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# Editorial

The theme we have chosen for this Greenbook has been the theme of our lives during the past year. We, as Freshmen, have learned a great deal about ourselves and others because of a new experience - college. First of all, we were given freedom disguised as restrictions. We had to realize that rules are the protectors of our freedom. We have encountered new ideas and consequently have changed. Adaption, adoption, and rejection of philosophies have taken place. Difficulties have been confronted and overcome. We have also come to appreciate





love and recognize its various forms. Our attachment to our parents has been severed by distance, yet strengthened by our ability to see them as individuals. Thus we have attained an understanding of freedom and love through our process of change. Our lives are our theme and in words they become ...

Pat Whitting





There are three things which  
are too wonderful for me, yea,  
four which I do not comprehend  
the way of an eagle in the sky,  
the way of a serpent upon a  
rock, the way of a ship in the  
midst of the sea, and the way  
of a man with a maiden.

Proverbs 30: 18, 19

Berkley Version  
in modern English





# Mrs Muller:

Because you have taught us to  
be honest with ourselves, with  
others, and with God...

Because you have shared your  
knowledge and insight with us...

Because you have never failed  
to see our needs and offer the  
encouragement of a word or a  
smile...

We thank you, and therefore it is  
to you that we dedicate this  
Greenbook of nineteen hundred-  
sixty-eight.





In appreciation to

Miss Spangenberg

for her assistance

and guidance

with the

1968 Greenbook





A Tribute

to those

who have aided us

in expressing ourselves:

Mr. Calhoun

Dr. Drake

Mr. Ballou

Miss Spangenberg

Dr. Dugan

Mr. Kaufman

Mr. Miller



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The Greenbook staff  
presents  
selected creative writings  
of the  
English composition  
classes of  
1967-1968



We, like the eagle, were born to be free.

But though my wing is closely bound,

My heart's at liberty;

My prison walls cannot control  
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Jeanne Guyon



The way of an  
eagle in the sky...





**I**t is cloudy and cold. I breathe frost in front of me as I click and slomp down the grey, slimy sidewalk. I see the folded, forgotten pages of yesterday's paper touch down in a dirty alley between a warehouse and tool shop. It has escaped the wind only to lose its identity among the other scraps of paper.

"Johnson commits 10,000 more men for war."

Yesterday, screaming headlines; today, forgotten crumpeled trash. I turn and walk down another street. I get the strange feeling inside me, and I hurry to be with other people. I leave the dirty, ugly backs of black brick buildings. I feel better when, around the block, I see the front of them. They look so much better when they are facing the street—they have to. The people are there too. I feel a nudge, I turn.

He has sunglasses—there is no sun.

He has a beard—there is no face.

He has eyes—they do not see.

He has a funny hat—I do not laugh.

He is wearing a flower—it has no smell.

He contorts his thin lips into a smile of sorts. As he holds out his hand I see many red marks on his arm. He offers me a cigarette, but it has no tobacco. He slips quickly into oblivion as I sadly shake my head.

It is getting colder and the sky is becoming thicker. The blind man with the crutch for his leg holds out a tin cup. When the cup is full of coins, he will see again, pick up his crutch and walk to the bar like a normal person. It must be some kind of miracle. I see a boy holding his hat and running very fast. He is being





chased by a group of boys who want the hat. But they won't wear it. They are being spurred on by laughing girls in very short skirts. If they are cold, they will pretend they aren't. I see an old lady walking down the sidewalk. She is clutching her purse with both hands, and is looking fearfully all around her. If the girls will laugh, she will be next.

I see a dirty hamburg stand and blood-red neon signs screaming jumbled slogans. I see a girl with wrinkled clothes. I see a look in her eyes that means money. There is not the same look in the young sailor's eyes though.

I see the smog on the skyline, and the garbage floating on the harbor. There are people on their way to nowhere, but hurrying just the same. There are people, staring, who will never hurry again.

Under the pigeon-infested bridge, the printed words on the wall which stick out above all the other initials exclaim: "The world can go to hell."

I reach into my pocket trying to find some money to take me away, to retreat, to hide in some nice middle-class house in a tree and grass world. I want to listen to the tinkle of ice-cubes in an empty glass. I want to hear roller skates, baseball, laughter, and an army of power lawn mowers drowning out reality.

Even if I hide under my bed, without a radio, television, or a newspaper, I cannot help but know what is happening. I cannot say it is not happening to me. I cannot turn my back. I keep searching, hunting, scrounging, digging for I know not what.

I turn and again pace the street. I will not leave until I find it.

- James Cickerman



## GREAT SOCIETY?

**H**e slowly raises his tired little head from the ground where he has been sleeping. The grass around him is all a beautiful dark green and the trees and undergrowth nearby look like the lush foliage of the emperor's gardens. The sky is canopied above him and clouds drift uncaringly by. The lake down the path is stretched out before him in all of its bluish wonder. But suddenly as he continues to look around he sees dark red blotches of blood on the beautiful dark green grass. He sees twisted and mangled bodies stretched out before him. Some are Viet Cong but some are not. He asks childishly, "Why are they like that?" but you see he is only eight years old.

Momentarily he is distracted by a large awesome shadow moving over the ground. When he looks innocently up into that gentle sky he sees a big airplane streaking by, bent on destruction. And again when he looks at the lake he sees two boats shooting at each other. He sees men diving into the bluish water. When he turns around he sees piles of rubble where a village once stood. At night when he looks up into the protecting heavens he sees the twinkling stars, but unexpectedly a flare bursts in the distance in order that the Americans can see their elusive foe.

Aside from the things that he sees there is a world of sounds open to him, also. When he is not looking round about he listens to the birds in the jungle, the sultry wind whistling through the trees, the crickets chirping carelessly, and the frogs croaking beside the lake. But intruding into the midst of nature's sounds are the roar of the cannon, the cracking of the rifle, and the thundering of the big planes. The innocent one is tortured by the screaming, crying, moaning, and yelling of men who are dying around him. And at night the whine of the air raid siren shakes him from his restless sleep.

As he crouches in the rubble searching for food, the fragrance of the jungle drifts





to his nose. The sweet smell of the waterlily, of fresh cut hay, and of cattle grazing lazily in the sheltered valley all register in his little mind as he eats a piece of rotten fruit. The burning stench of dead men swelling in the hot, sweltering, Southeast Asian sun reaches his tiny nostrils together with the odor of burning flesh, wood, and rice fields.

As summer's day comes to a close a cool breeze blows in on his face from the lake and the water splashes and makes his feet tingle. When the sun finally sinks into the distant water the little boy, shivering, with his stomach still empty, surrenders his little frail body to the mists of a harsh, cruel land.

No one cares for him, just as no one cares for thousands of other innocent little ones. I ask, Why? Is there an answer? Is it necessary? Are we justified? I ask, Can we go on living our own little complacent lives, ignoring the suffering of others? Are we going to do something to better the situation? Our President says that we are living in the "Great Society". Are we?

- Bob Stewart





ON APATHY

Faster and faster we go,  
Careening through the man-made darkness  
Like bats in a dark, familiar cave;  
Excitement sweeps over me,  
The kind of excitement of five-years-olds;

You who doze, and you who read  
Will you not share the ecstasy in my soul?  
"Share what?" you ask, "This dull, ordinary  
                  commonplace\_\_\_?"  
You I pity, oh unknown neighbor,  
You who cannot remember...

On and on we rush—  
Back and forth we sway;  
Now above the earth:  
I greet the sun through dusty window panes;  
Now it is dark again,  
A deep, artificial darkness  
Broken only by bursts of light along our path.

And still you doze, and still you read—  
You I pity, oh unknown neighbor,  
You who cannot recall  
Your first subway ride.

- Ken Lord





## IDEAS ON FREEDOM

**F**ew persons enjoy real liberty; we are all slaves to ideas or habits." This idea of Alfred de Musset best expresses my view of freedom except for the fact that I disagree about few persons enjoying real liberty. In order to be correct he would have to say that no one enjoys absolute liberty. In as far as I can understand, the only being who is absolutely free is God. We are born innocent and helpless but not free. We are automatically enchained by society. We are brought up to abide by certain rules and principles and our rebelling against society certainly does not bring us freedom because really we would be enslaved by the idea of rebellion. You may ask about a person who lives alone in some place and can do as he pleases—isn't he free? I would say no. He still has a mind and some type of conscience that keeps him from being free because the mind in itself forms ideas and habits which enslave him.

In so far as we, people, normally use the words freedom and liberty, we are referring to specific things such as freedom of mind, body, government, speech, etc. I particularly like the idea that men can put one another in prison but they can not imprison the mind. This is a beautiful and comforting thought under ordinary circumstances, but what about torture or other means used to make a person believe or think almost anything?

Then there is the wonderful idea that we in America have that the people of every country should be free and also free to govern themselves. Now this freedom can only exist as long as responsible, intelligent citizens are willing to live by the Golden Rule—do unto others as you would have them do unto you. But once again you will never have a society where everyone is willing to abide by this rule. We in America are free to place restrictions on ourselves which we feel are necessary to ensure that all will have the greatest amount of freedom without impairing the freedom of anyone else.

To come even close to true freedom or to understand anything about it is impossible



unless one knows God. This idea is expressed in II Corinthians 3:17: "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Then Savonarola also has a good summation of freedom: "Do you wish to be free? Then above all things, love God, love your neighbor, love one another, love the common weal; then you will have true liberty."

The more I think about freedom, the more I seem to think in a circle. You might say that God and love are man's only freedom, but some would say that these in themselves enslave individuals. I can only say that it is an enchainment equaled by nothing else. So enchained, you will find yourself no longer enslaved but free.

- Rita Jennings





## "THE DAY THAT THE LORD HAS MADE"

**A**round us lies a vast civilization that has long sought for fulfillment, complete fulfillment, in the individual life of man. To fulfill the complete self, or to satisfy his ego, much of man's seeking has led him to mere failure. Man has sought in material wealth, in war, in love, and in power. He has yet to realize that the gold of the earth is from the vast storehouse of God who created this earth, that war is a cut in the Savior's side, earthly love is but a grain of sand compared to God who brought love into the world, and that power is feeble and weak as compared to the swift hand of destruction of God who has all power.

I am amazed at the life of Christ and his ability to fulfill every moment and every hour of each passing day. The four gospels fail to give us an account of the fifteen years about which only a very few have ever seen or heard. These are years that Christ spent as an apprentice in the shop of his father, building cabinets, tables, and doors. The life of a servant so possessed with service, that pity and lowly shame for himself never crossed his mind. I believe this man of Galilee realized in every nail that he drove and in every joint that he chiseled that he must glorify God. He must in some way or in every way fulfill the day that the Lord had made.

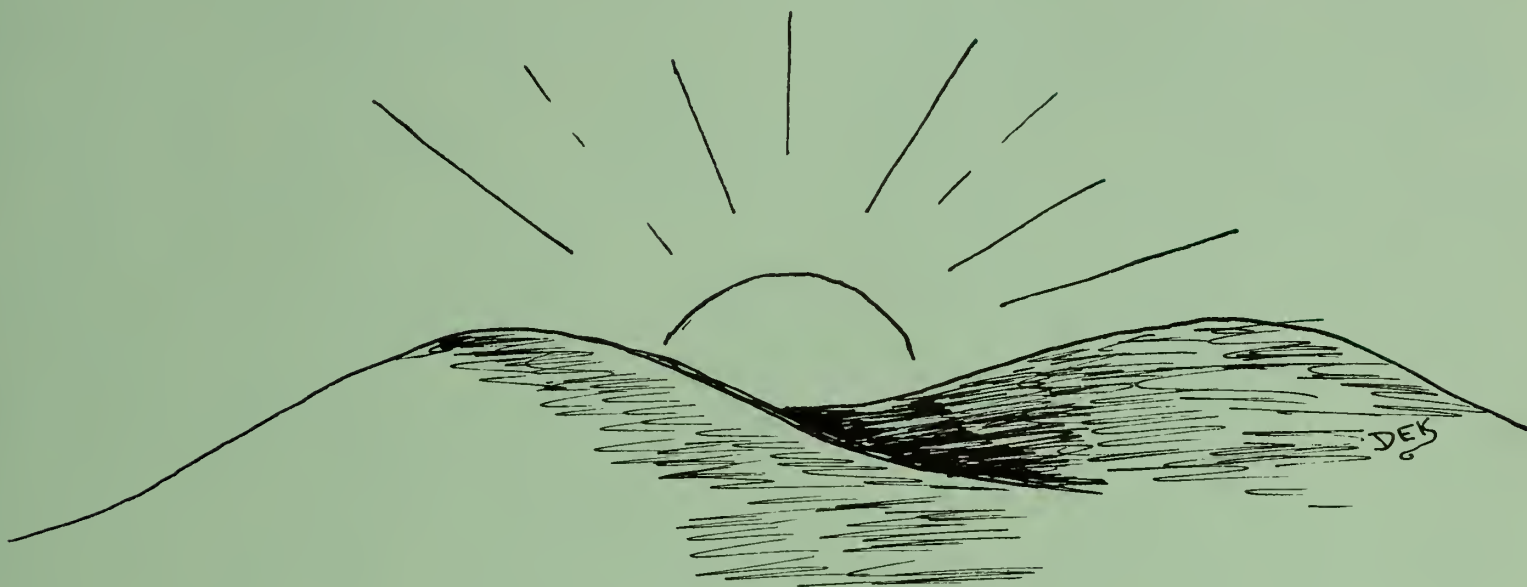
I have seen men who have professed to be men of God waste away every opportunity for service. I have seen them quench the very spirit that gave them life because of spiritual apathy that accrued from refusing to give complete commitment of one's life. The cause is plain and simple. They have yet to comprehend the meaning of those words, "This is the day that the Lord has made." Because He made it, because of this divine creation, we, as Christians, must respond without question or doubt to complete commitment. Why must we respond? Because His death and His daily creation of life is all because He loves us.



