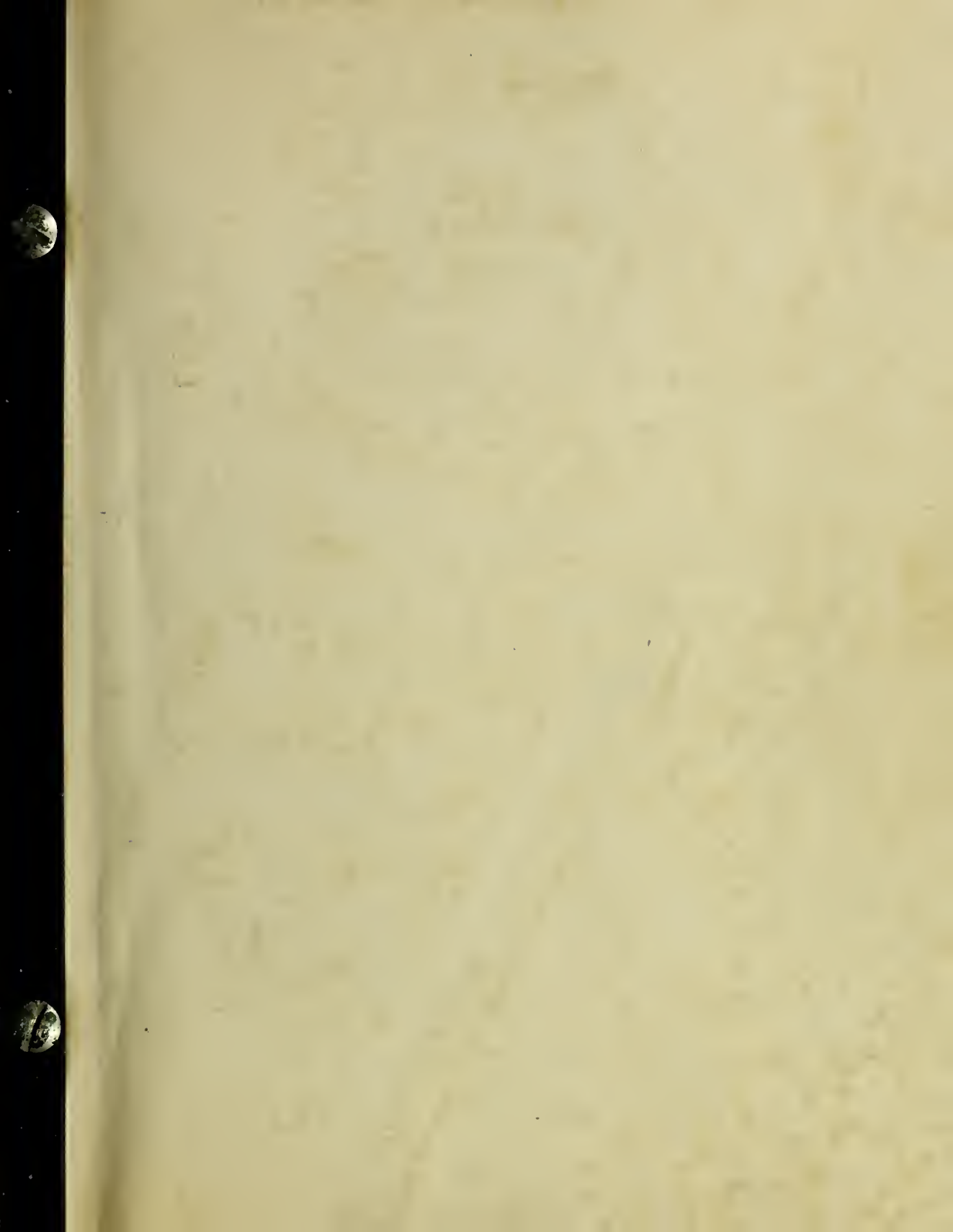
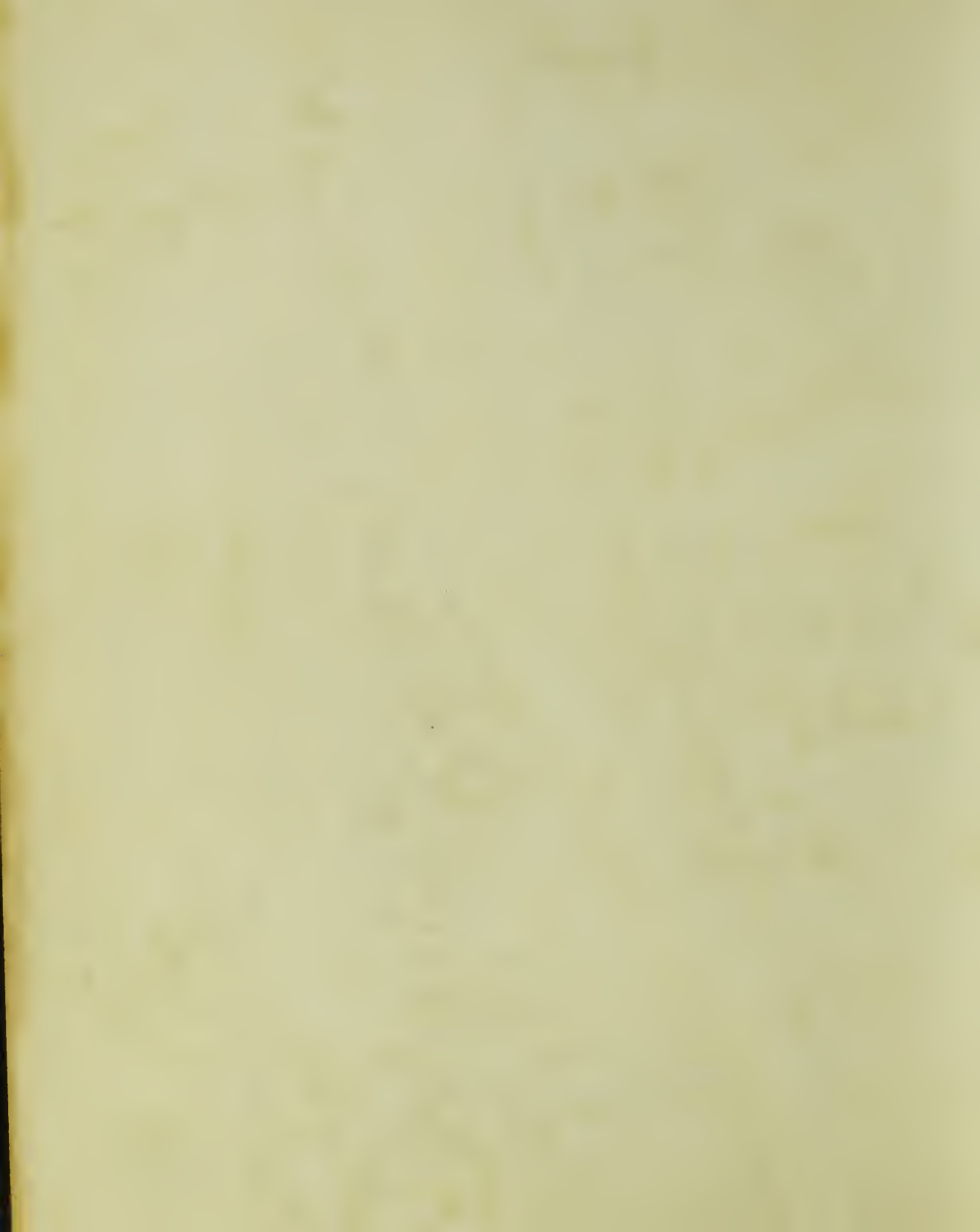


Green Book

1930





GREEN BOOK

1930



DEDICATION

TO THE ONE WHOSE GODLY WALK HAS
IMPRESSED US, WHOSE PATIENCE AND
NOBLE EFFORTS HAVE BENEFITED
US, ONE WHOM WE, AS A CLASS
CAN NEVER FORGET

TO

MISS ALICE SPANGENBERG

WE DEDICATE THIS - OUR

FOURTH VOLUME

OF

THE GREEN BOOK



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F O R E W O R D

The College Rhetoric Class presents
to you the last issue of the Green Book. If
our readers are pleased we shall consider
that our work has been not only helpful to us,
but enjoyable to others.

