

Green Book

1948



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Greenbook

1948



FOREWORD

Inspired by the transition that E. N. C. is undergoing from a smaller to a larger college;

Realizing that this construction is God-founded and God-guided;

Knowing that we Freshmen as individuals are also growing and building each day, and that our finished structures will be acceptable only if they are also God-founded and God-guided, we have chosen for the Green Book the theme

"BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE"

Green Book Staff

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To one whose consistent Christian living has been to us a challenge;

Whose undying patience has made college curricula seem less mountainous;

Who labors untiringly for our interests;

Who has not only seen, but has greatly contributed to the growth of Eastern Nazarene College since its early days;

To our guide and registrar,

MRS. MADELINE NEASE,

we, the Freshman Class of 1948,

appreciatively dedicate this

1948 GREEN BOOK

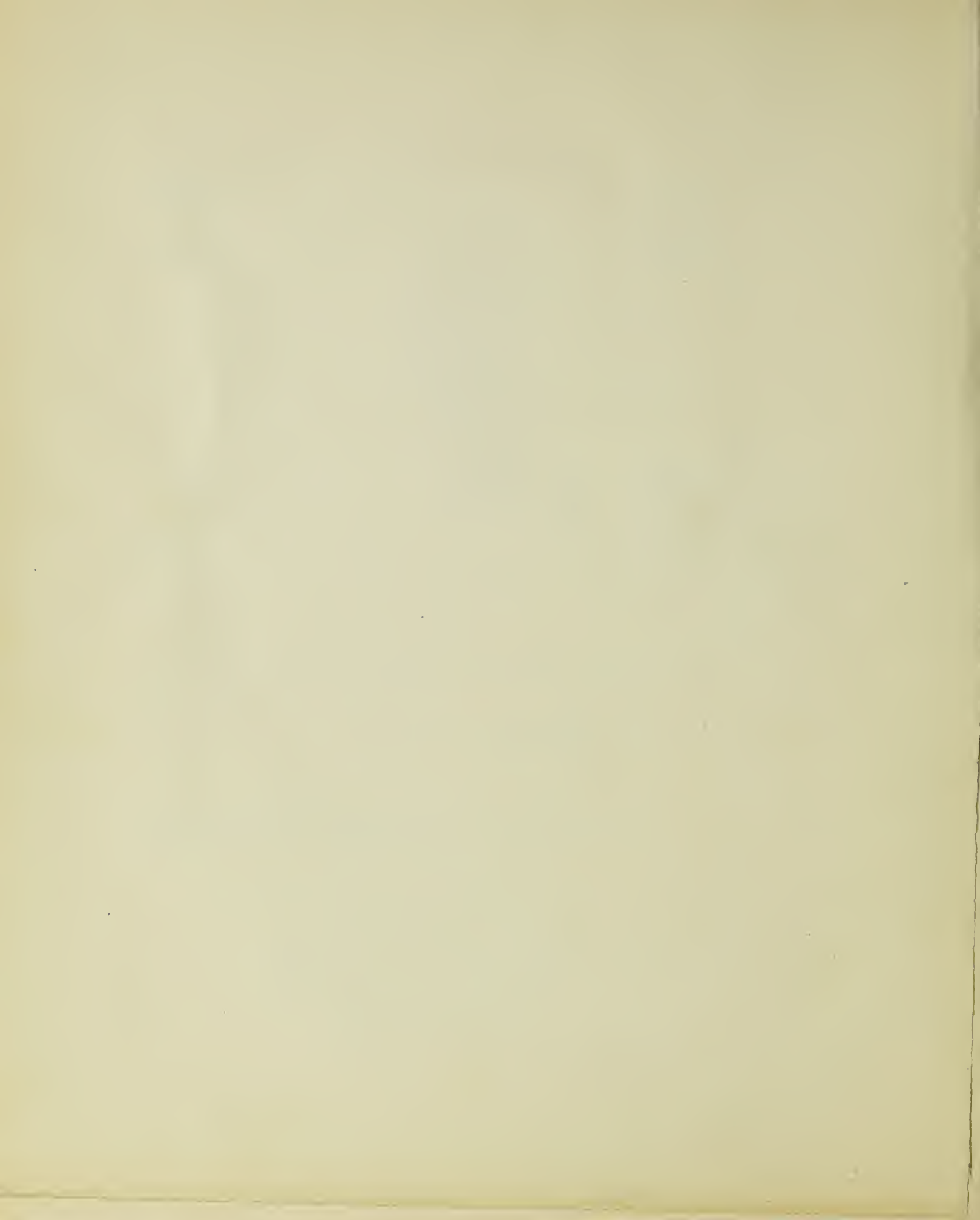


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Editorial

"Build thee more stately mansions..."

The accent of our age is improvement, expansion, growth. Cities and rural areas are alive with activity as blueprints develop into imposing brick, frame, or stone structures. Even old buildings are acquiring a new look. Paint, nails, and the addition of strong two-by-fours in sagging spots give many buildings, antiques of a forgotten era, new faces.

Here at E. N. C. no one can doubt that expansion, improvement, and growth are the material keynotes of the years 1947-1948. The activity in the area of the dismantled Cardboard Palace keeps each of us aware that E. N. C. is expanding to new proportions. Late lights in the president's office, surveyors' instruments, and talked-of blue-prints remind us that this building program will continue for quite some time.

The purpose of this construction is not a selfish one. Some of us may reap benefits from Memorial Hall and the new church. The main purpose of this extensive building program, however, is that future E. N. C.'ers may have a well-equipped, modern college as well as a sound Christian one.

"...O my soul."

We of the Freshman class of 1947-1948 have been impressed with the importance of building for the future. Just as E. N. C.'s founders caught a vision of an E. N. C. of brick buildings that today has become a reality through hard work and faith in God, so we Freshmen have caught a vision of our futures in which we are serving God as consecrated ministers, teachers, doctors, nurses, and engineers. This vision will

also become a reality if we build for our futures with God as our Architect.

E. N. C. was founded in God; so must each of our lives be God-founded. Most of us have already laid a strong foundation--a foundation that has been strengthened during our Freshman year by church, chapel, and prayer services.

We hold the key to the materials that go into our building. Bricks of character we place daily on our Christ-laid foundations. These bricks are tightly cemented with daily contact with God, by prayer, testimony, and Bible-reading. Our God-given talents are the strong planks of our structure. Shall we substitute shoddy materials for our very best? The result will be a shoddy structure.

Our building will be a slow process. At times we may grow discouraged, or may be tempted to content ourselves with a partially complete structure. Then we must catch anew our vision for the future; we must remember that with God as our Architect no task is too difficult.

The results of our efforts will be a temple God will be proud to call His own. Through God's help this, our vision for the future, will become a reality. Through His guidance we will successfully "Build for the Future."

Cardboard Captions

F

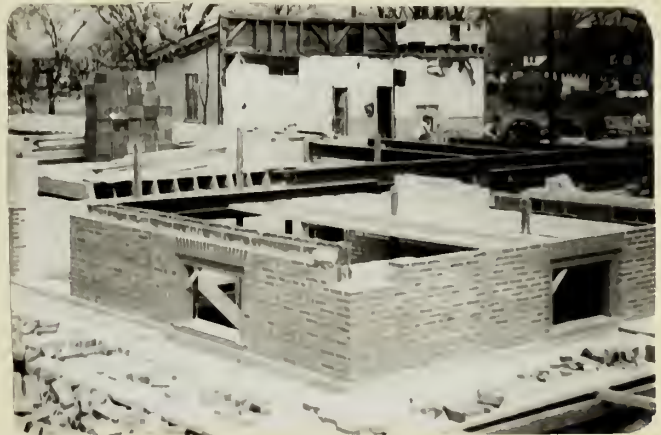
rom livery to lunches to living quarters. Yes, that covers the era of the former Cardboard Palace. With its unceremonious descent or downfall went a lot of fun and future frolic, but boyish memories of it



can never be demolished.

For a backward glance, let us look at the Palace in 1919 when it served as a stable for the Quincy Mansion School for Girls. Immediately after E. N. C.

purchased the campus, its lower floor was converted into a dining room and the upper floor was used for living quarters. The famed "haystack" prayer meetings held there were fruitful in revival results, especially in the wonderful revival of 1921. Some of the leading men of the Nazarene Church were converted in that meeting. Surely God used the lowly to confound the mighty! It is believed that former President Floyd Nease coined the title for this humble structure which became exclusively a boys' dorm in 1926 when the Munro Hall was completed.



Unity and brotherly kindness have been the watchwords and song of the Cardboarders. Behind the periodic, crashing bend-ers were some thirty typical E. N. C.'ers. Wouldn't you have expected some roof expeditions, water escapades, and a little commotion from such

fellows, to say nothing of drunk skits? Among the celebrities who have been housed in its quarters are ministers, chemists, dentists, and musicians. Two international students certainly deserve mention because of their contribution to its spirit. Shiro Kano, a Japanese student who gave his life during World War II, expressed his sentiments about the Palace in much the same way as our present, well-loved Japanese friend, Paul Yamada.

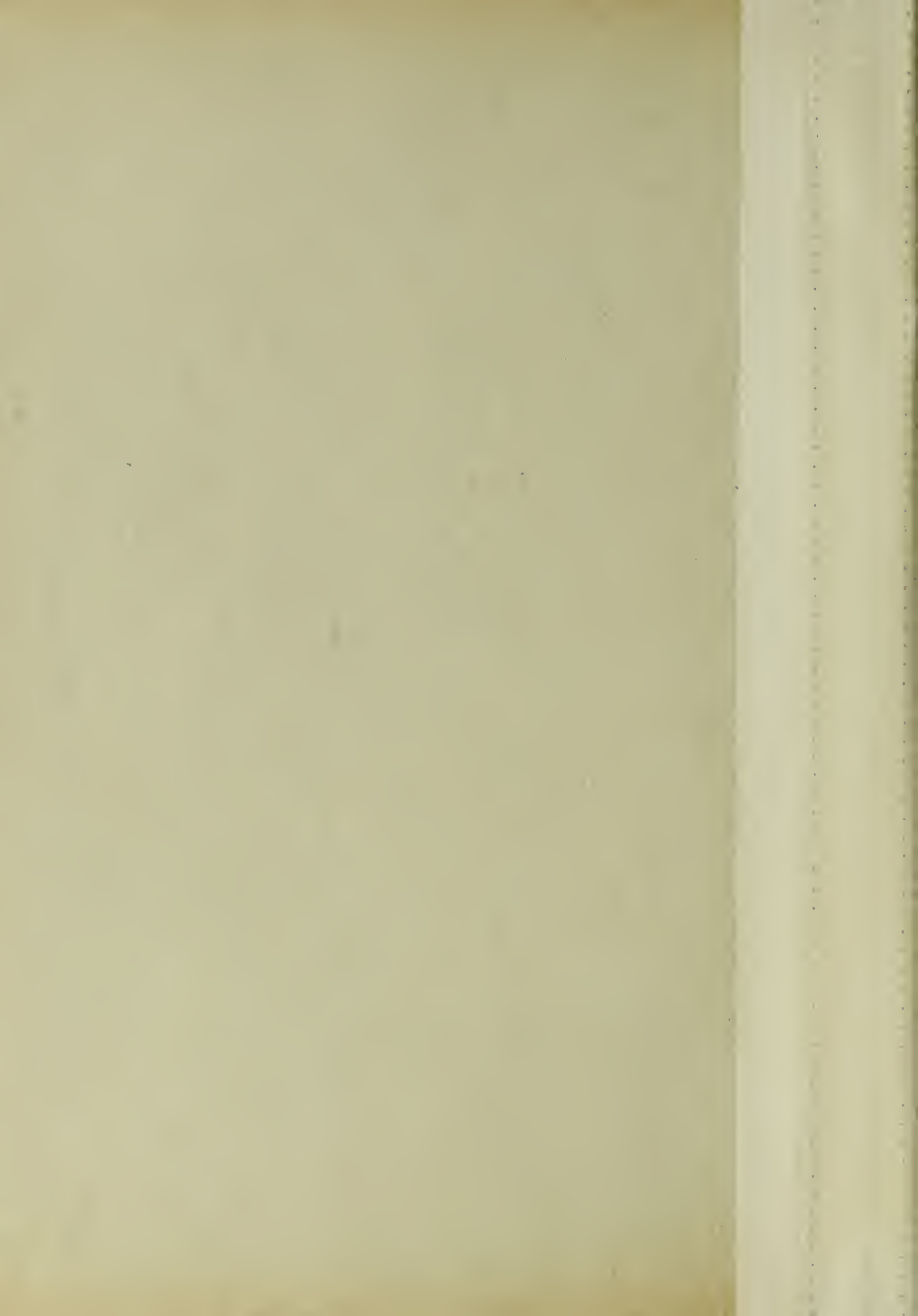
Paul has lived only in the Palace during his E. N. C. days which are over three and one-half years now; therefore he was very sad about the inevitable annihilation of his abode. His single room, very conveniently arranged, had become the main snackery, so handy to all his buddies. Sandwiches, hot chocolate, and coffee were turned out by Chef Yamada himself. But his room has also been the scene of many a serious discussion between Paul and some wooing lover. More than just a chummy chat, these discussions also included perplexing problems in which the more mature judgment of our friend was sought, and not infrequently was heard his earnest plea to God for further guidance.