And because we are His, we are willing through His love to fulfill His creation. The stars and the sun aloft in the sky are His, and we are children of His creation.

So you see, the Christian who has experienced the personal Love of God in his life is the only man who has complete fulfillment in life. He alone can be satisfied and experience the joy of living. Truly this is the day that the Lord has made. It is ours because we are HIS.

- Jim Copple







## FINLAND

**I**t is a quiet place, away from the hustle and the noise of big towns. Way up in the mountains of Pennsylvania and down a narrow dirt road, it lies secluded from the world. Tall trees envelop the creek as it winds around the mountain-side. There are no conveniences in Finland that make life more "simple". A crude cabin—two floors (two rooms)—was built by a young man thirty-five years ago. Only the barest necessities constitute the furnishings: several army bunks, three double mattresses that rest on the floor, a wooden ice box, a coal-oil stove, several kerosene lamps, two tables, four chairs. The only running water is from the creek or its origin—a bubbling spring.

Our family comes to Finland on vacations. We feel a freedom and a peace here. Yet my uncle doesn't care for Finland. "It is too quiet," he says. He cannot relax in a quiet place any more. He has lost this sense of quietness. Being away from nature and living in a world of rush and hustle has made him unable to slow down.

I weep for him. This quietness found in Finland soothes the mind, body, and soul. I have found this peace. The world has not caught me up in its rush. My uncle can find this quietness if he wants to. But he still says, "It is too quiet."

But it is not a quiet place. Birds fly through the air, alight on top of tall trees, and sing out a greeting to all who listen. A screeching bluejay cries angrily at its mate; a woodpecker taps out a hole for his new house. The rushing water swirls around the huge rocks, swishing away any twigs that have fallen into the water. Lapping and slapping at the rocks, the water creates a rhythm that is felt all around. A slight breeze whistles through the trees, causing the leaves to rustle. Croaking frogs add their bass voices to the beautiful melody that is filling the air. Bees buzzing and dragon flies whirring add a final touch to the serenade.



When our family comes to Finland we bring along our sounds, but not the harsh sounds of the city. The refreshing laughter of children as they run free through the forest, the cheers of the successful fisherman, the "ahhh" of a nature lover when he discovers a beautiful flower—these sounds add beauty to the already beautiful.

My voice lifts up in song and praise. I join with the sounds of life and love. My heart overflows with joy and music for these sounds create and make up the magnificence of Finland.

Yes, it is a quiet place that God has set apart from the race man is running; away from the dissonance man has created through his own folly. God has created a still place, a restful place. But God has not left it still, like death. He has given it Life and called it Nature.

*Sharyn Freed*

#### FIRST SONNET

It's winter and the world is frozen hard,  
Secure, locked up from any passer-by.  
She keeps her poise and views with cold regard  
This traveler who dared to go awry.  
I know, I should have come in long ago.  
I heard her voice, and I should have obeyed.  
But I had stopped to watch the newborn snow,  
In its new lacy cradle softly laid.

What do I care for all humanity,  
Its race for gold and glory all in vain?  
I have a yearning to breathe deep and free,  
To touch the sky, to feel the cooling rain.  
I climb this narrow path, as yet untrod,  
And ev'rywhere I see the hand of God.

*Donna E. Keene*



## NATURAL INCLINATION

**I**n order to graduate, every student must take biology. I decided to take it during my first semester in order to be rid of it as soon as possible. One hundred other students decided to do the same. There is only one biology class, and it is scheduled for 7:30 A.M. The class begins at 7:30 A.M. but with about half the class. Within ten minutes everyone who has come in late is seated. Ten minutes after that, one-half of the class has gone back to sleep, one quarter of the class is studying, and the other quarter is listening. By eight o'clock three quarters of the class is asleep. Of the remaining quarter, some are listening, others are either studying or daydreaming. As the big hand of the clock moves closer to the twelve, as eight o'clock draws nearer, a strange urge begins to overcome me. The urge gets stronger and stronger until that is all I can think about. As the urge gets stronger, I begin to realize a few things. The room is quiet. The only sound heard is the professor speaking. Heads are bent and eyes are closed as many sleep soundly. What is that nagging urge? Why does it come to me at that particular time? At that quiet moment I would like to stand up and scream as loud as I can, "WAKE UP". Heads would straighten, eyes would open, backs would straighten, books would fall. Just writing about this makes me excited. Will I ever give in to my urge? I doubt it.

*Milca Costas*





## MINE THROUGH HIM

**T**here I stand at the edge of the sea like a queen on her throne. The sun's radiance floods my world, and I am crowned with the warmth of its beauty. The waves rush to my feet, bowing in respect, and yet they pull away, reminding me of the right of freedom they possess as part of the sea. The soft mist of salt air encircles me with a robe of majestic splendor. Above me I see graceful seagulls swooping tranquilly through the wide open sky.

Today this land is mine. But can I even attempt to claim the capability of ruling such a vast existence of power? Before me lies the land, the sea, the sky, but I cannot comprehend their vast expanse. Limited by my humanity, I am unable to encompass their outreach. I cannot hope to have concern for all the life in and above the sea. I am too small, and too powerless. Then who can create such a universe? Someone who is greater than all these creations, God. I wonder, how great is God? The tiny granules of sand slip aimlessly through my toes; millions and trillions of different yet similar crystals, which spread for miles along the shore of the sea. And He made them all. How great is God? I see a large variety of shells scattered over the shoreline. They fulfill a very essential function in the lives of some sea creatures. This shell contains a snail, and this one a clam. Both possess a soft, fleshy body, and have no other means of protection except for their shells, God makes Himself great enough to become small enough to consider even the safekeeping of a snail. He made each creature but yet He equipped each one with a certain characteristic which enables him to be free and equal in a world of many. God has created the land, the sea, the sky in all their regal beauty. This world, and all that dwell therein, make up His kingdom. How great God is. He cares for



the creatures, and He cares even more for His people.

Here I stand at the edge of the sea, beholding Him in all His glory. The light of the sun skimming lightly upon the calm waves of the sea is slowly disappearing over the horizon. The day comes to a close with the peaceful refreshment of sleep. All through the night God still sits upon His throne watching those of His kingdom. My day to reign is ended. But through Him I can live and reign forever. How great God is!

- Kathy Frawley







## A FRIEND

**M**y friend isn't known by too many people considering the number he sees. A lot of people don't want to know him after they have encountered him once. This I don't understand because he's really a great guy. True, his ideas are a little bit weird according to today's society, but isn't everyone weird in some way?

When he was a child he loved the outdoors. His body was made strong by helping in the work of the home. I think he went to a parochial school, because it seems to have been where he also worshipped.

His father was constantly with him as he worked and played and went to school. I guess with some people this would be bad, but he was lucky because his father was really great.

He went into business with his father. I still don't understand why he waited so long before he made this decision.

Like every young man starting out in the world, he was faced with several different ways of acting, but he held to the high purpose which he had always followed. He didn't waver in his determination to do the work his father wanted him to do.

His job was his whole life. He worked both day and night satisfying the needs of his customers. He was very popular but many people were jealous of him and were out to get him. Hasn't this always been so of people like him?

I really feel sorry for him because he got into trouble with the authorities. He was falsely accused of a crime and was given the death sentence. Just think, I know someone who got the death sentence!

His love for his fellow man never weakened. To the last he held to the great purpose which dominated his life. They could kill his body but they could not crush his spirit. He had shown mankind how his father loved them. Oh, by the way, my friend's name is Jesus.

- Doug Blanchard



## DARKNESS

It is Darkness  
An Enemy is here  
In the Blackness  
That entangles me  
I struggle  
It holds me back  
I am  
                  alone  
In the Darkness  
There is no light and I am afraid  
Lost  
Yet,  
Am I alone?  
There is Someone,  
Some other Presence in the Darkness  
He is not Darkness  
No,  
I am not alone  
I reach out  
He takes my hand and frees me  
Then,  
He tells me  
He wants me to fight  
The Darkness  
To wrestle,  
For Him  
Not alone, beside Him  
Yes,  
It is Darkness  
An Enemy is here  
But Christ is with me now  
There is no terror  
For,  
In the distance far  
I almost see  
A faint glimmer  
Someday,  
Light will come  
But now  
I will fight the Darkness  
For Him  
With Him  
Beside Him.

- Nancy Swan



Today is not yesterday: we our-  
selves change; how can our  
works and thoughts, if they are  
always to be the fittest, con-  
tinue always the same? Change,  
indeed, is painful, yet ever  
needed. Carlyle



The way of a serpent  
upon a rock ...





STAY HERE

I can see the walnut tree shaking its leaves as a few walnuts fall from the branches. Near its trunk lies the rock garden with her flowers growing freely in the majestic sunlight. I walk down a small hill and face the red brick that seems warm and secure inside. But the huge wooden door stands tall and locked. The windows of this house have their eyes closed. Nothing can be seen looking in and nothing can be seen looking out. Lining the front of our yard are the small shrubs that sway to a rhythmic breeze. Looking down, the seeds seem to try to trap my feet. "Stay here," say the walnut tree, the rock garden, the sunlight, the red brick, the wooden door, the windows, the yard, the small shrubs, the rhythmic breeze, and even the weeds. "Stay here." With tears in my eyes, I look at my home. Then, almost boldly, I turn around and shake my head no because there are new sights and visions that are calling to me.

- Toni Dubs

I find a new determination not to fail in those things which I take upon myself. I find a new refreshing attitude toward all those who would choose to compete against me.

- Jim Copple



## THE COLLEGE FROSH AWAY FROM HOME

The typical college freshman, when first adjusting to his new environment, is an interesting specimen under the microscope of a psychologist. Let us take a peep into the eye piece for a moment.

We find that for the first time in his life the "greenie" finds himself on his own—to swim or to flounder. He is electrified by the independence and lack of adult control he finds on the campus. Unexpectedly, those closest to him say, "Go ahead, boy, we helped you all we can; it's up to you now to find your place in society."

In his earnest desire to meet new friends and to be accepted socially, the freshmen becomes acquainted with classmates from other states and countries. He is disappointed in some of these new friends because they closely resemble people he wanted to forget and to leave behind forever. Perhaps these were the clique leaders or the jeerers at religion. In fact, there is hardly a personality he meets that does not remind him of someone else, for there are all types of people on a modern college campus.

As we look at our freshman's life on campus, we see that it closely reflects his upbringing, beliefs, and standards. He immediately senses that he can either live a fast, free, and frivolous life on campus or he can develop into a well-rounded and purposeful member of society. Decision after decision staunchly confronts our friend so that he must answer, and answer with the awareness that his decision will reflect his past and mold his future. Even the less important choices weigh upon him, such as whether or not he should go to the movies when he fully realizes he should study. If we scrutinize his decision we can learn much about him and the standards and goals he has set for his life.

In even a different aspect, the freshman finds he is on his own. Since he was a small child, his parents made quite sure that he attended church regularly. He was care-





fully instructed in the ways of God and to some degree he accepted them. On the campus, however, the frosh is left to himself. He asks himself if it is really necessary to go to Sunday School and church. He wonders whether or not to seek God's favour or to live like most around him—on the precept that God is unreal or at least outmoded. His mind begins to accept the fact that "religion" is for old spinsters and "holy nuts."