GREEN BOOK STAFF

Editor	H. Elisabeth Brown
Assistant Editor	Nathan Cornell
Literary Editor	Hilda Hendricks
Art Editor	Raymond Davis
Sport Editors	Edmund Silverbrand and Julia Clarke
Joke Editors	Eunice Lanpher and Everett Mayo
Business Managers	Clarence Lindeman and Joseph Knutson
Typist	Julia O. Bengson



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Galena Joseph Knutson

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Julia Clarke

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EDITORIALS

The week of May 19th to 25th was National Poetry Week. Such a week is of great benefit to such a hurrying heedless mob as many Americans have become.

What is Poetry anyway? Wordsworth has told us that it is "emotion remembered in tranquillity" but that is not satisfactorily explained, for to really understand this definition we would have to know exactly what emotion and tranquillity is. This is like an obscure dictionary definition, as: electricity-- a peculiar condition of the molecules of a body or of the surrounding ether developed by friction, chemical action or magnetism.

"Poetry is supposed to be the aesthetic art which gathers the beautiful into words". Strictly speaking there can be no poetry without words. We have heard of poems in music, art and architecture but really it was only the inspiration for a poem found in these and became a poem only thru transmission into words.

Before the alphabet was invented so that poems could

so that poems could be written down, man spoke his poems.

If he spoke with a certain rhythm and succeeded in giving to his listeners certain moods, he was delivering poetry whether he knew it or not.

There are thousands of pages of Indian songs, poems and spoken dreams found in books of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington and it is all in the free verse style.

We realize that the Psalms are poetry and much of our modern poetry is written in similar style

- - - -

A second consignment of Japanese cherry trees has been recently received from the Japanese government to be placed with our other cherry trees around the Potomac Tidal Basin at Washington, D.C. The news that they had been successfully planted in their adopted soil was thought important enough to be flashed to Japan by diplomatic cable. The Mayor of Tokio, Yoki Ozaki, had replied March 28th, 1912 as follows:

"It will remain to the citizens of Tokio a pleasing memory as well as civic pride that their small offering will be permitted to contribute to the advancement of the beautiful Capitol of the Great Republic which they all admire."

Yearly thousands of tourists travel to Washington to view these magnificent trees.

It is particularly interesting to notice that all over the United States various movements for the planting and caring for trees are springing up. Let trees and shrubbery help make our towns beautiful.

- - - -

BUILDINGS

E. N. C. is building; yes - structures with brick and mortar; yes- learning through teachers and books. But far better than that, E.N.C. is building character.

New buildings may come; degree granting power may be ours; but best of all "as a wise masterbuilder" we are building for a life that will bless others.



GRADES OR KNOWLEDGE

"What d'je get in Rhetoric?", they say. Some have A's, others B's or C's, and a few D's or F's.

"What does an A or a B mean if we fail to receive enduring benefit? What Rhetoric means to us a year or two years from now is far more important than our grade, however good it may be. Are we studying for grades or for knowledge? The reward for grades is measured by present benefit, while the reward for knowledge is measured by years spent in a useful life.





◆ LITERARY



A GOOD NAME

Fay and Larry La Cille prided themselves on being a successful, modern couple. They were successful both in business and in married life. Each worked in Boston for different firms. Sometimes they lunched together, and sometimes not. They believed the best way to live together was for each one to live his own life, independent of the other.

Tonight they had been invited to one of the prominent social events of the year. Fay having had a busy day at the office, was tired and soon grew bored with the party. About twelve o'clock she decided to go home, but Larry who was greatly interested in aviation had met a famous aviator and was busy talking to him. Fay wrote him a note saying she was taking the car, and that he should ride home with Smiths, neighbors of theirs. She gave the note to the butler with instructions to give it to Larry at his first opportunity. Then she took their car and drove home.



It was such a beautiful nite she decided to sit on the veranda a while. After sitting there a short time she heard a noise upstairs. Fay, always the cool-headed business woman, started upstairs to investigate. As soon as she reached the top step someone grabbed her. One man tied her arms and another started to stuff a dirty gag in her mouth.

"Don't gag me, please," she calmly requested, "I wont yell."

"Well, it will be the last of you if you do," growled one of the burglars.

"She isn't the screaming kind," said the other. "You open the safe and I'll watch her," leveling his pistol at her.

The first bandit got down on his knees on the floor and tried to open the safe. Both of the burglars were young fellows. They seemed so excited and nervous Fay thought they must be amateurs at the game.

"Say, Lady, what's the combination of this lock?"



Just then the telephone rang.

"Don't touch that phone!"

"I think it would be better if I did," calmly replied Fay. "It is probably my husband and he will be suspicious that something is wrong if I don't answer it."

"All right, answer it, but be careful what you say."

Fay took down the receiver and talked while the burglars held their guns pointed at her.

"Hello, yes this is Fay."

"What is the matter, Dear? You sound scared?"

"Oh, I'm O.K., but I have some sad news for you. Sally is going through a serious operation. She is sinking fast and I do not think she will ever recover."

"What?" gasped Larry. "I'll be right over."

He hung up but Fay knew she could not bring the conversation to such an abrupt close without exciting the suspicion of the two men standing behind her, so she kept on talking.



"It will be too bad if Sally dies. I don't know what the children will do without her. We will go to the hospital tomorrow and see her. Goodbye."

"Hurry up now and give me the combination of this safe. No, here you get down and open it."

Fay fumbled with the lock with shaking fingers and wondering how long it would take Larry to get there. Finally she got the safe open. There were all her jewels and some of the company's money Larry had not had time to bank. The bandits scooped it all up in a bag, cut the telephone wire and rushed down the stairs.

"Hands up", shouted someone. It was the police and Larry. They had arrived just in time.

"Fay ran down the stairs and into Larry's arms. She was no longer the calm business lady, but a woman, shaking, laughing and crying.

"Fay, you surely are a brave little woman."

"I'll say she is," added one of the burglars."But what I'd like to know is how she tipped you off."

"Oh, simple enough. You see we named our safe Sally."



PEQUAKET LAKE

The State of Maine contains scores of beautiful lakes, but the most beautiful I have seen is Pequaket Lake. It is located twenty-five miles west of Portland. I have spent a good many weeks there at my girl friend's camp and the more I go there the better I love it.

How wonderful it is to get away from the heat to a quiet, cool, restful place.

Pequaket has not as yet become over-crowded with cottages and camps. Those that are there are neat and clean and owned by a fine class of people.

