

GREEN BOOK

1966



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The GREENBOOK

Being

A Book

Of

Compositions

By

The Freshman Class

Of

Eastern Nazarene College

1966

Dedication



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



In

Dedication

To one who has taught us how to speak and be heard;
who speaks silently with her Christian life;
who attains new heights and stops to help others
along the way--

We, the 1966 GREENBOOK staff dedicate this book to

Dr.

Louise

Dyggoski

The Greenbook Staff

would like to express their appreciation

to our advisor and professor

Alice Spangenberg

for her timely help and understanding

in the compilation of

this year's Greenbook.

The staff would like to thank

Mr. John MacDonald

of the Bay State Bindery

for his interest and assistance

in the publishing of the Greenbook.

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Editorial

A

ll rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full." This is our theme for this year's GREENBOOK. We have divided our book into five rivers: Environment, Experience, Religion, Knowledge, and Society. Each of these rivers runs into the sea, the Sea of Life. Let us consider this for a moment.

We are each sailing in our own ship on this sea. As we move down the sea we don't notice each separate river as it flows before us. But yet each river needs to be considered by itself.

The River of Environment changes at times as it moves along. In the normal course of events people and places change. We as humans change as our environment and all it contains changes.

Experience is known to be the best teacher. We encounter experiences of all varieties in our every day living. These shape us, mold us, tear us down, and build us up. Experiences come in many shapes and sizes as the rocks in a river but they all play an important part in making us whole people.

The River of Religion plays a vital role in our sea of life. We have to believe in something to exist. Most of us have been taught to believe in One Supreme Being. And we have been shown what a personal encounter with a Living Savior can do for us. We sometimes run into cross-currents in our sea. But if we turn the helm of our ship over to the One who can do all, He guides us over the bounding waves and steers us around the hidden dangers.

The River of Knowledge widens as it runs into the Sea of Life. It starts the day we are born. And it never really ends even after it goes

into the sea for we are constantly learning. We here at E.N.C. are fortunate in being able to further our education. But what we are really learning is how to put our newly acquired knowledge and that which we have already learned to the best use we can. The River of Knowledge flows continuously.

Finally, the River of Society is made by each of us. We are all humans, made by the same Creator but all made differently. We live our own lives but yet we are dependent on each other. At times this river runs smoothly and at other times it is a rushing torrent. We learn what course our ship should follow for each personality we meet.

"Yet the sea is not full." This sea is the most modern thing we have today. At the next port we may run into difficulty or pleasure but we as freshmen at E.N.C. in 1966 are learning to be the whole person we should be as we sail on the Sea of Life.

Sharon Townsend
Sharon Townsend, Editor

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Environment

DAIRIK WATHIR

It was a still, dark night. There was a cool breeze blowing.

The water of the bay was black and deep. All around me was the rippling, dark bay. The small fish broke the surface of the water, glided through the air, and sank back into their inky homes. Though all around me was this peacefulness, the stillness of the night made me shudder. The great expanse of water seemed to surround me and make me its prisoner. With the coming in of the tide, the water drew closer and closer to me, cutting me off from the land. I knew I had to get back to the shore or I would be lost in the deep blackness of the bay. As I ran toward the shore, I felt the icy water at my feet and realized the terror of being taken by the sea.

Kay Foote

THE SEA

It was such a beautiful way to end the day.... to walk along the seashore and gaze out on the horizon. I have walked and watched this old sea for many years. I feel as though I know her as an old friend. Yet I never cease to be amazed by her ever-changing temperament. One hour she may be calm and tranquil and the very next hour become a sea of raging fury.

Perhaps my favorite time to be near her is in her raging fury. It is then she displays her real inward self that can only be understood by those who dearly love her. It is now that I feel my deepest love for her as I stand watching her take out her anger on the rocks that line her shore. She seems to fall as though the rocks have taken her freedom. I can see she longs to tear at their sides so that she might be free to roam elsewhere, perhaps then to find peace.

I can't help feeling pity as I see her beat upon rocks time and time again, only to fall back bruised and defeated. Yet I know it is not her fault that she relentlessly throws herself against the rocks that tear and cut her flesh. It is the turbulence which lies within her and the constant pressure of her external surroundings. What a chaotic life she must lead, seeming constantly to be in a state of turmoil.

Even though some days she ceases to take her spite out on the rocks and her surface is calm, just under her surface is turmoil and unrest. The sad thing is, she will never change.

If she were to flow into a reservoir, I know she would change; she would find peace. Though a reservoir is deep, it is calm because

it is protected on all sides; the protection impedes the tormenting external forces. But I know my dear sea would never consent to be a reservoir; she would have to give up too much of herself.

Sharren Shelton

Dawning

T

he sun appeared in all its splendor over the horizon. The light pinks, blues and reds seemed to blend together to a form of colored picture in the sky. The only sound heard was that of the waves lapping gently against the shore. The water sparkled as the first of the sun's rays hit it. The sky and the earth seemed to blend into one. Some birds soaring overhead looking for food while other birds on shore were singing of the new day. The trees stood glistening with early morning dew. The sand was damp to the touch. The dew was still sparkling on the grass in the early morning light. On land a man left for work and a dawning of a new day began.

Susan Hopcraft

NIGHT FACES

One of my favorite hobbies is that of "people watching." When I am at home I like to attend an evening concert and, sitting back, watch the audience as it arrives.

I see a middle-aged couple coming in now. Perhaps they are celebrating their anniversary tonight by going to dinner and then this concert. They look at each other as if to say, "Tonight is ours and the music is just for us."

A group of high school seniors now enter. They look so grownup in their evening clothes. They have rather serious looks on their faces tonight; they are here on assignment and they prepare to take notes to report back to choir class.

Seating himself now is a man who might be a salesman. He sits in a reflective mood, knowing his work is done for the week and preparing to relax and enjoy himself for an evening of song.

Against the back wall I see framed in the entrance a young boy and girl, hesitating a little as if neither was certain of which direction to take. Reaching a mutual agreement they take their seats for the evening. The look on their faces is the look of youth "turned toward the future yet unblemished by the past."

As I look around me I see a mother trying to control a squirming eight-year-old whom she has brought to be influenced by the cultural night. On her face is a look of patience and forbearance.

The box seats this evening hold some very fascinating people, one of whom is an influential society woman. Her looks and manner are sophisticated, and she views the crowd almost with disdain.

At last the maestro of music for the evening steps upon the stage. His look is that of a showman: proud, haughty, and full of assurance. He lifts his baton, and the many faces and looks of the audience become one, that of enchantment as they are transported into the magical world of music.

Sharon Townsend

PEOPLE

Have you every sat in the library and watched the people? I mean just sat there and looked around. That is almost an education in itself.

After scientifically running this experiment several times, I have come to the following conclusions through diligent observation: Three kinds of people come to the library--those who study, those who intend to study, and those who don't study.

Those students who come to the library to study are always very easy to distinguish from the others. They have a certain determined, do-or-die look about them. Heading straight for the back of the library, they sit facing the wall, preferably in an isolated corner, purposefully open their books, and are lost in the thoughtful recesses of their minds.

But not everyone is so dedicated. The students who intend to study just haven't quite the intense, determined look the first type have. As they enter the library, they gaze around, looking for a friend to sit with. (Even though they, too, might face the wall, in doing so they often face a friend.) It's a pity that good intentions are easily forgotten, for, alas, the book is opened, but they don't remain lost in thought very long. Other sounds and thoughts creep in. It's much more interesting to talk to the one on the left or right or across the table. The fact that the chemistry isn't being studied or the calculus problems are not done is frequently lamented. Of course, one may learn the latest gossip or get a date to the big party, but the studying remains unfinished despite good intentions.

Those students who come to the library not to study, open the door and walk in with a definite swagger. They cast their eyes about seeing where they can see the prettiest girls or the handsomest guys. Naturally a seat facing the door about in the middle of the room is the best vantage point. That way these students can have a good view of everyone who comes and goes. Sitting down, they half-heartedly open a book, flip through the pages, look up as someone walks by, flip a few more pages, glance at the door, and go through this procedure several times. They may even go to the card catalogue to make their stay seem meaningful. But all they accomplish is an interesting evening doing nothing.

As I sat in the library, almost laughing to myself, the thought came to me that life would be terribly dull without other people to provide a side show. Then, I wondered, do other people ever consider me a source of free entertainment?

Carol Wright

THE WILDS

As I awakened to the soft music flowing from the speaker, I realized a new day was unfolding. Outside the birds were singing merrily, ushering in the new day. In the distance the water in the stream, constantly splashing against the rocks, seemed to be beckoning me to arise for a new day was here. Not wanting to leave the confines of my bed, I lay there lazily absorbing these sounds of the morning. And for one brief moment I was brought back to reality by the stern, loud shouting of the councillor's voice warning of duties and roll call. The sun was just peeking over the crags of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. The morning fog, like a white scarf, clung to the mountains and rays of light filtered through like fingers. The grass was wet with the new morning dew and the signs of the night life were imprinted in it. The rabbit, deer, and other little animals who had visited the night before had melted back into the forest primordial. The pines and maples blowing in the morning breeze were reaching out to us, beckoning to us to save our wild-new wilderness, our woods from exploitation. It felt good to breathe the fresh clean, unpolluted air that is not prevalent in urban areas of the country; to look over the horizon and see no signs of human life for miles around, no slums nor industry. Away from the turbulence of the city, the stress of everyday life, I never realized such peace and beauty existed; that it could almost be a welcome experience to awaken to such serenity, to receive such a sense of well-being, to be glad to be alive, and to be able to absorb all this glory.

Man's omnipresent hand had not reached out into this wilderness. This inspiration gave me a new insight. If people were allowed to build where all these natural monuments are, there would be no nature, only a country of steel, cement, and smoke. What can be done about this corrosion of wild life? The government has set aside land not to be used for development. But there are not enough of these parks and conservatories for wild life. Because of the steady population explosion, and the need for more housing, slowly before our eyes this frontier is being taken bit by bit.

