for me, so I offer to help her with her homework . . . I fix the broken curtain that we've both complained about for five months . . . Love looks for a way of being constructive.

Love is not possessive. My roommate seems to spend more time flirting with the boys than she spends talking with me. She shares her secrets with the girl next-door before she tells me . . . I let her

use my toothpaste and shoe polish for three weeks without expecting her to do the same for me . . . Love is not possessive.

Love is neither anxious to impress nor does it cherish inflated ideas of its own importance. After being elected secretary of the Sociology club, I don't spend two days talking about my responsibilities and all my big ideas for the club . . . or do I? When I get an A on a Western Civ. test, and the girl I live with barely passes with a D, I skip a long discussion of what we wrote, and who got what marks for that test . . . Love is not anxious to impress.

Love has good manners. It remembers that ugly words make life more unpleasant and relationships more strained. It remembers to share experiences and be generous with boxes from home. It knows that words like "please" and "thank you" and "excuse me" were meant to be used, even with roommates . . . Love has good manners.

Love does not keep account of or gloat over the mean deeds and mistakes of other people. Love is not petty, cherishing its little hurts. Love is forgiving, and it tries its very hardest to honestly forget.

Love is glad with all good men when truth prevails. This is the positive spirit of love -- gladness and rejoicing in the truth and light. It is actively striving to live with another in harmony and happiness. Love is considerate, enduring, hopeful and trusting. It is the one thing that still stands when all else has collapsed.

L. Lly Cornell

Cameron Hawley

The most interesting individual with whom I am acquainted is Cameron Hawley. Perhaps an informal introduction might familiarize you with his particular traits and features.

At the wonderful age of twenty-one, Cameron has a physical appearance not exceptionally outstanding, yet unique. His average height is supported by a healthy physique. A British ancestry has provided him with frosty blue eyes and a fair complexion. However, during the winter months this fair complexion retains the benefits of summer sun through the aid of his faithful sunlamp. Occasionally he develops a dislike for his electric razor. This sudden vexation results in the sprouting of a rather shaggy growth on his chin. Cameron's hair is barbered in the current style of the campus heroes -- the crew-cut. A dark, conservative ivy-league shirt, a pair of chino trousers, a pair of white woolen socks, and a pair of brown suede shoes constitute his usual campus apparel. Frequently he carries a few textbooks under his arm and balances a sharpened pencil on his right ear. These tools undoubtedly deceive many into believing that he is a proficient student.

Cameron's interests tend to fluctuate time and again. His current enthusiasm is centered on a small, shiny black sports car which he

has appropriately named "Aphrodite." Since the purchase date of the automobile, Cameron's vocabulary has been enriched with such words as tacometer, rally stripes, and Triumph manageability. The pride which accompanies owning such a beautiful automobile is quite assuredly displayed on Sunday mornings. Cameron makes a special effort to arrive early to church services so that he may park his car in the single space directly in front of the main entrance. Any attention then given to the car by passing church goers is greatly welcomed.

Cameron's personality is actually quite complex. To the world, he shows a very dry humor and ready wit. He persists in clowning and teasing with everyone, and yet never offends. Possibly, for these reasons, he is regarded as a happy-go-lucky, carefree fellow. However, beneath these visible impressions lies a deep, conscientious thoughtfulness. He prefers to withhold most of his inner thoughts, hopes, and perplexities, and many times would rather be alone than in the midst of a group. Perhaps his witticisms are his ways of escaping mental confusedness.

Edwin C. Hunter

Ode to a Roommate

My roommate is such a valuable thing;
She shuts off the clock before it can ring.
As I jump out of bed for a last-minute rush
She blocks my mirror in order to brush
Her hair, and her face lights up with a smile
Which means, "Just a minute; please wait awhile."
Ten minutes later I see that she's through,
But classes have started. What can I do?
More likely than not we'll prove true to form,
Throw down our books, and stay in the dorm.
Within a few hours I waken to find
That my roommate has vanished and left me behind.
I know what I'll hear when she comes through the door --
"Well, you never had classes this early before,"
She'll reply with a half-guilty look on her face,
A look which she promptly preceeds to erase
Yelling, "Turn off the heat! Don't you know spring is here?"
(It's just above freezing this time of the year.)
The afternoons are my source of joy;
If she's not in the library with some boy,