Yes, this is the really tough decision for many college freshmen today. Taking a careful look at the school leaders, they see two distinct types. Obviously, the first is the "Joe college" type. He is the witty, personable one who constantly keeps the student in stitches. Besides being one of the best athletes, he has dated every "in" girl on campus. He has real grounds for being the campus idol and he did it all without God's help. Immediately, our young frosh sees the lush greenery associated with this type of personality so he tries to associate with "Joe College" gang.

On the other hand, there is an entirely new and vibrant type of person—the student who lives for God and tries to please Him. Imagine it, a guy actually making Jesus Christ the foundation of his whole life. Naturally, at first our socially minded freshman retreats from these characters. But as the days go on, he perceives the inner strength and real adaptability these Christians have. Over and over again the decision of whether or not to include God in the future enters the freshman's mind. He begins to sense the power he could have if he were in Christ's control. He feels the need of Someone bigger than himself to handle his problems.

So we have scrutinized the decisions and obstacles facing the frosh in college. He constantly reflects his past and receives vital challenges to the future. He alone holds the key to what he will develop into. His decisions will mold his character even as they will control and direct his future.

- Eric Melder



## MACHINE FRUSTRATION

**M**any times in college, evenings poring over books progress into early morning study sessions which cause the stomach to roar out a cry of hunger. Since there is no refrigerator to raid, one must condescend to the old faithful coin machine. It is always full of lots of chocolate bars packed full of nuts or gooey gunk, and peanut butter smashed between two crackers. After arousing about six people from their sound sleep in search of change for the purchase of such delectable food, one proceeds to put the dime into the slot, and pull the knob for the desired choice. But nothing comes out. The second attempt leads to the third, and then the fourth. When all else fails a swift kick may help, but nine times out of ten such an action only brings crushed toes, and bruised knees. Finally one collapses from such an exasperating exercise, into a dream world of steak medium-rare, mashed potatoes with gravy, and pie alamode.

- Kathy Jawley

## THE FIRST TIME I WENT TO A BEAUTY SALON

**I**t took quite a while to talk Mother into five dollars and an appointment on Saturday morning, but she finally agreed. I eagerly anticipated the transformation of plain old me. As I approached the entrance to the beauty shop, I heard ladies' voices inside. After an hour and a half I climbed into the swivel chair. The hairdresser inquired about what was to be done and then washed my hair. When I



wiped the soap out of my burning eyes, I realized that the annoying pain was the hair-dresser combing my hair. Finally after it was set and I had endured being under the dryer for an hour, my first hair-do was completed. "Would you like to see the back?" she asked as she handed me a mirror. "Very nice," I whispered with tears in my eyes. As I tiptoed through the back door, my Mother appeared with a big smile on her face. "Very nice, don't you think?" she asked. "Yes, very nice," I blurted as I ran upstairs to wash my hair.

*Sally Zellers*







**T**he clock rings on, as if to say another soul has died. Not a physical death, but a death of spirituality. A death that crosses the path of every student and teacher at Eastern Nazarene College. It can be found in every classroom, social activity, and spiritual function on the campus. The dying symptom of the student is the apathy that can be read in every part of his life. My entire experience at Eastern Nazarene College has been running from this death, running from its quenching hands that would destroy me. - Jim Copple

**M**an is far from being indestructible and without failure. There is no man alive who can honestly say that he has not failed. - Jim Copple





## THE GOOD SEED



Once upon a time, deep in a dark wooded glen, there lived a tiny seed on the limb of a tree. This was just an ordinary, everyday, run-of-the-mill seed. It had come about in much the same way as had all of the other seeds in the forest. However, this seed was destined toward greatness.

The little seed fell from the tree he was on. The initial impact of his fall gave him quite a jolt, but soon he recovered and began to adapt himself to his surroundings. He realized that he could not survive forever on what food he had stored inside himself. He thought about it for a while and soon came to realize that he would need some roots.

He pushed and strained with all his might. Suddenly his shell burst open and he was aware of a new and vitally different process happening inside of him. He was more conscious of the earth with all of its life-giving minerals. His roots went deeper and deeper into the soil so that the seed could soak up more nutrients and water.

As the days grew long and warm, one day the seed awoke to find that he was no longer a seed. He had begun to grow and develop into a seedling. The little "seed" now had leafy arms to wave in breezy gestures to his surroundings.

Suddenly there was a change in the atmosphere. The sun was no longer shining. Although, as the seedling knew, it was only noontime, it was dark enough to be six o'clock or after. Then the skies parted with a bright light and loud roar. Large drops of water began falling from the air. The seedling quaked and skewed with fear. Was the world coming to an end before he would have opportunity enough to fully taste of life's sweetness?

However, the seedling noticed that there was a ray of sunshine peeking through a small hole in the clouds. This gave him hope and a faith that the sun would soon shine down again. He looked forward to the sunshine, believing that the rain would be beneficial to him in some way.



The little seedling grew for many years. Many new and different things, some good and some bad, came into his life. As he was developing into a mature tree, he learned to ward off the harmful things and graciously accept the good. For this reason, his wood grew healthy and strong.

One day some men went into the forest. They began to cut away at the trunk of the tree. He was taken to a saw mill and cut into lumber. What a problem!

He felt certain that he was finished, but then he remembered the rain in his early life and his faith increased. He was cut and hammered with nails, but his faith only grew more intense.

When finally he was given his final peace in life, he found himself to be a beautiful wooden cross atop a church pointing toward God. All of his trials had led him to greatness and to his Creator.

- Shirley Cornell





## THE ANALYSIS OF A MORAL CODE

**W**hat kind of moral code is proper to man, the rational animal? Since reason is man's means of survival, it follows that a rejection of reason is a rejection of survival. No one attempts to drive a car without a steering wheel; it is similarly impossible to guide one's actions without a process of rational thought. In other words, since the goal and purpose of rationality is life, the goal and purpose of irrationality is death. And since it is only in terms of life that the concept of morality has any meaning, it follows that the moral must be the rational. Any moral code which is fundamentally irrational is fundamentally opposed to man's life, and thus cannot be regarded as a proper morality. - Karl Molner

The civilized man with all his progressive inventions has lost the art of self-reliance. - Pat Whitting



## AM I MY 'BROTHER'S SISTER'?

**B**rothers can be blessings sometimes. If brothers are in a civil mood they may offer the services of their cars, their ski jackets, or their oil painting supplies. At other times they can make their sisters' lives miserable, possibly without even meaning to. Such was the case when I first entered high school.

The significant key to understanding my problem is first an understanding of my brother. The word "interesting" is hardly adequate to describe Gary. He is intelligent, able to talk with any sort of person, extremely independent—at times even a nonconformist—popular, interested in art and literature, but familiar with the outdoors and the laws of Nature. In high school Gary was what was known as "wild" I chose to think that this was because he dared to try things no one else dared to try—that he wanted to find out what living was all about. He didn't always put forth his best effort in his school work. I knew it was because he just wasn't interested in most of the subjects he had to take. He wanted to learn about life.

I entered high school the year after his graduation, but his influence lingered on. When my name was first read for the roll, teachers would say, "Oh, you're Gary's sister." Sometimes I thought I detected a note of apprehension (another one?), sometimes a hint of benevolent understanding.

My English teacher read off my name, confirmed the fact that I was "Gary's sister," inquired about how he was, and made the comment, "I'll remember you!"

I had been fiercely proud of my brother, but I soon found out that having my brother's reputation to live down was a severe handicap. Whenever I didn't do an assignment, even if it were for a legitimate reason, I could just hear them saying to themselves, "Never



does her work, just like her brother!"

Every mistake I made was hilarious because I "took after my brother"; I always "did it on purpose for a laugh." One day in English class, after the teacher had finished the lecture, he asked, "Now are there any questions?" No one raised his hand. I thought there were no questions, so I asked if I could sharpen my pencil. Everyone burst out laughing. "I meant about the lesson! You're your brother's sister all right. He'd raise his hand right in the middle of class and ask, 'Are we having class next Saturday?' or some other stupid question." Laughter again.

It was also hard to explain my stand on certain issues in the light of my brother's life. "You mean you don't go to dances—your brother always did!"

How I overcame this problem is another story in itself. By working hard in my studies and by participating in worthwhile activities, I was able to establish my own reputation—a good one. I also proved that a sister need not be a stereotype of her older brother.

It was a happy day when my biology teacher said, "You know, you're not at all like your brother; you take life seriously." If I had had more personal courage (as my brother did), I would have protested, "Gary does take life seriously, but in a different way!"

*Donna E. Keene*





## THE NEW GIRL

I was the new girl in the class. What's more, I had migrated from the snow covered land of Canada, and was a foreigner. Reminiscences of my first few weeks at Clara Barton School in Philadelphia still cause me to cringe with the embarrassment I felt at that time.

The first day was bad right from the start. The principal brought me into the class and introduced me as "our little girl from Canada." As soon as I sat down the little girl next to me nudged me and asked if I had lived in an igloo. I remember thinking how ignorant these Americans were.

Speeches were being given the day of my entry. Listening was easy, no problems at all, until I was asked to comment on one of the boys' speeches. Wishing to steer clear of any controversial criticism, I made the rather obvious comment, "His voice was a wee bit soft." The whole class started to laugh. Something had struck them as being terribly funny. I knew it was something concerning me. I soon found out exactly what from the comments that were expressed amid the laughter. "His voice was a wee bit soft." "My, the teacher is a wee bit funny to ask her to comment." "She's a wee bit different." My face burned as I strove to ignore the fact that they considered me a "wee bit different."

The laughter had barely died down when my teacher asked a question concerning grammar. This, I felt, was my chance to redeem myself. I raised my hand, was called on, and stood to answer the question. Again the class laughed. This time I hadn't even said anything. The teacher clued me in on the reason for all the mirth. He told me it was not necessary or normal to stand when asked a question. My answer was three little words, "All right, sir," and again the class roared with amusement. "Fine, sir."



"Oh, sir!" "Is this what you want, sir?"

This time the teacher spoke to the class. He lectured on the idea of the differences in little habits among people and how it was not polite to laugh at other people's oddities. By this time, I was ready to crawl under my chair. Oh, the laughter was silenced, but the feeling of being different was stronger than ever.

During the next month or so, my actions were often the subject of merriment in our class. Out of habit, I frequently forgot and stood to talk, but also addressed the teacher as sir. My words were sometimes different and there was much I didn't know. Gradually, though, I got used to the "American ways," or at least the ways of this particular school. Acceptance among the students grew as I lost my accent and strange habits.

The next year in school there was another new girl. Linda had a bigger problem than I had: she was an epileptic. She was terribly self-conscious and she stuttered. The first day in class when she spoke in a scared, irregular voice, I laughed along with the rest. After all, it was funny. As she sat down, I knew that the color of her face and the shiver of embarrassment that she was feeling had been mine only a year before. I stopped laughing then and thought that I would never again laugh at someone because he was different.

Since then, I have laughed many times at people, and have murmured funny but biting remarks. Children often don't take the time to consider feeling of others. I think one of the most significant signs of maturity is the ability to realize other people's feelings and to act as if we were in their shoes.

- Janice Gleason



## THE IMPOSTOR

I stood where hundreds have stood and I felt alienated. The snow smothered the beach and seemed to extend onto the white-capped waves. No longer did the water lap its way up the sand, only to slip away without gaining a firm grasp. Now the waves clawed incessantly at the white blanket. The welcome cooling breeze of summer had changed to the relentless, freezing gale of winter, bending me before its force. As I shuffled through the snow, I felt a cold, burning sensation start in my ears and work its way downward, until uncontrollable shivers shook my entire body.

I looked in all directions for some identifying object in the storm that would relate to the beach I knew. I looked more closely at the snow I had just struggled through. Was it possible that there ever had been any golden tan sand anywhere underneath this swirling white mass? Was it just my imagination that remembered stray bottles and cans tangled in seaweed, driftwood lying nonchalantly among the swaying weeds, and gulls swerving sharply to the glistening water? The storm had become a shroud, concealing the life it had seemingly snuffed out.

The snow was white; the sky and water were black. My total impression was one of oppressive grayness. There was no difference on any side of me. The waves moved toward me with maddening regularity. The snow flew upward, downward, and diagonally, a constant slave of the wind. Despite the limited visibility, I felt an endlessness around and within me. Nothing stopped; nothing started. Endlessness was there; I was there.

I became submissive to nature that day. I could not have what I wanted, but had to take what she insisted on giving me. I left the beach with a better knowledge of nature's infinity.

- Marilyn Kish



OCTOBER 1966

**I**t was a steel gray day. The air hung, suspended. Everything was dark and wet. The beach was all that I had—my friend, my inspiration, my escape. A few isolated sun-worshippers could still be found on the sand. By the middle of October I had no strangers with whom to contend. The world of the beach was mine.