No matter what science or industry achieves, nothing can compare to the beauties of nature; beauty and the majesty of perfection which God has created.

Francis Cuchiari

THE CORNER

My roommate's side of the room is so often in such an interesting state of being that we, my other roommate and I, decided it was worthy of a title. Being rather unoriginal, we quickly came up with the name "Farren's Corner."

"Farren's Corner" is composed of two corners and the connecting wall. Along this wall and in the right corner is Farren's bed. Along this wall and in the right corner is Farren's wall. If the wrinkles are any indication of age, this bed must have been created on the "eight" day. The spread looks as though it fled from the pillow and huddled itself at the foot of the bed, ready, at the slightest impulse to leap to the floor. The pillow and sheet look like "before" on a washday laundry soap commercial.

Farren's desk, which stands next to the bed, is covered with a multicolored line that is a thick frosting of papers and books. This mess is closely guarded by an overlapping cyclops, the desk lamp.

In the left corner is Farren's closet. The shirts and pants form a colorful line that waits for one, then another of its various shaped numbers to be used. However, the closet seems to be rather sparsely populated. This is not because Farren does not own many clothes, but because he has a habit of leaving his clothes everywhere but where they belong. In fact the desk chair, decorated with two shirts, three socks, an a jacket that resembles a contortionist in action, looks more like a closet than a closet does.

The last piece of furniture is Farren's bureau, the floor. It is there that Farren keeps his socks, shoes, pajamas, "Sundies Undies",

and often a shirt or two. Those articles of clothing undoubtedly manage to get stepped on or kicked around, much to Farren's dismay. After all, he likes to keep things as neatly as possible.

Greg Markel

SOMERSET

Among the inhabitants of Somerset, only a few ever had their senses stirred or stimulated by the beauty of their town on a winter morn. Only a few ever had their eyes filled with the sights, their ears filled with the sounds, their nostrils filled with the air, or their hearts filled with the spirit of a winter morning on top of the Laurel Mountains of Pennsylvania. I was one of those few. As a morning newsboy, I was able to stand back and watch the town awake, stir its fires, and shovel its way to the office, to the garage, or to the school. I chose as my observatory a quiet clearing on the side of a hill overlooking the town.

As I stood on that spot one particular morning in early winter, the only signs of life that I could see were the milkman making his early deliveries and the cinder trucks preparing the streets for the day ahead. All else was still. The courthouse dome and the many chimneys which sent thin, shaky wisps of smoke into the crisp morning air reminded me of candles on a large white birthday cake. The new snow on the dull street lamps made them look like diamonds embedded in fluffy clean cotton.

I could detect the distant, muffled hum of traffic on the turnpike which passed near the edge of town. The slam of a door meant that a man was going to work the "early shift" or an energetic housewife was bringing in the milk before it froze. As the morning progressed and the sun began to appear in the clear eastern sky, I heard the hum of spinning wheels and the screech of a rapid reversal of gears above the clang of chains on the recently plowed streets.

As I stood there taking in the beauty and tranquility of the early morn, I found myself deeply inhaling and then reluctantly releasing the clean, fresh, cold air. It made me want to act, move, jump, run or even roll down the hill in that soft, fluffy snow.

I couldn't help feeling deep in my heart that there couldn't be a more pleasant spot on earth. As I glanced about me, I could find nothing hostile or unfriendly, nothing ugly or repulsive, depressing or disheartening. All seemed happy and gay. It seemed as if the spirit of Christmas was pervading the air. I wanted to linger on that peaceful spot but the tolling of the courthouse chimes caused me to realize that I would have to hurry to make it to school on time. As I hurried down the hill, I found it hard to imagine that I was becoming a part of that awakening populus--awakening to the beauty that surrounded them. Why? Because they failed to take the opportunity to stand back from the town and view their home on a calm, tranquil winter morning.

G. David Emmitt

CONFUSION

Confusion is a way of life in my house. This has always been accepted as a normal way to live until recently when a friend opened my eyes by making a gift of a sign reading "To avoid confusion: ALL TRAFFIC THIS WAY" with arrows pointing in every different direction. It was then that I started to compare the hectic excitement which usually prevails in my house with the more serene atmosphere of other homes. Next I tried to analyze why.

One reason might be the fact that my father has never been tied down to regular working hours. This means that any time he is in the mood to go somewhere or do something he just walks in the door and says, "Come on, we are going". It is a continual surprise to me that he hasn't been permanently discouraged because of what immediately follows this remark. Anyone wishing to see Webster's definition of chaos in action should watch my family prepare to go on an outing. Have I said enough?

Other reasons are a telephone that is almost never idle, combined with a family that would hardly ever consider answering the phone with a formal hello. Instead one hears anything from "Grand Central Station" to "Jake's Bar&Grille." If one of the numerous little boys who seem always to be going through the house should answer the telephone, one would hear, from a serious but childish voice, "Sheriff Joe's Office. " If the person calling wanted me, the answer might be "She is in jail for sixty days-call back".

My folks have always welcomed company. As a result the front door is almost as busy as the telephome. Discussions rage on almost every conceivable subject, and no one seems concerned that many sentences are never finished, much less even heard. Above the sound of voices one hears various rock and roll songs originating from transistor radios and record players. Oh, what blissful peace if there is a western on television to distract the small boys. Lacking this, one may be sure that they are either stalking some imaginary foe or the poor defenseless cat, deluding themselves into believing she is an elephant on a rampage.

Cleo, our beagle, is a restless soul, but can she be blamed? It seems as though she is always either at the front door barking to be let into the house or at the back door barking to be let out. The rest of the day she spends eluding the baby, who seems to be gleefully trying to shorten her tail or her ears.

The baby has fitted into the family perfectly. He seems to realize he must add his share to his mass confusion. If left unattended he heads for his older brother's room, where he proceeds to squeeze the turtle, taste the lizard, and overturn the bird cage.

Can anyone doubt that the sign has found its proper resting place?

Carol Gamble

SNOW

I t is dusk. The last rosy glow of the setting sun is beginning to fade into the night sky. The clouds creep across the sky--soft, fluffy, and grey.

Silence rules in the forrest. Sleep has stilled the singing of the chickadees and snowbirds, the chattering of the squirrels, the barking of the foxes, the scampering of the chipmunks, the honking of the pheasants. Even the owls are sleeping.

Noise rules in the city. Cars are honking, coughing, growling, squealing, purring. Shoppers whistle, sing, laugh, yell, while tramping, marching, strutting, or sauntering. Trollop roar, busses rumble, trucks chug.

It is evening now. The sky is dark. No moon or sparkling stars brighten the heavens. A cold, soft, white, fluffy thing falls slowly silently to the earth. Another falls, and then another. It is snowing.

Into the silent forest the snow flakes drift settling down ever so softly on tree, bush, animal, and earth. Snow frosts the forest, covering the bareness, the deadness, the dirt.

Onto the noisy city the snow flakes slowly, softly settle, like feathers shaken from a downy pillow. They melt on the street, the building, the sidewalks. They cling ever so gently to the shoppers hair, coats, mitten, whitening the hair, ornamenting the clothes. One flake brushes across a cheek, a nose, an ear and leaves a rosy hue behind. It is not long, though until the streets and sidewalks

are covered. Footsteps are no longer heard except for an occasional crunch. Everywhere the noise is muffled--silence almost reigns in the city.

Karen Doane

A Walk

We went for a walk in the park Sunday, the dog and I. It was late in the afternoon, and late in the year, too, for that matter, but there were compensations. The low sun covers more of your back after three o'clock, makes longer shadows, and the park is not so crowded--just a few old regulars: Mrs. Peabody, the old retired school-teacher; Mr. Stevenson, the lumberjack from Canada; and a few other younger couples. The dog and I knew most of them.

It was lovely out here, sort of away from the noise of the city and crowded sidewalks. We walked through the leaves, most of them very dry and crackly. We walked along the path by the lake and found a bench to sit on. I put Smoky on his long leash so he could explore the area. He poked around the leaves, followed a squirrel that cursed him, sniffed all the spots dogs always sniff, and met three other dogs, one very interesting and the other two far below his concern.

While we studied the ground and listened to the few noises, a squirrel chattering and few birds singing, I enjoyed the day--maybe the last one of this year. The low sun warmed one side of me and the lake breeze cooled the other, but by moving occasionally I was able to keep a comfortable balance. Sitting quietly I soaked up as much as I could of the vanishing autumn; enough for the long cold months of winter.

The lake was nearly calm, except for a few ducks floating around. The lake breeze stirred the last few reluctant leaves on the oak trees, and whistled in the pines at the other end of the lake. The leaves

gave the air a delicate dusty, musty smell, hard to separate from the thicker scent of cold water on wet pebbles. I envied the dog and his capacity to isolate and pick up all of the smells of his superior nose.

Passing strollers walked faster than they had all year, a few nodded their heads, but most walked straight by. Far down the lake shore that small flock of ducks took off, circled once over the little clearing, then disappeared in the sun--perhaps starting the first lap of their southward journey.

As if the ducks departure was a signal, the sun grew cooler and the breeze picked up and became downright cold. Reluctantly I called Smoky back to my bench, coiled his long leash and headed home, zipping my parka a little higher as we walked into the wind.

Yvonne Davis



BLACKOUT

The day was Tuesday, November 9, 1965. The time was about 5:30 P.M. Commuters were leaving Boston and students at Eastern Nazarene College were either eating, or had just finished their meal. Dressed in my sweat-clothes, I was preparing to go to the gym. As I was seated on my bed, my lights started to grow dim and then they suddenly brightened, blinked twice, and my room was plunged into total darkness. I thought a fuse had blown but after hearing screams from across campus, I noted the entire area in darkness. Turning on the radio, I soon discovered that all of Boston was also dark. No explanation could be given. For a moment I was afraid we were under a state of emergency alert. Then some friends came into my room and we settled down, in total darkness, to listen to the transistor radio for further reports.

