

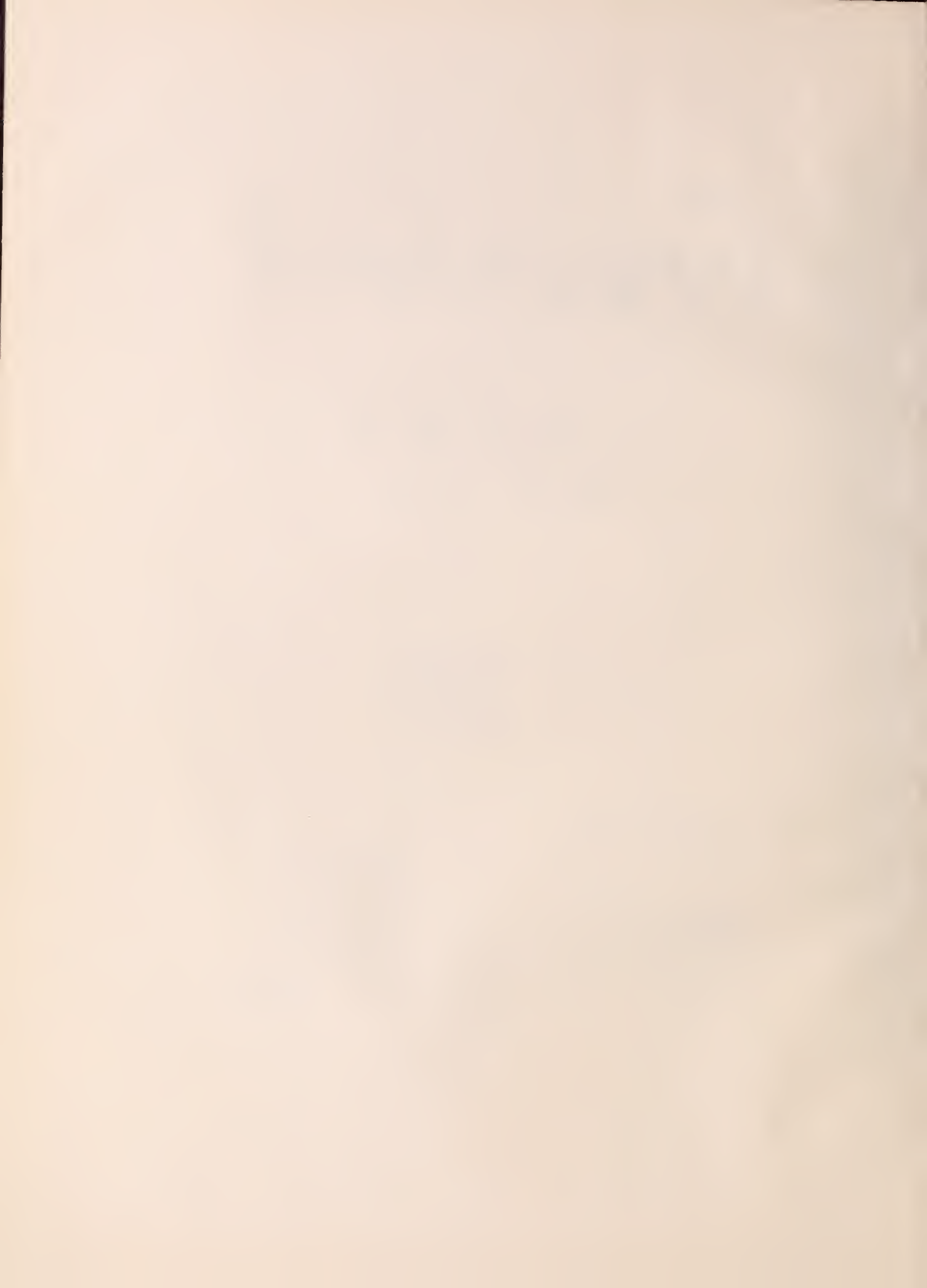
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Editorials

Attempt #1

In one of my more pensive moments, which occur, on the average, once every leap year, I found myself emburdened with the task of preparing one of those earth-shattering, thought-provoking editorials which invariably grace the pages of every publication of this sort. I immediately thought of elaborating on the theme of this year's book, "Soul Sight," and how it applied to my own life. However, after taking a quick glance at the bottom of my shoes, I decided to leave the soles alone and not go into my present financial state. These intelligent thoughts shall be left for a later time. Rather, I have decided to discuss the pertinent problem of writing ~~an~~ editorial when one is at a loss for words. Finding myself, at present, in this very predicament I shall close with this quotation which has been such a comfort to me in these last few moments, "This, too, shall pass."