As Paul says, "In the Palace we just take to each other." So, to all you Palace alumni, cherish its memories and carry that spirit with you into whatever place you call home.



h.w. Kemp

RELIGION



We "are built upon the foundation of the apostles and
and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chiefcor-
ner stone;

In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth
unto an holy temple in the Lord;

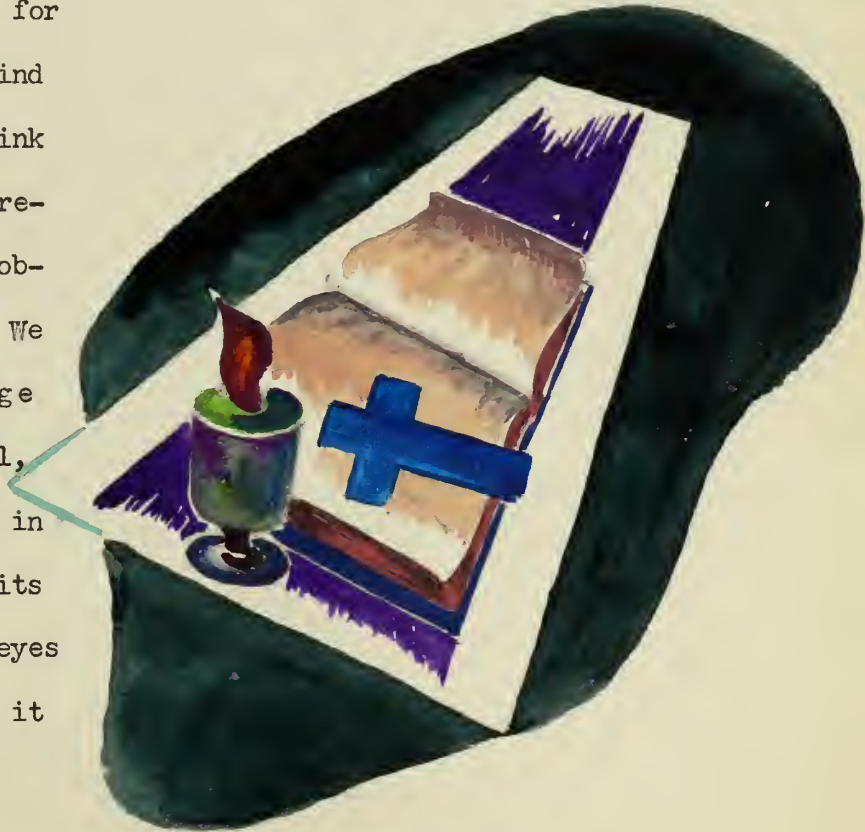
In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation
of God through the Spirit. "

Ten Years Hence

To predict what lies ahead and determine what and where each of us will be ten years hence would be an impossible task. Who can know the latent abilities that may be awakened? Who can judge the advantage some may take of opportunities? Who can know what effect the care, the disappointments, the sorrow, the happiness, the excitement--in all, the living of ten years can bring? No one knows but God.

Yet there are some things that we can know about the tomorrows. Some facts will remain constant and be applicable to every life and every age.

It may sound foolish at first to say that each of us will be somewhere, but some folk live as if there were no such certainty. Dead or alive, the body, the true individual, the soul of each person will be in existence. Our first concern, then, should be for this immortal part of us. How foolish for one to chase from his mind sobering facts and think that by so doing he releases himself from the obligations they impose. We should rather acknowledge the existence of the soul, and see to it that it is in peace and harmony with its Maker. By blinding our eyes to it we can never snuff it out of existence.



God will be in the tomorrows. The One who is "yesterday, today, and forever" the same is a constant factor whose Presence can be dreaded, feared, or enjoyed, but must be acknowledged. Our spiritual realm is the most definite part of the future.

But were there no spirit, some facts would yet be positive. What we do today affects what we will do tomorrow. What we do now will find its trace in the future as certainly as the past lives in the present. One person stated a workable creed when he said, "Act like the man you expect to become." There will be no sudden or terrific change as each of us passes into maturity. Personality will be a compilation of the traits and habits we have formed; our wall of character will be as strong as the bricks we are adding daily.

We know that there is no better time than now to begin making the years ahead profitable. "Today is the tomorrow we dreamed about yesterday." The future is always rushing upon us, and the only way we can prepare for its attacks is to battle today with the present.

What solemnity to the present do thoughts of the future bring. Though we should always be ready to die, we should as definitely be expecting to live and to prepare to make living count!

H

induism is not Christianity. This negative statement could obviously bring forth from the reader the expostulation, "Obviously it isn't; everybody knows that."

The sad thing about that expostulation is that it is not true. Everybody does not wish or choose to look towards the Light and see that Hinduism is not Christianity. There are millions of amiable, loose-thinking men and women in this world who declare glibly that all religions are merely different aspects of the same Great Truth. To these people, Hinduism and Christianity are merely "rays of light that sparkle from the facet of a single diamond;" or they are "drops from the same clear water of the Universal Ocean." There is an almost inexhaustible stock of cheap metaphors at the disposal of the "Universal Religionists."

It is a comforting doctrine, warm and soothing to the anxious spirit. There is only one drawback to it. In order to believe it, you must be completely ignorant of Christ on the one hand, and you must not take even a peep into the Hindu pantheon on the other. For those who are prepared to shut their eyes and keep them shut, the doctrine of "Universal Religion" is most helpful.

However, there are some people who are not prepared to keep their eyes shut; and even these will not be required to open their eyes very wide. One would think that two simple symbols would be enough to raise somewhat serious doubts in the minds of those who prattle about the "Universality" of religion.

Let us consider the symbols of Christianity and Hinduism respectively.

The symbol of Christianity is the figure of Christ on the cross--the figure of a perfect Man, who, even if His divinity is denied, has given the world its most beautiful legend and its most exalted code of conduct.

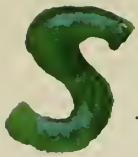
The symbol of Hinduism--or rather, one of the most widely revered of its many symbols--is the figure of Ganish, half man and half elephant.

Let us have a "close-up" of Ganish.

Ganish is a huge, squatting monster carved from a single hunk of black, shining stone, whose trunk and misshapen limbs seem in contortion like angry serpents. This monster seems imbued with a malevolent life so that his very limbs appear to twitch, as though impelled by ancient lusts, so great was the genius of the sculptor who evoked this creature.

Christ on His cross, giving to the world a last, shining phrase--"Forgive them for they know not what they do." Ganish in his cave, twisting his trunk, riding in a chariot driven by a mouse. Can any but a fanatic seriously contest that these two symbols are worthy of equal honor in the "Hall of Universal Religion?"

Those of us who think that the most important thing that ever happened to the world was the birth of Christ, and believe that Christianity is not only true but wholly modern, cannot very well keep it out of our discussion of modern problems. It is the only standard we accept, and if it makes other standards look shoddy, we cannot help it. We want to clear the air, to let in the light, even if it shines, with merciless clarity, on our miserable selves.



stretching across the long rolling field on my father's farm were the dark green rows of potatoes. They were very beautiful to see with their dark green leaves and little white blossoms. They had so completely covered the ground that it was hard to tell where the rows were. God had produced a miracle here. It is true that we had spent a few days plowing, fitting and planting this field, but then we had left it up to Him.

When we had finished planting the field it was just a big block of brown earth with long straight ridges for rows. Then it had rained, and the sun had shone upon the ground. Soon little sprouts began to appear. They developed leaves and grew and grew until they produced this beautiful picture. Thus they converted a drab brown field into one sparkling with life and beauty. No place that I have ever seen has shown more contrast than the farm in the summer time.

But let's watch this field. The stalks seem to quit growing. Even though we are still spraying, some of the lower leaves are turning yellow or brown. Fall is coming and they know it. Now they turn their attention to growing their potatoes. The vines have grown out all over the ground providing shade. This shade protects and conserves the moisture in the ground. All the leaves go to work taking food from the air and making potatoes under the ground.

As the weeks continue to slip past, the vines seem to shrivel up and die. Once more the field is a dull brown. We are not through with beauty. Now comes the digger, and as it moves out across the field we see the shining white potatoes lying thick on a dark brown background of fresh moist earth. This sight is a stirring one. There

are several days of work before the field is all dug and put in storage. Nothing ever made me feel quite so good as to walk into a potato storage and see line after line of firm smooth potatoes ready to be sold.

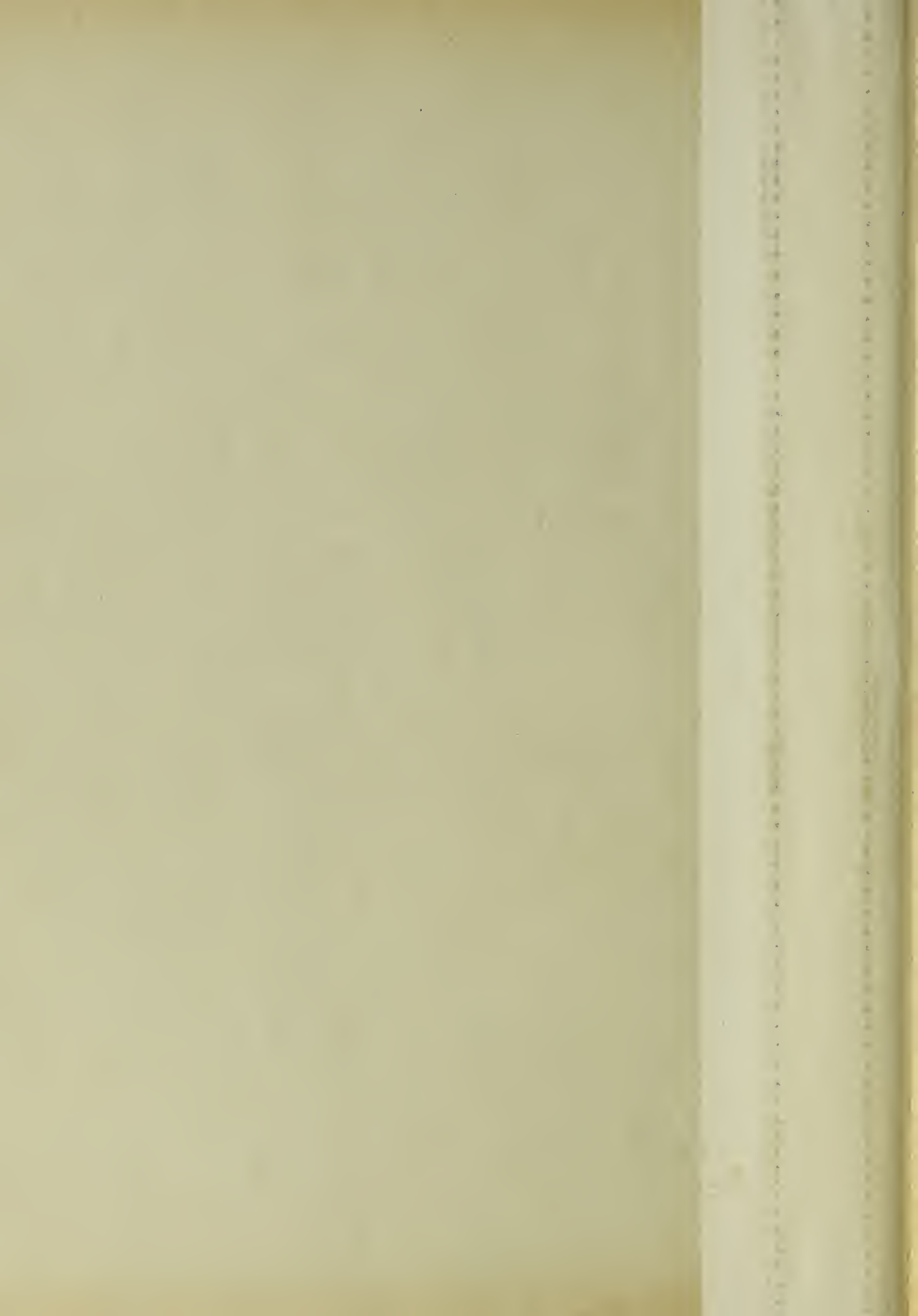
Now it is time to give the field a new winter coat. We have sown the field to rye, and once more God produces a miracle. The field takes on a dark green. In a few days falling snow adds a touch of white here and there. So you see there is no need to want for beauty and variety if we only see and appreciate what God has provided all around us.

--And in the Darkness

It is strange, the transformation that night can bring about. Some things are plain at night and clear--things which, like the stars, are lost by the brightness of day. Day is the time for activity, for tending to duties, for bothering with what we see. But at night, when our eyes are powerless to recognize the objects around them, we have time to turn our face heavenward and think. How insignificant we feel and small in a blackness we cannot transform. How little do worldly wealth and position matter. How important is our relationship with God, how priceless the souls of men, how real eternity! In the day the visible, the tangible engulf us; at night the mind and soul awaken.

CLASSES





"We build the ladder by which we rise
From lowly earth to the vaulted skies
For we mount to its summit round by round."

Spring's Sting

While sitting here looking out of the window, I have let my mind wander as it will. I have thought of going home, of going bicycle-riding, of going to work and of just being alive, but prevailing through all of these thoughts is the beauty of Spring. Beauty may never have been spoken of before as a sting, but all students have felt this sharp pain which is caused by having to sit in the laboratory and study dead specimens while all the beauty remains outside. When this feeling completely envelops you, you feel like singing, "It's Spring again and birds are on their wing again..." and "...let the rest of the world go by." In other words you have Spring fever.

The effects of this sting can be seen in several ways in even such a small group as is found in this laboratory. At the next table is a girl who has completely given in to Spring's sting. She is sound asleep and has not known a thing that has happened for the last half hour.

Directly across from her is another example of Spring's sting. It is a boy and a girl who have just started to go together since Cupid came around last month. You can plainly see how Spring weather has affected them. They are as oblivious to their surround-





ings as the girl who is fast asleep.

Even our instructor shows the effects of Spring. She has felt the sting, but instead of sleeping or falling in love she is wearing a new hair style.

A rather tragic example of the "sting" is a fellow and a girl who used to think that each other were almost perfect, but today they are sitting on opposite sides of the room. I guess that Cupid must have been stung himself and have forgotten to watch this couple.

The laboratory assistant was late to class today. Could it be that Spring has bitten him too and made him slow down a little bit?

Even the classroom shows signs of Spring. Chairs and tables have been moved around. Book shelves have been cleaned out and dusted. The blackboards are clean and new models have been put on display. It looks as if the Spring house-cleaning bug has bitten someone in the Biology Department.

Out in the corridors the mumble of voices is heard. Footsteps are slow and soft. Everything seems quiet and subdued. Even the two girls who make a great deal of noise in class are quiet today.

Again I allow my gaze to wander out of the window to the beauty of Spring. The sun is bright. The grass is a beautiful green. Birds are washing themselves in the birdbath. Little children are running to school. Little green shoots can be seen popping up through the ground. A squirrel has dashed across the lawn and up into a tree which is just beginning to bud.