Below my room, on campus, confusion reigned. Students ran, if they had flashlights, and groped along slowly if they had only moonlight to guide them. Throughout the campus malicious mischief took place and nothing could be done to restore order.

Then after two anxious hours, the news came that a "grid" had blown and light could be expected soon. The news was relieving. The fears of attack receded and we patiently awaited the return of lights.

As we sat in the dim light of a single candle, we talked about what had, and was, happening. Could it be that a large portion of the United States could be darkened with such ease? One of the fellows took the opportunity to chide those who took advantage of it only showing their contempt for others. It seemed that light would never return.

Our candle slowly melted away, and we knew just how important light and electricity were.

Then about quarter past nine, the lights came back on. Some of the greatest cities in the world had spent four feverish hours without light. As I prepared for bed, I thought how the situation had affected us. We are living in perhaps the most mechanized civilization the world has ever known, and in a matter of seconds, we could plunge into darkness and experience exactly what our forefathers had lived with daily. Without warning the "plug" could be pulled. Man's fallibility can never be forgotten, no matter what precautions are taken.

William Turner

LAST TRIP

About one month before I came to college, my oldest brother Terry and I took our last trip together. It seemed like one of the longest and most dreaded trips I have ever had to face; a terrible nightmare which in reality turned out to be a lost brother. The trip consisted of about one hundred thirty miles, but every inch seemed to be that much closer to eternal separation.

The nightmare began with the buzzing of the alarm clock at 4:15 A.M. We had to rise and shine immediately in order to get to Syracuse on time. Even before we could start, though, we had to help him pack. There was a deadly silence which infiltrated every room and surrounded everyone that morning. It was extremely apparent in Terry; he could hardly speak for fear his emotions might seep through his hard outer shell.

There he was ready to jump out of the plane at ten thousand feet into a maze of fire from Russian artillery. There he was, a horrified expression on his pale face, looking as if he had just met death face-to-face. His pulse quickened as he took the momentous step to the open door of the plane, for it was his turn to go out and try to defy death.

"Are you just about ready to go, Stephen?" Terry questioned.

"Sure, any time you are," I said.

I went out to start the car and give Terry a chance to say goodbye. I had just gotten to the car when he grabbed Mom, gave her a big hug and kiss and then said, "Goodbye, Dad." He made a last lonely dash for the car, tears filling his eyes so that he could hardly see.

He had to take time to compose himself right there while sitting in the driveway before he could even begin to drive.

He had a chance to compose himself while we drove the fourteen miles to get my girl Carol. He tried to talk, but ended up not saying a word. I could feel the tugging that was going on in his heart and mind. One was pleading for just one more day, while the other said, "No! It's now or never." I could feel his throat wrenching with emotions.

I would have given anything to take his place that day. Terry's dreading to leave so much really surprised me. Terry was not like that. Home was only a place to go when there was no other place to go.

By the time we reached Carol's house, Terry's emotions had subsided to the point that he looked presentable to other people. Now there was a period of talkativeness in which he tried to drown his feelings by keeping his mind occupied. However, he was unable to keep his feelings hidden and they were apparent in his conversation.

After a while there came a period of complete stillness. During that time it seemed that if a muscle was flinched, a glance or a move of any sort made, everyone in the car could sense it, to the extent that it was frightening.

Our conversation centered around the scenery on St. Lawrence University's campus, how it would be in a few weeks when I began college at ENC. He told me what to do with his old cars. We also talked about what he would be doing in a few hours.

I saw Terry sitting on his bed at night, waiting for light to go out, and thinking of home, of the friends he left, and of all the good times that were behind him. Then the dreary and sickening real-

ization of the situation he was in suddenly hit, and his emotions got the better of him

"We're just about there now," Terry said. We found the office building where he was to go, but because it was still early, we decided to look for a restaurant where we could get some breakfast.

In the restaurant we could not even talk without our emotions showing through. It was quite a breakfast indeed!!

"Well, let's get over there before the place is packed," he said.

When we went into the building, we stepped into a small room just in front of the elevator. A few people were beginning to appear now and were waiting for the elevators.

We had fifteen minutes yet before Terry had to join the ranks and leave ground floor. Not one of us said enough to fill a thimble for there was nothing to say unless we wanted to talk of his coming trip. There appeared on Terry's face a look of loneliness, and we had not even left yet. The elevator came to take more passengers. It was too much to wait out the last fifteen minutes of agony. So Terry said, "Well, shall see. Write often." He turned his back and took his place in the elevator. As he turned to face us once more, there came the look of a brave ten-year-old saying his last goodbye to his parents. The door closed. At that instant I thought my heart would stop.

When he said, "Well, shall see," there seemed to come a barrier between us that changed our brotherly relationship. Instead of breaking it down to something less, it seemed to build it to something with more meaning. My brother is now an Air Force man.

Stephen Bellinger

SIDEWALK

While I was thinking about some situation which makes my family unique, a car screeched to a stop in front of our house. Although such a sound might frighten most people, it hardly disturbed my train of thought. After a while I reflected that I hadn't even noticed the noise. Then I realized that one thing unique about my family is that in the past year we have witnessed more serious automobile accidents than most people ever have the misfortune to see.

Our house is situated at an extremely dangerous intersection on Route 28. Between Randolph and Milton Route 28 runs through the Blue Hills for three miles. The road is straight and very dark at night and it seems so desolate that few motorists travel under the 45 mph speed limit. Many speeders hardly notice the sign warning "signals over the hill." As they come over the hill into Milton, the traffic light at the corner looms up before them. If it is red some drivers manage to stop--panic stop--in time. Some are lucky that there are no cars in the intersection as they skid through. Others sound their horn with a prayer as they go flying by. Some are not so lucky.

Whenever there is an accident at night, everyone in the house is up. My father rushes to the window to see how many cars there were and where they landed. I fumble to find the telephone to call the police, provided the telephone poles weren't knocked down. Then I take the telephone downstairs because those still conscious often come in to make calls. Within a few minutes, four or five police cars are parked on our lawn as the officers attempt to extricate the passengers from the wreckage of their former vehicles.

The entire intersection is lighted by the blue and red beacons and the blazing flares warning other motorists. This scene continues for two or three hours until the wreckers have hauled away all the debris and everything is returned to normal.

Most of the people who enter our house to use the telephone are in a state of shock. I don't know how to describe the expression on the face of the teenager who wakes up his father after midnight and says, "Dad, I cracked up the car." All I know is that I'm glad I'm not in his shoes. Sometimes I prefer to leave the room when the situation is really tense, but I still remember the voice of the boy who called his girl friend's parents to tell them an ambulance was on the way to take their daughter to the hospital.

One of the strangest phenomena we have noticed in automobile accidents is the sound of two cars crashing. The first time I heard a head-on collision, I couldn't believe that was what the sound was. I had expected to hear some noise like steel striking steel, but instead I heard an explosion followed by the shattering of glass. One day I was in the garage when I heard a terrific thud. My first thought as I looked out and saw dozens of small animals--chipmunks, squirrels, rabbits, racoons--dashing for the woods was that the big oak tree had crashed through the roof above me. Before the dust had settled, my parents came running. They were afraid that the garage had blown up with me in it. We all realized that we had been mistaken when we ran into the open and saw a 1959 Cadillac pinned to a tree next to the driveway.

After living here for a few months we noticed a strange coincidence about accidents. Very rarely does only one accident occur in one weekend. They usually happen in pairs. One night not long ago, there was a two car

collision at midnight. By 2:30 AM the cars had been towed away, the glass had been swept up, and we finally settled down to try to get some sleep. I had just fallen asleep when I was literally shaken out of the bed by the thud of another collision. The car had gone through the traffic light and brought the telephone pole crashing down, just missing the house. Accidents usually do not come that close together, but if the night officer hears my voice on Friday night, he can often expect me to report another accident before Monday morning.

These and other strange events involving automobiles have occurred in front of our house which seems to be, as my mother says, in the middle of the Indianapolis Speedway.

Manuel W. Aran

CADDIE

My introduction to golf began on a warm, lonely summer day when I was thirteen. A pal said I could make some money carrying someone's golf clubs. Fine, I thought. I'll make enough to buy a pair of baseball spikes and a fielders mitt.

On that summer day I found my way to the Plymouth Country Club and entered a world of unbelievably clean grass on which men walked wearing red pants and white shoes and little white caps with the tops cut out of them. It was a polite, gentle world where, if you were in someone's way, they shouted "Fore!" instead of "Look out, buddy!"

On the first day I was directed to the caddie master who told me to go wait down in the caddie shack until I was called. Soon, I and a few others were herded down to the fifteenth green, where the caddie master was waiting. It was the first golf green I had ever seen, and I couldn't believe it was made of grass.

With the caddie master was a tall fellow of fifteen or sixteen, wearing a neat white cap and smiling confidently. He was a regular who demonstrated while the caddie master instructed us on the golf course behavior.

"All right, lad, pick up that bag and carry it to the clubhouse," shouted the caddie master.

He was looking right at me. I jumped up, hugged the bag of clubs to my chest with both arms, and began to walk away.

"You expect to walk four miles holding a golf bag like that?" he asked.

The bored regular caddie took the bag from me with one of those

grins the experienced have for their inferiors.

"Take the underside of the long strap in the bottom of your right hand....Swing the bag up and lay the strap onto you right shoulder....Move the bag horizontally along your backside....Hold the clubheads so they don't bang against each other....Don't forget it."

I didn't.