During the day when the sun shines down on the lake making it dance and sparkle with sunbeams, it gives one an exhilarating feeling to dive off the spring board into its depths. It is refreshing to swim and dive into the clear water. Then when one is exhausted how restful to lie on the beach, with one's arms under one's head and look off to the opposite shore through half-closed eyelids. Then when one's vim and pep is regained, it is invigorating to take a row down to the



other end of the lake, by the girls' camp and in around the bend. There the water is shallow and the bottom is oozy mud. It is fun to rest on the oars and float thru pond lilies and watch the turtles run as fast as possible out of sight. By poking the mud with an oar, several turtles can be driven out and watched. A bold frog may be sunning himself on a log and croaking but when he spies you, he dives and is gone. At this lower end of the lake there are no cottages and on the shore are cool and inviting woods.

While we eat our supper on the large screened in porch which overlooks the lake we can watch the fire-red sun sinking down behind a distant hill, giving promise of a hot day tomorrow and shedding a rosy glow over sky and water.

When the moon comes up it is fascinating to see its path across the water and the dim outline of stalwart pine trees along the shore. Lights from other camps sparkle, friendly and hospitable. Music from neighboring cottages and from canoes going by, lends romance



to the atmosphere.

However, nothing can equal going out in the canoe when the moon is at its height on a warm and balmy night. The darkness and mysteriousness of the pines and the water would almost make one shudder, but the moon and millions of stars overhead, and the lights on shore give a feeling that other than human company is present.

E.L.

DESPAIR!

Ralph and I started out for a day of fun and sport. We rose early one morning and made preparations for the day. We got our fishing poles, lines and hooks ready, dug some bait. We cleaned out our rifles and loaded our pockets with ammunition, sharpened our jack knives, prepared a few sandwiches, and started out.

We entered the large forest, covering thousands of acres of ground, about nine o'clock. Many hills and valleys were in the woods, many large rocks almost as large as an average size house. Brooks and streams were running everywhere.



Ralph shot the first animal, a bird. I went him one better and shot a rabbit. We stopped at several streams to throw our lines in for a fish; we caught a few. About two o'clock we ate our little lunch. We spent the rest of the afternoon fishing, hunting and sporting around. When the sun began to go down we began to think about going home.

Neither of us knew the forest very well and had only been in it a short way before. Where we were was for us to find out. Ralph said, "Follow me. I will find the way out." He started at a rapid pace, I right at his heels. We walked and walked, up hill, down hill, jumped and waded brooks, climbed over rocks, for about an hour. He stopped. "I give up," said Ralph. We looked around and here we were at the same place we started from. We began to worry. We were hungry, tired and thirsty. The sun was setting fast: it was clear out of sight. "What shall we do?"

"Come on, follow me, I believe I can find the way out to some road," and I started to lead the way. Ralph tramped right behind me. We pushed on over hills and



rocks through streams and valleys. At every high place we stopped and looked for some familiar place. It became darker and darker; only the dim forms of the trees could be seen on the blank sky, darker still, and even their dull forms passed away. We stopped. "Oh! Oh!" came from both our mouths.

The haunting noise of the owls, the screech of the night bird, the wrestling of the leaves by the rabbits playing around, and the thumping of the coons running up and down the trees, gave no one a pleasant feeling. With much effort but with little hope we started on, tramping, climbing, looking, watching and panting. The only hope now was to get close enough to the edge of the woods to see a light shining. A flash was seen as that of lightning, another, and still another. We breathed faster and faster: hope began to rise. We started in the direction of the flash, we walked for several minutes, it flashed no more. We spied a light, we went towards it all our strength. The light disappeared, but we knew that there was something over there in that direction, so we kept



pressing on. It appeared again, brighter than before; we thought it must be pretty near. We had now forgotten all about our hunger, thirst, and tiredness. We were so overjoyed we imagined the light was coming towards us. As we came nearer the light we thought it was in a house; it was, a little house on the edge of the forest.

We knocked at the door and an old man with a cane in his hand came to the door. We asked him where we were. He answered that we were about five miles from Jackson. That meant twenty miles from home.

C. S.





COLD

As I sat in the automobile I heard the bleak December wind sweeping wildly across the road. The trees on both sides were bending to and fro. The machine, having been at a standstill during those early hours, seemed to get colder and colder. As I touched the cold upholstering I began to shiver. My companions wrapped several blankets around me-- yet I seemed to get colder. My feet having been asleep for several hours began to get numb. I could scarcely move them. My throat seemed to be parched and my thirst to be increased. My fingers having been cold for several hours began to feel lifeless. My nose was red and cold. The expression on my face seemed to be frozen. I could scarcely change it. Soon a kind man carried me to his home. His wife gave me a chair near a good, hot fire. The hot coffee burnt my tongue. The blood began to course through my body. Soon, I was my old self again.

H.H.



A COCOANUT

Several years ago, my father brought home from town a big, brown cocoanut. The fibrous husk with its hard shell survived all the tossing and the rolling which we gave it. We could hardly believe that this heavy ball contained the cocoanut of which we were so fond. At length a heavy stroke of the hatchet split the hard shell. A milky liquid began to flow out. A white meated seed clung to the shell. Anxious children could hardly wait until Dad separated the meat from that hard hairy substance. While waiting they drank the milk. To their great satisfaction, they found it to be very watery and sweet. Two or three sips satisfied a person. Being told that it was monkey food, we pretended that we were monkeys. Supposing that our hands were the claws of monkeys, we grasped a few of the large pieces of hard shell and tried to separate the cocoanut meats. We soon found that monkeys were much stronger than we. After the white meat was obtained we tasted it. As our front teeth touched



it a cold shiver ran through our bodies. It seemed tasteless. When we began to chew it our appetite was aroused. The clean, hard, white and sweet substance tasted even better than chocolate candy.

H.H.





THE GREEN BOOK

I think the cover is very appropriate. It is green and the book came out on St. Patrick's Day. The drawing is well done.

The contents are well arranged and very well chosen. The articles are especially good. The dedication was well chosen. The Foreword was well worded.

The typing certainly does add to the appearance and effectiveness of the book. The page borders are neat.

I like the divisions the book has been put into and the order in which they were put.

The Sport Editorials were very good except for the personal touch put in one of the girls' games. I do not think any names should be mentioned in these writeups. They read better without any.

The yells at the top of the Sport pages were something different.

The Berger Brothers featured one of the best cartoon pages I have seen in a Green Book.

The jokes were just right. Not too many on one person





and not tiresome.

The six cartoons are some new and real. They are good and have some phrases of college life attached to them.

Taken as a whole it is one of the best Green Books yet.