I begin to feel sleepy. My mind is gradually not taking in any more of what I am looking at. I am too far gone now to resist. All I can do is to allow myself to be stung and to be completely enveloped by Spring fever.



Prof. Cove

One of the most lively profs on this campus is my friend, Miss Edith Cove.

I have come to know her quite intimately, for we have spent many hours together in her studio. Next Monday morning during second period, think of us, for I will be having my piano lesson with her.

She will come in looking as though the North wind had blown her all the way from her home on Phillips Street to the second floor of the Canterbury Chapel. The minute she gets inside the door of the studio, she will bid me a jolly "Hi," and for the rest of the hour I will be under her rejuvenating spell.

She is an eager teacher and becomes inspired when she is explaining a new technique. She is so anxious that I understand that she often takes my hand or arm, and using it as the keyboard, she demonstrates the particular touch and thus I can catch on easily.

Not only is she my piano teacher, but also my employer. Every Friday afternoon from one o'clock to five o'clock finds me sweeping her rugs, mopping the kitchen floor, dusting, and performing other housecleaning jobs. She rushes home from college at about 1:30 to gulp down a malted milk drink (her lunch) and before I can turn around twice, she has run back on her cheerful, busy way.

I have enjoyed watching her face in chapel. If the chapel speaker says anything that is at all humorous, it tickles her immensely, and she either manages to control her mirth in a very wide smile which displays her beautiful teeth, or else she indulges in a hearty laugh. Sometimes I happen to glance at her when I don't think the speaker's joke is funny, but when I see how she rocks back and

forth, I have to join the fun, too!

As a leader, she is superb. Tonight, about eighty students met in Room twenty-five to take the "Seashore" Tests, which she conducted. I think many of the students had their first glimpse into her real character. She was at her best, making us laugh with her gestures and excited directions, yet all with the best good humor. She acted as one of us, for she shared our reactions to the tests--she even took some of the tests along with us. She had us correct them ourselves, and the patience she showed as we asked her again and again to repeat the answers was supplemented by good-natured quips.

Everything she does gives the impression that she is having the time of her life.

Often when I have seen her hurrying along on the campus, I have quickened my step, realizing that I have been just poking along. She is full of "pep!" Have you ever tried to walk with her to chapel? I have to run, almost, to keep up with her!

Miss Cove has been an inspiration to me. I hope my life will be as useful and happy as hers.

Ten Years Hence

Sometimes I wish I could pull aside the mysterious curtains of the future and catch a glimpse of myself ten years from now; then sometimes I'm glad I can't.

In ten years I'll be twenty-nine and will probably be teaching history in some high school somewhere in the United States. I'll have received my A. B. degree from E. N. C. and my M. A. from either Harvard or Boston University.

I'll have been teaching for six long years and should be fairly well-accustomed to the life of a school teacher. Of course none of my students will care for the long assignments I plan to give them, but I feel I should get revenge for the long assignments I have endured. I shall be very strict and shall exert absolute rule over my terrorized classes.

I shall drill into their heads everything from the fall of Rome to the partition of Palestine, including current events of 1958.

But seriously, why do I want to teach? Oh, no definite reason other than the fact that I've always wanted to teach. In fact, I always have taught. When I was very young I played school and taught many students including a brown stuffed teddy-bear, my schoolmates, and paper cut-outs. For the past four years I have taught Sunday school either at my home-church or Neponset.

I would want to do more than merely teach the subject that I was expected to teach. I would want to take a personal interest in each one of my students. Instead of teaching only the historical data, I would apply the facts to everyday life.


I have never received a correlated view of history from any

of my teachers except Professor Lunn. He is largely responsible for my desire to be a Christian history teacher. Previous history teachers have just presented their subject in a muddle and jumble of unrelated facts. Since it is my nature to be very precise and definite, it is my desire to give my students a thorough and compact knowledge of the subject I'm teaching.

Although it is my desire to be a history teacher, I am subject to the will of God concerning any work He might designate for me.

As I look ahead ten years from now, the picture of my future becomes very blurred. However, little do I care what lies over the hills of tomorrow. I'm satisfied that I don't know what I have to face within the next ten years, for perhaps if I did, the revelation would stagger me. Whether my task shall be humble or great, my main concern is to walk step by step with the Master. Then and only then can I face the future confidently and triumphantly. I've decided to make the most of my life in order that I might serve best.

Information

ne of the most popular places on campus is the bulletin board in the lobby of the Administration Building. This directory of general information serves as a connecting link between students and professors, and also gives outside news of general interest.

Here may be found class schedules, notices, want- and for-sale advertisements, rally schedules and, of course, the "lost and found department." Bargains, anywhere from garage rent to haircuts and special rates on dry cleaning, are fair examples of the want- and for-sale column. If you have lost your history or some other book, advertise. No doubt someone would be more than glad to get it off his hands! If you are locked out of your room or suitcase, your key may be hanging on a tack along with some lady's handkerchief or other minor possession.

Censorship prevents this center of interest from becoming a gossip column or even worse...a "jive" center. The decoration of photos may mar the countenance of some respectable character, but still the bulletin board is a valuable asset to everyone on campus.



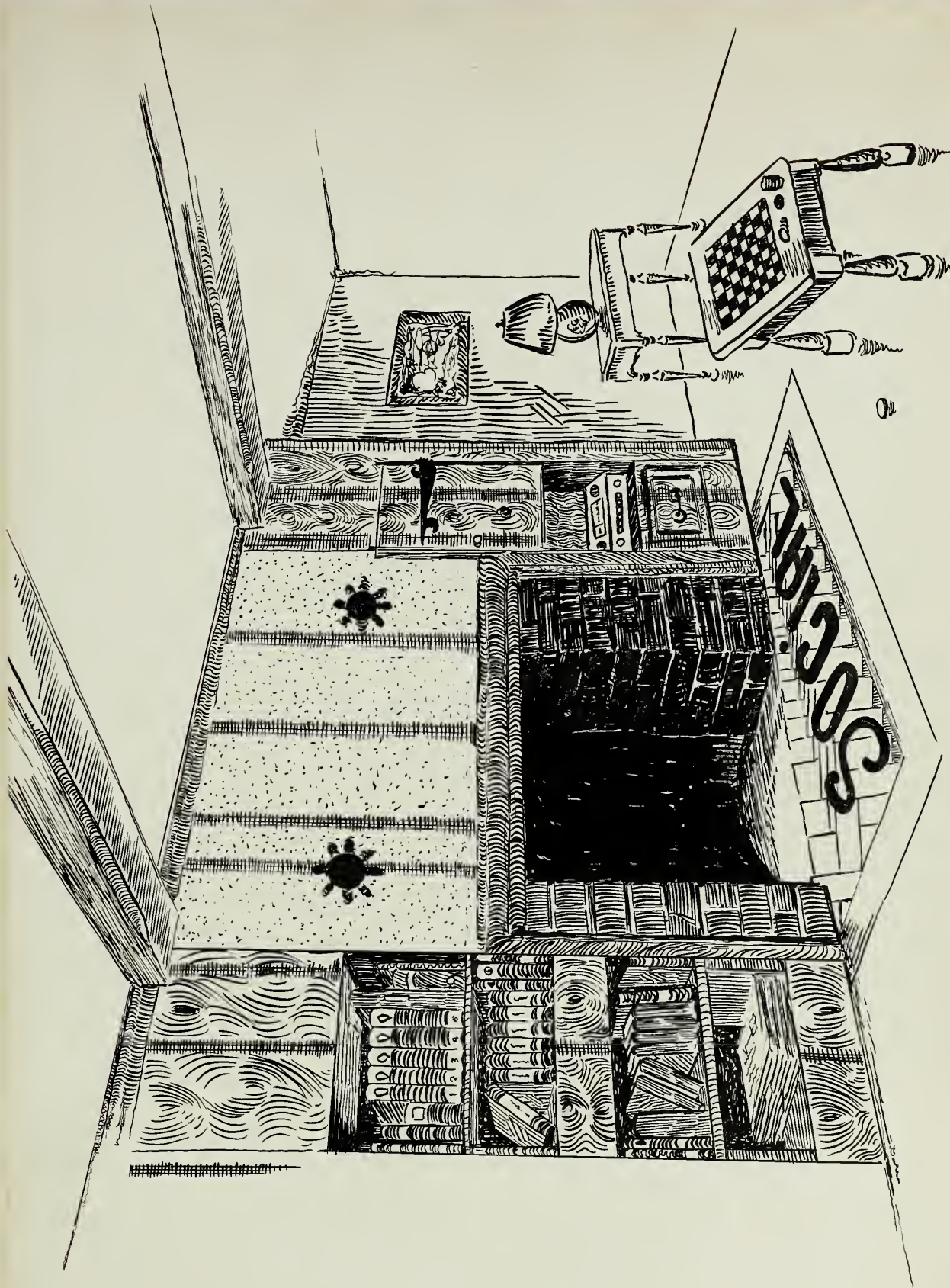
Rest Is Where You Find It

Let him sleep. The Browsing Room is as much for him as for anyone else. He works hard at his part-time job and the odd jobs he picks up, besides studying diligently to keep on the honor roll. You'd be tired too if you worked your own way. It's only an hour until dinner. He must be hungry. If the arm of the couch will do for his headrest, if he can sleep while doors slam and voices chatter, if he's that tired, let him sleep.

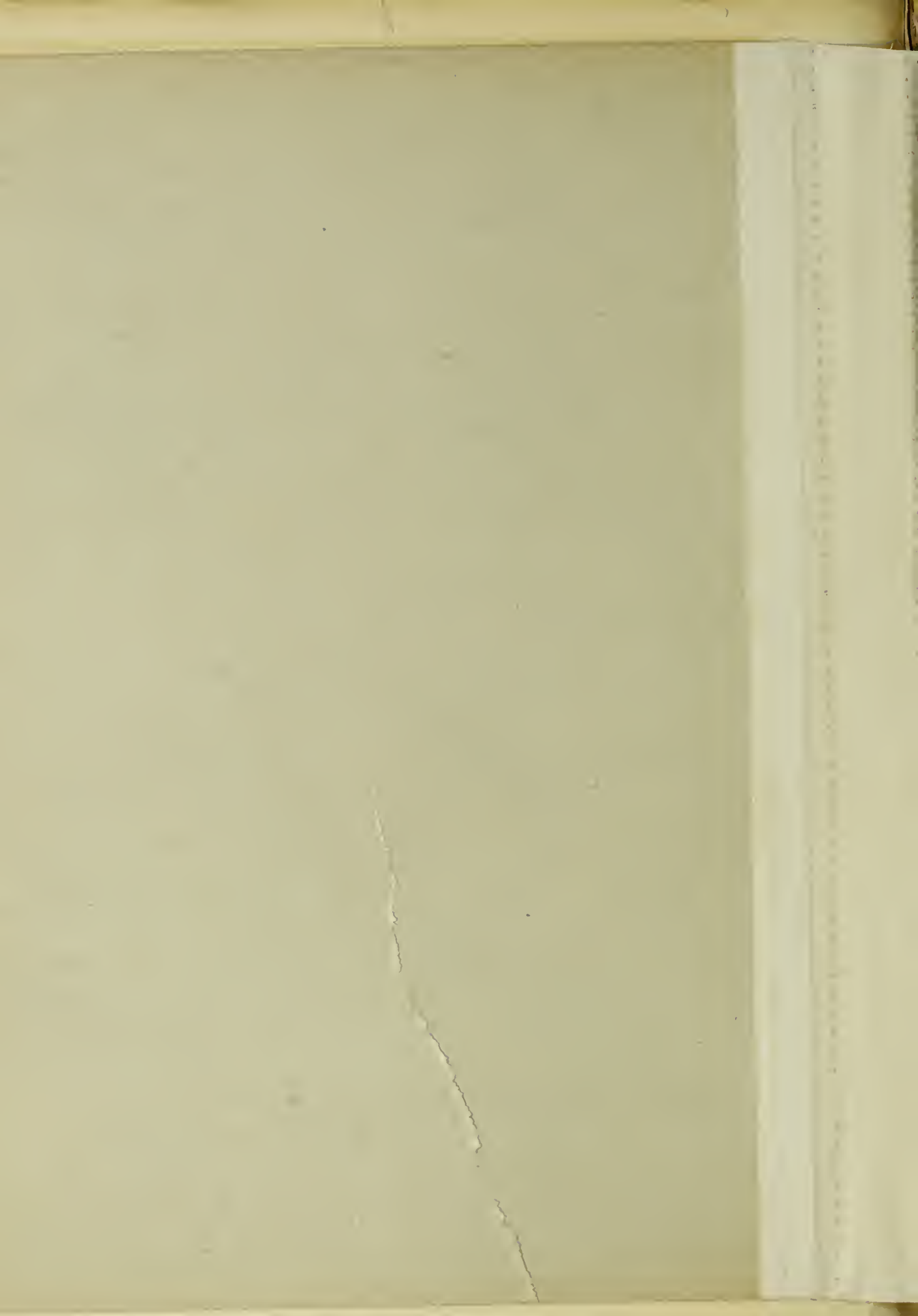
A Moment of Prayer

The bell rings. There is a rush and tumble. Merry laughter and eager voices ring out in unison. Each student chats with one eye on the clock and the other on his friend. Last period's quiz, an unfinished assignment, and plans for the evening, all find room for discussion between periods. Up until the second bell, the babble of voices continues to rise and fall. "Let's open class with a word of prayer," are the only words necessary to bring quiet and order to the tumultuous group.

This one practice, to me, symbolizes E. N. C.--Christ first in everything.



Handwritten notes in the top right corner, including the name "Henry" and the number "48".



"We figure to ourselves the things we like,
And then we build."



Forty-eight Times

Clad in "P. J.'s," go to junk drawer or dressing table and find comb. Look under dressing table scarf, in all drawers, under rug, in jewelry box and lastly in bobby-pin case for necessary bobby pins. Seat yourself in bed with hand mirror at a suitable angle, wedged between feet. (Roommate is using dressing table mirror.)

Part hair into forty-seven parts. Twist each part around right index finger; push cylinder down into a round hairy mass and hold with left hand until right hand can find a bobby and get it opened with the aid of upper front teeth. Slide pin over entire part. Repeat process forty-six times, and run into bathroom at 10:59. Fill sink with water, stick iron-clad head into water until saturated, remove head and wipe off excess moisture, dash into room and jump into bed.