Attempt #2

As the end of my freshman year here at ENC fast approaches, and I start to think about leaving my new way of life to go back home, I am forced to realize how the meaning of the seemingly straight-forward words "family" and "friends" has changed. This year has enabled me to look back objectively and see my family and home as being responsible for having taught me many of life's lessons, having given me memories of numerous happy times, and having molded me into the person I am, including my good as well as my bad qualities. And now I see those around me exerting an influence on my personality, standards, and opinions. Through all of this observation, I have learned to look inside myself. I can view the realities of life more objectively, and regard people more openly. At this point in my life, I can finally begin to think for myself, to form my own opinions, and to learn from my decisions—whether they be right or wrong.

Julie and Dorraine

DEDICATION

The class of 1975 wishes to express appreciation :

To one who has been especially considerate
to the freshman class,
To an outgoing member of our staff,
To one who exemplifies true dedication to
our college community,
To a guardian of us all,
To one who strives to maintain harmony and
tranquillity within these ivy-covered walls,
To ENC's good-humor man,
To our 'night' in shining armor,

Because of his devotion to ENC's freshman class, we,
the Greenbook staff, dedicate the 1972 Greenbook to
Mr. Henry S. Constantine.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you, Mrs. Kauffman, for being a patient and understanding advisor. We have appreciated having full control of the Greenbook publication, for we have learned much from both our mistakes and accomplishments this year.

Mr. Sullivan, we have valued your help and good-humor throughout the compiling of the Greenbook, as you laughed both at us and with us.

Thank you, Campus Camera Staff, for reminding us to thank you.

Lorraine Brown
Juelene Beck



Retrospect

Back Home

In my childhood days of baby dolls and dress-up, I often made myself a pretend world within my room, a place of my own whose atmosphere could change at my command.

At times my bed became a hospital operating table where I performed life-saving surgery on make-believe patients. On other occasions, the furnishings changed into terrible monsters that might have devoured me without the help of my gallant, imaginary hero.

As I grew older, my room changed from an imaginary utopia to a quiet place of solitude. I discovered that when I was surrounded by problems and confusion, the closing of my door secured me in a quiet atmosphere of posteried walls, ruffled curtains, and comical stuffed toys.

Now, as I remember the tiny room I left behind, I can see in my memory faded, ruffled curtains, abandoned playthings, and bare walls. The room is now a place of emptiness.

-- Carol Ostberg



Just Before Dawn

The crashing of the waves is the only sound you can hear just before Dawn. I will always remember that sound. The sea, the sky, and the earth are the blackest; the waves are the loudest just before dawn. Many times I have gotten up early, put on my coat, and reluctantly left a warm beach house to walk toward the black world of the shore. When I arrive, I trudge over the sand, stomp my feet, and try to keep warm as I wait for the sun to come up. It is then that the world grows distinct and my heart is at peace. I know why I have come. There is a quiet joy in being alone just before dawn.

This particular morning the air was unusually cold. I clung tightly to my coat as a gust of wild splashed spray in my face. I sat down near the bottom of a huge tree stump that looked as if it were the original owner of the beach. This mammoth piece of wood had probably been washed on the shore many, many years ago. I nestled between two great arms of the tree and could feel the wetness of the sand slowly creeping through my clothes. It is a very uncomfortable feeling at first. With my back against the hard, smooth wood, my face was towards the mountains where the sun would rise. The arms of the tree protected me from the wind. The crashing waves soon took on a rhythm and a music. The wetness of the sand began to feel warm. My head leaned back against the wood. My own arms folded around me. Slowly, the heaviness in my eyes forced them to close.

Perhaps it was a seagull or a sudden coldness in the wind that woke me

from my light sleep. The sky was giving hints of a deep blue which folded away into purple and then into the blackness which lay behind me. There was a sudden cramp in my leg. As I stood, my wet clothes clung to me, and the wind was very cold. Walking around cured the cramp and the coldness. Without warning the sky began to show a shade of pink. It would be a good morning.

It was easy to see now. Not wishing to get my clothes wet again, I decided to remain standing. It was apparent that I wasn't alone anymore. A flock of gulls was very busy feasting on some poor creature that had been washed ashore in the night. Perhaps it is important for the birds to clean the decay and refuse from the beach, but their job seems to be so repulsive and vulgar. I threw a large stone into the middle of their feast. The birds scattered, squawking and screaming at the rock, not realizing that I was the one responsible. I watched as one bird began to dart for the inland, and my attention was drawn back to the sky. A true red was now on the horizon. I could clearly see the outline of the jagged and rough coastal mountains. The sun would come very soon.