Each caddie had a number, the size of which was in proportion to his experience. My first number was twenty-nine. Out of thirty. It clearly marked my standing in the society of caddies. I was suddenly a "flytrap", a caddie who can't find the ball, steps on it when he does, and usually walks through a sand trap instead of around it. But I made progress. I memorized words like "birdie, whisker," and "hit it stiff." As soon as I heard them I tried to use them. I wanted to belong. Occasionally, I left myself open for a hail of criticism. When I found that my player was two up with two holes to go, I told the experienced caddies, "My man is stymied in his match." They laughed, sneered, and smirked at me. "He's dormied, flytrap. Stymie is when he has a tree-in front of his ball, or a dumb caddie like you."

I learned.

Then the inevitable happened; I became a golfer. A neighbor gave me some old wooden-shafted clubs that had moldered in his basement, and a stiff, narrow, round canvas bag. I couldn't put the clubs down. In the house I was making shreds of the family rugs while practicing my swing, and digging up the grass in the back yard on my chip shots.

We always made sure we caddied over the weekend, the busiest days, because that qualified us to be in on that most important day of the week, Monday-caddie-day. We didn't mind that we had to be off the course by noon, or that the markers were positioned way ahead of the regular teeing ground. We had a chance to play on the rich splendor of the country club. We had a chance to see how far we could hit it on the long fourth hole; what club we needed for the tough tenth; whether we could get home in two on the long par five sixteenth. We scattered over the course, hitting shots from every imaginable angle--and some unimaginable.

They were good days, those caddie days. There were interesting people and interesting events and an entirely new society I never knew existed. And I became a walker, which is the best way to see the world. I also found the true meaning of caddie. He is an extra pair of eyes to follow your ball, the fellow who knows every blade of grass on the course and shares his knowledge with you. He's the boy who puts back the golf course for you after an iron shot; who rakes sand traps after you get out. He is an integral part of the game and he always will be.

Allen Tassanari

FEAR

Several of us had been diving around an old sunken schooner about forty feet below the surface. I had been at the wreck about twenty minutes and explored it thoroughly, salvaging items of interest. With this wreck cleaned I decided to search for another one alone. As I swam along I gazed wonderingly at each side, noting the beauty of the ocean floor and not paying attention to where I was going. To my right were large coral heads with colorful sea fans waving in the light current. On my left was a reef with lobster darting in and out and curious little fish coming to see who the intruder was. Finally I looked up and the sight sent paralyzing fear throughout my body. Two feet from my face plate was a six foot Barracuda staring right between my eyes. Everything seemed to close in about me as I realized my helplessness. Immediately I thought of the simple basic rules of diving that I had ignored: never dive without a buddy, always cover shiny objects such as a regulator with black cloth when diving in Barracuda-infested water, always use a life-line. Neither of us moved for what seemed an eternity. Then slowly he circled me and swam off, leaving me a knowledge I will never forget. I had learned the hard way what true fear was.

Dick Dever

VACATION

M

y family and I had our share of troubles when we took our do-it-yourself budget tour to Europe. Anyone can go to Europe and see all the famous places if he has unlimited funds. The trick is to do it while staying within the limits of a small and ever-dwindling supply of travelers' checks. Finding hotels, cars, and restaurants that would fit our budget was no easy task, but through careful planning and use of budget guide books, we managed to have the trip of our lifetime.

The greatest economy we could make, we decided, was to rent small cars for our road transportation, thereby avoiding four separate fares on buses and trains. This procedure called for great adaptability in sometimes driving on the left, surviving the idiosyncrasies of European drivers, and reading strange signs from "Roundabout" to "umluntang". Of course, the smaller the car the lower the cost; so we always chose the smallest available, whether the car was a Volkswagen, Renault, Fiat, or Miniminor. With little horsepower to spare it was often questionalbe if we would get to the tops of the mountain passes with our full load on board. The problem of luggage and seating space for the family was often acute, especially when there were no roof racks. Then my sister would have to sit on the emergency brake while I would cope with a back seat full of suitcases. When we did have roof racks, we felt all was well until we ran into several days of rain. Then our evenings task would be to drape our damp clothing around our hotel room to dry:.

Another requirement of a budget vacation is to find budget accommodations. Fortunately, we did have a number of friends and relatives abroad at that time and, of course, it was pleasant (and economical) to avail ourselves of their hospitality when possible. At other times, we followed the advice of the poor travelers friend, Europe on Five Dollars a Day. These accommodations were always clean and comfortable, but had disadvantages nonetheless. Our left-bank hotel room in Paris was sixth floor walk-up which left us breathless on arrival. The absence of safety precautions left us apprehensive, too. It had an open stairwell, and the only fire escape was a wooden ladder, hung from the window, and broken off after the second rung.

Another major problem was the language difficulty, especially when it concerned money. When we were in a restaurant, it was necessary to struggle with a strange menu. Meals were always a surprise, and often a disappointment. Although inexpensive by American standards, it seemed very high-priced on the numerous occasions when we found it not to our liking. We remember the bitterness of the cheese fondu, the wine-flavored consomme' in Toledo and the cold fried octopus on Nazare.

Strange money systems added to our confusions. We'd just get to shillings and pounds, then would find ourselves dealing in pesos or escudos. For the money-conscious traveler, these changes had added perils: mathematical mistakes in converting to U.S. terms; sometimes tipping the equivalent of a dollar when a quarter had been intended (and sometimes vice versa); and wondering if the "chambre pour quare personnes" was five dollars for all or five per person.

Thus problems of the budget tourist are much greater than those of the well-heeled traveler, but we are convinced that expensive hotels and luxurious surroundings are not necessary for adventuresome vacations. Our fondest memories will always be those which came at bargain rates.

Wayne Drake

SNACKBITE

It was a hot August morning when I opened my eyes and looked up to see grandfather's suntanned face. "Come to breakfast," he whispered.

Grandfather had promised to take me with him to pick berries today. This would involve a long hike through the woods where one could determine the name of trees and plants and the many animals one might encounter along the trails. To me, he was the smartest grandfather in the whole world.

We started out as the sun was appearing over the horizon. It would be a very hot day, but the iced coffee grandfather brought along in a whiskey bottle would quench our thirst. We hiked for what seemed like hours while grandfather, happy as a clown, related stories of his childhood to me. Presently we came to our favorite spot for blueberry picking and commenced gathering berries for the hot pies and jellies mother would make. I could almost see the berries bubbling in the pot, and smell the sweet aroma of baking pies.

While gathering the berries, I strayed to an area I had been cautioned to stay away from. Grandfather, busily engaged in his work, was unmindful of my rambling.

Suddenly, I became immobile, as though frozen. Hot and cold flashes crept over my body. My knees smote, one against the other. I became very weak and nauseated. I was going into shock.

I saw the head draw back. I became hypnotized by the two protrusive beads that eyed me so intently. I traced with my eyes the

diamond shapes on the coil, like a thick garden hose of heavy flesh ready to spring. The end of the hose stood erect and shook, back and forth, a hissing rattle. It was a warning, but too late. I had overstepped my bounds. Its head wavered back and forth, slowly, in a circular motion as though intoxicated. Then, like uncoiling springs it shot forth and sank a pair of sharp fangs into my thigh.

Pain shot through my leg as if a dozen bolts of lightning had hit me. I reached for the enemy and tried to choke it. Angry and crying I began to pound its head with a rock. Soon it lay motionless in a pool of its own blood.

Grandfather gathered me gently into his arms and carried me to a clearing where he laid me down. He cleansed the wound and administered first aid from the snake bit kit he carried. I was quite ill and became unconscious before we arrived home.

When I awakened I was lying on a bed in a room with other children. There was a tube coming from my nose and a needle inbedded in my arm. I was recieving fluid from a bottle overhead, through a tube into a needle. Mother and Father were there, and so was grandfather. He looked very sorry, as though he was to blame for my being bitten. I looked very kindly at his old face and asked, "Can we go berry-picking again, soon?"

Joseph Echevarria

LITTLE LEAGUE

Picking up sides for a scrappy game of baseball was an everyday occasion for the boys in my neighborhood. We were the future Mickey Mantles and Willy Mays that everyone talks about. At least that's what we and each of our fathers thought. Of course we always wasted half our playing time arguing about who would pitch and who would play right field. Occasionally a bloody nose would result but that was part of growing growing up. Most of the time my mother would receive a phone call from another mother and I would consequently get a lecture on respect for my playmates. But how could I keep my mind on the lecture when out of the window I could see the guys picking up another game of ball? I don't think my mother had her mind on the lecture either, because she never seemed to be listening to the other mother when talking to her. And besides, she always let me go right back out and play with a little wack on the behind to help me along. She probably never noticed but I always detected a slight smile along with that wack. I guess that is why it never hurt.

The time finally came that we little guys had been looking forward to for a million years (at least it seemed that long to us). That time was "Little League" tryouts. O sure, we were in the minor league but that was "bush league" as the older boys called it. Now we were in the big leagues. Talk about nervous boys! After all one did have to catch at least two out of ten grounders and go up to bat against one of the "older" boys, who must have been all of one year older than we. The taunting misinformation of my older brother didn't help either. By the time I got down to the tryouts I thought

I was going to have to bat against Whitey Ford or Don Drysdale. I got through the grounding tryouts without too much trouble except for a skinned knee and elbow aquired while chasing a pop fly. If not ruined by that incident I certainly was demoralized. But a comment from an onlooker cheered me as I was coming to bat. "And here he comes to bats, folks, Ted Kluzuski. Ted was the muscleman of baseball at that time. Lucky for me, I was too young to realize he was being sarcastic, for I probably would have gone home that instant.