What an E. N. C. girl won't go through to look beautiful!

Bull Session

John Mansionite, after finishing his studying in the evening, prepares to retire for the night. On the way back from the washroom he happens to see a door ajar. John sticks his head through the opening, and finds four "authorities" talking. A battle rages momentarily within his mind, but the temptation is too great. John joins the group and within five minutes is busily engaged in the favorite Mansion pastime, the bull session. Time is forgotten as the discussion broadens and thoroughly covers religion, sports, the administration, and, of course, women. Finally someone notices the clock. Reluctantly the commentators disperse. John Mansionite returns to his room, wondering why in the world he didn't have sense enough to spend this valuable time sleeping.



Never Again

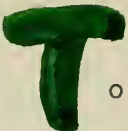
After much persuasion, Roommate finally convinced me that breakfast was a good thing--especially Wednesday breakfast--muffins! Tuesday night I went to bed conscious that I was to make my breakfast debut at seven in the morning, a usually unthinkable hour. All night I dreamed of heavenly muffins spread with golden butter. When the alarm went off, I jumped out of bed, excited as a youngster going to Grandma's. Wonder of wonders, I awakened Roommate, who usually pulls me out by my feet.

Going down the steps of Munro Hall, I could smell muffins. Um-m-m! Reverently I listened to devotions and added a hearty "Amen" to the prayer. Muffins! My mouth watered.

We were seated and drank our fruit juice. Then the waitresses came, carrying heavy trays laden with--no! Instead of golden-brown muffins they were carrying carbonated toast--stacks of it.

I yielded to strong drink, drowning my sorrows in a cup of Bowers' Brew.

From Within the Dish-room

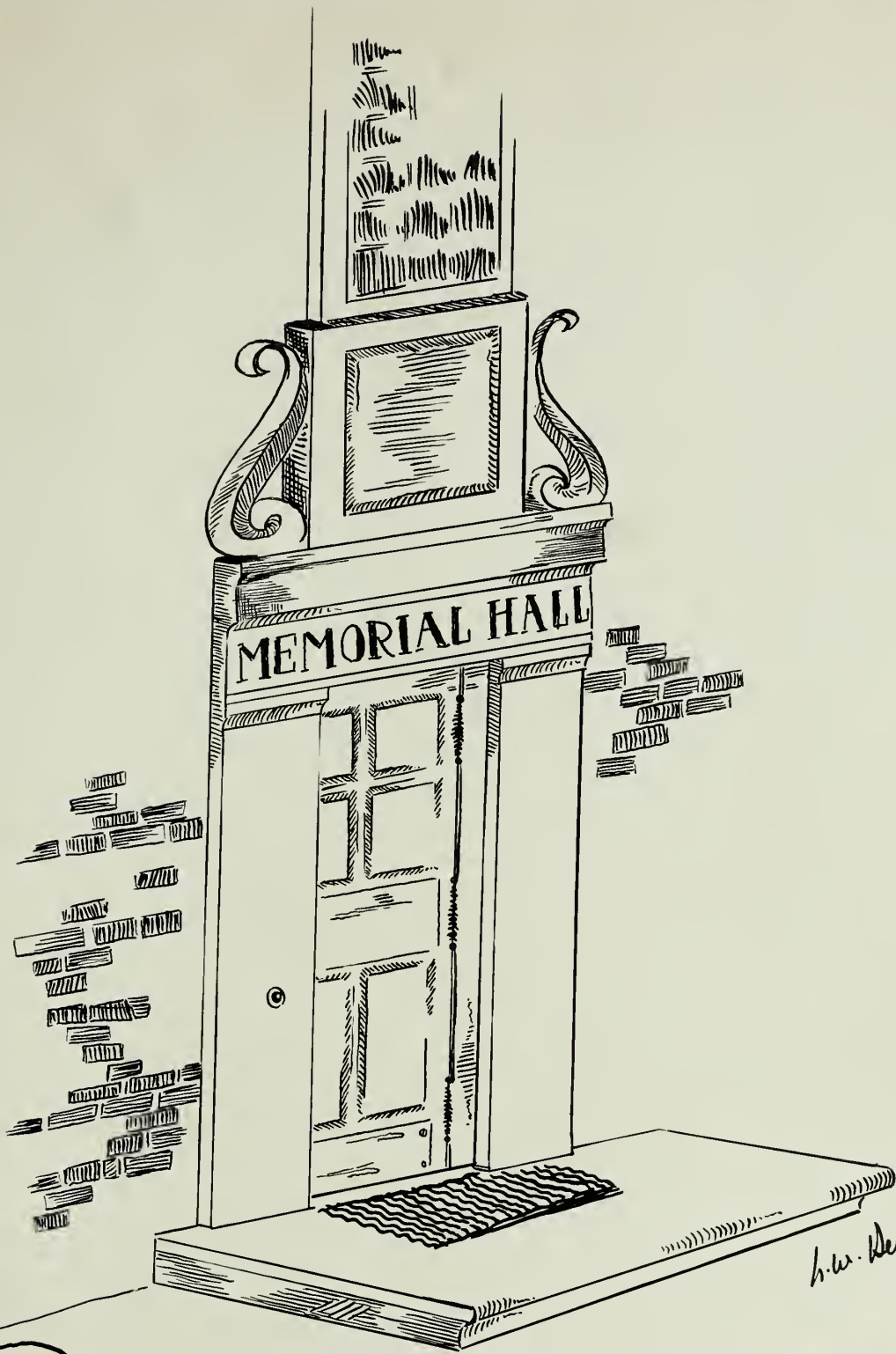
o work in the dish-room really isn't as dull and undesirable a job as it might appear to be.

In fact, it is really an interesting education in itself to study the different types of people that slide their dirty dishes through that window. Although their faces are hidden from my view, I have learned to distinguish each one, day after day, by his dress, attitude and mannerism.

The funniest thing that I have noticed about people in general is their individuality. But I just can't seem to understand why one person is so kind-hearted, good-natured, and sweet-spirited, while another is exactly opposite in nature, and still another is very indifferent to everything and everybody.

Some people shed a sunny glow on the day because of their cheerfulness as they hand me their dishes and shout a friendly hello, while others seem to cast a dark shadow of gloom on the place when they have their dishes on the counter, refuse to remove their silverware, or chide me to "get things cleared up faster."

Yes, people are funny, even from within the dish-room.



h. w. Henry

Service men

"Thus we view some well-proportioned dome

.....

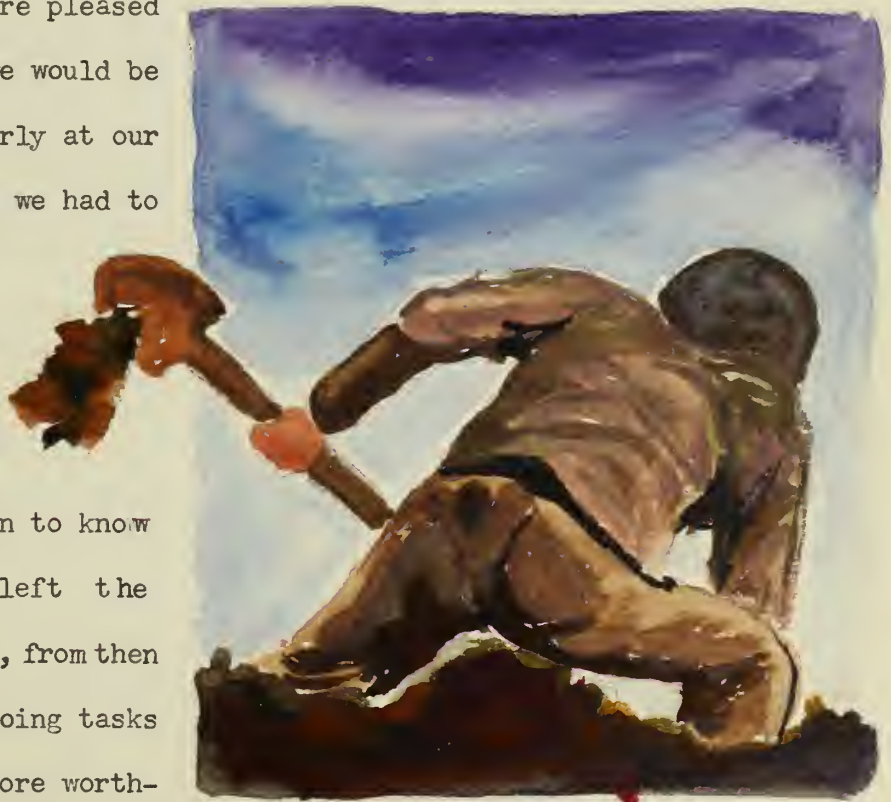
No single parts unequally surprize,

All comes united to the admiring eyes."

My Erroneous Supposition

I wish to state clearly that I had no desire to leave my home to spend an indefinite amount of time in the service. However, my desire did not receive much consideration by my draft board, and the dismal day came when I found myself a rookie in a reception center. Usually one's sojourn in a reception center is very short, but the two weeks I spent in mine was ample time to form some very erroneous opinions of my future training camp.

These opinions weren't entirely follies of my imagination, for on every side I heard it said that conditions in the reception center were none too good because of the congestion and rapid turn-over of the personnel. When it was necessary to sweat-out mile-long chow-lines, we were encouraged when we learned that there would not be such waiting at our next camp. When the correct size of clothing was not available, we were pleased to learn that we would be fitted out properly at our next camp. When we had to crawl over the lawn and remove each dandelion individually, it was a consolation to know that when we left the reception center, from then on we would be doing tasks which would be more worth-



while.

Yet somehow I wasn't in any hurry to leave. I was getting three square meals a day, I had a good bed with two sheets on it (sheets I later learned were a luxury not common to the army), and in general my tasks weren't too difficult. Then one morning I found my name on the shipping list. The immediate future didn't appear too dreary though, for if my next camp was to be an improvement over the reception center, perhaps living conditions in the army weren't so bad after all.

I was one of a trainload of troops that arrived in a camp in Texas in the very early hours of the morning. After shivering in a cold dust-storm for an hour or two, while someone tried to decide why we were there or where we had come from, we finally departed for our new quarters. This situation had not been all I could have wished for, but I consoled myself with the thought that I would soon be out of the wind and in a nice comfortable barracks. Ah, but how disappointed I was to be. Our new quarters were rather dilapidated huts built from a rather flimsy type of prefabricated material. The dust had settled on everything to a depth of about one-half an inch. To be really honest about it, if I had not been what was supposed to be a man, I could have sat down and wept.

After a short time we were called out and given two woolen blankets and a mattress cover. Thus I spent my first night in Texas.

I was completely disheartened, for conditions in general were much worse than those in the reception center. I no longer cared whether my uniform fit me or not. I was fortunate that I was so disposed, for there was no evidence of any opportunity to obtain the proper size. The chowline had shrunk somewhat, but another line had been added. We had reverted from china to messkits. These necessitated another line in

which each fellow waited to wash his mess gear.

Yes, I had formed opinions which were entirely wrong. Nevertheless, after a week or two I became accustomed to my new surroundings, and I could smile again, however weak this smile may have been.

The Scourge

Before I went to Germany I always had the idea that a war was a chaotic situation in which usually at least two armies fought until one was beaten. After one of the opposing armies had surrendered, it was over and the conquering units took over the conquered lands. Maybe this was so in World War I and previous wars, but it was not so in World War II.

World War II was the greatest scourge of the human race ever known, for it not only killed and maimed the soldier on the field of honor, as it has been called sometimes, but it also killed and maimed many helpless and innocent men, women, and children.

Before I went across to Germany I believed, as many Americans probably still believe, that the pictures of the ruins of cities and the utter devastation of a great deal of humanity were nothing but propaganda. I can assure anyone who does not believe the pictures and stories, either seen or heard, that they are authentic and sometimes toned down quite a bit, so as not to nauseate people.

The French, English, Poles, Italians, and Dutch, like me, all believed that when the war was over, once again fighting, hysteria, and hunger would cease. The Germans didn't share this belief too strongly as they had been led to believe that the Americans, British, and Russians would seek revenge upon them for all the hideous crimes they had perpetrated during their reign of terror. The British and Americans did not wish to seek revenge, for it is against our nature, but no one knows what goes on behind the iron curtain of the Russian Zone. We have only stories, and those are from Germans on the most part, but if any of the stories are true, the fighting, hysteria, and hunger have increased

instead of decreased. Even in the American Zone where the Germans are supposed to be fed and clothed the best, the conditions are terrible, even today. While I was over there, one year after war had ended, women fought over the garbage cans to glean a few measly scraps of meat, bread, and potatoes to bolster their family's diet.

War is no longer the meeting of fighting men on the field of battle, and the conquering of one side or the other. War is a scourge, whose seeds are sown at the opening shot and whose harvests of hate, distrust, hunger, and greed are reaped for years after the final shot has been fired. The seeds of this scourge are planted in very fertile fields, the minds of youngsters too young to realize what the true meaning of war is, and yet old enough to know the pangs of real hunger, cold, and privation.

Once war permitted a man to show his valor, strength, and skill. Now it's a thing that brings out the bestiality, brute force, and animal cunning in a man. War brings nothing but blood, sweat, and tears to all concerned, even those who are thousands of miles away from the front lines. War is a scourge that must be stamped out by the Power of God, and it can only be stamped out by the Power of the Almighty God.

When I Left America

will never forget that memorable day, May 17, 1944, when we, my crew and I, left the United States bound for overseas duty.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when we climbed aboard a waiting truck, which sped us to the air field where our huge bomber was being put in readiness for the long flight ahead of us. Twenty minutes later we pulled up to the plane, alighted from the truck and each one of us went about our assigned tasks of helping to get the plane ready.

My job was to account for all parachutes, life rafts and life preservers, which were of special importance considering the fact that we were about to cross hundreds of miles of open water. When we finished with our last-minute check up, the pilot called us together for a "pep talk" as he called it. I remember most of the pep talk he gave us, for it made quite an impression on my mind. He was a young chap, only twenty-two years of age. The sense of his responsibility appeared to weigh so heavily upon him that he looked older than he actually was.