I loved to run barefoot, to stand staring, digging my toes deep into the sand. I would run down the pier, stopping only when I got to the end. There, I would sit, my feet dangling. The tide would crash, spraying my face, hair, and body with its salty tang. It made me happy to be showered like that, to breathe the air, to feel my lungs laboring at the effort required. I could almost feel the salt in the wind.

Sitting on the pier, standing quietly, watching, or running in the wind—I passed a lot of time. I cannot really account for it, though. All I know is that three or four hours would go by as fast as twenty minutes.

What I'm trying to tell you about is last Tuesday—the day it drizzled. I have rambled quite far, but lately, it seems I always do that. My mind seems so blankly active. I'm constantly thinking of something, but the thoughts are actually empty ones. They come and leave in a fleeting haphazardness,

What I'm saying is that Jane's brother died. The brother in Vietnam.

Jane lives about two blocks away, and we grew up together. We even carved pumpkins and built snowmen. Every year Jane and I would buy our pumpkins during the second week of October. We always bought them at the same place, too. Mr. McBurns sold them to us a little cheaper. Maybe he thought it was worth it in comparison with all that he got from





teasing us. He would always say that we were too big, and when were we going to stop acting like little kids carving pumpkins, and were we going Trick-or-Treating, too? But his eyes smiled and I knew he was glad some big kids still carved pumpkins. As a matter of fact, I think he even told Mrs. McBurns because she would always give Jane and me an "isn't that dear?" smile whenever she would see us during the rest of the month.

When Jane did not come over Saturday, I called her up. I would always joke with people. I wish that I had been serious then. Jane answered and didn't really say anything, just something about how she didn't feel like doing anything that day and she would see me later.

My mother brought the evening paper out to me on the porch that afternoon. She just stood there pointing to the bottom of the front page, biting the side of her index finger, choking back noiseless tears. There it was about Bill. I never would have imagined.

The funeral was Tuesday. I could not bear to go. I know Jane must have needed someone, but I could not face her after Saturday. I tell myself that Jane understands. How was I to know?

It is not only that. It's that the world is smaller, and I sense its shrinking. I always felt so big and powerful at the beach. Tuesday I felt insignificant, hurt, and dirty.

Everything is in the process of chinging, and I know that this year will be different. I realized a lot walking home in that grey drizzle. Maybe Jane and her mother and father were at the funeral right then. Probably they were. I know I should have gone. I wonder how Jane felt.

Only, how could I have gone? Jane probably knows it will be different, too. I hope Halloween comes and goes by soon. It matters to me that this year we won't be carving out pumpkins. Mr. McBurns will probably miss us, but he'll understand. It matters that we



might never carve them again, but I'll understand, I wonder if Jane will.

- Priscilla Coe

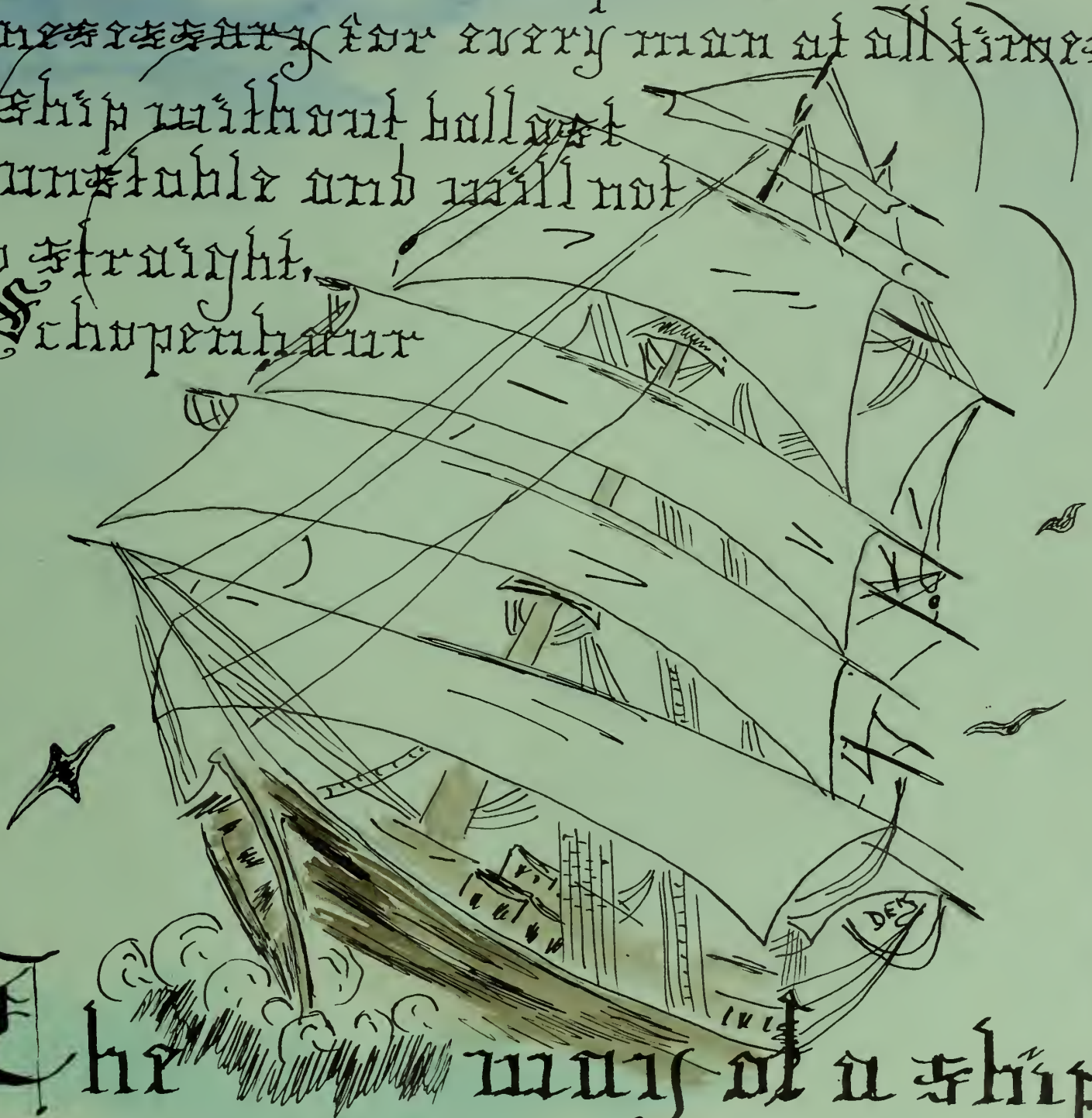




A certain amount of pain or trouble  
is necessary for every man at all times.

A ship without ballast  
is unstable and will not  
go straight.

Schopenhauer



The way of a ship  
in the midst of the sea...





## DEATH IN A CEMETERY

**W**ho are those flowers for?" I asked innocently.

"They are for your grandfather's grave," my mother answered.

"Has he gone there to live?"

"Yes, and we will never see him again on earth."

I never knew what a cemetery was until that Monday morning when I visited my grandfather's grave with my mother. It was Labor Day, when many vacationers were returning home. There was so much traffic on the expressway that it took us much longer to get to the cemetery. As soon as the car stopped just inside the cemetery gate, I jumped out and started running about among the gravestones. My first impression of the place was the beautiful contrast between the scarlet colored flowers and the rich green grass. The rows of gravestones, separated by narrow, straight paths, annoyed me. Their gray form standing upon the grass seemed to break the beautiful contrast between the flowers and the grass.

While I was running around absorbing the colorful atmosphere of the cemetery, my mother was planting some tulips on my grandfather's grave. When she saw that I was a long distance away from her, she called to me and told me to wait for her in the car. Just as I turned, a sudden screech of tires made me look at the road. I saw a car come rolling over and over toward the cemetery. Fear froze my muscles. I watched a person being tossed about in the car like an ant in a small jar. The car rolled over six times before it came to a crashing stop on the edge of the cemetery.

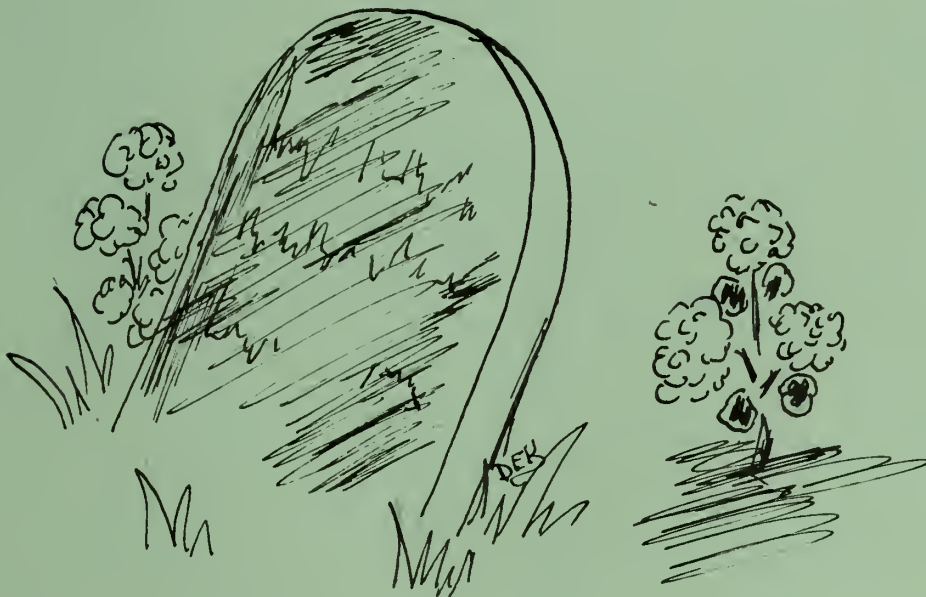
Suddenly, people seemed to come from all directions towards the wreckage. At this rush of onlookers, I found myself also running in that direction. When I finally wormed



my way through the crowd, I was lying on the ground a woman dressed in a green suit. Half of her body was pinned under the car and there was bright scarlet blood all around the area. I couldn't understand why nobody offered to help the woman. When I asked a short man who was standing near me, he simply said that she was dead.

Someone in the crowd asked, "I wonder if she will be buried in this cemetery?" It was then that I caught the relationship of the red flowers to the green grass and the red blood to the green suit and understood the full meaning of death. As the ambulance took the woman's body away, I found myself piecing together the impressions I had just experienced in my mind. They enabled me to understand the hardest thing there is for a child to comprehend—death.

*Dorothy Ann Appleton*





## THE ILLITERATE SHARK

I will never again bother to read books which discuss the behavior patterns of a shark. It must have been a Scuba Diver who made the statement "Experience is the best teacher." I had read many diving books but not one had prepared me for the following experience.

During my tour in the U.S. Marine Corps I was stationed on the island of Okinawa. The island was an ideal place for diving, with its beautiful coral reefs and fish. On a particular Saturday morning, my diving club started out on a typical diving trip. Being the president of this club, I found a likely spot for some good spear fishing. After seeing that my fellow divers were paired off (it is a rule of diving to have a buddy with you at all times), I motioned to my diving partner to don his equipment. While making a few last minute checks on my equipment, I watched my buddy dive below me and give chase to what looked like a Conger Eel.

At this time I became aware of a large fish lurking in the depths below, so I descended to satisfy my curiosity. As I drew closer, my first glimpse led me to believe that I had found a Black Sea bass. What a catch this would be, I said to myself as I approached, unnoticed by the large fish. When it suddenly turned around, I couldn't believe my eyes. That Black Sea bass was in reality a Mako shark. It was like watching Dr. Jekyll change to Mr. Hyde. The first thing that came to my mind was to swim as fast as I could to the surface. But, collecting my thoughts, I remembered what a book on diving had said to do in this type of situation. "Never let a shark know you are afraid. Be the aggressor, for the shark is really a coward and won't attack unless provoked." I could only hope that the shark had read the same book.

Watching the shark's every move, I began looking around for my buddy. When I found



he was nowhere in sight, I realized I was confronted with a dangerous situation. If only my diving buddy were here! At least the shark might prefer to eat him instead of me. I remembered the book had said to hit the shark on the nose with your spear gun if he persisted in hanging around. This was supposed to scare the shark away; if it didn't work I would not get a second chance. I decided my best course of action was to shoot the shark between the eyes with my spear gun. However, the shark apparently had other ideas and began moving slowly towards me. I only had one shot and I knew it must hit its mark before he began moving in faster. Taking careful aim, I waited until he was almost on top of me. Just as I was about to pull the trigger, he stopped. Not knowing whether to shoot or wait to see if he would go away, I hesitated. Before another thought could enter my mind, he made his move. It was so fast that the shock caused me to squeeze the trigger on the spear gun. The spear hit the shark in the head, but it missed its mark. Now in even greater danger because of the scent of blood in the water, I forgot what the book said and started for the surface.