The tryouts ended. The only thing to do was wait for the results. The major preoccupation that week wasn't picking up sides for a game, a newspaper boy was anxiously awaited. This went on for a few days until finally the list appeared. After reading through the names about thirteen times and still not finding my name, I realized I hadn't made the grade. As for how I felt, the world might as well have caved in. I had the sort of feeling that one gets when walking down the street of a large city by himself a little after midnight. No matter how many times my brother told me that a lot of other boys didn't make it either, he didn't really remedy the hurt in me. Of course my mother told me I would make it next year and she gave me all the rest of the sympathy lines. But next year was a year away and now what could I do?

Of course it was all part of growing up, but at the time I did not knew that one grew up. To me life was just one big little league game.

Tim Tarr

SURFING

In this hip generation, a new kind of sport is in. It is known as riding the waves, of surfing. Right now surfing is the rage. Surfing duds are hip and the surfing music is real cool.

Any time that a surfer can leave his work, (it's a drag), he deserts his pad, hops into his crate and heads for the nearest beach where the surf is high.

The real swinging surfer is a tall, slim, blond cat who dresses in clam diggers and a sweat shirt minus sleeves. Often he is seen squinting into the sun or surveying the deep, his blond beetle-do blowing in the wind and his bronze arm draped lovingly around or over his board.

With a yell, the surfer sprints to the water's edge and makes like a fish as he heads for the rollers. After a considerable distance he finds a suitable in-going wave. If he is a greennie, he'll probably get wiped out on his first trip in. However, after he has gotten the knack, the surfer will ride high-to the envy of the squares and the exclamations of "Real gear" from the birds or beach bunnies.

Gail Nickerson

THE HUNT

This was the moment. This was the beginning. Even though it was some distance away, Dad and I could hear the rumble of our friend's blue three-quarter ton Chevrolet truck as it dragged a compact twelve-foot Yellowstone house trailer down the rocky gravelled road toward our Idaho ranch house. We watched the headlights as they illuminated the barbed wire used to separate the fields from the cattle pens, and as they danced in the muddy water of the nearby canal.

We stepped out into the steely, cold November night. From that moment I knew we were going to experience a demanding hunt. Yet I welcomed the cold for I knew that within limits, the harsher the weather the better the hunt.

We were prepared, though, for whatever nature had to offer. We were clad in thermal underwear, red flannels shirts, woolen pants, leather boots, blue ski parkas, and red vests. I wore a bright cossack hat. Dad, however, had on a red and green plaid Scottish "tam". This was the headgear he had worn when he bagged his elk.

When the truck stopped at our home, our friend, a big German named Martin, jumped out. He, too, was clothed in heavy hunting gear, along with a flame-colored cowboy hat. We assembled our guns, ammunition and supplies, received my orders, of course unheeded, from "Mom" and departed.

The cab seemed small and were somewhat cramped, but atmosphere was congenial. The warm air on my cheeks and the droning of the motor

that made my face feel flushed and lulled me into a drowsy state.

I was soon asleep.

Several hours later, I awakened to find that we had left the irrigated plains of the Snake River Valley and were now in the rugged but glorious Salmon River country. Unlike the desert, here the terrain was steep and precipitous. The canyons were narrow and steep and covered, though sparsely, with tall, slender, straight lodgepole pines. Everything about the mountains and ravines denoted sparseness marked with grandeur and wildness.

The Chevy truck swerved to the right and headed up a narrow tote road. The high, steady hum of the engine changed to a low growl as the driver shifted from fourth to second gear. Here in the high country, the snow was deep and fluffy, not hard and crusty as it was in the desert.

As I ate a hunter's breakfast of bacon, eggs, hashed brown potatoes, toast, coffee, cereal, and doughnuts, I gazed out the door of the trailer into the gorge below. Across the canyon the lonely northern pines stood erect as ramrods as they pointed upward toward the brilliant blue Western sky. A solitary cow moose was threading her way up the slope. She weight perhaps a half a ton, and yet her gait denoted sureness and ease. Except for an occasional human voice, and the persistent "perking" of the coffee, everthing was silent but for the whimpering of the wind.

Finally I turned my back on the beauty, seized my Winchester, and scrutinized my emergency snake bite and bandage kit. The wind was numbing. Already my red hands had blotches of purple on the knuckles.

As I adjusted my earflaps, I reflected on my reasons for leaving

the warmth of my home for the coldness of the outside. Why, in fact, had I come hunting? Why do men leave, even temporarily, man-made comforts and trudge for hours through deep snow? Why do they endure the raw, biting, cutting, piercing, pinching, wintry winds? Why do they tolerate the damp underwear and soaked socks? I can answer these questions only for myself. I like the surroundings. Yet, that is only part of it. For hunting does not involve a place, it is rather a state of mind. It provides more freedom and adventure than any other sort of sport in the world..It is a challenge. I must be capable of coping with nature, as I will be destroyed by it. Commonplace movements, like rolling a sleeping bag, become important. A secret longing to revert to the nomadic ancestral ways of my forefathers seems somehow fulfilled. For these reasons I willingly forsake luxuries and take to the wilderness trail.

Ray Dinsmore

THRIFT

Before coming to college I always had plenty of money on hand to spend, most of the time unwisely. College has taught me that a penny earned is a penny to save. When I saw an inviting sweater in a store window I went in and bought it. Now I must disregard it and save the money for books, tuition or a date. "Let's go get a pizza" is an over-used exclamation in our clan. Before, I probably would have been the one saying it and the one furnishing the transportation. Now I must back out three out of four times. What will all of this tightness get me? Just a good education which I hope will give the chance to be a spendthrift the rest of my life.

Jim Rapalje



Religion

COMPARISON

The truly unique and independent thing in my life at present is to be an Episcopalian at Eastern Nazarene College. My first impression of the school was that of a friendly institution, where people could live together and learn together in a Christian atmosphere. Many students, after finding out my denomination, wanted to know why I chose E.N.C. to continue my education. I would answer them by saying it was a small campus with Christian morals and scruples and compared to many of the other colleges, this school best fitted my academic, social, and religious needs.

I adjusted to campus life very quickly but church life will take longer. The first Nazarene service I attended I felt strange, for the service was very different from my own. What really stands out in my mind about a Nazarene service are testimonies, where people stand and tell of past problems overcome or goals they have attained. This left me mystified, for here was the congregation actually taking part in the church service. Another phase of the service I found rather startling was that during the sermon many people would say Amen! or Hallelujah! audibly, so the whole church heard it. If that were done in my church, the rector would be both spellbound and shocked. One more item which fascinated me was seeing people who had a particular problem go to the altar rail to be forgiven. Some people would be sitting and some would be kneeling in back of the rail. In my church the only time the congregation goes to the altar

is to partake of the sacraments of Holy Communion.

I found that the Nazarene church is evangelistic. This was new to me, since I never attended an evangelistic church before. Of course, I recognized the name and associated it with Billy Graham. I came to the conclusion that many hymns sung during an evangelistic service were well-known among the congregation, since they could sing them without a book. It was an odd feeling to hear everyone singing a hymn that I never heard before. I didn't know whether to flip through the pages in the hymn book in order to find it, or mouth it as if I knew what I was singing.

Many people may think that since I am a Protestant I should adjust quickly to the Nazarene Church, and should not find it that different from my own church. If an individual has been brought up under the Episcopal Church, which is formal, and then goes to a more informal church, he notices the difference. Even the terminology is different in the Nazarene Church, for example, District Superintendent for Arch-Deacon. It is also strange to see a minister without his collar and clerical clothes. What I really miss in a Nazarene Church service is the procession. At this time during the beginning of the service, the crucifix (the cross-bearer), the flag bearer, the arolytes, the choir and minister (in that order) march to their pews while singing a hymn. In the Nazarene Church the choir and minister walk out onto the platform and take a seat, and for a couple of minutes I notice something humorous: the minister stares at the congregation and the congregation stares at the minister.

I respect the Nazarene Church and find it interesting to see

how other people worship God, but being an Episcopalian all my life,
I still prefer a formal church service as found in my own denomina-
tion.

Thomas Nichols

CAMP

When one is eleven life is an adventure. Everything is alive. Birds sing songs especially for you, trees can talk, and animals are human. There are millions of games to be played and important things to do.

It was at this strenuous and enthusiastic stage of life that I went to camp. Although I had been there about four years earlier, I had not really appreciated it.

At camp there was a host of activities to keep an eager enthusiastic eleven-year-old busy. There were swimming, hiking, tennis, archery, and others. One never could get lonely with so many friends, as anxious and excited as you. With such variety of people and activities the only possible time we could ever get bored was just before mealtimes. But after we had refueled, we would be ready for more excitement.

Although I matured and grew through my contact with the friends and the things we did together, it is not this phase of camp life which most impressed me.

I shall always remember the beauty of the still, dark woods and the softness of the dried pine needles on the path. Nor will I forget the ecstasy of sleeping overnight beside a lake with the moon reflected in it, or singing around a campfire, or sitting atop a lofty mountain looking out on miles of the breathtaking beauty which God has created.

ALPACATHY

The warm summer breeze moved slowly over the rich green valley. The horses were there: bays, mares, stallions. They were large and small. They were every color. There were Arabians, Shetlands, Indian ponies, Western ponies, horses of every breed and country. This valley was theirs and they were content.

All were content; all, that is, except the younger one who was of course restless and curious. "What is over these great mountains which make up the walls of our wonderful valley?" The young ones would ask questions like this as they trotted along.

"Don't worry", said the older ones. "This valley is wonderful. Everyone regards it as such. Eat its rich grass and play and be happy."

But the young ones were not content; so they crossed the mounttains and found what was happening in the valley on the other side of their mountains. And they were no longer ignorant.

The young horses were alarmed as they ran back down into their valley. "Look, up behind our mountain. Do you see the smoke? There is a great fire creeping its way up the far side of the mountain. There are other horses there. They are fighting the fire. Some are being burned. Some are being stained by the dirty black smoke."