She's taking a nap to prepare for the night
Which usually won't end 'till dawn's early light.
Promptly at ten the typing's begun.
If I had any sense I'd take off and run,
"But it's only a theme for such-and-such,
Just forty pages -- it shouldn't be much."
Two o'clock, three o'clock -- why can't I sleep?
The typewriter frightened away all the sheep
I'd been trying to count for an hour or two.
Then she puts it away! But the rest she'll do
In the morning -- my day for sleeping late.
You wonder why I don't start to hate
This roommate who sounds like a terrible curse
To any girl, but it could be worse.
In fact, I'm glad that she could be
My first roommate at E. N. C.

Joan Duffin

A Character Sketch ~

J. Barclay

He

is daily program was as vigorous as that of any man half his age. He would be up sharp at six each morning: chase around the kitchen preparing breakfast for the still dormant household. A hail and hearty "Good Morning" greeted each member of the family as they would stagger through the kitchen one by one on their way to the office or school.

I will always remember the first time we met. It so happened I was delegated, by the church community committee, to visit the district where his home was located. The family wasn't at home; he had stayed behind to look after the place, and I presume to take care of casual callers like me. No sooner had I introduced myself and was in the process of explaining the nature of my call when he very benignly intercepted, and assuming the role of the Ancient Mariner he started to exercise his talent. Needless to say my attention was captivated for the remainder of the evening. We crossed the ocean back and forth half a dozen times; ran the mile in four minutes twenty-three seconds; threw the hammer at a track meet farther than it had been thrown before. This all took place, of course, at the turn of the century, but it was narrated with such animated zest that it could very well have taken place earlier that day.

He knew evryone in the neighborhood, and gave me, a newcomer, his

warmest welcome. On he went to pour forth the past history and current events of the community, rhyming off with perfect ease the case history of each individual as his name happened to crop up in this lengthy discourse. I could detect by the twinkle in his eye that my call was probably the most thrilling moment of the entire day as far as he was concerned. His voice didn't falter, and his conversational resources seemed inexhaustible.

Right in the middle of a dramatic account of the fire that destroyed farmer Dunn's barn, the door bell sounded. He sprang to his feet, and still talking and gesticulating he moved in the direction of the door. He swung it open and ejaculated a heart-warming welcome to those who stood without. He ushered the family, who had just returned home from an evening visit, into the room where I was seated, and in an effervescent manner proudly presented me to the group. Each was introduced in turn as he gradually edged his way round to the kitchen door through which he disappeared to "fix" a little lunch for everyone. While he was busying himself in the kitchen, the family rehearsed to me, almost word for word, the content of his customary entertaining conversation piece by which each new visitor is baptized.

I have often seen "Pops" (for that is what his children, and even his friends call him) since that day, and each time I see him the occasion of our first meeting comes vividly back to mind. I can not help

thinking that his winsome smile and friendly greeting, which is always a most welcome sight, is surely the glow that emanates from a background of happy wholesome living in his youth.

Adolescence

It has been said that all teenagers pass through an "awkward" stage. It seems that this phase of growing up is sometimes quite annoying to other people, but the maturing teen-ager never realizes how annoying.

She loves to talk. This habit would not have been annoying except that she talked about everyone and everything. Telling her tales once was not enough; they had to be repeated over and over again. Each time the interpretation changed a little -- until she was satisfied. This created problems for me because I had to be careful what I said in her presence.

One of her favorite subjects was my dating experiences. She thought she knew all the details correctly. Usually she did not come close to the exact truth. Indeed it was amusing -- as long as I was not present to be embarrassed -- to listen to her relate my "Episodes of Romance" to her girl friends. Had she stopped there I would not have complained. But, no, she went one step further, to the boys I dated.

On the nights I went out, she looked with eager anticipation for the arrival of my date. It was a joyous occasion for her if I was not ready and she could sit down with him giving him instruction, advice,

and facts gathered from my past dates.