"Well, boys," he said, "we are starting out into combat now and this easy life that we have been having for the last several months is behind us for a while at least. All petty differences that may come up in this crew are not going to be kept as grudges, but we are all going to forget them and each one of us is going to do all within his power to fight to keep this crew intact. Our duty is to go over there to fight and it is not going to be easy. So let's do the job well, band together our lives and we will see this old United States again someday. That's all!"

Then we got into the plane, each one taking his position. A

few minutes later we left the runway of Fairfield-Suisan, San Francisco, California, and climbed up into the wild blue of the sky.

Shortly after leaving the air field, we flew over San Francisco Bay. There far below on our left lay that grim, silent spot of earth and cold rock known as Alcatraz Island.

I wondered as I looked down at the island if those men who were penned behind the walls of the prison would gladly go out and face death against the Japanese rather than to remain where they were. What a contrast it was, for there we were going out to help keep peace in America when many of these prisoners within the walls had committed many crimes which disrupted peace here in America.

A few minutes later we passed directly over the Golden Gate bridge. The sun had just risen over the horizon that morning and it seemed to turn the golden bridge into a blazing structure of beauty as we gazed silently back at it. I believe it must have meant more to us then than any of the times before when we traveled over it because it symbolized the America which we were leaving behind, perhaps for ever. At the very moment we were looking back at the Golden Gate, the pilot's voice came over the interphone saying, "Take a good look, boys, for it will be a long time before you see it again." In our minds we realized that the words he spoke were certainly true; so we feasted our eyes on the Golden Gate and the shore lines of our beloved America as it gradually disappeared from our view.

Switzerland

Have you ever been in paradise? Have you ever been in a land where all humanity is upright and trustworthy, an honest day's work is the object of every man's pride, there are no strikes, and still labor and industry have a peaceful and prosperous existence, and people love and have fun enjoying life in general? You haven't? Then you have never been in Switzerland.

The little Eutopia of Switzerland is located in the midst of a high mountain range in Southern Europe from whose waterways its inhabitants receive power for their extensive electrical system. Let us take an imaginary trip into this land.

As we enter the station at Basle, (a small border town), we notice several things. The trains are all electrically powered and prompt. They run on a very close schedule and are seldom more than one or two minutes early or late. Another noticeable feature of the station is its cleanliness. Once I ate a banana in one of these stations and could not find a place to throw the peeling. (I finally put it in a mail-box). There is not even so much as a cigarette stub in the station or around the tracks, and this is only an example of the cleanliness of all Switzerland. As we board the train we notice the outstanding politeness and congeniality with which we are helped into the car and shown to our seats. In a very short while the train glides out of the station and we are on our way.

From the sparkling clean window of the train we can best see and appreciate the beauty of the Swiss countryside. There are many beautiful scenes in the United States but very few compare with those of Switzerland. Many of the mountains are snow-capped in summer and

all are blanketed with snow in winter. There is nothing more pleasing to the eye than a snow-covered mountainside spotted with evergreen trees and a misty waterfall endlessly pouring its sparkling silvery stream into the winding valley below. On a distant hillside can be seen the tiny forms of a group of sportsmen enjoying a good time skiing. If we look closely we can catch a glimpse of skaters as we zip past the numerous lakes and streams in the valley.

The construction of the Swiss railroad is really a masterpiece of engineering. A great portion of the time the train travels either in tunnels or on trestles of great expanse. Even the level tracks along the hillside are cut from solid rock. All of the curves in the track are banked in such a manner that the trains can travel at a very high rate of speed.

As we near our destination the conductor calls, "Lucerne, all out for Lucerne", and the train glides to a stop as smoothly and quickly as it started.

Amid the hustle and scurrying at the station we are met by representatives of most of the larger hotels of the city. We choose one and are quickly and efficiently taken to our abode for the night.

Window shopping is one of the best and most popular means of recreation for the visitor in Switzerland, and so we go for a stroll down Main Street closely scrutinizing the many fine products on display. Probably the most attractive of these products are the watches. Every one who goes to Switzerland buys a watch. (I bought five while I was there). A watch that would cost fifty dollars in the United States can be bought for forty francs or about ten dollars in Switzerland.

As we grow weary from walking we decide to return to the hotel. On the way back we pass by beautiful Lake Lucerne. The beauty of this

lake fills us with awe. The lake is specked with the snow-white sails of sail-boats and smaller canoes and row boats flit and glide about. A group of swimmers shiver as they emerge from the icy-clear waters. The most beautiful part of the lake, however, is the reflection from the background of snow-capped mountains.

We go back to the hotel, eat a delicious supper, and go to bed with the beauty of Switzerland dancing gaily in our minds. Paradise.

Philippine Islands

Life in the Philippine Islands appears to be very old-fashioned and backward as well as very dull to anyone who has lived in the United States the most of his life.

I truly received a great surprise when I first landed on the shore of the Island of Leyte, on September 10, 1945. I had expected to see some modern villages and homes in some parts of the island at least. Instead I saw mud huts with thatched roofs except for a few wooden buildings and tents used by the American troops.

Of course by that time most of the more modern homes and buildings had been destroyed by the various battles which took place in these localities. Therefore there wasn't much of a chance for any of them to exist.

When I first saw some of the native Filipinos working their farms, I began to wonder whether I was really in such a backward place or if it was only a dream.

It seemed as though I had been taken out of the twentieth century and back into the olden days of pioneering in America. The Filipinos used an old-fashioned plow drawn by a water-buffalo with a child on its back to guide it across the field and back again. It appeared to be a very slow and gruesome job after seeing the rapid, efficient work that the tractors accomplish here in the United States.

A Filipino always carries his burden on his back. This custom reminded me of the Samaritan people about whom the Bible speaks, and also of the pictures in books which I have seen concerning the women of Egypt and other ancient places. Some of the soldiers and I often tried to mock them by imitating their ways but we always failed.

We weren't able to develop the poise and perfect balance which the Filipino seemed to have inherited at birth.

While we were on the islands some of our soldiers located tribes of Filipinos that had never before in their lives seen a white man. These tribes were usually located up in the mountains far from the more civilized parts of the islands. They were very fierce-looking people, who seemed to be frightened by the appearance of white people.

If any of them ever tasted any American candy or other sweets, they always wanted more. They were willing to pay any amount that was asked for the article. For one nickel bar of candy the Americans could get up to three coconuts, or a bunch of six to ten bananas or sometimes from two to four pesos. Each Filipino peso was worth about fifty cents in United States currency.

Whenever they wanted a candy bar or a package of chewing gum they would say, "Americano soldier, chocoletto, chew'n gum, okay?" Then the soldier usually said "yes," if he had any that he wanted to sell. Then the Filipino would ask, "How muchu?" If they were satisfied with the price they would say, "Dat's okay," or if they were dissatisfied they would say, "Too muchu."

The Filipino people were not very sanitary people. That is, not in the way we look upon sanitation, but they would take a bath or shower with all of their clothing on their bodies.

They let their livestock and pets run loose all of the while. The animals often occupied the porches and many times entered the houses and took possession.

The Filipinos were afraid to kill any dogs or cats because they believed that their ancestors' spirits were within the animals' bodies.

I have often wished that I could have spoken the Filipino language at that time so that I could have received more information about their beliefs and other things about their islands.

The Conquering Spirit

Why is man able to continue fighting and trying when the cause seem to be lost and hopeless? Perhaps it was this thought that pervaded my mind on a sub-zero, blood-chilling day in October, 1944, as I was flying toward Iceland in a veritable flying ice-box called a B-17.

Skimming the top of an ice-covered mountain and flying through the midst of a group of planes which were heading in the opposite direction, I was trapped by a cold fear gnawing at my inner being. To add to my internal discomfort, I was also suffering externally because the heating system of the B-17 was not operating after we took off, and besides, my electric flying suit was packed for shipment. At twenty-five degrees below zero I could not find warmth anywhere. Was it worth-while to live? Yes! Like a flash this undefinable, immeasurable, motivating force surged through me, bringing with it new hope and new courage. This was the God-given, indomitable spirit of life.

In Hitler's Castle

My story takes place in Germany in the spring of 1945 when the Germans were being driven farther and farther back into their homeland. The scene is in the mountains overlooking the Rhine River where Hitler held many important meetings with his military leaders. Although he was a fiend, he loved nature. Most of his vacation homes were in the mountains.

The Seventy-Eighth Infantry Division was supposed to clean out the Germans that were in these mountains that overlooked the Rhine. We started climbing the mountains about dusk and did not reach the top of them until late at night. We came to a huge hotel-like building and upon entering it found beds in almost every room. We wasted no time in making use of these beds and were able to get a few hours of sleep before arising early the next day.

The next morning we were able to see what our surroundings really looked like. Everything seemed very quiet, and gave me the feeling that eyes were peering out at me from every direction. We marched past a house here and there that seemed quite desolate. Suddenly we came to a huge castle on the edge of a cliff overlooking the Rhine, which was well hidden by trees. Just as soon as I saw the castle, I was reminded of the King Arthur stories I read about when I was younger.

We entered the castle and found it to be just as quiet and mysterious inside as well as outside. There were pictures of Hitler and his generals. In one of the large rooms we found a desk which must have been used by Hitler many times. We also found many styles of officers' helmets which must have been used by the Prussian generals

for they were very medieval-looking. Some of the fellows yelled, "Heil Hitler," and the echo which rang back to us made the cold chills race up and down my back. I could picture Hitler with his followers making great plans for their next conquest, saluting each other, and yelling, "Heil Hitler." The castle was very quiet now, though, and all seemed to have a hollow sound and a dreary look about it. I looked the castle all over and was sorry to leave when our company had to shove on because for all its gloominess there was something mysterious and beautiful about it. We were told later that Chamberlain had made a treaty with Hitler in that very same castle in 1938.

I have often thought that I would like to go back there some day to see if I would get the same reaction that I first received. I have never experienced anything since that has given me the mysterious yet beautiful feeling that I received in the mountains of Germany as I inspected Hitler's castle.

Lest I Forget

1 saw the aftermath of the Battle of the Bulge. For this I am thankful: that I saw it when the Americans who died there were lying underneath the ground instead of on top of it; that I saw it when the Belgian, Dutch, and German people were trying to forget it. Though the ground will forever be silent and the whole will never completely be known, there are physical evidences which tell part of the story.

In July, 1946, a year and one-half after the most bitter European battle of World War II was fought, twelve of us stationed in a small town in part of what is commonly known as the Belgian Bulge near the German border, set out to inspect the battlefield. Armed with cameras, we mounted a one and one-half ton truck and started traveling in an southwesterly direction.

Our immediate objective, by common consent, was Malmedy. As we traveled along the dirt road leading to that famous town, we witnessed the war's devastating effect upon the once-beautiful forests of the Ardennes, for now they comprised only dead trees and charred stumps, void of all life.

We approached, not the town of Malmedy, but a spot located near it which was the site of the atrocious Malmedy Massacre. We gazed reverently at an enormous cross, twenty to thirty feet high. On each side of the cross was a monumental stone. Upon one of the stones were engraved these words: "To the prisoners of war of overseas who liberated the east districts and were the victims of Nazi cruelty." Engraved upon the other were the same words in French. An American flag fluttered in the breeze on one side of the cross. All about stood bare trees whose branches had been clipped short by bullets. I thought of

the American prisoners of war and the Belgian civilians that were helplessly herded together and shot down at that very place by their German captors. We took pictures and then drove away.

Into Germany through Aachen we traveled until we came to the Siegfried Line. That the Siegfried Line presented an impassable obstacle to tanks was plainly evident. Stretching for miles, just inside the German border, were rows upon rows of pyramid-shaped blocks of cement alternately placed with iron pipes between them--the product of a people who thought they could rule the world.

It was close to the Siegfried Line that we came upon the first "pillbox" which had served as a defensive stronghold for German troops. Further into Germany, in the Hurchton Forest, evidences of the battle were plainly visible. Foxholes and pillboxes were so numerous that we were able to investigate only a few of them. We found American ammunition and German ammunition; German equipment and American equipment.

At one place we spotted a German machine gun and at another a hand grenade. We touched neither for fear of booby traps. Fear also of unexploded mines caused us to proceed slowly and to watch where we stopped. Always our curiosity exceeded our fears, however, and so we filed far into the woods at certain places, leaving the truck on the road. At a particularly well-fortified spot we came upon the only sight of death that we encountered in the tour. Uncovered on the ground lay what remained of two German soldiers apparently missed by the "clean-up squad." All that remained on the black ground were their skulls and a few small bones. Next to one skull was a helmet. Next to the other was a shoe; in it was a foot.

Later in the day we visited the American Military Cemetery at

Margraten, Holland, where thousands of American heroes are buried. We didn't see their skulls but we knew they were there. We saw Stars of David interspersed among crosses and noticed that generals were buried next to privates.

I profited from what I saw that day. And if I should ever take my freedom lightly, may I remember the things which I saw. May I never forget the little white crosses, the Siegfried Line, and Malmedy.