With raised eyebrows the older horses listened. "Oh, that's terrible." one said.

"Here, have some grass." said another.

"Maybe we should do something." said another.

One of the oldest asked, "How's our grass? Good, isn't it?"



Knowledge

DISCOVERY

(A brief selection from the popular college text, A Critical History of the First Ten Millennia by Dr. L. Raper, Ph.D., B.S., B.A., D.D.T., etc. Published by Mack Millan & Sons, 11249 A.D., Earth. This excerpt is taken from Chapter VI, "Sociological Problems of the Second Millennium," p. 134 ff. Reprinted by permission.)



f all the mysteries of the latter half of the second millenium one in particular has been the subject of much controversy in recent years--the Santa Claus legend. The stories of Santa Claus were, for the last five thousand years, regarded purely as myths. What little was known of them was held to have absolutely no historical basis. This idea, however, has now been conclusively disproved as a result of the Fremann Expedition of 11230. Dr. Fremann and his colleagues, while plodding through the ruins of New York, stumbled upon definite evidence for the existence of Santa Claus.

Needless to say, the archaeological world was both amazed and delighted. The Fremann Expedition to the ancient New York region (which was sponsored by the National Archaeologists' Association) had started out with no other objective than a general perusal of the long-contaminated area. The great and unexpected discovery happened quite by accident. Dr. Fremann, who was leading the group, had just turned around to caution his men on the necessity of great care when he stumbled backwards through an open doorway and fell, with a loud noise and

1 There seems to be some difference of opinion as to whether New York was a city or a state. For lucid representation of the pro and con arguments consult Midler's The Riddle of New York.

many violent words, into a rather undignified and painful position
2
among the contents of the building. Later, when Dr. Fremann simmered
down and his men returned, they began to realize the significance of
their discovery. The building (one of the few yet standing) was fill-
ed with small papers of various shapes, all of which contained pictures
and short verses pertaining to Santa Claus. Unfortunately, the sign
above the outside of the doorway was damaged somewhat, and could only
be partially read. It said, "GREETINGARDS_" Dr. Fremann, on the
basis of the poems he had found, immediately conjectured that the
missing word may have been "BARDS" and that the building was some
sort of poetry shop. This remains the most probable explanation, al-
3
though others have been offered.

This was indeed an astounding find. But the most important single
item in the shop was an old phtograph, dating perhaps as far back
as the nineteenth or twentieth century! It was an actual photograph
of Santa Claus; positive proof of his existence! It showed a small
girl sitting on Santa Claus's knee, and the inscription on it read,
4
"Merry Xmas. Ho! Ho! ho!" This photograph is now on display in the
Museum of Ancient History.

Because the poetry added much to available information about
Santa Claus, modern historians have at last pieced together a fairly
coherent picture of the man and his life. Essentially they have deduced

2
Dr. Fremann later denied the entire incident. His own story of
the discovery is remarkable different. It is true, however, that
Dr. Fremann chose to stand rather than sit during the entire meeting
of the NAA in which his discoveries were announced.

3
Professor Kelton suggested "CARDS", but was unable to relate
this to the poetry.

4
Modern archaeologists now believe that "Xmas" was the little
girl's name.

that Santa Claus must have been some sort of ruler or king of the Western Hemisphere and perhaps Europe. His home was in the far North, no doubt Canada, and there he lived for most of the year. His birthday, December 25, was a national holiday, and every year at that time he would distribute gifts to his subjects. Naturally he was very popular; all his subjects loved and appreciated him. But despite his great fame and favor he made only one small contribution to the technology of his age: he evidently invented a primitive type of aircraft in the shape of a sleigh. The operating principle of this device is presently only imperfectly understood, but apparently it was an effective one. Nothing else is definitely known about Santa Claus except that he lived to be very old. He probably died about the close of the twentieth century, just before the Great War.

The important thing about the Fremann expedition and the Santa Claus discovery is that it illustrates very clearly the value of archaeology in the reconstruction of the ancient history. Without the aid of archaeology the present generation might have been entirely ignorant of one of the great figures of the past--Santa Claus.

Larry Raper

PIANO

Music was a nice but monotonous concept to me when I was eight years old and just starting to take piano lessons. I said that I wanted to learn mainly because my brother could play and since he was older than I was, he was important in my eyes. I guess Mother did not realize that this was the motivation for my desire. But then she was probably excited to think that the fourth of her five offspring might have talent also. Nevertheless, she and my music teacher could not have encouraged me into a more wonderful world if they had consciously tried to. A new door of life opened for me. I became a child prodigy at the piano.

In this new world I discovered that music satisfied and fulfilled a need within me to express character and personality. I had no idea that I had this need until I felt my heart being mystically drawn into expressions of anger, sorrow, and sheer ecstasy.

These moods represent the more enjoyable type of classical music compared to the mechanical "must" of tedious practice playing scales. Nevertheless these unappealing exercises presented a challenge to me once a new light was shed upon them by a wise, experienced teacher. My hands, I knew, needed to be relaxed and supple to move lightly and accurately over the keys. Scales, two and three part inventions, and various forms of exacting finger work are the most important way of conditioning the hands correctly but they can be very boring and most unexciting if one does not approach them with a proper attitude.

My understanding teacher instilled in me the fun of skimming keys and occasionally racing as quickly as possible, both hands at once, up and down the keyboard. She shared with me her knowledge of developing an acute sense of listening for equality of tones, crisp, clear sounds and even rhythm. Scales took on a new dimension of fun and enjoyment while accomplishing necessary business with the stiff fingers and tight hands. The only part of music appreciation she could not quite suit was the straight memorization of keys with sharps and flats. But I was so anxious to continue with the adventure of what I was accomplishing that I easily learned these minute necessities.

My talent seemed to develop easily and fluently and it eagerly absorbed new music of different kinds. My childlike mind dreamed of the day I could play with an orchestra accompanying me or in front of a crowd of enthusiastic music lovers. I never ceased to be thrilled while I played a rampant, war-inspired etude by Chopin or a complex polonaise full of beautiful harmonies. With music and a piano I did not need a person to understand me or my childish behavior. I expressed myself on an instrument that sympathized with me and harmonized in an inspiring manner.

The moment my teacher headed my talent into the right direction I began to mature—my inner self began to unfold and develop. This experience need never to have ended then or to end now. I am ashamed to admit that my immaturity overwhelmed the bit of maturity that was evolving within me and I did not continue with my music after I was fifteen.

However, the bittersweet memory of the world I knew far better as a child than I do as a young adult continues to invade the secrecies

of my heart as the most wonderful years of my life.

Linda Woodberry

A SWING

It was spring. I remember the old apple tree in my back yard was bursting into a cloud of pink fragrance. As I walked toward it my heels sank in the springy, wet hummocks of grass, making a sound like sponges being squeezed and absorbing again.

The sun was bright, yet it was cool and humid, the trunk of the tree glistening like a wet serpent from last night's shower. As I settled down on the swing beaded with dew, I anticipated another lazy, monotonous morning of the spring vacation.

So began the weary routine--kick, lean, kick, lean; I became so absorbed I scarcely noticed the dull, popping sound and the short, quick lengthenings of the rope supporting the swing. I looked up, startled, just in time to see the last frazzled strand part.

The next thing I knew, I was sitting in the mud under the broken swing, as disgusted as any six-year-old could be. I wondered what to do next, now that the pattern of the day was broken. Then I decided, come what may, I still would do some swinging.

I analyzed the situation, scrutinizing every fiber of the broken rope in my soiled hand. I would climb the tree.

I had seen my father put up the swing the summer before and I knew how extremely difficult it would be for me, because of my age, and because I was ladderless. Oh, I knew where there was a ladder, sort of a step-like affair, in reality a part of a broken slide, with rusty, dagger-like bolts and nails sticking out of the front where the slide should have been; but it would take too long to drag it

across the yard to the tree.

With the broken rope between my teeth, I began climbing the slippery, glistening trunk. When I reached the first branch, I was panting and soaking. The second branch found me dripping, dirty, exhausted, and disgusted.

The situation was getting desperate. My hands were numb from the cold, wet branches. My arms ached as I had never known them to ache before. But thankfully the swing's supporting branch with screw-eyes was directly above me and I could reach it without too much effort. By standing on tip-toe and "walking" hand over hand on the top branch, I reached the fork of the swing branch. The swing was so constructed as to go back and forth parallel to the branch I was standing on, fastened with screw-eyes to the farther fork over my head.

As I strained to reach the screw-eyes, something unexpected happened. The branch under me broke. It was rotten through to the core, and my weight had snapped it off.

There I was, foolishly hanging on with both hands, a few feet from the top of the swing, twelve feet off the ground, my soaked sneakered feet treading the air noiselessly in the lull of the crash from the broken branch. Realizing that I was still holding the broken rope in my mouth, I spat it out and called for help.

In a few moments one of the neighborhood children came over dragging the spiked slide ladder after him. He put it under the branch where I was hanging, but my feet still dangled far above the top step. The slightest miscalculation of distance meant disaster. The rusty spikes glistened menacingly. I ached from head to soaking toe, and was rapidly losing my grip with those numbed hands. It seemed like

an eternity of waiting.

Then everything happened at once. My mother called, slamming the screen door. As I turned my head to answer, I lost my grip and fell, missing the top step and raking the backs of my legs open on the triumphant spikes. I truned both ankles on the bumpy, soggy ground, got up, and turned collapsing in a bloody, aching, soaking, sobbing heap in my mother's arms.

I learned a lot that day. I learned not to set impossible goals. I learned it was best to rely on the help of fellow man in times of need. I learned not to let the whim of the moment decide my actions; I learned to evaluate circumstances; and I learned my capabilities. And most important, I learned that my parents really loved me, after all.