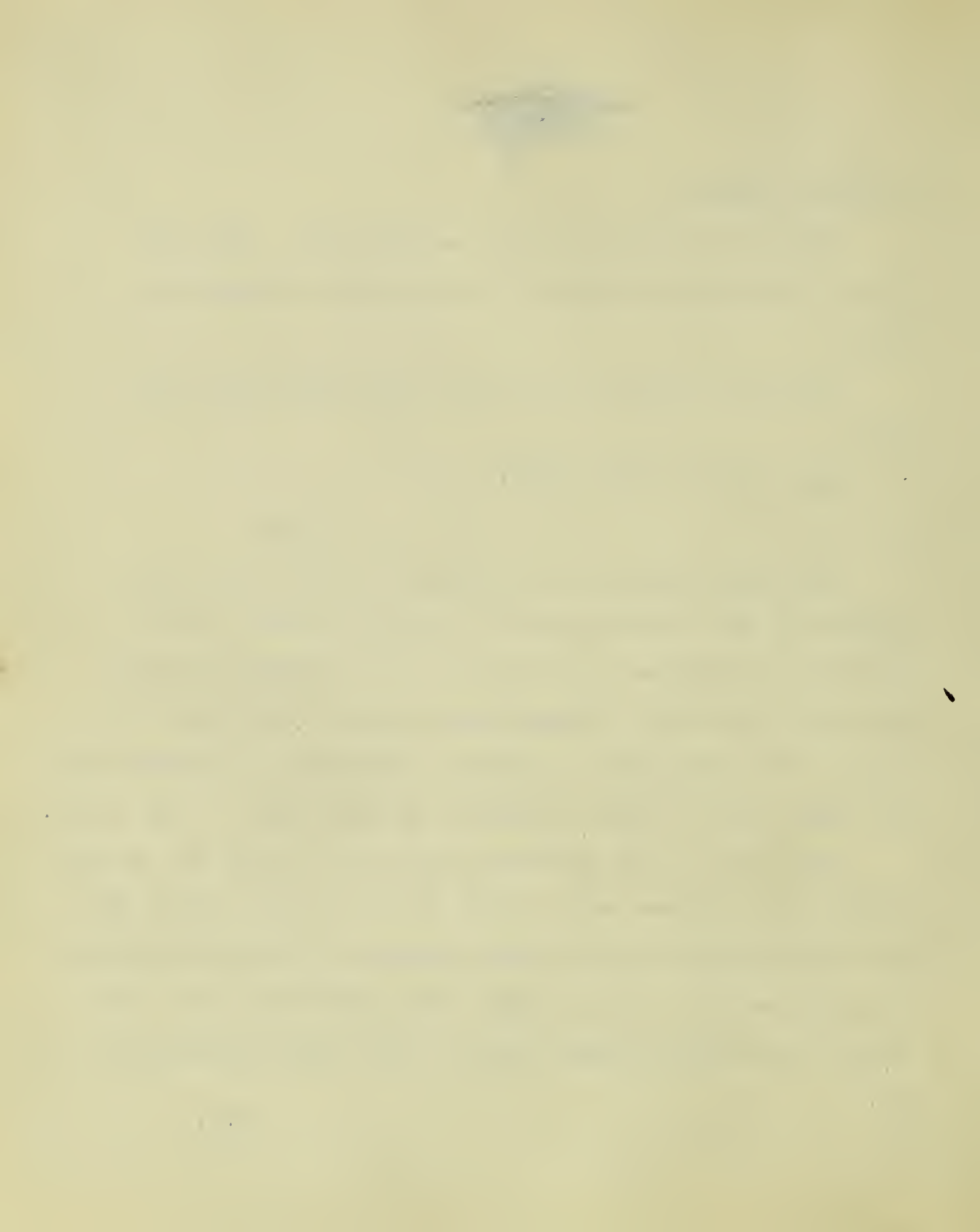
More power to the staff!

R.S.B.

The Third Edition of the Green Book put out by the members of the nineteen-thirty College Rhetoric class, I think can be praised. Of course it is necessary to realize that we are only College Freshmen and that there is a chance for improvement. However, the literary articles were all right and by these we can see we have merit in our class.

Among all of the sections this time I think the cartoon section was the best and a great deal of praise can be given concerning any one of these cartoons. The sport section was good and some of the jokes were especially good. The whole book showed a great deal of labor and time spent on it.

M.H.





LEARNING TO SWIM

There have been many ways suggested for learning to swim. Encyclopedias and physical culture magazines give minutest instructions. I believe they suggest learning the motions of the arms and legs -- practicing them first on the floor, then over a piano stool and finally in the water.

Then, some people advocate taking the victim out into the middle of the pond, or where the water is deep, tying a rope around his waist, and throwing him overboard with a "Sink or Swim" admonition.

The great stumbling block in learning to swim is inbred Fear. We're afraid we'll sink and lie like stones on the bottom of the lake, or we are afraid of snuffing in a lot of water and suffering that unpleasantness.

I was fortunate enough when I was twelve years old to go to Camp Cochnewagon, Monmouth, Maine. It was there that I learned to swim under expert tutelage.



This is how we were taught.

Unless we evinced a strong desire to swim no attention was paid to us. When we did, our first exercise was to sit down in the water letting it cover our heads. We were to hold our breath for a short time and then let it out thru our mouths, forming bubbles and making gurgling noises. When we got so that we could keep our heads under water without feeling apprehensive, our instructor showed us how to do the Dead Man's Float. To do this you must stretch the body out straight forward, and lie flat on your stomach with your face in the water. The body will float, gently swaying with the ripples and waves, until all the breath is expelled and the head is lifted.

At first we were allowed to do this float on flat lifesavers made of twelve narrow strips of cork sewed in canvas. When she saw that we were doing it correctly she encouraged us to try it alone for a short distance in very shallow water. One by one, we dared and did this. Now we were ready to try the Breast Stroke.



Lying on our stomachs on the dock we were shown how to sweep the arms sideward, curve them up under and carry them straight forward, and how to do the frog like motion of the legs. She would count one!--two!--three!-- Hold it!-- three being the position like that which we had had in the Dead Man's Float. She taught us now, too, the most essential part of swimming -- correct breathing-- to breathe in thru the mouth and out through the nose. After forgetting to do this once or twice and suffering for several hours from stinging nose and throat, most of us learned.

It was easy now for us to master this stroke. Our joy and happiness at being able to swim cannot be imagined. We could now leave the Crib, the small roped in section for the beginners, and were allowed to swim around the boats and docks.

At this time we were having various exercises to make us more unafraid of the water, such as sitting on the edge of a rowboat and tumbling off backwards, and jumping off the dock into water over our heads. Besides



we had races to see who could hold his breath the longest in the Dead Man's Float and who could swim a given distance in the shortest time.

We learned other strokes too and finally climaxed our swimming career by taking and passing a canoe test-- telling about which would be another story.

H.E.B.

GALENA

The first impression of the town was that of saddened memories. The dusty pebbles of the main street, the wooden planking of the rusty old bridge, the slow, uneven walking of the old men, the horse and buggy (without a top), all seemed to convey the spirit of the town. Upon investigation and search, an engine and a train of one 'combination car' consisting of a passenger and baggage car all in one were discovered. A "Proud Engine" would have been a good name for the locomotive. It was shiny black, fitted with a bright brass bell and trimmed in white. It had a large, funnel-shaped smokestack, and it puffed and wheezed as it



towed the lone coach back and forth.

Next to the tracks flowed the Fever River, which has shrunk to one-half its youthful size. The muddy waters, black, greasy, left dirty streaks on the banks. Not a fish could live in it. Galena, once flourishing, booming, teeming with trade, now lingering more dead than alive, without hope for recovery, like people do with a slow, death-bringing disease. Too sick to protest and assert itself! Thus it existed, accepting its decay without protest.

J.M.K.

FIR TREES

The most outstanding memories of a few summers I spent in Maine on a little island in Casco Bay are those of the almost exclusively fir-treed section where I resided. The trees grew in about two square rods of ground. In the midst of the balsam, white pine and other species of fir, the ground was a springy carpet of pine needles about six inches thick. The air was fragrant with the sweet, tangy freshness of pine.