When she was not talking, she was watching and listening. A more appropriate term would be eavesdropping. She was always around with her ears and eyes wide open. When I talked on the telephone, she kept her eyes fastened on the clock and her ears turned to my conversation. The evenings I went out she escorted me to the door and greeted me at the door when I returned. If friends came to visit me, she stationed herself in the next room near the door. All of the knowledge gained by observing and listening she stored in her memory cells to be brought out later and shared with others.

It seems that no matter how persistent parents are in teaching their children manners, the teaching fails when put to a test. The thoughts of being in public must have caused a lapse of memory. Just when I expected her to be at her best she sat slumped in her chair, gobbled her food, drank like a horse, and forgot that she did not climb trees in a dress any more.

I remember one night she was feeling especially "blue". To lift her spirits I decided to take her to a basketball game, only after she promised to be on her best behavior.

The evening looked promising. The game was exciting and she was sitting beside me like a "typical" teen-ager -- that is, until she spotted some friends. The minute I turned my back, away she

went. From then on, I caught only glimpses of her climbing the bleachers, playing tag, mocking the cheerleaders, and running in and out of the gym.

The evening wore on and my nerves wore out. Finally the game ended. I was more than ready to leave, but she was nowhere to be found. I waited and waited. I was in the midst of an interesting discussion on the game when I felt a yank on my coat. There she stood saying, "Come on! I'm ready; let's go home. Remember, I have to get up early in the morning."

Are all older sisters the objects of experimentation during their younger sisters' growing up? Thank goodness, adolescence does not last a lifetime. But I cannot complain. "Tis variety that adds spice to life; consistency is a bore."

Martine Nobile

IN EVERY FIELD
OF HUMAN ENDEA-
VOR, HE WHO WOULD
BE FIRST, MUST...



CATCH THE PUBLIC
EYE!



'HERMITS'
Mary Lou Oakes
Carl Green

'MASTERS OF
ISLAND MANNERS'
Lois Oxenford
Paul Smith





'HEART-THUMPERS'

Carol Tupper
Bob Howard

'OCEAN BREEZES'

Judy Lanpher
Errol Ethier





'MOST LIKELY TO
REACH MAINLAND
FIRST'

*Alberta Sabino
Paul Smith*

JACK AND JILL OF
ALL TRADES'
*Judy Williams
Keith Bell*





'FINEST FEATHERED'

Judy Williams
Eldon Mohney

'MOST POPULAR
WITH
THE NATIVES'

Cathy Houghton
Roland Gibson





'TARZAN 'N' JANE'
Iris Pillsbury
Ray Baltz

'NICEST TO BE LEFT
ON
AN ISLAND WITH'
Mary Ragonese
Glenn Rose





'MONKEYSHINERS'

Fran Sanford
Jim Lewellyn

'ADVENTURERS IN
KNOWLEDGE'

Jane Farmer
Dale Laird



'We are very much
what others think of us.'

Linford Allison

Not loud, but deep.

Gerald Allman

Friendship is an order of nobility.

Kenneth Almeina

Mischief in his eyes, a sly little grin,
If we know Kenny, he's done it again.

Theresa Altic

Her very frowns are fairer far than smiles of other maidens
are.

Jane Anderson

Hold the fort; I'm coming!

Judy Andree

It's nice to be natural when you are naturally nice.

David Atkinson

Mind moves matter.

Carol Atwood

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.

Marilyn Baerman

Goodness, the more communicated the more abundant grows.

Carol Bailey

Do you know a young and beautiful woman, who is not ready
to flirt -- just a little?

Ray Baltz

Rather quiet most of the time, but as an athlete is mighty
fine.

James Barclay

A real man is he whose goodness is a part of himself.

June Barner

Neat, petite and real sweet

Patricia Barrett

A friend to one, a friend to all
With a pleasing personality that's on the ball

Gerald Baumgartner

An answer to a maiden's prayer.

Mary Baxter

It is beauty that begins to please and tenderness that com-
pletes the charm.