Brian Bowley

A STUDENT

If you want a full-time job, try being a student. First make sure you are willing to work hard, have many discouragements, stay up late at night, and arise early in the morning. Then get to work. The first thing you will have to do is get up around six-thirty every morning so that you can make your seven-thirty class. You will be there for eighty minutes listening to lectures, taking notes, and sometimes taking test. Then you will have a long break-ten minutes. And before you know it, you are off to your next class for another long session. I must warn you, however, some of the lectures are not very interesting. They will seem more like three hours than eighty minutes. If you are lucky all your classes will be over by noon except the day you have lab. Then you will spend from one-thirty to five-thirty peering through a microscope or doing some impossible experiment.

At five-thirty you are done with your classes but only half done with your work. Now you have to study until all hours of the night. But don't be discouraged with this schedule. After you complete your courses you will be richly rewarded. You will get your credits from the college, you will get a pat on your back from your parents, and most of all, you will have a deep satisfaction because you have done your job and you have done it well.

Helen Sickel

THE CRUISE

During our vacation last summer, my wife and I enjoyed a cruise of Cape Cod. We set sail from Martha's Vineyard for Nantucket Island under a following breeze and heavy overcast. We were boiling along with a force four breeze and a slight following sea. Diane went below to prepare lunch, leaving me alone on deck.

The almost silent hiss of the hull gliding through the water and the gentle roll of the easterly swells lulled me into a feeling of complete peace and security. Watching the hypnotic swing of the compass, I felt superior and somewhat a master of the sea. I based my "superconfidence" on a very simple formula. I thought, "I have planned on the unexpected, and I am prepared to overcome any situation I might have to face."

As the boat silently forged ahead, I looked around me and saw why my "formula" was perfect. The Dale Jeanne, designed by Sparkman and Stevens, is excelled by no other twenty-six foot boat in windward performance and positive rudder control. She is made of fiberglass and heavily constructed throughout. I rigged her to exceed all safety standards. When normal stainless steel standing rigging called for eight thousand pounds test, I used twelve thousand pounds test. I composed my running rigging of dacron and nylon, thirty per cent above the standard expected load. All the winches and cleats were selected for strength, durability, and reputation for dependability. "With the use of common sense," I thought, "my sturdy craft can survive anything the elements can dish out."

The sudden clatter of a pan and the appearance of Diane coming up the ladder with the lunch snapped me out of my daydream. With a startled look she shouted, "What's that?" pointing behind me. There it was, a sailor's greatest fear! A sudden wind squall was almost upon us! I gave the tiller to Diane and rushed forward to lower the sails. Before I even got to the halyards, Diane had our bow into the wind. As I unfastened the cleat and began lowering the sails, I felt a great shudder. The bow seemed to rise nearly a foot out of the water, settling the stern sharply. I held on for dear life as the seventy to eighty mile per hour wind hammered the slack mainsail into my face. The sea built up in a matter of seconds as I struggled to secure the flapping sails. The seas were already breaking over the bow and the deck was awash at times. Diane was white with fright when I finally tumbled into the cockpit. With the aid of the inboard engine, I altered course to run free before the wind. I could feel relief overwhelm me as the boat returned to my control. Only by the timely observation of my wife were we saved from being caught completely unaware.

As we raced before the hurricane-force winds, my mind envisioned the catastrophe which almost befell us. I could picture the straining stays pulling at the chain plates, buckling the deck. In such a force, the inevitable would surely have been a dismasting, resulting in a possible broach.

Since we weathered the storm without any damage or injury, I could have said, "See? We can take anything." But I know it was only by chance that Diane came on deck and spotted the storm coming up fast behind us.

I had prepared the Dale Jeanne to take anything the elements

could "dish out", but I forgot to prepare the skipper by slicing off his superiority complex. It may be interesting to note that I am entertaining the thought of installing a rear view mirror to aid my navigation during occasional daydreaming.

Alan R. Gotlieb

PRactical.

Junk it, the war's over!" My passengers jeer as they pile into my old beat-up station wagon. However, it doesn't bother me because this is the most practical car I've ever owned. How else could all ten of us go on the church social every week? Some people say my wagon is horrible looking. I call it practical because I've never had to wash it or explain any of the dents on it since I got it a year ago. Some people laugh when I take it to Sunday School. Nevertheless they too seem to think it is practical when they ask to use it on a Saturday work party. Although my brother jokes about it continually, he finds it very practical transportation when his car breaks down. In fact, almost everyone feels that my station wagon is practical when they have to pay their car note and I don't!

Clinton Eastman

Winnie

The ruffled, sweat stained hat, the gray stubble on his weathered face, the worn work shoes, the musty suit jacket with dried horse manure in the lining, the baggy trousers, and the ever-present cigar stub combined with slow Vermont drawl to make Winnie the picture of a true Yankee Vermonter. I realized that he was just this when I engaged him in the following conversation one exhilarating spring morn in the shadow of the cliff that hovered over our cabin in the knoll.

"It was real cold last night," I said as a conversation opener.

"Yep," he replied curtly.

"I didn't realize there would be such extreme differences in temperature between night and day."

"Most usually is," he answered indifferently.

"I tried to find a subject that would interest him enough to start him talking. "These bears were hoofing quite close to the camp last night, weren't they?"

"Yet. A feller could do a mite well trappin' them thar' bar'. Why, I've se'ed 'em brung out of these 'ere woods 'bout as big as Duffee's sow down thar'," he said with more exuberance.

My success on this subject prompted me to ask, "Did you ever have any luck trapping bear?"

"Wal," he began, warming to the subject, "last year 'bout this time I figured on buildin' me a 'bar trap. Wal, I built 'er nice and solid out 'a some ole' pipe an' I set 'er down over thar' by them spruces. Wal, it warn't but three day a'fore I got me a bar'. He 'uz just a 'lil thing, 'bout a hundred-fifty dollar for 'im so me 'n the boy drug

it down to the farm there an' set her out in front of the barn. Wal twarn't long 'fore some kids from Belvedere come down 'an let 'im go. I was likē to kill 'em 'cause they broke the door in the cage whilst they was managalin' around. I never did find 'em out though, but I thin' that half-wit Martin boy was amongst 'em."

"Did you fix the trap?" I asked.

"Yep. We drug it back 'ere and set it up agin, but it's been nigh over a month an' we ain't caught one yet. They is a crossin' light down by that thar' pine that's got track like the path to a slop trough, but I think they's smellin' it out so I'll move it light up by my second meadow there', but I shor'd like to settle with them thar' kids from Belveder," he replied, his temper rising.

"How's the farm?" I asked, detouring from the touchy subject of the bear.

"Wal, I been doin all light, but I got throwed from the hay-wagon the day a-fore yesterday and my lumbaga's been actin' up since then," he returned, more lanquidly.

"I guess you're going to have to get a tractor pretty soon, aren't you?"

"Wal, I don't think so. That tar' wagon has done good by me. Don't cost nothin' to keep up and the horse is much cheaper than any ole' tractor with gaselene and all'd be. I reckon I got purty good havin the wagon and the horses."

"But," I said, "you could get your work done so much faster with a power tractor."

"Wal, twas good enough for fifty year so far an' I guess we'll git along the rest 'a the time light the way we are," he said with an

air of finality and settled back in his chair, snug in the belief that he had put another city-slicker in his place.

Russell Mollica

MAN'S TOUCH

H

ave you ever found yourself faced with a problem of trying to start a car when you do not know what is wrong with it? You know you have a full tank of gas, the battery is fine, there are no loose wires, and everything else is all right. But no matter how much you turn the ignition or press on the accelerator, the engine will not start. To make things worse, it seems you always find yourself in the middle of a busy intersection. If you have ever been in a situation like this, the only possible solution is to sit in your car and wait for your angel of mercy--a policeman. And of course when tries to start it, it just naturally does. All it needed was a man's touch.

Elizabeth Ann MacDonald



Society

Dennis Adams- wrestling, smile, friendly
Judy Agler- waitress, sociable, smile
Karen Akins- Ralph, dedicated, Dugout
Carol Anderson- sweet, understanding, graceful
Tim Anderson- Teresa, cars, easy-going
Manuel Aran- studious, quiet, minister
Helene Arden- "Ladybird", sophisticated, athletic
Mary Jane Ashbrun- scholarly, quiet, fashionable
Sharon Babcock- nurse, clown, all around
William Baker- "tiny" skiing, shy
Bob Barnes- "Sparky", friendly, mortician
Bill Barror- Hawaiian, guitar music, accident-prone
Ron Bartholomew- basketball, marbles, agreeable
Raelyn Baublitz- slightly shy, kind, unpretentious
James Baughman- ping pong, quiet, industrious
Steve Bellinger- neat, bashful, gentlemanly
Sue Best- scholarly, athletic, sweet, quiet
Terry Bilyou- "Sarge,"Sigma, ministry
Don Bish- flirt, printer, eyes
Brian Bowley- artistic, quiet, reserved
Linda Bowman- polite, trio, secretary
Pat Bragg- flirt, accent, intrmurals
Bob Brenner- nice, dark hair, pleasant
Robert Brickley- sensible, comedian, easygoing
Doris Brown, industrious, cheerleader, pleasant