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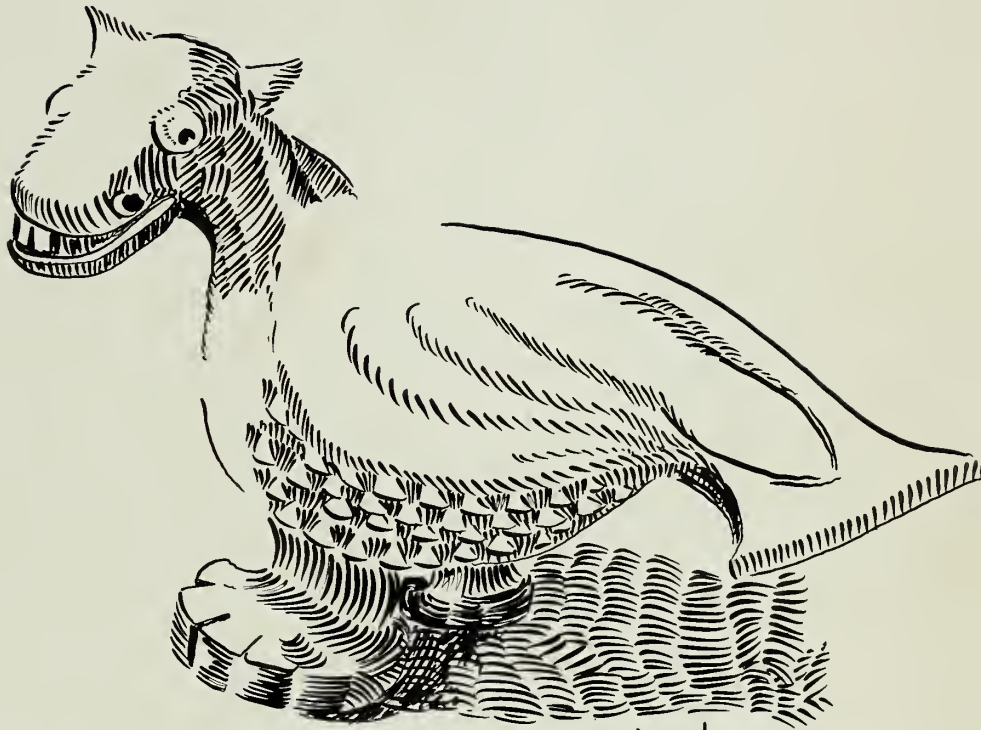
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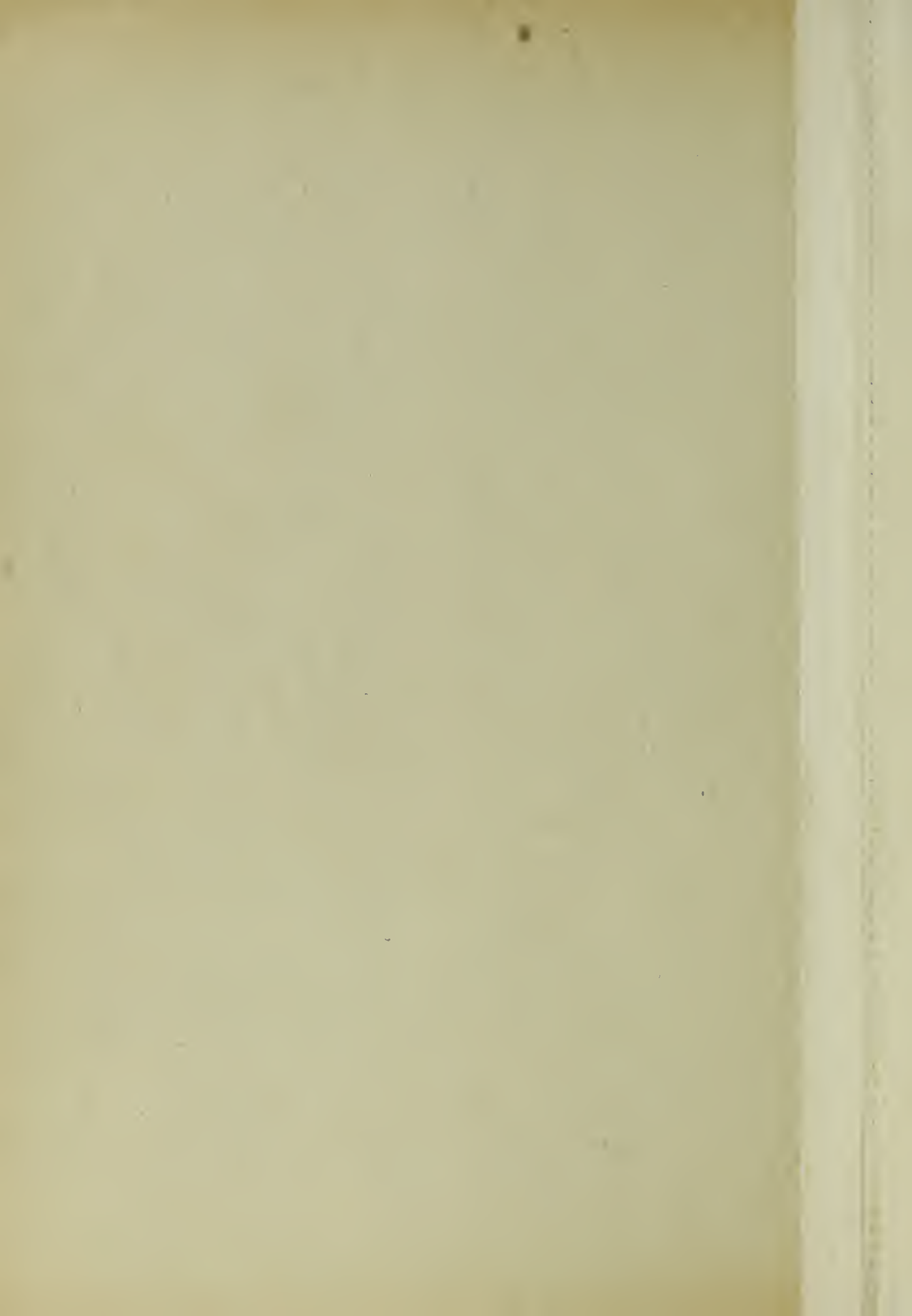
HUMOR

and



L. W. Deeny

MISCELLANEOUS



Learning to Play the Violin

Six months have passed. Six months. Why it hardly seems six years since I received my violin and the little booklet enclosed, "How to play the violin at home in thirty-two easy lessons."

I remember well how tenderly I took the package from the express man, and how I fondled and caressed my priceless possession. I remember, too, how happy and exalted I was as nervously I unwrapped this delicate instrument that would soon make my heart, yea, even my very soul, tingle with the strains of some haunting melody.

Like a true lover of the art, I took the instrument from its velvety case and gently, ever so gently, lifted the delicate bow that would soon make all heaven and earth sing to its harmony. Tensely and nervously I began to tighten each string, and with each twist of the rounded pegs, my fingers plucked a gentle tune of unrestrained, melodious chords.

Swiftly, yet nervously, like a master with a Midas touch, I glided the bow across the strings, and with patient expectations waited for an echo of glowing rapture to fill the room.

The sounds that fell upon my ears were not like the sound of happy mountain streams dashing and gurgling down rocky slopes, nor did I hear faint strains in the distance that would tear at the very strings of one's heart and recall scenes of joyous, happy boyhood days, while autumn skies, viewed through bright paint-splashed trees, played tag with lazy, fluffy clouds.

No musical visions like these floated from this instrument of visual beauty. I have heard better music from a set of uncoiled brakes or from two tail-tied tomcats.

You, no doubt, have heard how some high-pitched sounds will shatter glass, or call your favorite hound to supper. You will also no doubt know how such sounds may be used to signal ships, or to land planes in fog. Not only will my violin do these simple tricks, but it will discolor parlor rugs and furniture, loosen wallpaper, and tie knots in the water pipes. The only improvement that I can see in the past six months of playing is the better spelling in the threatening letters which are stuffed in my mail-box each night by irate neighbors.

I am not blaming the writer of my booklet, for he no doubt knew what he was talking about when he wrote it. I am, however, very suspicious of this mahogany-stained cigar box with strings that he deceived me into accepting.

I have read each note well and have studied each gentle finger touch to perfection. Yet when I take my bow in hand tenderly and push it gently over each taunt string, inevitably I get something that sounds like a fire engine in a thunderstorm.

Personally, I am at the end of my rope. If something isn't accomplished soon, I'll jump.

W

We Adopted A Goat

e planned to get a monkey. Afterwards we wished we had. But a doctor told Mother that monkeys could get any disease that a person can, and so we decided on a goat. Then our troubles really started.

We went to a farm where there were three goats. One was a beautiful angora without horns. Everyone called her Baby because she was the smallest. As all three were rather wild, it took the elderly owner quite a while to catch her. When he finally did, she had to be forced out of the car.

After some discussion we planned to put her temporarily in the chicken room of the garage. Little did we realize how temporary it was.

The next morning, which was Sunday, Mother said, "Bruce, you had better go out and feed the goat." The next thing we knew, Bruce was rushing breathlessly up the stairs yelling, "Mother! She's gone! She's gone!" We went to look, and there was nothing to see except a short piece of clothesline rope with which we had trustingly tied the goat. Later my grandmother, who had been standing on the porch when Bruce opened the door, said that Baby jumped over his head and over an eight-foot fence and ran for the street. Upon inquiry we learned that she had headed for West Hill pasture. We went and looked around, but we didn't see anything of her. When we noticed the time, we left the search and went to church. Mother got into the pulpit just about in time to deliver the sermon. In the afternoon we resumed the hunt, but didn't find the goat.

Day after day we hunted, but Baby was smart. Sometimes she would come right up and eat out of our hands, but if the other moved

at all, she would give a saucy laugh, kick up her heels, and disappear.

I remember one particular day when Mother had been in the pasture all day studying. When I came home from school I joined her and we waited together. About supper time we decided it was no use. As we were gathering up Mother's books, Baby rose majestically from behind a nearby rock, bleated, "Ha-a-a-a-a!" in our direction, and ran off.

We moved away about then, and Mother offered a reward for the goat. One boy showed us a handful of hair, but that was all. When winter came and the cows were brought in, Baby, like all goats, sought company. A man told us that she often stayed between two of his buildings. We borrowed another goat and had it chained in his barn. After one failure, the farmer managed to confine her in the barn when she went in to be with the other goat, but he said that that was only half of the job. He finally caught her, however, and we took her home.

Once, when we had to go away, we left the goat at the Randalls', some neighbors. One Sunday after we returned, we were called to Randalls' and found that Baby had twin kids and wouldn't let them near her. We watched her, and sure enough, every time one of the kids came near her, she bunted it away. Mr. Randall watched her for a while, then murmured, "Suffer the little kids to come unto me."

Now we had a new problem, and that was the job of milking. We found that this involved quite a few things: first, a runway to drag her up onto the milking stand; second, a hook for her collar and another strap to prevent her from bunting and lying down on the job; and third, grace to listen to her grating her teeth.

About then we decided it was time to sell the goat. Someone made the brilliant observation that the next time we bought a goat, we'd better see to it that the goat adopted us.

Bits of humor--"Making the loads lighter, the
way brighter, as day by day, moment by moment,
we build, build, build."

I Almost Learn to Swim

Several years ago I thought it would be interesting to learn how to swim. All the people seemed to know how to do this seemingly unattainable thing. If they could, why couldn't I? Although having a few slight handicaps such as fear of the water and no natural ability I, nevertheless, was determined to try. Since I was a small child I was dreadfully terrified by water of any kind except the kind that comes out of the faucet. But summer was coming and my opportunity to learn presented itself. My family had hired a cottage near the seashore. I prepared myself by purchasing a fine bathing suit with many figures of people swimming and diving. I imagine that I thought this might help me.

About nine o'clock I arose and dressed in my brand new bathing suit, which felt very bare and revealing. The thought of going into cool, wet water almost made me surrender. However I picked up my towel and set off for the water. Bravely I advanced toward the water, stuck one foot in and shivered. Slowly I moved deeper and deeper into the splashing, foaming waves. Then a cruel wave splashed the chilly water all over me and my nice new suit. Thinking it a crime to get



it all wet I prepared to withdraw, but some human fish yelled, "Come on in, the water is wonderful." "Oh, sure," I said to myself, "so isn't the plague if you like it." Now it was too late. I clamped my eyes shut, gritted my teeth and jumped.

Splash! As I went flat on my stomach and under the water, I have never spent so many dreadful seconds (in all my life.) The water came into my mouth, went up my nose, and down my throat. After what seemed a decade, I found my footing and tried to stand up, but to no avail. A mountainous wave merely put me flat on my back. This time in addition to opening my mouth I made the mistake of not closing my eyes. Did they sting! After many likewise foolish and futile attempts I made my way to shore. I was greeted with several, "How's the water?" Grimly and unconvincingly I replied, "Fine, just fine." To add to my plight one unobserving bather remarked, "You must like the water. You really do enjoy it the way you splash around in there." "Somebody ought to teach you the facts of life," I thought as I walked away.

Thus you see how I feel about the water and bathing. The brand new suit is tucked away in some trunk not so brand and not so new, and I do all my bathing in either a tub or a shower. And now all my friends have given up trying to get me near the water. My only retort, "I tried, didn't I? What more do you want? A drowned person on your hands?"



My First Milking Experience

One remembers vividly those experiences in one's life that are very nearly disastrous. My first attempt at trying to milk a cow was such an experience. It was nearly as hazardous and almost as disastrous as any task I have ever undertaken.

The trouble all began when my family decided to move from a perfectly comfortable home in a small town, out into the open spaces where we settled on a small farm.

In the course of events we acquired a cow. The chore of milking her fell to the lot of my older brother. Not wishing to monopolize this new profession of milking, many times he urged me to try my hand at it, but I could never summon the courage to begin.

One day, however, milking time came. I was present; my brother was not. As there was no alternative, gathering the milking paraphernalia I started for the barn. Even before I began there was a slight foreboding within me as to what the outcome might be. I had reasons to be fearful. This cow which I was about to milk did not have the reputation of being the gentle, lackadaisical type. Rather she was irritable, cantankerous, moody. Well, anything undesirable to be found in a cow's disposition could be found in hers.

I did everything possible to win old Boss's friendship. First I meted out a very generous helping of feed. Not only was I hoping that she would have a better impression of me, but that she might be distracted by her meal to such an extent that she would not notice what was taking place.

Seating myself gingerly on a box by her side, I began the operations required in milking. I must not have acquired the proper

touch for "swish," a big black hoof settled itself in the milk bucket. I had to retrieve my bucket before I could continue, but there stood six hundred pounds of beef and one corner of it was planted in my bucket. What a struggle ensued. I pushed, pulled and lifted. Finally she consented to lift her foot enough for me to regain possession of a badly battered bucket.

After scrubbing it thoroughly, once more I encountered my task. By this time the feed was gone, and I had to replenish it. This feed did not exactly seem to serve its intended purpose, for no sooner had I seated myself than "crush!" Bucket, box, and the one who was so valiantly trying to do his duty went rolling off into the corner of the stall. Old Boss stopped munching her feed long enough to turn her head and survey the wreckage she had wrecked. From my position in the litter I could look directly into her great soulful eyes. I could hardly believe that such a meek-looking animal could have been the perpetration of such an act; nevertheless, she was.