It is a delight to recline on the pine needles, to lie back and watch the movements of the birds above. They flutter about in short flights from branch to branch. A bird cannot fly far in one flight through fir trees for the branches are too thick, the needles too closely woven over head. The bright sun warms me through for the Maine air is quite cool even in mid-summer. Before long the trills of the birds, the warmth of the sun and fragrance and softness of the pine needles under me are too inviting to resist and I drop to sleep.

E.S.

FROM CUTTYHUNK ISLAND

From "Observation Hill" as I look toward the east, I see the land, a part of which I am standing on, recede rather rapidly down uneven slopes to the neck that projects in crescent shape into the water, that on the left being Buzzard's Bay and that on the right, Vineyard Sound.

While I am thus breathing the balmy sea-breeze, I



note the calmness of the bottled in harbor with part of the fishing fleet riding lazily at anchor, while on the Vineyard Sound side the great breakers and surf are rolling in in powerful undertones of rhythmic beat on the rocky shore. On the crests of some of the rushing billows may be seen a bait barrel, a box, a ^{LOBSTER PIT} buoy, or a piece of lumber making a headlong dash for shore, hesitate a second, roll around a bit, turn over a few times, and then skid out again on the ebb of the wave-- this to be repeated only a few times until the seventh or eighth breaker lands ^{IT} eventually beyond the re-₁turn grasp of the water.

Between this surf and Gay Head cliffs, on Martha's Vineyard Island three miles distant, is the New York to Boston shipping route and a large liner probably the beautiful Leviathan, is coming in; just a little inland of her is a tiny tug pulling tenaciously three large and loaded barges out toward open sea. A little to the right is a seaplane doing a few loops and dare-devil stunts, probably for the benefit of those who



might care to see him from the liner.

To the south may be seen a yacht race between the New York and the New Bedford yacht clubs. The forty or fifty yachts are a beautiful sight as they glide by, some keeping the same distance, while others steal up and quietly slip by their opponents. All of the snow-white sails are full and careening at about a sixty-degree angle. Just on the range of vision for today's weather (as there is a slight haze) may be seen the island of No-Man's land - a fishing post and packing house being about all of importance there.

To the west the large pond and the light-house of this island on which I'm standing is the first object of my vision. There the light house stands-- a faithful guide between two treacherous rock piles in the Fall River-to-New York route. In the channel, the remainder of our fishing fleet bobbing up and down as the men have let the boats drift while the engines are given over to the hauling up of lobster pots at intervals that the boats are not being propelled. A



coastwise steamer is now passing by enroute to New York. She slips along as gracefully as a swan.

To the north our eyes meet the coastline at the horizon on a level with the tops of the tall cliffs of our island here, (the distance from here to the shore being only fourteen miles.) The waterfront is plainly visible with the thousands of windows of the thirty-five cotton mills ablaze and shimmering in the light of a mid-afternoon sun.

To the northeast are stretched out before us in a diverging V-shape, the remaining islands of the Elizabethan group, presenting a scene of restful content as the waves and ripples wash upon the lonely shores which are only inhabited by screaming sea-gulls and tell-tale pieces of unfortunate wrecks.

E.A.M.



A STORM

One morning about seven of us started for a long hike. It was fair weather when we began our journey, but we hadn't gone far until the sky began to grow dark. The air was close and it was tremendously hot. We knew this meant a thunder storm and that we should retrace our steps immediately.

We were about five miles from home so we hurried as fast as possible. In spite of our efforts we were unable to succeed in reaching shelter. The storm broke with fury. The thunder crashed and the streaks of lightning were unusually bright. The wind grew stronger and it seemed as if the whole world swayed. As we ran on through the storm the rain blinded us and it took us an unusually long time to reach our destination.

At last, we arrived but were soaked. After we were settled peacefully in our home, we could hear the torrents of the water pour down the street. It was pleasant to listen to the storm now but we knew how to pity anyone who had the misfortune to be out in this drenching storm.



FROM MY WINDOW

What could be more familiar than the view from my dormitory window! How many times I have looked out as the rain was beating against the window pane, or perhaps the snow was settling lightly on the ground. But today is a day of sunshine, - not the blazing sunshine of summer, but the warm, soothing sunshine of early spring. Although it is the day before the first day of spring I can believe beyond a doubt that winter has gone.

Not a cloud spots the light blue sky of spring. As the afternoon advances and the shadows lengthen, the air becomes brisk and cool. My window is still open but I pull on my jacket to keep me warm. Beside my window, in the road I hear the intermittent pat of a baseball in the gloves of the pitcher and catcher. I miss the regular thud and look out in time to see the catcher racing after the speeding ball. Chet Darling's chuggy Chevie struggles past. Across the swamp an energetic gardener digs the soil for summer planting. A week's wash slaps briskly in the wind. Down



the street two children are playing!

A scraggly row of trees lines the campus about twenty-five feet from my window. I noticed today that the buds have appeared at the ends of the twigs. Two squirrels are frisking from tree to tree. A dog appears and they scurry away through the leafless branches. Papers are blown across the marsh like waves over the sea. A goggled professor saunters slowly within my view and passes on. Two laughing students swagger down the path on their way to the dorm after an afternoon of fun.

I pull down my window. Supper-time is near. The gardener has gone in, the boys have stopped their play, and the squirrels have left. A little fellow toddles along the road. His mother's voice I hear down the street. The gardener's wife comes out to take in her clothes. The first bell for supper rings as I wearily turn from my work.

N.S.C.



THE VIEW FROM OUR FRONT PORCH

One of the scenes my mind delights to rest upon when thinking of home is the view from our front porch at different seasons of the year; not because of the change in scenery with the shifting seasons, but because of my remembrance of the feelings evoked by the same scene at various times.

First, I recall an evening in Spring when, regardless of the damp chill in the air, there is a fascination in being out of doors. The two tall maple trees on either side of the front walk are shooting forth budding leaves, tiny blades of pale green grass push through the moist fresh earth on the lawn, and there is that fragrance in the breeze which tells of the early arrival of wild flowers. Father lays down his rake (which he has been using to clean up the rubbish preparatory to planting the garden), saunters around to the front porch and calls mother and the rest of us to join him. Mother lays aside her sewing and we girls our books, and have a quiet hour together discussing



the varieties and colors of flowers we shall plant in the garden, the color of paint for the house, whether interior decoration will be necessary or not, and other questions of the moment.

As we quietly discuss these things, darkness slowly envelopes the scene, bringing to our ears more clearly the chirping of the crickets and croaking of the frogs in the swamps not far away; and bringing to light the flickering glimmer of the fireflies as they flutter to and fro in the darkness.

Directly in front of our house is a wide field extending over to a grove of trees, which forms a dark thread in the immediate background, and beyond this rises a mountain, with a few flickering lights from windows of cottages scattered over the slope from base to summit. Soon the moon comes gliding up behind the mountain top, casting a magic silvery sheen over all. As the air becomes increasingly penetrating, we are driven into the living room, to finish our discussion.

Next, on an evening in midsummer when the heat is unbearably intense indoors, we resort to the front



porch to get the benefit of any passing breeze. The trees are now in full foliage and obstruct the distant view somewhat, but the immediate surroundings have been beautified with trim shrubbery, blooming rose bushes and climbing ramblers, triangular pansy beds and bright flower-bordered walks, sending forth a blended fragrance of the perfumes from each. As the darkness settles over the scene, the buzz of mosquitoes and little flies is heard and soon they begin to be felt also, sending the persons most sensitive to them indoors speedily, while those who are immune to the pests are left to enjoy the beauties of the summer night.