William Belcher

A cheerful heart lives longer

Keith Bell

Fine art is that in which hand, head, and heart go together.

Mable Bell

Pleasant to see and pleasant to know.

Glenn Birkheimer

It is tranquil people who accomplish much.

Edward Boren

The silent man is the best to listen to.

Harry Bowen

He is quiet, he is shy; but see the mischief in his eye.

Larry Brest

Not a worry in the world.

Marjorie Brigham

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of the days in goodness spent.

John Bowen

Either I will find a way or I will make one.

Kenneth Brooks

He who laughs, lasts.

Iris Bryner

Her luxuriant hair -- it was like the sweep of a swift wing
in visions.

Beverly Bunts

Happiness is a rare cosmetic.

Lois Calhoun

He that can have patience can have what he will.

Thomas Cahill

Setting raillery aside, let us attend to serious matters.

Joan Carpenter

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

Fred Cawthorne

The greater your strength the quieter will be your manner,
and the fewer your words.

Wingate Chadbourne

He is a gentleman from soul to crown.

Arnold Chase

And gentle in his way, he does bold things in a quiet manner.

James Chew

Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything
about it.

Patricia Clark

Cute, witty, and full of fun
A friendly girl, all in one.

Barbara Cobbs

Her laugh, her jokes, her jolly way
Can show you a good time any day.

John Cokkinis

As merry as the day is long.

Lolly Cornell

She says more by silence than others say by many words.

Barbara Coulter

Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but
all who come in contact with it.

Victor Crosby

A man that has friends must first show himself friendly.

Rae Dand

For why go mad with studying all day?

Roberta Davis

Soft voice and wide-eyed wisdom.

Robert Davidson

No mind is thoroughly well organized that is deficient in a
sense of humor.

Marilyn Dawe

A genuine smile is to the female countenance what the sun-
beam is to the landscape.

John Desmond

But in spite of all temptations, to belong to other nations,
he remains an Englishman.

Donna DiBona

There are some silent people who are more interesting than
the best talkers.

Ronald Drisko

Three fifths of him genius, two fifths sheer fudge.

Douglass Dickson

For every why he has a wherefore.

Suzanna Dixon

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

Gerald Douglass

With virtue and quietness one may conquer the world.

Wayne Dunlop

His good points are like a pack of pins.

Laurel Duryea

Gentleness is far more successful in all its enterprises than
violence.

Betty Easley

No better than she should be.

Bill Edwards

Nature hath framed fine fellows in her day.

Chuck Elofson

I'm not busy -- I'm just confused.

Karen Elrod

Humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine.

Rodney Erb

Not always right, but never wrong.

Evelyn Eshleman

Lovely hair, pretty face, laughing eyes, full of grace.

Errol Ethier

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he would ask the number
of steps.

Richard Fallon

Worry and I never met.

Jane Farmer

A busier girl you'll find nowhere.

Warren Fink

I never let my studies interfere with my education.

Lowell Flanders

He speaks, acts and behaves just as he should.

Virginia Ford

This lass so neat, with smile so sweet
Keeps the library on its feet.

Ray Foster

A hot spook this kid certainly is,
To make people laugh is a feature that's all his.

Doris Frederick

A redhead without a temper.

John Free

Nothing endures but personal qualities.

Robert Gardner

Life has no pleasure nobler than that friendship.

Janice Getz

The force of her own merit makes her way.

Roland Gibson

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But he'll do more -- he'll deserve it.

Shirley Goble

Sincerity's my chief delight.

John Good worth

Friendship buys friendship.

William Gould

Happiness seems made to be shared.

Karen Graves

Quiet for a purpose -- working steadily towards a noble goal.

Gayle Gray

A lovely girl is above all rank.

Carl Green

Men of few words are the best of men.

Rosemary Green

The world looks better from behind a smile.

Roslyn Greenwald

Forever all goodness will be most charming.

Dennis Greenwood

Innocence is the mischief of virtue, modesty comes second.

Joan Griffith

Just a little quiet, just a little shy,
But there's a merry twinkle glistening in her eye.