Finally, realizing that no serious damage had been done to any of my equipment or to my body, undaunted, I returned to my task. Boss must have realized that I was not to be easily brushed aside, or perhaps I became more adept at the required procedure, for soon I began to get some gratifying results. I must admit that because of her unwarranted movements the bucket was tipped a time or two. Finally, however, the task was completed and I was able to exhibit at least a portion of the milk my brother had always succeeded in getting.



Eat!

here are many, many things that I like to do. I like to work, bowl, roller-skate, drive, fish, hunt, and do innumerable other things, but the one thing I like best to do is eat. Regardless of whether you call it gulping, mandibling, foraging, repasting, feeding, picnicking, devouring, munching, crunching, or masticating, I like it.

Since the beginning of time and life, living creatures have always eaten. And this is no small wonder as it is such an enjoyable undertaking that I don't see how anyone could resist it. Possibly, we don't realize the happiness we derive from it, but I'll guarantee that if you stop eating for just a short while, you will realize fully the importance and enjoyment of it.

You say, "If this process of eating is such an enjoyable thing, why don't you do it all the time?" For several reasons. It is an expensive hobby. The prices of food are extremely high today. It is a very disfiguring proposition when taken to an extreme. I cannot quote facts or figures, but I believe that at least one of every four girls in school is dieting in one way or another only because of her figure. Another startling thing I have noticed is the number of boys that are also dieting because of their figures. I know several quite personally who are doing just that. Of course, eating is like any other sport. After you have eaten enough you get full and cannot eat any more. Just like swimming, or fishing, or working; after a certain amount the desire for more temporarily vanishes. Have you ever seen a tennis player, however, who has had enough tennis for one day, that did not return for more the day after? So it is with eating. The more you eat, the more you want.

Some people believe the fallacy that a person should eat to live and not live to eat. I can hardly imagine such a misinformed being. To me such action seems utterly preposterous. Everyone knows that we live to eat rather than eat to live. But let me warn my fellow colleagues concerning indigestion. This condition very often arises from the extreme of eating. It seems that I am attacked with a severe case of indigestion directly following every Thanksgiving dinner. The only reason I have to offer for this ailment is over-eating. In spite of the splendor of the roasty-brown turkey with its delicious stuffing and dressing, the baked scalloped potatoes, the pumpkin pie, and all of the rest of the fancies of the Thanksgiving table that have given me indigestion before, I cannot resist just once more. I believe such a meal is worth eating anyway, considering the splendor and enjoyment of the food. After all, the inhabitants of this old earth have all had their feasts at one time or another, so why can't I?

As I sit writing this theme, I have a box of nuts at my side for inspiration. I can easily nibble a few nuts and then write a few more lines. Each tender morsel seems to give me a new idea, and the urge to drive on until the bitter end.

"Ah, to build, to build,

That is the noblest of all arts."

A Day of Wandering

I shall never forget the fond memories that come to my mind when I think of my early childhood. I well remember the day my father went to the city and left me at home to finish hoeing a few short rows of corn. He was to be away all day. I was only nine years old at that time and he didn't expect me to do too much hard work, but he wanted me to do what he asked me. I went to the woodshed where the hoes were kept, got the smallest hoe available and started for the cornfield. The morning was alive with a soft stirring. The sun shone with brilliance against the dew-laden blades of corn. Something within me seemed to say that the corn hoeing could wait another day. I was a lad who always liked to go on hikes all alone into the beautiful forest and mingle with nature's creation.

I stood my hoe against the split-rail fence and walked down the cornfield until I was out of sight of the cabin. The air was filled with the sweet fragrance of dogwood blossoms. I started down the sand road that led to the forest. The down grade tempted me to lope. I ran for a short way and then slowed down to make the road last longer. I reached the magnolia tree where I had carved the wild-cat's face. The growth was a sign that there was water nearby. It seemed a strange thing to me that scrawny pines should grow in the scrub, while by every branch and lake there grew magnolias.

The west bank of the road shelved suddenly. It dropped below me twenty



feet to a spring. The bank was dense with sweet gum, magnolia, and gray-barked ash. I went down to the spring in the cool darkness of their shadows. A sharp pleasure came over me for this was a secret and a lovely place.

A spring as clear as well water bubbled up from nowhere in the sand. There was a whirlpool where the water rose from the earth. Grains of sand boiled in it. I liked to think that no one came here but me and the wild animals and the thirsty birds.

I was warm from running down the sandy road. I rolled up the hems of my blue denim overalls that mother had made for me, and stepped with care, dirty feet into the shallow spring. My toes sank into the sand. The water oozed softly between them and over my bony ankles. The water was so cold for a moment that it burned my skin. I walked up and down the stream digging my big toe into the sandy bottom. A school of minnows flashed ahead of me down the growing branch. They were suddenly out of sight as though they had never existed.

After I had grown tired from paddling in the brook I waded out to the shore and threw myself down in the sand close to the water. I lay there thinking of the water that was sweeping past me on its way to the sea. I moved a stone that was matching its corners against my ribs and burrowed a little, hollowing myself a nest for my hips and shoulders. I stretched out one arm and laid my head on it. A ray of sunlight, warm and thin like a patch-work quilt, lay across my body. I sank into the softness of the sand and was soon fast asleep with the blue, white-tufted sky closed over me.

When I awakened, I thought I was in another world. The sun was gone and all the light and shadow. I could not tell the time of day in the grayness, nor how long I might have slept.

I turned and galloped toward home. The sun was nearly setting when the tall pines in the lawn around our cabin came into sight. Father had already returned home and was doing my evening chores that I should have been doing. He questioned me as to the reason for my straying away from the cornfield, and not doing the work he had planned for me. I told him my story.

He was very gentle with me and didn't scold me for wandering away. Once he, too, had been a wandering lad.



E. N. C.: Before and After

When I was a young child, E. N. C. was an institution of mystery. Every once in awhile a man and perhaps three or four boys or girls would come to our church to speak and sing. Invariably the man asked for money. I thought that he must be poor, but he usually looked well-fed and dressed. I could not see why they allowed a man to take up a whole service just to ask for money. Neither could I understand the students. Were they wicked to have been sent away to a school or didn't they have any parents or home? I did not think they could have any money because the church always gave them an offering before they left.

The building was pictured in my mind as a large and gloomy castle with a cloud around the turret and a high bush of brambles surrounding the castle on all sides so that no intruders could enter.

As I became older my idea of the college changed. I knew that the students were not wicked but unusually good. In fact I began to think of them as angels or saints. They had shining new convertibles and every afternoon they idled away the time sightseeing because there was nothing else to do.

Slowly but surely my mind was reaching toward the truth. The idea of entering Eastern Nazarene College's portals was slowly coming down from the clouds into my own sphere. A year ago the idea had been only a fancy envisioned in my sleep and sometimes through the day as well. Never did I dream that a person having my financial status could ever enter the portals of any college. In my thoughts a rich relative, friend, or sometimes a total stranger saw fit to bless me with about five thousand dollars.

Then I began talking to girls who had come here and, what seemed even stranger, had returned home, whole. They sounded as if college was not so bad after all. They said that some students had entered with absolutely no money and had worked their way through. It all seemed like a miracle to me, but, they said, really was not hard. One girl did not want me to be disillusioned when and if I got here. So she enumerated all of E. N. C.'s bad points and just touched lightly on its good ones. She showed me a catalogue with pictures of the buildings, grounds, and students, explaining the system of the school as we looked through the book.

Now, instead of seeming like an impossibility, the idea began to appear quite simple; in fact, almost too simple to believe. Then the opportunity came for me to visit my dream castle for a whole day. When I arrived the grounds seemed large because I had never been to a college before. It was a little different from what I had pictured it with the help of the catalogue and my imagination, but I did not care. A group of us ate dinner here and I could not understand why everyone grumbled about everything that was served. My eyes must have been blinded by my enthusiasm.

Slowly, plans began to work out until finally, on September 8, 1947, at about eight in the evening, I actually landed here. Naturally, all that day I had been unable to eat and was excited and tense. After my mother left, I prepared my bed for the night, then sat down and cried. Every once in awhile I could hear happy, excited voices, but I had no one to talk to, no friends, and I was frightened.

My roommate finally came in and we became acquainted with each other. She, however, had friends here and, naturally, wanted to chum with them. The next day I was too frightened to go downstairs to

eat until I had become acquainted with someone to eat with. After a few days I came to know quite a few girls, and so everything went along well.

Our room is certainly no palace and that disappointed me at first, but we have learned to accentuate its good points which fortunately it has.

Now, college seems just like a school, but a Christian one with no comparison to a worldly one. However, it is not Heaven or any place like it. It is not a prison nor is it a haven of luxury and idleness. It takes a head full of brains and a body of brawn to get along. Still, ordinary people such as I am can come and struggle through.

My Favorite Magazine

S

pring is like a love song, and in Charm magazine I find the clothes to accompany it. Some are as fresh and inviting as the season itself. Refreshing colors and flirtatious styles can make one daydream for hours. Such expressions as: "The perfect traveling companion," "Color-drenched, simplified elegance," "saucy bows," "flattering flares," "crisp whiteness," "swishing-full dark romantic skirts," and "a king's ransom in pearl buttons" are all signposts of spring.

Looking at spring through Charm magazine, we see such colors as skipper blue, clove brown, golden clay, multicolor plaids, mint, tender pink, burnt almond, and huckleberry blue as bold as the strokes of an artist's crayon. Haven't they made you daydream already?

Vacation and resort wear are accentuated by the swinging bell suit to ring in spring, the vacation conversation prints, cleverly punctuated by a pert collar, and the datetime dress with a dearth of jacket and a wealth of skirt.

Would you be interested in shoes in high-borne fashion with a soft, easy-going, fine, sturdy sole 'twixt you and Mother Earth? Or would you prefer to be always poised and beautiful in a platform pump, softly fanned with a dressmaker bow? For those that like the tweed look there is the "Steady, happy, flex-step oxford.....trim, as your tailored look demands." Maybe you even prefer the tiny-foot look or skyscrapers. You'll find each model in Charm magazine.

You'll find many ways to a man's heart through enchanting colors, dove-wing textures, superb smartness and long-term value proving you a sweet lass indeed. The eastern seaboard navy suit with a pure silk blouse in tender pink sprinkled with purple typewriter keys and

curlicues which can be recognized as shorthand for "I love you" can prove romantic. Gay new prints are shown that will turn your head and turn his thoughts to love. Picturesque dresses with hearts and flowers that speak of "you and me" and softspring dresses with a long, willowy look are designed to catch not only your eye but his also.

Does your dream prince seem aloof? Take heart. That's just his little game. Your own little game is played before your mirror (and with your pocketbook). Dazzle him, and his coat of armor will no longer be arrow-proof!

Charm magazine has roots in cities from Tampa to Seattle and from Boston to Los Angeles. In its pages I can find suits and suit-dresses for daytime and datetime....a maximum of fashion at a minimum of cost. Not only fashions but special features such as slangage, U. S. A., Slope-sliding Susie, Hair Conditioning, Job News, Modern Furniture Patterns and the Knitting Corner sum up the extra departments in Charm.

I couldn't resist writing such a theme. Such adjectives as the advertisers use in Charm are enough to make you spend every cent in your wallet. All these words whisper a mysterious language making me feel a little lightheaded, gay, tireless, and definitely extravagant. But, I still like it!

Before and After

As I followed the nurse down the long hospital corridor on my way to visit my cousin, I caught glimpses of other patients through the open doors of numerous rooms. These patients, who had obviously been operated on or had broken bones, looked happy and content as they laughed and talked with their friends during these visiting hours. Entering Ward 21, where Anne was convalescing from an appendectomy, I noticed a pleasant atmosphere similar to that observed from the other rooms. The "get well" cards that her friends had sent were pleasingly arranged on her bed table; books and magazines were conveniently within her reach; and there was also a "sunshine basket," consisting of fruit, candy, and other delicacies. After seeing all this and suddenly realizing how seldom I had the chance of even lying in bed for a part of the day, I came to the conclusion that hospitals might not be such a bad place after all.

For awhile after that I almost wished I'd have some reason to become hospitalized. Nothing serious, of course, but enough to become a patient. I couldn't quite decide which would be more fun, a broken arm, so that I could have a cast, or an operation. If I had an operation, I could always contribute to the conversation centering around "my operation;" on the other hand, convalescing from an operation wouldn't require as much time as convalescing from a broken bone. Then, too, there was the novelty and importance of a cast.

Fate "smiled" on me in that respect shortly afterwards, for I had an acute attack of appendicitis and was taken to the hospital in great pain. Ah, what a disillusion my conception of hospital convalescence was! What a rude awakening! Yes, friends sent me cards,

but they are a poor substitute for those friends themselves; they came to see me during visiting hours, bringing me candy and magazines; but I didn't find much joy in reading, especially when I was told of the fun I had missed at the birthday party and weiner roast.

The nights, which seemed everlasting sometimes, were the worst part of all; for when sleep would finally obliterate the pain, it would undoubtedly be interrupted by the cries of newly-born babies or the unstifled groans of patients in great pain. Darkness also seemed to intensify the pain. Even the prostigmine injections hurt more than the "gas pains" which were supposed to be relieved by them. It seemed that just when I would finally become oblivious to the pain and noise around me, I'd be reminded of my surroundings by a gentle prodding of a thermometer seeking an entrance into my mouth through my none-too-willing lips.

Walking on the day following the operation wasn't my idea of a pleasant pastime; in fact, I thought it was a gross injustice. Didn't they realize I had just been operated on and needed to remain quietly in bed, reading and resting? What an idiotic idea! When the week was over and it was time for me to leave, I wasn't sorry at all. I had learned my lesson, that hospitals are not recreational centers!

Fate "smiled," not only once, but twice on me; for since then I have had the opportunity to prove my idea concerning casts as being equally false. I had neither the feeling of importance nor pleasure during the period of time I had the case on my arm; and although I may have another one on shortly, I know now that it's no coveted privilege, and I do not look forward to it with any great anticipation.

I've changed my mind about hospitals and casts and kindred experiences. Now they have for me no attraction whatsoever.