Unfortunately the shark had the same thought and began to close in on me. I was thinking of using my knife, when I heard the sound of a spear leaving its gun. Looking below I could see that the shark had two spears in its head. As I stared amazed at the dead fish, I saw my buddy swimming up towards me. When we surfaced he explained how he had watched my predicament but had been waiting for a good shot at the shark. Trying not to sound ungrateful, I remarked that if he had waited much longer the shark would have invited me for dinner.

When I had returned to the barracks that eventful day, I went to my wall locker and brought out my diving book. Finding the chapter on sharks, I began to tear it out. This would be the last time I would take somebody's word on the behavior of sharks, unless the author was a shark.

- Dillio Bini





## BELLS NEVER CHIMED FOR MY "A" STRING

**M**any factors have kept me from being a violinist, but one remains solid in my mind. I started violin with the great eagerness of a third grade girl, anxious to grasp the world in three easy lessons. My parents were so enthusiastic about having me join my musical brother and sister, that I had lessons every week at school. Carrying a violin back and forth is quite a burden for a seven-year-old child to bear while the other children are jumping rope and playing tag along the way. Withstanding such remarks as, "Hey, what'cha got in there, a machine gun?" was an everyday occurrence.

By the time I had reached fifth grade, I was sitting in the first violin section of our elementary school orchestra. The teacher seemed to like me very much and recommended me for a play, the second floor Christmas play. The different grades were divided into three assembly groups, and each one would have its turn in performing the annual play at Christmas time. This year the play was entitled "Why The Chimes Rang" and it concerned a Christmas service at which all the people in the congregation presented their gifts at the altar in order to make the holy chimes ring. (The chimes hadn't rung since the birth of Christ.) Among the people was a violinist, and I was he. Well, it was supposed to be a he, but the teacher evidently couldn't find one. My total part consisted of walking up the aisle carrying my violin and then playing "O Lord Most Glorious."

We had rehearsals and more rehearsals, yet one day I forgot to bring my violin. It was my birthday, and, as I told my ten-year-old self, nothing is supposed to go wrong on my birthday. After all, that very same morning I had found a dollar bill right on the ground, and if I had been carrying that violin I wouldn't have been able to pick it up. I might not have even seen it! The teacher in charge couldn't seem to understand this.

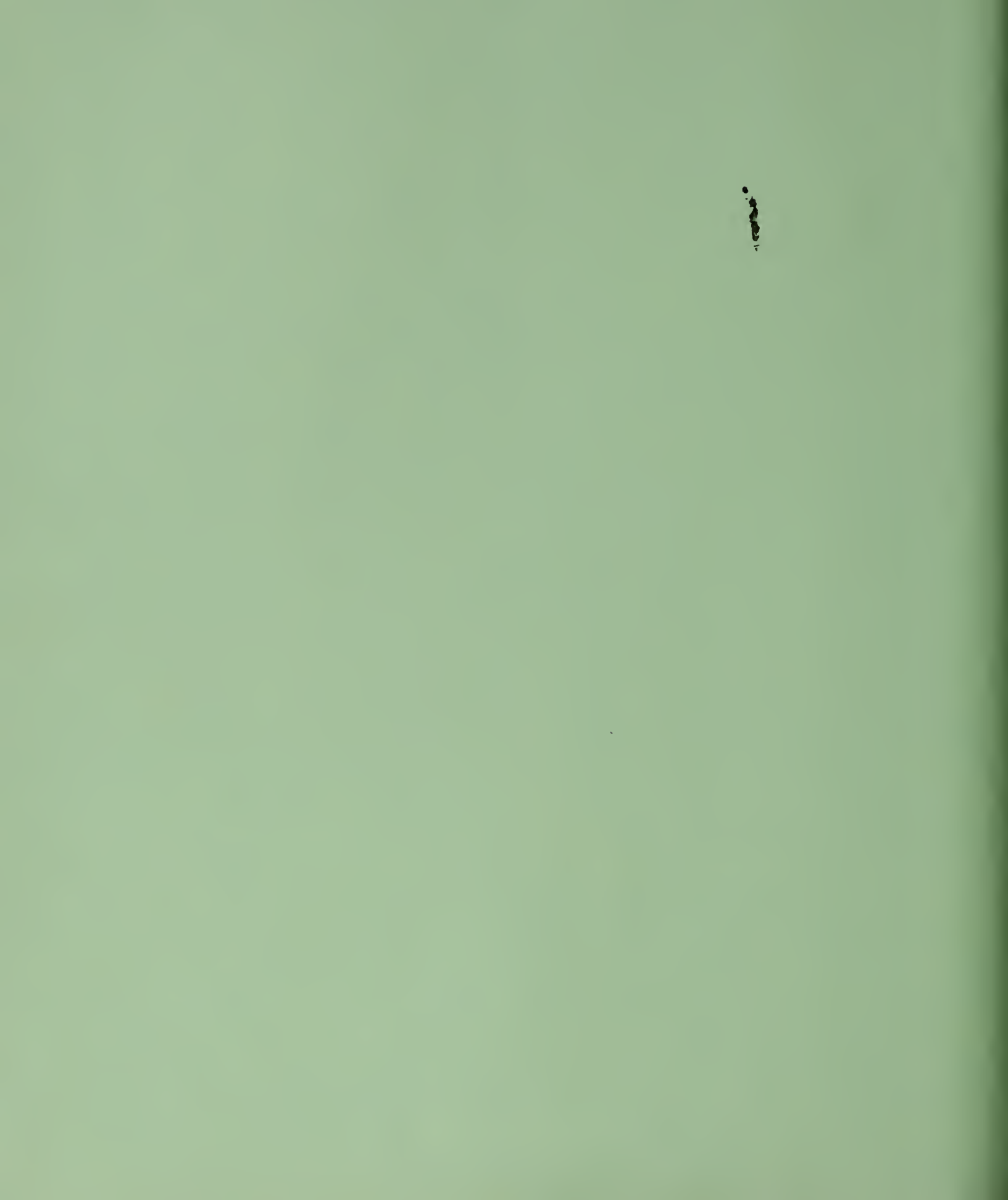


She was very much annoyed and told me so in plain words. This was a teacher in whom I had put great faith, and she crumbled it in one long minute. No one wants to cry in front of a whole second floor assembly, especially when one is sitting next to the knight in shining armor. Miss McKinney made me call my mother to have her bring the instrument over. I hated to bother her and I worried that she'd have to drive over in that big old black 1939 Buick.

The night of the show I was quite nervous, even though I could play the song by heart. When my turn came, I walked up the aisle confidently with my half-size violin tucked neatly under my arm. After all, I had the most important part in the play—anyway, I had the longest part. My knees shook as I turned around and positioned myself to play. Suddenly the A string popped right in my face. I was so mortified I just stared. What can one do without an A string, the major one in use? The pianist kept playing and I kept staring so there was nothing I could do but sing it and I didn't know all of the words! So I made some up and the rest were "LU's." My orchestra leader always said that if we didn't know the words to something to just "LU" it: and I LU'ed as fast as I could.

Well, no bells rang, but as I look back I think it changed me, perhaps for the worse. It drove me to almost hate my violin, after my parents had spent a great deal of money to give me lessons. But I guess I just wasn't made to be a violinist. Anyway, I would have been a very conceited one!

*Nancy Carol Brown*



## STICK IT OUT

**A**sixth grade Christmas concert is a unique and often traumatic experience. I shall never forget the chaos through which I learned a lesson from ours. A few minutes before our turn came to perform, the usual giggling, combing of hair, straightening of ties, and general havoc prevailed in the backstage music room. But when the choir was announced, several boys decided they would show our director how talented they were by marching onstage without her direction. Consequently, the entire choir, thinking the signal had been given, rushed in a motley herd into position on the risers, rather than the proper row-by-row manner for entrance and mounting. This maneuver naturally brought among the children a restlessness which remained throughout the performance. At this point, I was seated primly at the piano, quite disgusted with the male portion of the chorus, and I glared at them, knowing myself to be at quite an esteemed station. My reverie was broken by the sharp tap of the baton, and I began the first number. This went well, since it was sung by the girls. The next few songs passed with very few hitches, and the audience was gradually becoming convinced that this might be a good program after all.

The final number on the program was a "Fanfare for Christmas", which every member of the choir loved, and into which we all put forth the greatest effort. It was a medley of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing", "Silent Night", and "Joy to the World", and was very effective as a finale. Again the tap of the baton, but, unknown to the director, whoever had prepared my music on the piano had somehow omitted that one, so the only music readily available was the director's. I had a decision to make: to break the spirit of the performance by asking for music, or to risk being able to play it without music. I chose the latter, and did a perfect job up to the end of "Hark the Herald".





At this point, I suppose because of the excitement, nervousness, and the excessive heat in the room, my nose began to bleed quite violently, as it often did under those circumstances. However, it had never happened when I was playing in public, and I didn't know quite how to react. The director was still unaware of any difficulty, so I made a decision identical to the previous one: to carry on, rather than to break the spirit. I must have looked rather absurd, playing the piano with my right hand, while holding my nose and plunking an occasional bass note with my left. But the real trouble came when a smart boy in the front row noticed my predicament. It struck him as being quite humorous, and the muffled laughter permeated the chorus, accompanied by occasional gasps of astonishment from the audience. Somehow, the song finally ended, the director still unaware of the difficulty, until the audience showed an unusual amount of enthusiasm when she gestured to acknowledge me for applause.

After the whole incident had been forgotten by everyone else, I realized that handling unexpected problems is an ability that every performer needs, and the method is simply to carry on as long as it remains physically possible. This ordeal, though trying, taught me this valuable, though basic, lesson which I have used and will continue to use as long as I am performing.

- Chris Evans



## THE LADY NEXT DOOR

**G**azing through my bedroom window at the house next door, I thought of her. I don't know what made me think of her; maybe it was the sight of early spring flowers. She had had such a way with flowers during spring and summer. The plot of ground between our houses had always been bright with colorful tulips, geraniums, chrysanthemums, and pansies. Each year she would let me pick some for my mother. I would borrow her garden scissors and snip off the stems she pointed to. Was it her smile of love when she saw me happy or was it my mother's smile of love when I handed her the flowers that affected me more?

Off to the side of the huge flower-bed was a plot of vegetables. Each summer my grandmother and I picked green beans, limas, and corn. Then Grandmom would give me a pan as big as I was and together we would wash and cut the vegetables. Her deft hands would wash and snap the beans while she told me stories. Soon I would be so lost in the tale I would forget to do the beans. She would remind me gently and go on with the story.

Later in the year Grandmom made chow-chow. Standing on a chair by the sink I would watch her cut and prepare the vegetables. When it came time for jarring the chow-chow I somehow managed to get my two little hands in. But not for long. Grandmom cunningly got rid of me by sending me to the cellar for more jars. But I didn't mind for Grandmom's cellar was one place I loved to go. It was cool and damp and along three of the walls were rows and rows of jars—jars of pickles, chow-chow, peaches, pears, and cherries.

Grandmother was a plump woman with a round face and I loved to sit on her soft lap and be cuddled. Her long hair was always coiled in a neat bun under a bonnet or covering. In the summer she used to brush her hair outside. She would sling it over her head and brush and brush. The first time I saw her with her hair down I was so surprised—she could



sit on it!

Every summer my grandmother took me to Bible School at her church. I was very proud the first time I went. We sat together in the middle of the women's side. During the a cappella singing I kept glancing up at her. She looked straight ahead, singing joyfully with a smile in her eyes. After the service I was introduced to Grandmom's friends and soon I was dubbed "Little Hannah". I felt honored and I think Grandmom felt a little proud.

Grandpop and Grandmom were in the chicken and turkey business. Killing and dressing fowl for market in Philadelphia was their main work. Often I would go next door and watch the chickens being prepared. Right away I would be put to work. At first I tried to argue but my small voice couldn't be heard above the noise of chickens. I sat next to the heater across from my grandmother. I could never understand why she got four chickens done to my one. I picked feathers as fast as she did!

I grew up pretty fast. My friends, chores, and church prevented me from visiting my grandmother much anymore. One afternoon they needed me to pick chickens. It was the day before Thanksgiving, the height of turkey season. They called me over but "I was too busy." They called later. Again I insisted I was too busy. That night Grandmom died.

A sitter came to stay with us while my parents went next door. The house was all lit up. I sat at my window for hours watching the house and all the people moving about.

I don't know what made me think about her after seven years. Maybe it was the sight of early spring flowers and the beginnings of life.