Then in the Autumn, -- what a gorgeous scene is before us, -- in the maple trees immediately before the house; in the greater variety of colors in the grove a short distance away; and towering above it, the splendid magnificence of an array of colors including every shade from palest red and yellow to deepest brown, and a sprinkling of deep, dark green from the evergreens scattered around the hillside. Now, our thoughts turn to plans for winter, and as the evenings



grow increasingly darker and cooler, we reluctantly relinquish our seats on the front porch.

J.O.B.

ELDERBERRY PICKING

It was customary annually for us to go elderberry picking. We knew quite well where they flourished. Down next to the old pumping station, just a little to the other side of the pipeline was a large bush which every year was so loaded with berries that the weight of the fruit bore the limbs almost to the ground. These were luscious, juicy berries. Many a time have I swished an elderberry twig through the corners of my mouth and felt the little berries drop in one by one. Then I would squash the whole mouthful and feel the sweet juice run to all corners of my mouth. As the day progressed, our lips became bluer and our appetites duller. When near time for the sun to set we would march happily homeward, confident of having plenty of delicious pie and tasty jelly.

J.F.W.



BURLING STREET FROM THE SIDEWALK ON A WINTER NIGHT

I was waiting for a bus on the corner of Burling Street and Queens Avenue. A six-inch snow had fallen the day before. It was seven o'clock in the evening. The air was bitter cold, a driving wind picked up the loose snow and bore it in flurries down Burling Street. Here and there a home-comer struggled through the snow and wind. Yellow headlights shone along the icy road. Passing cars were breaking the ice with their chains as they went crunching on. A few daring motorists slid from side to side as they attempted to drive without their chains. The big bus came to a crunching stop and I climbed in, glad to find shelter from that icy wind and those driving specks of snow.

N.C.

Essay-- Campbell

"To confine our studies to mere antiquities is like reading by candle-light, with our shutters closed, after the sun has risen."



THE SURGEON REMOVES MY TONSILS

When the Doctor said I might have my tonsils removed with only a local anaesthetic, I thought I would simply remove my coat and hat, sit down on a chair and have them yanked out, but I found the process to be a little more complicated.

Upon arriving at the hospital, I was requested to give the name and address of my relatives, "in case anything happens", the nurse said. This sounded serious, and I began to think! Then the nurse took me to a room and told me to undress and lie still until the doctor came. Shortly after this two nurses came in, took my pulse and gave me a hypodermic, telling me that I would soon be having a pipe dream. Another nurse came in with a wheel chair, and I was conveyed to the operating room, placed in what looked like a dentist's chair, and the doctor began the preliminaries of the operation. First he took a shiny needle and gave me a few jabs at each side of my throat (the pain of which I have felt at intervals ever since). The nurse



in attendance was holding my head, but the doctor spoke sharply to her, telling her I was able to hold my head up and was not at all nervous, which was true. Several nurses came into the room to witness the operation, until the room was almost full. The doctor was clipping with sharp little scissors and soon there was a little bloody lump of spongy flesh lying on the white enamel shelf beside my head; then another one, and the operation was over.

At first I felt no pain and persistently continued to talk to the nurse, although she told me to be quiet. The day passed drearily. I was given lumps of ice to relieve the pain, which became more intense as evening drew near, and continued through the night, being only slightly alleviated by the lumps of ice, which the nurse kept replenished. When morning came it was all over, and I was allowed to go home.

J.O.B.



HUNGER

It is late in the afternoon. I have just returned home from a busy day and am very tired. I am hungry.

Soon, my mother begins to prepare for supper, Ah, I am glad that she is getting it ready so soon. I relax in my chair to read an interesting story.

In about fifteen minutes my mother comes into the living room.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but we haven't a bit of butter in the house. I meant to have bought some this afternoon but it slipped my mind. Are you too tired to go to the store?"

Reluctantly, I consent to go. I am so tired and so hungry.

The stores are only a few blocks away but oh! it seems like such a long journey! Finally, however, I arrive at the store. It appears that everyone has left his shopping until this hour. Because of pangs of hunger, I am tempted by the articles of food around



me. At last, after what seems like a long time, I am waited on. Quickly, I make my large purchase.

I gaze in the store windows as I slowly wend my way home. Here is a baker-shop window which torments me with its display of delicious pies and cakes. I am so hungry!

While I walk down one of the residential streets, the rich, spicy smell of fresh, hot ginger-bread is borne on the air. I am so hungry!

Finally, I reach home. Mother has just placed the hot supper on the table. We are having escalloped potatoes tonight -- and ham and spinach. How appetizing the meal looks!

I am so hungry!

B.R.





S O C I A L



TO NORTH SCITUATE BY BUS

Here comes the bus! Everybody ready? Mr. Hemmings scurried around to see that everything was in order for the Nautilus Bus Ride. It was a happy, peppy group that climbed into the bus. After everyone had found seats and the lunch was packed in the rear, the bus started.

Due to an accident, Mr. Welwood and Mr. Matthews were waiting for the bus on the Nantasket road. There was a little excitement for a moment as Mr. Welwood's car was seen being turned toward school and it was thought that the victims of the accident would perhaps come later, but questions were dismissed when Mr. Hemmings saw them standing on a corner.

Through the kindness of Miss Peavey, a victrola added to the noise made by the bus. Claude Schlosser, with the cooperation of Emily Smith, was kept busy winding up the music box.

Disappointment reigned as the bus came to a standstill and Mr. Hemmings called "Everybody Out." There



seemed to be no place of interest in sight, but to everyone's happy surprise this was not the place planned. In a moment, all were back in the bus and on the way once more. In a few minutes, the bus stopped, and it did not take long to satisfy everyone that this was the place. A more ideal spot for a picnic could not have been chosen.

Looming just ahead were high rocks which formed the sea wall. Eagerly everyone hurried from the bus to the ocean's edge. As far as could be seen were these giant rocks. The lower ones were smooth from the currents of water that swept over them.

Gradually the group dispersed and started the seemingly endless clambering over the rocks. Miss Peavey had some difficulty in getting loose from between two rocks whose crevice was not quite wide enough. Rubber soles were indeed appreciated.

Venturing for what seemed miles, eight merry-makers found that by stepping across low rocks, they could reach an island consisting of five or six immense consolidated rocks. Lobster traps were seen in great abundance



floating on the surface of the water. Soon a small boat was seen approaching whose pilot was a lobster trapper. As he drew near, the explorers waved a friendly greeting to him. Unable to understand the meaning of this, he stopped the motor but in somewhat of a disgusted manner he cranked it up again as he became aware that these strangers were not calling for help. Soon this little group discovered that the tide was coming in and there might be a possibility of them being stranded so they decided to return to main land.

Daring and courageous, Mr. Hemmings appeared in a bathing suit and stood on a rock near the water, shivering so much that he could hardly utter a word. Slowly he moved toward the water until finally his ankles were wet. Onlookers watched eagerly as Mr. Hemmings gradually got under the water. A few strokes and splashes and he was struggling desperately in the icy waves. However, he did not struggle long for when he came out he was almost paralyzed from cold. Soon two more figures appeared in bathing suits. They were John Welwood and Ivan Beck-



with. For some reason Ivan could not muster enough courage to get his hair wet, while on the other hand John Welwood was taking wild strokes in order to keep from freezing. They too, did not spend much time in the water which seemed to be devoid of heat.

Cameras were clicking at frequent intervals during the afternoon.