The Monster, Time

M

y early summers were never complete until our family had spent at least one week on my grandfather's farm. From the moment the last school bell rang, my sister and I began looking forward to our trip to the country. The days seemed to pass so slowly that we thought the time would never come. But come it finally did, and we felt as if we were on the threshold of a new world with a thousand mysteries to be explored and a hundred absorbing experiences to occupy our time.

The evening prior to our departure was one of almost uncontrollable ecstasy. It was thrilling to run through the dresser drawers, come out with an armful of clothes and deposit them on the bed where Mother systematically was packing them in a large black suitcase. As soon as packing was finished, Dad and I climbed into the car and drove to the nearest filling station. This was one of the few times I was allowed to ride in the front seat. I sat up as straight as I could and tried to appear as much as possible like my father.

No one had to use high-pressure methods to make us go to bed that night. When everything was ready for the trip, we raced upstairs, jumped into bed, and put all our efforts into trying to go to sleep. Time passed much more quickly when we were asleep.

When Mother and Dad got up the next morning, they crept around very quietly, hoping that my sister and I wouldn't awaken until breakfast was almost ready. But at the slightest disturbance we bounded out of bed, jumped into our clothes and dashed downstairs with a vigor that amazed our parents. We were ready to go. Breakfast, among other things, seemed to be an unnecessary detail that delayed our start. Our spirit of co-operation was something to be desired by any

struggling pastor. After an age of preparation, we climbed into the car and were off.

The hundred miles to my grandfather's house seemed to stretch itself into an unending mass of winding, twisting roads. But there was always an end; and the car had hardly come to a halt in front of the large white house before my sister and I had both doors open and were jumping out. My sister ran to the house to meet grandmother. I took the opposite direction and soon found my grandfather in the barn or in the field working.

Thus we began a week of enjoyable moments that we would never forget; running up and down the fields, following the plow, climbing trees, eating apples and pears, getting water from the spring in the woods, riding the horse, milking the cow, walking a mile to the old country store, gathering the eggs, eating chicken, sweet potatoes, canteloupe and watermelon, sinking into the soft feather bed when night came.

When the week was over, we said goodbye to our grandparents. I can still feel the sandpaper-like touch of my grandfather's moustache as he kissed me goodbye.

We still take an occasional trip to my grandfather's farm; but it's different now. We go for only a day. There isn't much preparing to do. We decide one day to go the next, and forget about it until the following morning. Everyone gets up about the same time and we go to breakfast just as on any other morning. Sometimes one of us will be busy and can't go. But we walk out to the car, get in and leave. There is no sense of inward ecstasy. We're just taking a trip in the car; that's all. We ride over the same monotonous road, around the same curves and finally arrive at the house. The house isn't white as

it once was. It needs several coats of paint. The porch floor is rotten and the shutters on the windows are hanging at a crazy angle. The fields are grown up with weeds. There are no fresh fruits and vegetables to eat. The barn looks as if a strong wind would blow it over. Grandfather is no longer able to work the farm. His shoulders are stooped and his skin is hard and wrinkled. Grandmother doesn't cook much anymore. She's small and bent over. She hardly has strength to feed herself. But she smiles; and in that smile we can see the ghost of former days and the beauty and health that once were symbols of the big farm with the white house.

We no longer climb trees and run around; but instead we walk over the farm and discuss world politics, or maybe, the prices of farm products.

We get into the car sadly, and drive home, and call time a monster.

Death

He was just an ordinary Chihuahua. He had been registered with the Westminster Kennel Club and they had selected Don Pedro as his name. I called him Brown Bomber, though, because he was so belligerent. He came to our kennel about the same time Joe Louis was defending his heavyweight title. I'm afraid that between the two, my choice of pugilist went to Brown Bomber. His little paws were as busy as the fists of Joe Louis, and more than once I had to give medical treatment to one of the other puppies while Brown Bomber hid under a chair and barked.

A Chihuahua is the smallest and daintiest dog in the world. It is an ancient breed of dog, native to Mexico and is descended from the Techichi known to the Mayas of the fifth century. The coloring ranges from black to white.

A friend who went to Mexico for her health brought Brown Bomber back to me as a gift. He was the long-coated type. His hair was a chocolate color and his black markings made him unusual indeed. Our kennel was noted for show-dogs and one glance was enough to tell me that Brown Bomber was out of place there. One black ear, two black feet and a patch of black on his throat made him one of the most disreputable-looking puppies I have ever seen. When we met that first time, he sat back on his hind feet. One ear was straight up and the other bent in the middle, and he regarded me with his puppy look which was both quizzical and comical. I stood to one side and coaxed him over to me. I was horrified to see that his legs were hardly strong enough to support his little fat body, and as he walked, his tummy dusted the floor. When he reached me, he sat on my shoe and began to chew the string. From that point on, we became great friends. I moved

away from him to answer the phone and he began to chase me. He was so fat that he rolled over and over.

The only thing that frightened the puppies was for me to roll up a newspaper and hit my hand. Bomber was no less fearful. One day when I had to be particularly firm with him, he ran behind the snowball bush and barked at me until I put the newspaper away.

One evening when I spanked him with a newspaper, he ran to the glider and stayed there. I suppose he was offended because I had spanked him. Suddenly a storm came up. It was only a matter of seconds before I had the puppies inside their houses. Before I could take a careful check to see if they were all in, it began to rain harder than I had imagined it could ever rain. I ran to the office and presently the rain subsided, but I still had a great part of my report to do.

Through the still dusk of evening I heard a faint cry. I listened and through the night I heard it again. My heart stood still for those few seconds until I reached the gate. There sat Brown Bomber drenched to the skin and yapping at the top of his lungs.

Fearful lest he catch pneumonia, I dried him well and then wrapped him in blankets. He wouldn't stop shivering and his eyes followed me all over the room as I prepared to heat milk for him. It was almost two hours later that I noticed his nose was warm. When I took his temperature, I realized he was going to be a very sick puppy. My heart was broken when I saw that he was getting weaker. Somehow I hoped he would sap some strength from my body as I held him, still wrapped in his blankets. I don't know how long I was crying, but weak as he was, he lifted his head and licked the tears as they ran down my cheeks.

Early in the morning, Brown Bomber was dead. I can't explain the grief and loneliness I experienced when I knew he would never run and play again. It didn't seem right to pet him and not feel his warm, eager response.

That afternoon I buried Bomber under the snowball bush where he used to stand and bark at me.

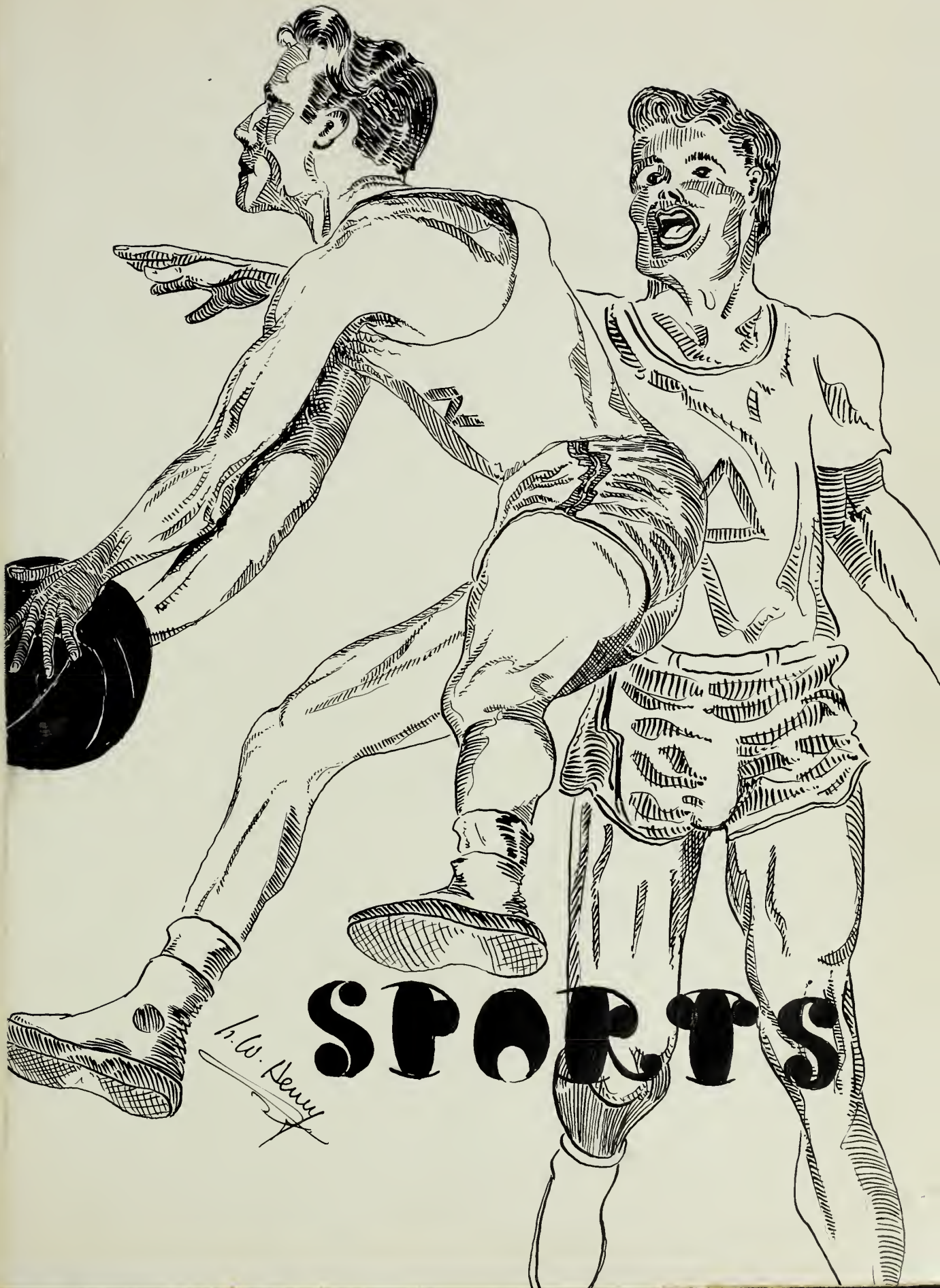
Sir William Watson has written a little poem entitled "Epitaph to a Dog." I like it because it sounds like the little fellow who used to run and play in my kennel yard.

"His friends he loved; his fellest earthly foes--

Cats--I believe he did but feign to hate.

My hand will miss the insinuated nose,

My eyes that tail that wagged contempt at Fate."

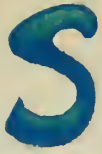


SPORTS

H.W. Henry

"Build me straight, oh worthy Master."

Freshman Girls in Sports



ociety competition with freshman girls this year proves that we have some promising stars. Through their smooth passing, fast handling of the ball, well-arched shots and close guarding, our girls were a great addition to each society.

The Kappas were strengthened by the aggressive guard, Helen Schindler. Lois Anderson made many a perfect shot. Let's hope we'll see more action from these two girls next year.

The Deltas had a fast-moving, scoring threat on the part of Anita White and Betty Croucher. Marion Pauli, one of their guards, proved to be a steady sticker.

Tricky-handed shots which worried opposing guards were made by Lorraine Zeigler, a Sigma. She was aided by Grace Oddo, whose eyes and hands were always on the ball.

Joan Carville, the Zeta's prize forward, used some excellent ball-handling in making all her ringers, and our versatile Evangeline Smith surprised onlookers with her close guarding.

All in all, keen competition kept enthusiasm high in year-round sports as far as the freshman girls were concerned. Real teamwork like we've seen this year will make many a winning game next year.

Freshman Boys in Sports

The Freshman boys were well represented in E. N. C. sports this year. They not only produced some of the best individual stars, but as a whole the Freshmen completely outclassed their college superiors in basketball and ping pong, and were equalled only by the Sophomores in football. Probably the best first-year class in E. N. C. sports history, the Freshmen can be rightfully proud of their male athletics.

In football the Frosh were definitely noticeable. Although most of them were subs, they still played hard and commendably. The Freshman boys in football were: H. Brooks, R. Davis, C. Umstead, Z. Dohanian, K. Newton, W. Varian, H. Martsolf, W. Parks, G. Rice, D. Grimm, J. Burton, H. Speece, M. Clark, M. Joy, and R. Smith. Six of the boys were regulars. They were H. Brooks, R. Davis, W. Varian, H. Martsolf, G. Rice, and D. Grimm. Three were elected to the All-Star team, and two got honorable mention. The All-Stars are: Howard Brooks, Harold Martsolf, and Duane Grimm. Bill Varian and Ray Davis received honorable mention.

The brand of E. N. C. basketball was greatly improved by the presence of the Freshmen who dominated the field. The boys on society teams were: H. Brooks, R. Davis, C. Umstead, Z. Dohanian, W. Varian, H. Rickey, P. Merritts, W. Parks, W. Scott, H. Martsolf, D. Williams, and D. Grimm. Freshmen captured nine out of a possible twenty starting berths. The nine starters were: Howard Brooks and Zaven Dohanian for the Zetas; Ray Davis, Paul Merritts, Howard Rickey, and Harold Martsolf for the Kappas; Bill Varian for the Sigmas; Willie Scott and Duane Grimm for the Deltas. The highest scorer for the Freshmen and one of the highest in the school was Howard Brooks, who was also voted the

outstanding Freshman boy athlete.

The Freshman class produced the best ping pong players in the college. Jack Burton and Tom Greene were unbeatable, except by each other. They coasted through the annual Ping Pong Tournament to the finals, where they clashed in a tight struggle in the gym. Jack Burton emerged as the victor with Tom Greene as a second-best runner-up, but not second-rate.

This year in E. N. C. sports, it was the Freshman class all the way.



BEST ALL AROUND

Becky Skidmore
Linwood Henry

FRIENDLIEST

Marion Pauli
Gene Smith





HARDEST WORKING

Martha Tyler
John Checkley

WITTIEST

Eleanora Bernard
Paul Lick





MOST ATHLETIC

Joan Carville
Howard Brooks

MOST INTELLECTUAL

Evangeline Smith
Kenneth Gibbs





MOST MUSICAL

Grace Oddo
Don Davis

MOST LIKELY
TO SUCCEED

Emily Bigelow
Marvin Joy