*Sharon Freed*



## WE DON'T HAVE SUCH STORMS NOWADAYS

**O**ne could tell, just by looking at the sky, that the storm was coming. The sharp-edged stratus nimbus clouds were rapidly making their way across the sky, choking out the blue horizon and replacing it with cold grey. The leaves were all showing their undersides; there was a deathly silence which almost hurt the ears; and there was a musty scent in the air which meant only one thing, the oncoming of rain. Swiftly and surely the dark clouds blotted up the sky until it was one dark grey mass, tossing and swirling like an angry ocean.

As quickly as the grey clouds overtook the sky, so did the rain start to fall, first in small and well spaced drops, but gradually building up to an almost impenetrable torrent. Each drop landing on the dry soil made a small dark spot, and these spots all united, one with another, to cover the entire area and seemingly change the appearance of everything. The rain came down harder and harder, as if it was trying to punish the earth for some bad deed which it had done. The rain filtered down between cracks and holes in the soil, until the ground could hold no more. Little puddles began to form, and these led to small tributaries, which finally merged into little rivers running through the trees and the grass. Leaves were torn off the trees and blown about by the same wind that was trying to uproot and pull away any tree not strong enough to resist. The rain was thrown about in this invisible projectile with such force that it stung when it hit you. The rain was falling so fast, and the wind was blowing so hard that you couldn't see much farther than twenty feet. The soil, which had been dry and dusty, was now thick and muddy. The lightning shot out of the sky like flaming arrows from some ancient god's bow. Crashing claps of thunder shook the earth to the roots of the trees, and loosened every particle of soil. The mighty fury of nature had been released on a small section of the world, and yet, the earth benefited from it.





Slowly the rain came to a stop, the thunder and the lightning ceased, and the gusts died down to mere puffs of wind. The sun breaking through the clouds gave a dazzling effect to everything in the area. As one looked about him now, he saw that the grass was a much darker shade of green. The leaves on the trees no longer dropped wearily, but stood out straight, crisp, and fresh. Where the destructive forces of nature had just taken place, there remained not total chaos as would be expected, but a cleanly washed world, ready to meet the next storm of life.

- Tom Stanford

#### OF WHAT VALUE?

With the last prayer given,  
The expensive housing will soon be equal with the dirt.  
The ladies in furs walk carefully  
To keep the heels from sinking into the earth.  
They carry dry handkerchiefs.

The close ones see more.  
They think not of their shoes and their handkerchiefs are not dry.  
They almost don't see the flowers,  
But they feel the pain of the empty truth and the ironical wealth.  
The question echoes "Why life?"

The home is open.  
The table is spread by the hands of friends,  
The drinks are poured.  
The friends stay and their glasses are full again.  
Now they are laughing.

The close ones see more.  
They don't want more wine because they are already filled with new thoughts.  
The years of earning are past now.  
The rugs are worn but can't be replaced for they had cost too much,  
And so also the life.

Judi Cross



## THE REWARD OF SUFFERING

**C**an one find joy in times of suffering? I have never pleaded for temptations and trials, but yet my desire is to be as similar to Christ as I can, and to radiate that likeness. If I want to be like Him, I must accept "the fellowship of his sufferings." As the Bible teaches, a committed Christian should find a source of joy in testings, for he is then a "partaker of Christ's sufferings." Christ was tempted in the areas of His most insistent desires. Likewise, am I. When He was hungry, He resisted the evil proposition of the devil to satisfy His need. When He did not desire to die on the cross, through prayer, He ultimately accepted the will of the Father. In a similar manner, when I am tempted, I can be like Him. As He struggled, so do I, and as He conquered, so can I. Since my goal is to be like Jesus, I can rejoice in any experience in which I am a little bit like my Lord.

- Pat Whitting



## REFLECTIONS OF A RABBIT

Happiness is being picked for a part in the third grade play. This was my feeling exactly. That is, until I discovered I had to be a rabbit. My hopes for glory in "Snow White and Rose Red" diminished rapidly. No longer did I dream of wearing flowing gowns and actually speaking to the most popular boy in the third grade. Instead, I concentrated on helping my mother with the most realistic rabbit costume in existence. I thought it might improve my status with the stars of the play.

Everyone in the school knew of the production. At recess, complete strangers came to me and asked, "Are you in the third grade?"

"Yes."

"Are you in Miss Harmon's room?"

"Yes."

"Are you in the play?"

"Yes, I am."

"Really? What part do you have?"

"I'm a rabbit."

"Oh," they said condescendingly, "that's nice," and wandered away. There I stood while Snow White attracted a crowd of admirers.

Dress rehearsal came entirely too soon. The humans tried to learn their parts at the last minute while we animals had a conference of our own. Our hopping was not what it should have been, so we rehearsed. I immediately managed to hop on the end of a raccoon tail. Unfortunately, the raccoon hopped at the same time, and off came the tail. Nobody found this quite as hilarious as I did. Suddenly the only sound in the hall was my gasping laughter, as everyone stopped to stare at the errant little rabbit. As the dwarf, my idol,





glared at me. I felt hurt. Didn't he realize that rabbits had emotions too? That was my last chance to impress the cast with my ears that actually stood up.

We forest friends nervously waited for our cue that big day. When it came, everyone scurried to be first in line. I squatted, hung my hands in front of me, summoned my rabbit smile, hopped through the door, and immediately toppled to one side. That was the last time I looked for my mother in the audience.

I blissfully hopped to the other side of the room, where I watched my dwarf. Accidentally, his flowing white beard which was pulled off sent me into another paroxysm of laughter. I calmed down in time to see the last animal disappear through the door, leaving me stranded. The embarrassed stare of the dwarf followed me around the log, across the room, and out the exit.

Following my disastrous performance, I imagined every opened mouth was uttering degrading statements, for instance "Did you see that dumb little rabbit that wrecked the play? She couldn't even stay on her feet. Why, my Johnny had his part memorized perfectly, and that rabbit couldn't even hop," or "How could anyone laugh when that poor little dwarf lost his beard?"

This experience ended my flirtation with dramatics. No amount of consolation made me willing to exhibit my social charm and bunny-like poise a second time.



- Marilyn Kish



## THE FLIGHT OF THE SPELLING BEE

**S**elf-assurance might be said to be comparable to salt on a slice of cold turkey. A piece of cold turkey without it has a flat taste, and one senses a lack of something in its flavor; and yet an overdose will cause a bitter taste and leave the partaker with a sense of disappointment at what should have been a delightful snack. One might connect with this analogy the old axiom, "pride goeth before a fall." Perhaps my first encounter with the pitfalls of being too sure of oneself could be traced to a singular incident in sixth grade.

The incident was what is commonly referred to as a "Spelling Bee." In the grammar school which I attended there was an annual Spelling Bee for the fourth, fifth and sixth grades. This Spelling Bee took the form of a contest, with each class in the school choosing three contestants to compete. Each year this was looked forward to, by the contestants because there were usually fine prizes to win, by the rest as a symbol of class superiority or inferiority.

It was winning this contest to which I aspired, although in the sixth grade I did not know what it meant to aspire. In my class the three chosen ones to represent the class were selected by a series of approximately twenty intra-class Spelling Bees. The ones who were consistently the last ones to misspell a word would participate in the intra-class competition.

It was probably in these intra-class events that my confidence grew to a peak nearing cockiness, for it would hardly be exaggerating to say that I won perhaps sixteen of the twenty contests. Thus, as I neared time for the contest, my self-assurance grew swiftly, for not only was I convinced of my own superiority in spelling, but it had become an accepted belief of my class that I would win the big contest.



When the day finally arrived, several hundred grammar school students crowded into the school's auditorium. Seated on the stage with the rest of the sixth graders from my class and others, I impatiently and very nervously waited through the time it took for the fourth and fifth grades to finish.

At last the moment was there, and we stood in a line at the edge of the stage while the judge went down the line asking each contestant to spell a certain word. My turn came, and the judge said, "Number six, spell Kindergarten."

Something hit me in the stomach, and suddenly all the interesting things I had ever done in my life began to flash before my eyes. A few seconds passed, and the judge, anxiously now, requested me to go on. Hastily, I shoved my hands into my pockets so no one could see me counting "Eeny, meeny, miny, moe" on my fingers, breathed a short but desperate prayer, and..."K...I...(a pause)...D-N-E-R-G-A-R-T-E-N."

The dismayed groan from my class section told me, even before the judge, that Gayle S. Haskell, (S for Spelling), had misspelled his first and last word for that contest. Slowly, I shuffled my way back to my seat on the stage and sat there alone for history's longest Spelling Bee wishing all the time that I could die and go to that great Spelling Bee in the sky. The ending of the contest came as a great relief, with the added humiliation of seeing a mate, a boy whom I had beaten many times, winning the match.

Perhaps it would be honest to say that if the incident had ended there, this event would have had little meaning and today would most likely have been forgotten. It was the subsequent days of being ignored while the other boy was the class hero, and I was left to ponder the fickleness of people, especially Spelling Bee fans, that seemed to press the incident into my memory. It was this steppingstone, therefore, in my life which taught me two valuable lessons; never again to take anything for granted, and become so sure of myself that I was "Primed for a fall," and never to spell kindergarten, "Kidnergarten" again.

- Gayle Haskell





There may be love without  
happiness, but there is never  
happiness without love.

"La Femme et la  
Fidélité"



The way of a

*Karen Rowley*

man with a maiden...





## GIVE OF YOUR BEST

**R**ecently I had the privilege of working as a teacher's aide in the Head Start Program, which is set up by the federal government for underprivileged children. Although Head Start lasted for a period of eight weeks, Monday through Friday, from eight o'clock A.M. to twelve noon, there was a certain five minutes of one of those days which I will never forget.

It was the last week of Head Start as little Karen, one of our Head Starters, was standing at the easel board painting a picture. I started towards her to see if she needed any help and to offer words of encouragement. I walked beside her, folded my arms, and looked at her.

Although I will never know what prompted me, one second later I looked from her to another child and then to another. As if I had never heard it before, all the children seemed to be either talking or laughing as they played with the toys Head Start provided. Mysteriously my mind reverted to that first day of Head Start when the children entered our cheery room as if they were going to be spanked for some wrong deed they had done. Their long faces, quiet play, and tearful eyes then did not match their smiling faces, jabbering mouths, and clamorous play now!

My eyes wandered to Connie as she was piling the blocks one on top of the other. In the beginning of the summer I remembered her mother warned us about her quietness at home. Even if company was present Connie would hide in her room. Her first day in Head Start she was withdrawn and quiet. But now, Connie sat piling up her blocks. As she gabbed to Michael, she warned him that he had better not knock them down.

"Hey, quit doing that!" shouted Brian. Brian—dear Brian—a smile came to my face. There would always be Brian who was a natural leader in all activities, good or bad.



Although, in the beginning, Brian was the child who did not care for authority which forced him into being a follower. But again the tables had turned. Although he would be punished for some of his actions, it seemed only yesterday when I heard him say at the snack table as we were preparing to eat, "Miss Dubs, sit beside of me."

Then Sandy's little blond head bending down as she was putting a puzzle together, caught my eye. Sandy always turned down any affection shown or given to her. Yet she was a likable child. I vividly remembered how she had made her first appearance. She walked into the room and stood six inches from the door, plastering herself against the wall. Begging, pleading, and almost bribing would not release her apathy towards us, or the children, or, in fact, the entire program. Time had almost erased Sandy's rebellion. Although she still resented some things, she had made friends with the other children and learned to do different independent activities. She would even take my offered hand and hold it tightly in her's.

I had just lived five unforgettable minutes. I realized how important it is to give of myself, not for any reward or glory, but because Someone once gave Himself for me.

I guess I had stood there for a long five minutes because Karen was tugging at my elbow. She had finished her picture and wanted me to unbutton her paint shirt so that she could take it off. Looking down at her, I saw her face forming a shy smile while I helped her. I returned a smile that was meant for every child to see, if anyone was looking at that special moment.

- Toni Dubs



## TYPES OF HAPPINESS

There are many, many kinds of happiness. One type of happiness comes from within me when I have created something that I feel has beauty and meaning—perhaps a poem or a painting. I like the feeling of clay oozing through my fingers; I like to roll it, cut it, piece it together; I like to break it down and build it up again. Though my finished creation never even remotely resembles a creation of one of the old masters, still I feel akin to those long-ago workmen of the Old World. I feel a pride in my work, just as they did, and this makes me happy.

There is a feeling of happiness that comes from without. When I am discouraged or disappointed in life, I go for a walk. It is in Nature that I again find a reason and a pattern for life. It is when I am alone, lying in the grass and listening to the lazy summer sounds, or out walking in a drizzly spring rain, or watching the snow fall softly on a still winter night, or shuffling through the crisp autumn leaves, that I suddenly realize one doesn't need wealth to be happy. A strange feeling travels through my whole body, a sort of tickling sensation that tells me I am happy.