Timothy Halchuck

Goodness is the only investment that never fails.

Russell Harrington

Why take life seriously? You'll never get out of it alive anyway.

Elaine Harris

Vivacity is the health of the spirit.

Joan Harvey

That caressing and exquisite grace -- never bold,
Ever present -- which just a few women possess.

Esther Haselton

A lovely countenance is the fairest of all sights.

Fred Hastie

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.

Cornelius Hauge

The art of conversation consists as much in listening as in
as in talking agreeably.

Bud Harter

He's quiet and quizzical some people claim,
And there's always fun when he's around.

Carol Heaps

Nothing rarer than real goodness.

Emily Henck

Sincerity is the keystone to prosperity.

Ralph Henck

A good manner is the best thing in the world.

Marlene Hebets

Forever all goodness will be most charming.

Bonnie Hewlett

Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wire.

David Hoffman

Friendship always benefits.

Barbara Holland

You should be in love, it's good for you.

Peter Holloway

A college joke to cure the dumps.

Richard Horst

There's a method in his madness.

Cathy Houghton

A concoction of likeableness and dependability molded together with smiles.

Robert Howard

Talent is a gift God has given us in secret, that we receive without knowing it.

Glenn Huggins

Handsome is as handsome does.

Richard Humbert

No occupation is so delightful to me as the culture of the earth.

Eileen Hunter

A smile that glowed.

Clifford Hurst

For a richer, fuller life.

Richard Jensen

But let a lord once own the happy lives,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines.

Conrad Johanson

All things are won by diligence.

Rachel Johnson

Small and dark and mighty sweet, here's one gal that can't be beat.

Judith Jones

The keen spirit seizes the opportunity.

Tabea Jurenas

To write well is to think well.

Joanne Kauffman

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of the cheerful people.

Timothy Kauffman

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

Ronald Keith

Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship.

Karyl Kernan

The smile that won't come off.

Ruth Kinder

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

Connie Klinefelter

To a young heart everything is fun.

Dale Laird

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.

Stephen Lane

She fell for me and I let her lie.

Judith Lanpher

And always, always to have the charm that makes the gentlemen take your arm.

David Larson

Quiet and friendly is this boy, to have him as a friend is a joy.

David Lloyd

It is better to be thoughtful than to open your mouth and remove all doubt.

Adena Locke

Is there anything in life as lovely as the laugh and merriment of a young girl?

Joan Lovejoy

Mischief thou art afoot.

Charles Lunn

When this guy's around, there's music in the air,
You'll find in him a talent rare.

Lewis MacLain

One's piety is best displayed in his pursuits.

Harriot MacLeod

Beauty lives with kindness.

Norman MacLeod

Peppy and active, well liked by all,
Cheerful and happy, he's right on the ball.

Roberta MacMillan

A good laugh is sunshine in a house.

Nancy McGrew

Her smile betrays a warm heart.

Virginia McNulty

Her voice was even soft.

Alan Manchester

A little nonsense now and then is cherished by the best of men.

George Marlette

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

Charles Martin

Unassuming people often have more knowledge than the assuming.

William Marzelli

Opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day.

Ronald May

" . . . in which native humor reigns. "

Linda Metz

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. "

Roger Miller

"He that hath learned wit and art is a product of good-breeding. "

Beverly Mobbs

Alone, I cannot be.

Mohammad Maghaddam

What can the creator see with great pleasure than a happy creature?

Corky Mohny

Fine feathers make fine birds.

Kenneth Morrison

Brains and brawn with a keen wit.

William Mosser

In personality and friendship Bill's true blue,
Kindness to all is his main virtue.

Dave Mundy

Forward frolic and glee were there
The will to do, the soul to dare.

Frederick Nickerson

A moral, sensible and well-bred man.

Mary Oakes

With malice toward none.

James O'Brion

There is no diplomacy like silence.

Lois Oxenford

She looks beyond what others see and finds the good within.

Richard Pagano

Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them.

Garland Paisley

His needle-sharp wit keeps everyone in stitches.

Beverly Parry
I came to school to study but I soon got over that idea.