Brent Burgess- Cambridge, singer, funny
Steve Burns- folksinger, Nancy, courteous
Dan Butz- quartets, academic, quiet
Larry Calhoun- shy, hard-worker, prof's son
Diane Carlsen- accent, individualist, carefree
Russ Carlson- quiet, strong, P.K.
Don Carter- freckles, cars, nice guy
Bill Casey- "Mainiac", "Toni", hard worker
Doug Caswell- comedian, "tiger", DeMolay
Lynda Cerrato- quiet, Ken, dedicated
Dick Christy- Navy, "good kid", wrestler
Barbara Clark- reserved, Bill, smiling
Doug Clark- reserved, basketball, tall
Reggie Clark- Foxburro, talented, Honda
Sharon Clemmons- artistic, kind, considerate
James Clifton- tall, hamsters, skiing
Laura Colella- accent, Cindy's friend, nice
Janice Cox- Dwight, studious, Ohioan
John Cress- basketball, "Jack", shy
Cynthia Crofts- "mother", sailing, agreeable
Frank Cucchiara- "canoe", writer, easy going
Yvonne Davis- Delta, intelligent, athletic
Waureen Davis- honor roll, considerate, sensible
Charlotte DeNoyer- dependable, courteous, out-going
Dick Dever- "Apache", Marlene, Floridian
Ruth Dickson- nurse, "girl in the hall", neat
Sandy Dickinson- short, pianist, amiable

Leslie DiGravio- understanding, helpful, kind
Ray Dinsmore- intellectual, witty, hard worker
Karen Doane- sincere, trio, "Chuck"
Wayne Drake- music, European tour, accent
Lloyd Dreibelbis- "Gomer", comediane, shy
Nancy Dufford- ministry, dedicated, helpful
Terry Dunn- German, easy going, all around
Donna DuVall- intelligent, cute, blonde
Clinton Eastman- sharp, Clint, station wagon
Joseph Echevarria- keen, ping pong, writer
Bob Ellenberger- prankster, Kappa, "crazy"
Larry Eller- baseball, talkative, kitchen
George Emmitt- Honda, Somerset, quiet
Neil Estabrooke- nice, considerate, likable
Loretta Fairburn- fashionable, reserved, sweet
Dale Fallon- trombone, pep band, artistic
John Fanning- all around, likable, sensible
Robert Farrell- nice to know, writer, shy
Peter Faux- organ, ministry, outgoing
James, Fisher- Marlin, basketball, golf
Virginia Fisk- intelligent, piano, quiet
Kay Foote- dean's list, Gnaddenhutton, class secretary
Carol Gamble- shy, smart, neat
Linda Garrison- short, friendly, nice
Bob Glass- "spastic", hillbilly, jokester
John Golden- weights, sporting, "very nice"
Norman Goodwin- Braintree, tall, neat
Martha Gordon- lab technician, cordial, understanding

Ken Goss- planes, collegiate, Weymouth
Alan Gotlieb- married, writer, sailing
Donna Gough- N. Quincy, cordial, nice
Kathy Gough- Dean's list, cheerleader, Karon's twin
Karon Gough- Kathy's twin, smile, cheerleader
Pat Greco- Sigma, outgoing, Maine
Peg Gregory- congenial, secretary, fun
Steve Gunnerson, smile, student council, Akron
Lester Hamilton- understanding, likable, willing
Donna Hammond- Maine, outspoken, petite
Dave Hanley- smart, nice, cooperative
Barbara Hapworth- likable, shy, reserved
Albert Hardy- Duke, Buddha, shy
Nanci Harlacher- Dugout, Dick, music
Wayne Hassinger- real tall, reserved, Kappa
John Hawkins- sincere, ministry, devoted
Tom Heim- Mr. Basketball, short, courteous
Pat Henderson- Bob, pleasant, nursing
Nancy Higgins- softball, Baptist P.K., witty
Shelton Hogan- Dick, Nanci, personable
Sylvia Holland- little known, reserved, quiet
Stanley Hoopengardner- Hoopy, quartets, tenor
Sue Hopcraft- accent, quiet, tall
Darlene Hosner- Darby, mischievous, trio
Nancy Houghton- sincere, smile, Crusader volleyball
William Howard- like to know, courteous, kind
Linda Hunt- sweet, nice, likable

Kay Hunter- sophisticated, quiet, nice to know
Marilyn Hunsberger- mischievous, talkative, contacts
Janice Mitchell- waitress, organized, friendly
Russ Mollica- Helen, tall, Chet
Lynne Morse- musical, Maine, independent
Alan Morvay- mechanic, photographer, ingenuitive
William Mowen- Penna, éasy going, all around guy
Marcia Mundy- Akron, agreeable, sensible
Mark Murphy- convertable, sportsman, jokester
Roger Myers- dedicated, friendly, slightly shy
Tom Nichols- shy, courteous, thoughtful
Gayle Nickerson- athletic, individual, accent
Mary Ellen Nies- agreeable, fashionable, friendly
Mary O'Brien- "Molly", dedicated, shy
Bill Oxenford' sincere, blonde, tall
Roger Paine- quiet, helpful, cooperative
Maynard Parker- "Jerry", hard working, pleasant
Sandy Parkman- talkative, all around, friendly
Dave Paterno- intelligent, easy going, cooperative
Steve Patton- chess, electrician, intellectual
Barbara Perry- Bonnie, clever, blonde
Dave Perry- flirt, outgoing, individualist
Alton Phillips- all around, considerate, hard working
Laurilee Phillips, musical, southern, warm
Farren Pillsbury- Sigma man, nut, Farmington
Bruce Plath- "Fang", slightly shy, individualist
Jeanne Polley- Melrose, friendly, outgoing
Gary Powell- prankster, collegiate, nice

Marsha Rafuse- congenial, all around girl, helpful
Jim Rapalje- mischievous, independent, helpful
Larry Raper- studious, individual, witty
Barb Rhodes- dedicated, humorous, quiet
Floyd Rhodes- horses, Pittsburgh, collegiate
Craig Richey- ambitious, loquacious, outgoing
Dave Rogers- sensible, cooperative, keen
John Rollston- clever, complimentary, socialable
Jim Romanowiz- kind, shy, athletic
Grace Rosenberry- West Chester, sophisticated, reserved
Joyce Rummel- Kind, sensible, all around
Norm St. John- prankster, outgoing, motorcycle
Bill Schafer- easygoing, likable, sports cars
Nick Schneider- Pittsburgh, jokester, agreeable
John Schrader- courteous, friendly, hard working
Sally Schwanke- considerate, understanding, smile
Roberta Shackelford- sensible, polite, sociable
Dennis Shafer- great guy, agreeable, collegiate
Sharren Shelton- horses, laugh, quiz team
Gary Shetler- weight lifter, intelligent, sportsman
Bill Shoenberger- tall, easygoing, sensible
Don Shook- friendly, snappy, athletic
Sharron Shumway- reserved, witty, considerate
Helen Sickel- Greenbook, librarian, outgoing
Kathy Simers- studious, shy, conscientious
Elaine Sloan- sensible, smile, helpful
Newell Smith- Crusader, comedian, Rochester

Steve Smith- ping-pong, athletics, Sigma
Del Smith- Friendly, basketball, carefree
John Somers- easygoing, sociable, great guy
Dave Sparks- tall, musician, studious
Kathy Stanton- collegiate, generous, understanding
Carol Steinmeyer- considerate, nice, slightly quite
Martha Stewart- shy, intelligent, agreeable
Fred Stone- music, athletic, witty
Janet Strong- collegiate, hi-fi, reserved
Tim Tarr- music, scholar, weight lifter
Al Tassinari- Spanish, golfer, smile
Linda Taylor- "Luigi", pleasant, courteous
Sue Terry- secretary, friendly, fashionable
Pete Theodore- Diana, prankster, easygoing
Larry Thompson- piano, traveler, great guy
John Thompson- dependable, agreeable, good to know
Donna Tinlham- giggles, archery, generous
Cindy Tomlin- Rick, sweet, Milville
Marge Toms- vivacious, good natured, Dave
John Totin- "mighty mite", gymnastic, reliable
Sharon Townsend- flirt, "swampbuggy", accent
Veora Tressler- "Cookie", basketball, funny
William Turner- dependable, Bill, Horses
Dave Van Hoewyk- independent, jokester, cooperative
Carol Viccione- talkative, energetic, fashionable
Dave Villeneuve- reserved, chess, conscientious
Dorothy Vine- "Dotty", friendly, understanding

Doug Von Iderstein- smile, happy-go-lucky, considerate
Joan Wallace- sensible, understanding, likable
John Ward- "crickets", tall, prankster
Ron Warfle- "hi kids", comedian, athletic
Shirley Waugh- shy, Maine, hard working
Paul Werner- collegiate, all around, great guy
Sue Whalen- lab technician, helpful, smile
Joe Whetsel- "goldie-locks", ambitious, sensible
Dale Whitman- funny, courteous, friendly
Nancy Whitman- flirt, talkative, vivacious
Sandra Wild- likable, slightly shy, easygoing
Glennis Williams- talkative, hopeful, class-minded
Jack Willy- Crusader, likable, real friendly
Mary Winters- conscientious, witty pleasant
John Wood- patriot, dedicated, sensible
Linda Woodbury- smile, prankster, outgoing
Carol Wright- intelligent, sweet, "wong"
Wes Wright- slightly shy, level-headed, cooperative
Brenda Zutell- scholarly, York, "zootell"

Athletic



GAYLE NICKERSON

RON BARTHOLOMEW

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Collegiate



JANET STRONG

WAYNE HASSINGER

Courteous



KAREN DOANE

JOHN SCHRADER

Flirts



SHARON TOWNSEND

DAVE PARRY

Friendly



KATHY GOUGH

DEL SMITH

Individualist



DIANE CARLSEN

RUSS CARLSON

Mischievous



SUE MITCHUM

DENNIS LEVIN

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Patriot



KAY FOOTE

JOHN WOOD

Scholar



KAREN GOUGH

LARRY RAPER

Shye st



MARTHA STEWART

LARRY CALHOUN

Sincere



NANCI HARLACHER

BILL OXENFORD

Smile



NANCY HOUGHTON

STEVE GUNNERSON

12 63
2010/10/10



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Starry-Eyed



HELENE ARDEN

JIM JOHNSON

Talkative



GLENNIS WILLIAMS

LARRY ELLER

Talented



LAURILEE PHILLIPS

JOEY HOOPENGARDNER

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