By five-thirty the hungry adventurers were assembled for the big feature of the day-- "The Feed". Everyone had acquired an enormous appetite from ascending and descending rocks. Everything was speedily prepared as Claude Schlosser and Jaye Clark vigorously whipped the cream for strawberry short cake. Professors Harris and Munro contributed delicious angel food cakes. Everyone ate heartily and when it came time for the strawberry short cake, Lucille Neely, who was on a diet was heard to groan, "Fifteen thousand more calories", as she looked at the whipped cream.

After each had consumed his maximum amount, the group separated as Mr. Hemmings said, "All back by 9:30."



The flickering lights from the light houses as they cast their gleams on the rocks, formed a beautiful sight. There was also a beautiful woods with long, winding paths.

Some daring young men ventured down to the waters edge in search of starfish. These were found in abundance.

When nine-thirty arrived, the entire group could truly say they had come to the end of a perfect day.

J.C.





A SO-CALLED TENNIS TOURNAMENT

An announcement was made in regard to a Girls' Tennis Tournament. Eight energetic girls signed up for it. They were Emily Smith, Betty Brown, Edith Angell, Jaye Clark, Eunice Lanpher, Ruth Abbot, Annie Wild and Luella Cox.

We fear these girls have not been having much practice but never mind girls, this tournament wont need much practice. We are sorry this could not have been carried out, but next year we will try to do better.

J.C.

TO THE BLUE HILLS

The Y.M.A.A. took the Y.W.A.A. on a trip to the Blue Hills. Four large yellow buses left our campus at 6:15 The trip was very pleasant. The humorous students in each bus created a great amount of mirth. Tired students forgot their weariness and joyfully awaited the good time ahead of them. When the buses reached the Lake, the students began to walk around it. Some of the students



were foolish enough to see-saw, but the care-taker soon chased them away. Several games were played. About ninety-three there was a weiner roast. Hot coffee was served. A group of students gathered around Sam Mayberry who entertained them with his jokes. A male quartet in which Everett Phillips, Prof. Mann, Scotty Rankin and Harvey Planey sang, completed the program. The ride back to the school was very pleasant. At 10:45 we arrived at the school and went to our rooms.

THE FRESHMAN PROGRAM

On the night of April 4th, 1930 the College Freshies, or the so-called Green Horns gave a Barn Program. The gymnasium was decorated to display both the inner and outer views of a barn. The platform of the gym was the interior, It contained an old-fashioned, buggy, a truck tray, an old spinning wheel and a churn. Boxes of grain and cans of oils were arranged within the barn. Two hay mows completed the inner decorations. The barn yard consisted of a green grassy lawn divided in the middle by a narrow pathway. A



log fence bordered the yard. On the left of the pathway was an old stone well with an old oaken bucket. A tree with pink blossoms stood near by. Rustic furniture, such as chairs and benches tempted the guests. A blue jay sat on the fence. On the right side of the path, was another tree with pink blossoms. Rustic furniture and a bird house here, completed the decorations.

At eight o'clock the program began. President James Jones asked President Nease to lead in prayer. Then the College Freshman, dressed like farmers, entered the barn yard. Peals of laughter ascended throughout the auditorium. There were two grandmothers, two grandfathers, four farmers, three farmer's wives and the remaining farmer boys, and girls.

The first number on the program was a symphony orchestra led by a Farmer Ladies Quartet who sang, "Carry me Back to Old Virginia" and "The Old Oaken Bucket." The remaining numbers or stunts such as the following, were led by a Freshman, but were played on the guests. An Opera Glass contest, which was won by President Nease involved



the faculty. A laughing contest, a button-sewing contest, a drawing contest and a pillow race were held. An apple ducking race, a potato digging contest, a straw race, a grain contest and a swinging basket contest brought peals of laughter from the visitors. And then the Chariot race began. It consisted of a College Team and an Academy Team. So successful was this race that by request it was repeated.

And then luncheon was served. It consisted of a Salmon Salad and a Chicken salad sandwich, together with a bottle of milk. The children were served cake. The guests congratulated the Freshmen upon the success of the program. The Freshmen enjoyed "getting ready" for it as much as the actual program.

H.H.



PERSONALS

One Monday morning the ACademy Juniors at breakfast discovered that the Seniors had "sneaked." They went to a camp in New Hampshire where they had an enjoyable time. They received little sleep that night and returned Tuesday morning with sleepy eyes and tired bodies.

The Evangels certainly enjoyed their trip to Lynn, Massachusetts on the twenty-fifth.

Alarm clocks and electric lights have been working overtime as various students feeling unprepared for examinations have endeavored to cram. The candle has been burned at both ends. Perhaps it pays.

Tennis is becoming the most popular sport in America. Nearly every one is expected to know how to play this game. With such fine games as we have the chance of witnessing in the E.N.C.Tournament, it seems strange that the gallery is no larger when a Tournament game is being played.



Decoration Day proved a gala day for some of the E.N.C. students. Various activities, canoeing, riding, studying and sleeping were indulged in. Perhaps a dozen people from E.N.C. attended the Young People's Convention at Haverill.

- - - - -

We were interested to witness the clever politics played by various members of the E.N.C. student body in the recent Student Council election.

- - - - -

Since the last edition of the Green Book, E.N.C.'s year book - The Nautilus, has been edited. Our admiration for it is sincere.

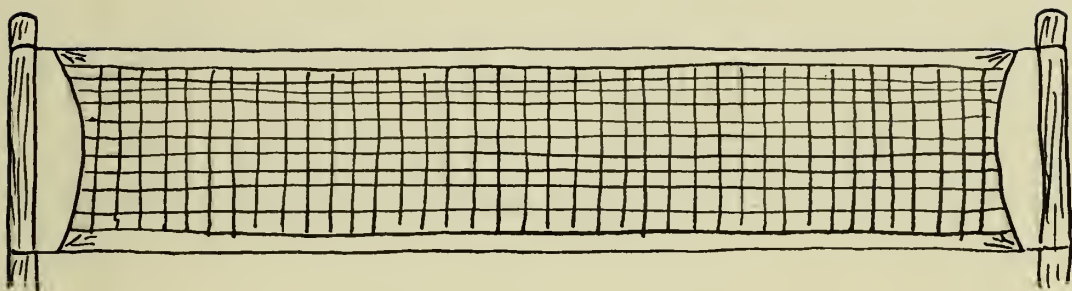
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We perceive that Ray Davis has changed his theme song to "A Cottage for Sale."

- - - - -

FAMOUS ALIBIS

I didn't know my watch stopped 3 minutes ago, Mrs. Marinus.
The bells rang early, Professor.
I'm color blind, officer.
I didn't know he was married.



TENNIS



TENNIS

Through the cooperation of the business office and a few school spirited students, we have now a tennis court which with only an occasional rolling will stand the strain of our playing. We have acquired a new set of court tapes in addition to a load of granite dust, which when applied to the surface of the court makes a hard enduring surface.

As in past years, the young men have started a tournament which we hope will be accomplished by the end of the school year.

Three sets in the first round of doubles and one in the singles have been played to date. The following scores will give some idea of the even matching of the teams and single players.

Robertson and Ernst vs. Prof. Mann and Briggs 7:5 & 6:4

Prof. Gardner and Rankin vs. Cornell and Schlosser 6:2 & 6:1

G. Bowers and Darling vs. F. Davis & Silverbrand 7:5 & 7:5

Darling vs F. Davis 6:1 & 6:2



At all times good sportsmanship, hard playing and obedience to the rulings of the umpire have been sought. A fine ace, a dexterous return, a smashing backhand have always been witnessed with delight by both the gallery, however, small, and the opponents. We are looking forward to a grand finale of our tournament after which the pennant for champions in singles and doubles will be awarded.