William Patch
That action which appears more conducive to the happiness and
virtue of mankind.

Delores Paulsen
If God can love them all surely I can love a dozen.

Carlos Peireira
Free and fair discussion will ever be found the finest friend
to truth.

David Pepper
To know how to hide one's ability is a great skill.

Lowell Peterson
If this is liberty, give me death.

Marge Peterson
Peppy, har-working, at times very quiet.

Iris Pillsbury
On the field or in the court, she's at home in any sport.

Diane Preston
Our ticket to a lively time.

Janine Pringle
Laughter gives good counsel.

Fransis Quinn
The good is always the road to what is true.

Mary Ragonese
Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.

Gary Ready
Remember you catch more flies with honey.

Patsy Reedy
Knowledge, love, power -- there is the complete life.

Carol Reinert
She will try anything once.

William Rigden
Harmony in uproar.

Iada Rinehart
She had a very, very tender heart.

Cecelia Rogers
Kindness is the poetry of the heart.

Glenn Rose
To know how to hide one's ability is a great skill.

Kenneth Rowell
Friendship is the most pleasant of all things.

Joan Ruuska
Silences make the real conversations between friends.

Alberta Sabino

Born for success, with grace to win and heart to hold.

Sandra Sampson

All giggle, blush, and pertness.

Orville Sapp

I hide my halo behind my horns.

Lois Scarborough

She is our friend, and a kinder friend has no one.

Marilyn Scott

She was as fresh as the month of May.

Margaret Sever

They who smile keep other people happy.

Elmer Shaw

Good things come in small packages.

Larry Shobert

In gym his equal is yet to be found,
And there's always fun when he's around.

Herbert Shroyer

Few words but to effect.

Kenneth Sipes

Who needs books with these looks?

Vincent Slaka

A man of action.

Dale Smith

If a woman have long hair, it is glory to her.

Joanna Smith

She possesses the talent of pleasing with delicacy.

Joseph Smith

Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.

Kenneth Smith

Politeness is the chief sign of culture.

Paul Smith

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions.

Norman Snyder

Peppy and active, well liked by all,
Cheerful and happy, he's right on the ball.

Thomas Snyder

Happiness is like fertilizer, it's no good until you spread it
around.

William Sockriter

Sometimes quiet, sometimes a clown,
Bill's pretty nice to have around.

Marie Somerville

The pleasure of talking is the inextinguishable passion of woman

Gail Spence

Small but sweet -- wonderful personality -- always a friend.

Dale Stotler

There is no diplomacy like silence.

Ernest Stotler

Wisdom tinged with humor is all.

Jean Strong

All the laddies love this lassie.

Dwayne Summers

A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand in mischief.

Faith Talbot

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

Hope Talbot

The power of gentleness is irresistible.

Wayne Teubner

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

Roger Tilton

Common sense, alas in spite of our educational institutions is a rare commodity.

Carol Tupper

The lily and rose in her fair face striving for precedence.

Janet Ulrey

To laugh is to express a happy heart.

Ross Verbisky

Academical disputation gives vigor and briskness to the mind.

Carol Weaver

She is ever precise in promise keeping.

David West

A cheerful, helpful and well-liked guy.

Richard Wheeler

Think like a man of action and act like a man of thought.

Susan Whitaker

Fun is where you find it.

Richard White

When Dick is around he's never ignored,
The boys know he owns a '49 Ford.

Winston Whitney

Men love little and often.

Naomi Wilhelm

A lovely lady garmented in light.

Judith Williams

To manage a dozen industries with a casual gesture in scraps
of ease

Effie Wilson

Jokes are the cayenne of conversation, and the salt of life.

Judith Wollenhaupt

There was a star who danced.

Kathy Woodend

A girl whose winning personality and smile compliment her sincerity.

Yvonne Woods

I'm in the mood for love.

Harland Worden

Courtesy is the science of the highest importance.

Christine Young

A girl worthwhile with sunshine in her smile.

Calvin Yutzy

Calvin seems quiet, but he's really not,
When there's class discussions, he's there on the spot.