There is a feeling of happiness created for me by other people when they do something for me that they don't have to do but do anyway because they like me. Happiness can come from people that I don't even know. A smile from someone I meet on the street or a pleasant word from a store clerk can make me happy for the rest of the day.

I also feel happy when I do something to make others happy, when I make my parents proud of me, or when I do a favor for my sister.

These are only a few of the feelings of happiness I have had, and these are only momentary. Somehow I feel as though there lies ahead in the future a different type





of happiness—a more mature, more complete happiness. I believe it will occur as a more continual state, with more or less intense periods. I feel as though all I am doing now is working toward this goal, that I will achieve this goal only after I have become something and have made some contribution to Mankind. I think I will have achieved happiness when I am devoting my time to something that is both worthwhile and enjoyable to me.

- Donna C. Keene

A Thought:

Don't parents know that gifts are more important than food on Christmas morning?

- Arles Symonds





## LOVE WITHOUT HAPPINESS

**L**ove is nearly always accompanied by happiness. I remember the first time I fell in love. He was tall, blond, and talented, and through my seventh grade wisdom, I decided he was the one for whom I had been waiting. Although he was a senior, and I was just beginning my junior high school years, I had always felt that I wanted an older man. That sublime happiness with its agonizing ecstasy rapidly evolved into true love. I was nearly ready to present him with my qualifications, offer myself as his servant, and proclaim my readiness to live or die for him, when he confided in me of his soon-to-be-announced engagement. I was crushed and determined never again to seek happiness from seniors.

*- Pat Whitting*

## HAPPINESS, THIS IS HAPPINESS

**H**ey honey, are you all right? You sure look depressed. Come on, let's go for a long walk. So what if it is raining out? Rain never hurt anyone before. Let's go. You say it was a bad letter from your Mom? Look out for the water puddle, silly! You asked for it, how does it feel? Brother, are we soaked; nice to see you laughing."

Happiness comes in different forms. Like love and hate it is quite difficult to define. Each person, nevertheless, experiences it, and knows when it is there. It is quite a great feeling. It emerges from the depths of the soul; the warmth creeps up and bursts out wildly with a smile, a twinkle of the eye, and a certain glow in the face. Happiness, this is happiness.

*Karen Christy*



## REALIZATION

The one incident in my life that has touched me the most is one that happened this past summer. It took place while I was working at the Treasury Department in Washington, D.C. One never realizes how much of an impression one gives by the way one talks.

Within the Treasury building there was a snack bar which was run by the Washington Rehabilitation Center. The girl that worked there had been totally blind since birth. Yet, when I first met Peggy I had no idea that she was unable to see. There was something about Peg that was just so different that you would never imagine her being blind. She always had a smile on her face and she had an outgoing personality such as I would like to find in a blind person. My first day there I would not have known that Peg was blind if my boss had not explained it in her orientation for my job.

Having to get to work before 7:00 each morning, I would usually go to Peggy's stand for some juice and rolls. My first morning there I had stopped long enough to ask how she was and wish her a good day. During my break I again stopped for something to drink. To my surprise, on my second morning of work when I stopped at the stand to say "Hi", Peg didn't wait to hear what I wanted. She asked me if I wanted the same thing to eat as I had the day before. It was almost unbelievable that with all the hundreds of people that stopped at the stand each day she could remember my voice and my order of the day before.

After I had come to her stand for a few days, Peggy began asking me about myself and we became very good friends. At first I felt sorry for Peggy, but that soon changed. She had never been able to see any of the wonderful things that are in the world, but yet she had a magnificent attitude toward life. I began to admire her for the way she refused to feel sorry for herself. It made me ashamed to think of how many times I had gotten angry



at different things that had happened to me. Peggy once told me about her husband, who was very devoted to her. He often took her to the best places in Washington and treated her to the nicest of everything.

On my last day of work I went to tell Peggy goodbye, but I was too late. One of the girls in my office had already told her I was leaving. I didn't even get out "Hi Peg, how are you today?" before she was asking, "Is it true that you are leaving?" I just stood there for a couple of seconds, not knowing what to say. After I got the lump out of my throat, I told her it was true and I promised her I would write. I saw the tears begin to fill her eyes. She told me that she would miss me and that I had to come back to see her when I was home.

I never really realized how fortunate I am. There are so many things that I take for granted, such as my hearing, sight, and speech. I guess one never really does know how valuable something is until one loses it or until one meets someone like Peggy.

Mary Ann Wheeler





## THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

**I**n the shadows of dusk, the families began their walk from the village to the little white church nestled in the woods.

The children skipped gaily along, calling loudly to one another, for tonight they were to see the traditional Christmas story. The program began as usual with Mary Hansen portraying the Mother of Jesus, a part she had characterized for nearly twenty years. Joseph, or rather Andrew Jacobs, was beginning to show traces of silver gray in his scraggly beard. Also, the shepherds, wise men, and angels recited beautifully, for their parts were memorized from years of experience. Quietly, in the manger lay the little child who had been born just days before to the wife of the mayor of the town. As the words of the scripture were read a peaceful silence fell on the congregation. The pressures of the outside world seemed to fade with the knowledge that Jesus had come to bear their burdens. As the families trailed back to their homes, silence prevailed the air. The only sound was that of a child, crying.

- Pat whistling





## YOUNG LOVE

**S**omething told me that she wouldn't be able to find her way home, but when you're seven years old and in love, your heart won't listen to reason. My little sister Betty and I were visiting at a friend's house only about a block away from where we lived. It was the pretty, sunshiny kind of day that encourages romantic notions and young love. I endured it as long as I could, until I couldn't stand it any longer—I had to see HIM!

I asked my sister if she would like to see where my boyfriend from school lived. Since I was older and so much wiser than she, it was easy to talk her into taking the expedition with me. First we had to sneak home and get our dilapidated blue bicycle—the only mode of transportation available.

Eagerly we set off on our journey (at least I was eager) and were soon there, for he lived only a block and a half away. What a feeling surged through me when I saw the place—his house! I had had hopes that he would be outside playing, but he was nowhere in sight. Still I was happy to be on the street where he lived! It doesn't take much to satisfy you when you're in the second grade.

After we had pedaled past his house several times, my sister grew bored with the adventure and wanted to leave. Even though I knew that we had disobeyed by sneaking off and by riding the bike without permission, I couldn't make myself leave. I took Betty about a block nearer home and let her off. "Can you find your way home from here?" I asked.

She replied, "I think so."

So with my misgivings but even stronger pangs of love, I left my only little



sister alone in the big world so that I could ride by HIS house a few more times.

It certainly didn't seem long to me till I started home. Just as I was going to put the bike back and return to the friend's house, there was Mother waiting for me. All of all things, she asked me, "Where have you been?" It seemed that dear Betty, my little, defenseless sister, hadn't exactly known the way home and it had taken her a while to get back. I didn't know what to say. Surely I was justified in following my heart, but Mother wouldn't have understood all of that. I meekly answered, "I wanted to show Betty where my boyfriend from school lives."

Parents have their own special way of bringing home the fact that they should be obeyed. I learned a lesson on that sunshiny, romantic afternoon—never mess around with bicycles, or boys, or Betty's.

*Carol Kinder*





A Tribute to

Dr. Martin

Luther

King



A GLIMPSE OF THE FRESHMEN

Randy Abel "Silence is one of the arts of conversation."

Jim Ackerman "The world knows little of its greatest men."

Phil Adams "I'll tell the world."

Jim Allen "And the meek shall inherit the earth."

Sandy Anderson "The ability to see things the way they really are is a priceless gift."

June Andreotta "With a smile that was childlike and bland."

Dottie Appleton "She speaks what she thinks; no more, no less."

Lola August "A woman's own manner becomes her most."

Lenny Bell "Held fast in the fetters of love."

Donna Bennett "I chatter, chatter as I go."

Alfred Bishop "Strongest minds are often those which the noisy hear least."

Doug Blanchard "The wildest colts make the best horses."

Gary Blume "Speed is often regretted, silence is never."

Dave Bordon "To him was given so much, but to us he has given so much more."

Steve Bosquette "Like a good book, bound to please."

Elden Bosworth "A man of goodly parts and quiet sense."

Sharon Bowen "The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

Karen Bowley "But art, oh woman, is thine alone."

Bob Bradbury "A serious manner, a pleasant personality."

Sue Bradford "Life is one long giggle."

Nancy Bragg "She comes with a gust of laughter."

Bruce Brown "Every man is a king."

Dave Brown "The greatest hope of society is individual character."



Nancy Brown "A cheerful heart and a smiling face puts sunshine in the darkest place."  
Lorie Burnham "Quiet and unassuming."  
Carol Calder "Virtue is the performance of pleasant actions."  
Audrey Carvell "A sunny nature wins lasting friendships."  
Karen Ceferatti "Love makes the world go round; that's why I'm dizzy."  
Rachael Champion "Her life is a dwelling place for joy."  
Dave Chapman "A man may trust him with untold gold."  
Dana Cheney "A companion that is cheerful is worth more than gold."  
Dave Cherry "I do not believe in love at first sight but I sure take a second look."  
Marilyn Chessa "And mischief twinkles in her eyes."  
Karen Christy "She takes life as it comes."  
Nancy Clark "So much love and good will is contagious."  
Cathy Cleckner "A smile and a spatter of chatter."  
Jack Clifton "To love and to be loved is good."  
Priscilla Coe "And I will capture your minds with sweet novelty."  
Joan Cole "Life was always meant to be enjoyed."  
Linda Colflesh "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."  
Brenda Cookson "Friendliness is but one of her virtues."  
Ken Copeland "Noise is not necessary for success."  
Jim Copple "Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered."  
Shirley Cornell "Mirth is the medicine nature gave to man."  
Milca Costas "A storm in a teacup."  
George Costello "Many wonders there be, but nought more wondrous than man."  
Ralph Cresswell "To live without love is folly, and I'm no fool."  
Judy Cross "Every age has its pleasures, its style of wit, and its own ways."



Bill Dalesio "Friendship is purchased only by friendship."

Jack Davis "Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Celis Diaz "Out thoughts and our conduct are our own."

Ellen Dickson "The mildest manners, the gentlest heart."

Darlene Dillingham "Laughter 'round the eyes almost always means warmth of heart."

Tom Dixon "Tall of stature, pleasant of nature."

Fred Doornebos "Time is but a stream I go fishing in."

Toni Dubs "Nothing great is ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Sue Dunlop "She conquers who endures."

Paul Eddy "To know him once is to like him always."

Les Eldeen "A pleasant face, a cheery smile, gay and friendly all the while."

Denny Eller "One who does well the menial task does well at everything else."

John Estey "Knowledge to know, ability to do, and energy to accomplish."

Lois Enck "Those who embrace life will reap its rewards."

Ruth Fell "The better you know her, the better you like her."

Theron Flannery "I came, I saw, I played the saw."

Leah Fletcher "Her mirth is like a flash of lightning."

Mary Frantz "Anything for a great life."

Kathy Frawley "Cupid hath winged her."

Sharyn Freed "Jolly when it's time for fun, but ready for work when there's work to be done!"

Chris Frens "Music washes from the soul the dust of everyday life."

Dave Gagnon "Most great men are dead, or dying, and I don't feel so good."

Kathy Galford "Her cheerfulness has an incurable habit of breaking in."

Dave Garrison "A rose in a garden of girls."

Donna Garland "She looks on life with quiet eyes."





Chuck Gates "God hath blessed him with the fire of love."

Peggy Gibson "The smile on her face is only a mirror of her personality."

Vernon Gibson "Good humor is the health of the soul."

Alberta Gillespie "Pleasant to remember, impossible to forget."

Olive Girard "Life was made for laughter."

Cheryl Girton "A good nature is a key that fits many locks."

Janice Gleason "Ambition is the cross and torment of the ambitious."

Marvin Gough "Hard work means sheer success."

Sandy Gould "A ray of sunshine to all she meets."

Bert Grant "Silence is as deep as eternity."

Pat Gray "Liberty of thought is the life of the soul."

Bill Greene "Youth is no companion to worry."

Chuck Greenwood "Love thy neighbor, especially if she's pretty."

Donna Griffin "Her smile is a curve that sets many things straight."

Darlene Grote "Her thoughts have high aims."

Sue Groves "To live without loving is not really to live."

Susan Guppy "Occasionally seen, but seldom heard."

Anne Harvey "Always an opinion, always willing to help."

Gayle Haskell "Never say more than is necessary."

Lois Hassinger "With one smile she overthrows a city, with another a kingdom."