E.S.





6 A.M. TENNIS

Ting-a-ling! Ho-hum. Quarter of six and time to get up and play tennis. Jaye knocks on the wall and Eunice responds, designating that both girls are awake, but we hear no more of Eunice until class time. Cora comes to the door and says, "Are you up?" Sleepily the girls dress to go out and play tennis.

"Is Betty Brown up?"

"No, I'll have to go and waken her."

A brief scurrying around and the girls assemble, but with the absence of one girl-- Emily. Cora goes to her door and knocks. No response. She opens it slightly and peers in. Emily is comfortably "sawing wood."

"Emily, do you know what time it is?"

"Huh?"

"Do you know it's time to play tennis?"

"Oh-- say, it's raining isn't it?--No?;Well, I forgot, I'll be ready in a minute."

The other three girls proceed to the tennis court to rally until Emily comes.



Two against one and then alternate. Nothing much accomplished, only practice.

Twenty minutes to seven and Emily comes panting across the campus.

"Always bringing up the rear", calls one of the girls.

"Well, you don't have to rub it in," returned Emily.

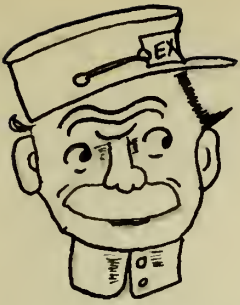
"All right, let's get going."

"Betty, you serve first."

Swish, what a neat serve, and it came with such force that Emily was unable to return it. Another serve to Cora who gracefully returns it into Jaye's territory who in turn hits the ball just back of Cora where it is impossible for her to hit it. 30- love. Another serve to Emily, who is by this time getting desperate and cuts her return, knocking the ball right in front of Jaye, who struggles in vain to knock it back. And so the game continues in this fashion until the breakfast bell rings. The victory was undecided, as there was insufficient time to complete the set, due to Emily's weakness of sleep. The players returned to the dorm, happy because their morning exercise had been conscientiously taken.

J.C.





JOKES

E. Smith-- "You wouldn't even know I was Scotch, I was so generous.

Prof.Marquart-- "No, I never considered you as one of my close friends."

- - - - -

An old colored man was burning grass. Ray Davis was going by and stopped and said: "You're foolish to do that Uncle Eb, it will make the grass as black as you are."

"Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," responded Uncle Eb, "Dat grass will grow out an' be as green as you are."

- - - - -

Prof. Span: "I'm going to give you zero on this exam."

Ed.Silverbrand: "That means nothing to me."

- - - - -

The absent-minded professor and his wife had been invited out for luncheon. As usual, he was making his share of social blunders. Finally, when they were seat-



ed next to each other at the table, his wife nudged him, and whispered, "James, where are your manners."

"Why, Martha, they must be in the wash; I'm sure I changed them this week."

- - - - -

H.H.: "Why did' you stop singing in the choir?"

J.C.: "Because one day I didn't sing and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed."

- - - - -

S.E. "My radio isn't perfect yet. What it needs now is a knob you can twist to slow it down while Floyd Gibbons is talking."

- - - - -

To make fish start biting, look at your watch where they can see you, and say so they can hear you, "Well, I must be going now."

- - - - -

We wonder what kind of an acrobat Elaney is as he reported having stood on the platform in Lynn, with his hands in his pockets and his arms folded.



B. Brown: "There's a fly in my ice-cream."

R. Davis; "Let him freeze and teach him a lesson. The li'l rascal was in the soup last night."

- - - - -

A High School boy got a new hunting suit and a bright new shotgun. On his first trip out he seated himself in the rushes, out in the meadows and waited patiently for some birds to fly over. Finally when a flock of ducks came in view he took aim and fired both barrels. Then he ran over to a clump of tall grass and picked up a big bull frog and held it up and admired it. "That's what I call good shooting," he exclaimed, "shot all the feathers off the first time."

- - - - -

C.S. to N.C.- "If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up."

- - - - -

We are informed that nothing can stop a chap with push and pull. This must be true of Ray Lockwood as he even started to take his trombone upstairs to bed with him



at 12:00 o'clock at night in Springfield, but the lady said it would be safe downstairs if he wasn't going to practice.

- - - -
"The fellow I go with is a perfect gentleman!"

"You don't say so."

"Yes, he took me to a restaurant last night and poured tea into a saucer to cool it; but he didn't blow it like common people do -- he fanned with with his hat."

- - - -
Prof. Span: "Prof. Kittredge of Harvard reads detective stories by the gallon."

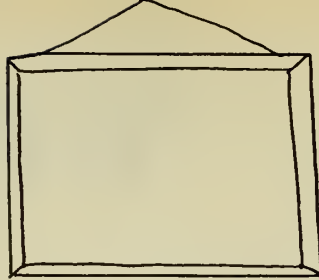
Briggs: "Do they come in a jug?"

- - - -
Editor: "Did you make up these jokes?"

Mayo: "Yes, ma'am."

Editor: "You must be older than I thought you were then."

- - - -
Wife (showing husband expensive fur coat):- "One really can't help but feel sorry for the poor thing that was



A SCOTCH MAN AT AN AUCTION SALE

skinned for this."

Husband: "I appreciate your sympathy."

- - - -

Prof. Mann: "The undergraduates complain that your language is too pedantic and unintelligible."

Pres. Nease: "Impossible, why, Sir, to employ a vulgarism, perspicuity is my penultimate appellation."

- - - -

Briggs: "I believe in free speech."

Parker: "That's fine. I'd hate to be required to pay to hear you talk."

- - - -

Wendell Garrison: "Papa, don't they call a man's wife his better half."

Prof. Garrison: "Yes, sir."

W.G. : "Then if the man gets married again, there aint nothing left of him is there?"

- - - -

Miss Strickland: "Don't you think a baby brightens up a home?"



Prof. Gardner: "Yes, indeed, We have lights burning all night now."

- - - -

"Eliza," said a friend of the family to the old colored washerwoman, "have you seen Miss Edith's fiance'?"

"No, ma'am," she answered, "it aint been in the wash yet."

- - - -

Don Hanes: (leaving college) "Good bye, sir, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Prof. Marquart: "Don't mention such a trifle."

- - - -

Bob Earle: "Do you have trouble with your car?"

Claude Schlosser: "Trouble? I couldn't have more if I was married to the thing."

- - - -

Installment Collector: "Look here, Mr. Diamantopoulos, you're three payments behind on your piano."

Mr. D: "Well, de gumpanee, advertizes "Pay as you play."



COMMON CAUSES OF
DIVORCE

Collector: "What's that got to do with it?"

Mr.D. : "Oh, I play very poorly."

- - - - -

"Oh," she said, as she wiped off his sleeve,
"you've been having elbow macaroni again."

- - - - -

IMPOSSIBLE

J. Jones: "They say Ed Silverbrand has been wander-
ing in his mind lately."

Teko: "Well, he's safe enough; he can't go far."

HOORAY!

"What is it that keeps the moon in place and pre-
vents it from falling?" asked Velma.

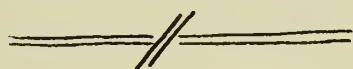
"I suppose it's the beams," replied Ray.

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