Myrna Hayes "Wit to persuade, beauty to delight."

Keith Hemmings "He lost his hair, but not his heart."

Bob Henning "He dabbles in everything from athletics to love."

Coleen Hepa "When your work speaks for itself, don't interrupt."

Young Sun Her "Education has for its object the formation of character."

Jim Hinman "He's bashful in his own bold way."



Roy Hollis "The good and wise lead quiet lives."

Karl Horner "There are always two sides to an argument—mine and the wrong side."

Glenn Houseman "Love is full of woes, and yet such joys."

Carole Hubbard "A woman's own manner becomes her most."

Theresa Jacobs "Blondes always have you at a definite disadvantage."

Rita Jennings "Perfection is the child of time."

Eleanor Johnson "A soul that is friendly and a heart that is warm."

Leon Johnson "Adventure is not outside the man, it is within."

Nancy Johnson "Genius is only a pastime."

Rosie Johnson "Sweet of temper, kind of heart, always willing to do her part."

Dan Joyce "He seldom spares his flood of talk."

Betty Lou Keen "She looks shy but don't let that fool you."

Donna Keene "Artists have a beauty that no one else can claim."

Carol Kinder "Without music life would be a mistake."

Marilyn Kish "With will one can do anything."

Ron Knee "A great deal is often done quietly."

Gary Krlin "Stature does not make the man for I am proof of that."

Dave Tarsen "Quietness has its own charms."

Faith Lawrence "One learns not only in school but in life."

Barb Lincoln "An unextinguished laughter shakes the skies."

Russ Long "Wit is the only wall between us and the dark."

Ken Lord "If music be the food of love, play on."

Lowell Martin "Studious of ease and fond of humble things."

Ruben Martin "The greatest admiration gives rise not to words but to silence."

Joe Matus "His limbs cast in manly mold."



Joe Mazzei "The quiet man has his own appeal."

Rick Melder "A smile for every boy and two for every girl."

Cathy Mihill "Through everything, a good spirit."

John Miloservois "It matters not how a man dies but how he lives."

Karl Molner "Nature is the master of talents, genius is the master of nature."

Dale Moore "No man e're was glorious who was not laborious."

Ruth Moore "Let all things be done decently and in order."

Beverley Morgan "There is no past, so long as books shall live."

Sharon Murphy "A sunbeam with a smile in her eye."

Janice Narlee "Perseverance is the path to greatness."

Ray Negley "Intelligence is like a river, the deeper it runs the less noise it makes."

Marilyn Newman "Virtue is the performance of pleasant actions."

Becky Nichols "The best way to lengthen the day is to steal a few hours from the night."

Bill Nielson "Nothing succeeds like success."

Ruth Nixon "Like a candy bar—short and sweet."

Shirley Nortz "Music is well said to be the speed of angels."

Sherry Oliver "There's a sparkle in her eye and one on her finger."

Gail Overton "Happiness is the harvest of a quiet eye."

Cleo Papavizas "Calm and steady, cheerful and true."

Dale Parry "A man that has friends is never a failure."

Preston Pennington "If it can be done, he'll do it."

Jay Peters "He speaks not, yet there lies a conversation in his eyes."

Rod Peterson "The actions of men are like the index of a book, they point out what is most remarkable in them."

Peter Petiaitis "The way to be happy is to make others so."

Eileen Platt "A willing helper and does not wait until she is asked."





Cathy Poydar "Silence may do good and can do little harm."

Jack Preston "There never was a saint with red hair."

Sue Putnam "Cheerfulness is natural to her heart."

Donna Raabe "A lot of mischief, fun, and noise."

Ted Raabe "Work fascinates me, I could sit and watch it for hours."

Cathy Reed "A soft answer turnth away wrath."

Dan Roach "His heart is as light as his hair."

Marianela Rodriguez "Her heart is like the moon, there's a man in it."

Ed Roth "Quiet persons are welcome everywhere."

John Ryans "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Carl Satta "Only he who gives happiness deserves happiness."

Debbie Schubert "I am part of all that I have met."

John Scott "Purpose is what gives life a meaning."

Stan Seaton "Sigh no more, my ladies, sigh no more."

Dave Shafer "Ready to go, ready to serve."

Tom Shaffer "Safety lies in the middle course."

Ron Sheban "It is good to live and learn."

Les Shinaberry "Men of few words are the best."

Jerry Shotts "A man's action is only a picturebook to his creed."

Donna Shugrue "Each mind has its own method."

Carl Siefken "There's a place and means for every man alive."

Silvia Silva "In the quiet she came walking."

Brenda Smith "A light heart lives long."

Tim Smith "Quiet and rather small, but a twinkle lies behind it all."

Karen Snell "Keep smiling—it makes people wonder what you've been up to."



Joan Snow "Silence never portrays you."

Dave Spangler "His wit is not lost in his length."

Sharon Stafford "Why take life seriously? You'll never get out of it alive."

Rosemary Stagg "Happiness is my supreme reason for existence."

Glenn Stahl "He is truly a gentleman."

Tom Stanford "Studies make the man."

Ron Stanley "Nothing common is worthy of you."

Ann Lynn Steffler "Full of pep, push, and go—that's why people like her so."

Pam Sterling "A smile plus efficiency is the ticket to success."

Bob C. Stewart "Sometimes quietness is the zest of personality."

Bob W. Stewart "Rather shy, very bright, nice to all and most polite."

Mark Stinson "Though size and weight he small, friendliness compensates all."

Gene Stover "Life without spirit is no life at all."

Don Straite "A man of hope and forward looking mind."

Nancy Swan "The way to be happy is to make others so."

Lynn Sykes "The world is made up of two classes—the hunters and the hunted."

Arles Symonds "A cheerful smile and a pleasant disposition."

Karen Tenny "There is likewise a reward for faithful silence."

Jennie Terminiello "She was born with the gift of laughter."

Jeff Therrien "A good nature is a key that fits many locks."

Don Thomas "The force of his own merit makes his way."

Ken Thomas "Every man is the architect of his own fortune."

Carolyn Titus "Her friendliness will score a goal any day."

Sue Vecchione "The Hand that made her fair, hath made her good."

Mike Vetros "As large as life and twice as natural."

Phyllis Viccione "A female athlete who has stood the test and still stands out among the best."



Judy Warren "As effervescent as an Alka-Seltzer."

Barry Weiss "Every man should measure himself by his own standards."

Walter Welch "What is to be, is bound to be so nothing ever worries me."

Mary Wheeler "Good things come in small packages."

Don White "The only way to live is for the present."

Pat Whitling "For they can conquer who believe they can."

Chuck Whittington "If having fun is a crime, he'll serve a life sentence."

Joyce Widowfield "Neat, sweet, and hard to beat."

Joe Wiley "Softly speak and sweetly smile."

Kay Williams "Life without laughter is like a lamp without light."

Marie Wilson "If we're going to do it, then let's do it right."

Larry Woods "Life is a joke that has just begun."

Jill Yeates "The lady of beautiful face, needs neither gauds nor turquoise ring."

Margaret Yeo "Conversation is one of the greatest pleasures of life."

Sally Zellers "She made the world a friendly place by showing it a friendly face."

Barry Zimmerman "Quiet in manner, resolute in deed."



# Superlatives

Most Likely to Succeed



Bill Nielsen

Janice Glaxan





# Best-Looking



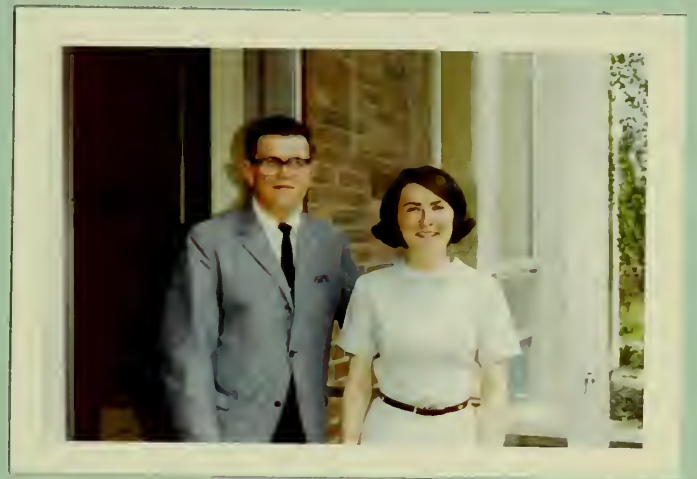
Joyce Whitcombfield

Stan Seaton

# Most Courteous

Kita Jennings

Dale Parry





# Farrist



Nancy Bragg

Dave Gagnon

# Most Talented

Carol Kinder

Ken Lord





# Friendliest



Debbie Schubert

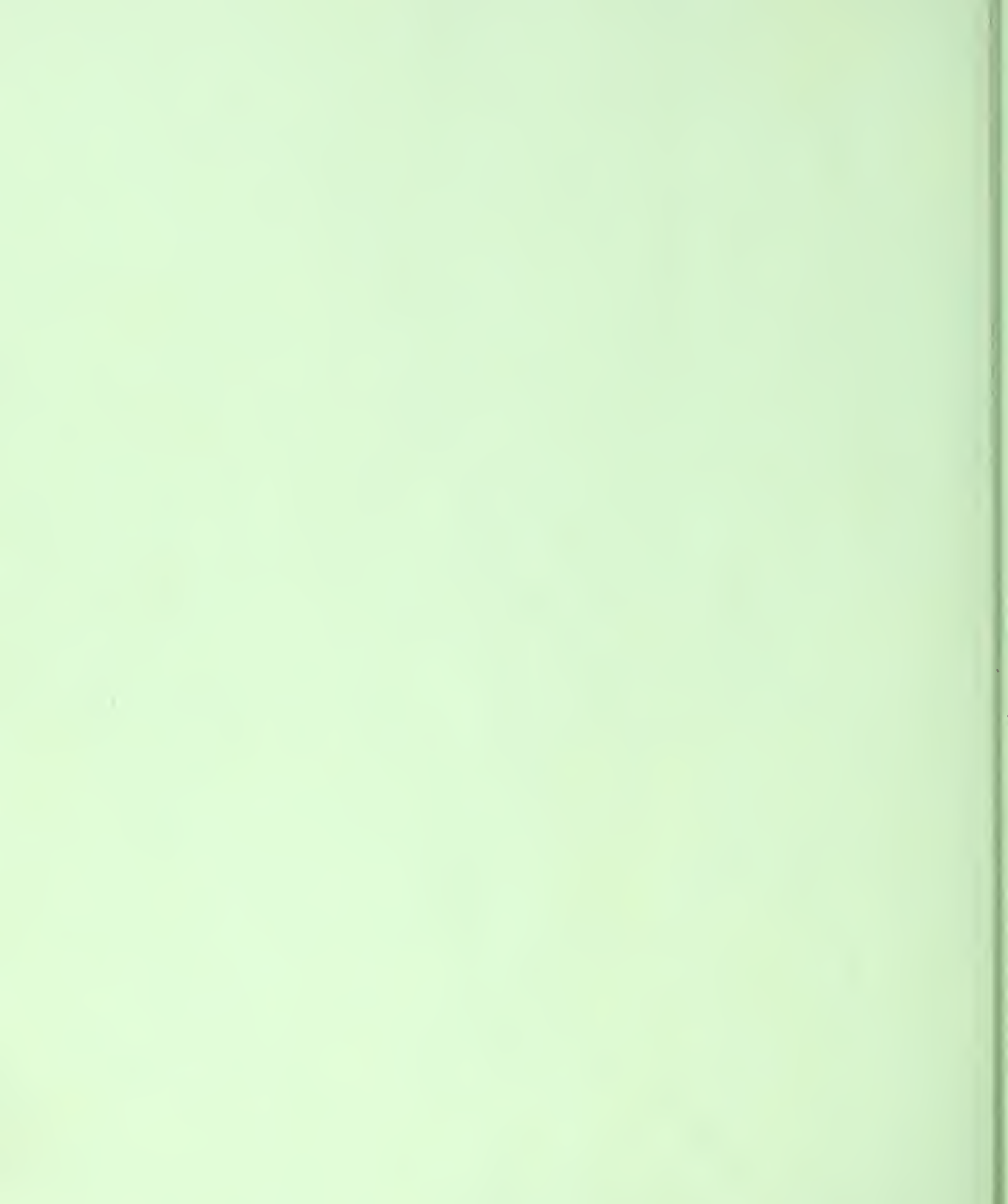
Dale Parry

# Most Athletic

Phyllis Dickson

Bob Henning







# Most Talkative



Cathy Cleckner

Barry Weiss

# Wittiest

Nancy Bragg

Dave Cagnoni

