I like to stand in the open to watch the sun rise. To me the most enjoyable part of the ceremony is the first ray that touches my face. There seems to be a new burst of fire and energy in that meeting. That first warm touch of the sun on my cheek fills me with a joy that makes the entire venture worthwhile.

As I was waiting anxiously for that first feeling of warmth, a cold dampness began to crawl over my back. I turned around abruptly and ran into a wall of fog. For a few moments I stood in amazement and watched as this silent mass of brick and mortar fell upon me. On and on the fog came, walling me up as if it didn't matter. Remembering my purpose, I quickly turned around to discover that I was entombed. I could no longer see the mountains or the gulls. I could no longer see the first ray of the sun.

The sound of the crashing waves guided me home. As I entered my beach house, I quietly went to my room. I removed my clothes, which had become damp in the fog, and slipped into bed. I gave an unsatisfied sigh, and fell asleep, wondering why I had gotten up just before dawn.

-- Richard Parrott

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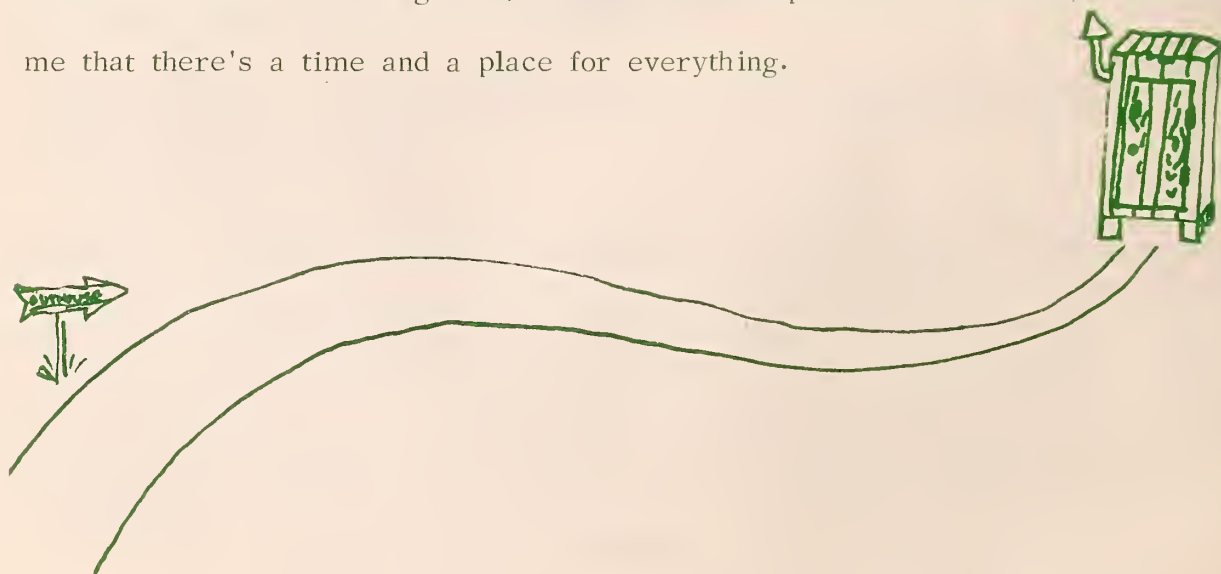
A Time And A Place

Surprisingly enough, I was a sweet, shy first-grader. I suppose these qualifications are expected of a little girl, and I fulfilled the requirements. I was fortunate enough in my desk assignment to have been placed in the midst of my new-found friends. We had devised various, ingenious ways to communicate the daily gossip, one of them being with chalk on our desk lids. We were quite proud of ourselves, for it saved paper and presented easily erasable evidence in case the teacher decided to parade the room.

One day while engaged in some busy work which the teacher had assigned to be completed between our note-writing, my hand shot up in the air. I needed to go to the 'basement' as it was commonly referred to. I learned at that early stage in my life that all elementary school teachers have the ability to lapse into a trance which I call the 'register daze.' It's an irrevocable form of hypnosis, and my teacher at that time was in it as deep as ever.

My situation grew desperate as I began to squirm uncontrollably and wave my hand in the air, but to no avail, for her head was buried in the books. I was too shy and frightened to take it upon myself to leave the room, so my arm continued to hack at the air. By this time twenty-nine out of the thirty people in the room were aware of my problem.

Finally, my hand slid down to my side, for it was too late. Now twenty-nine people were aware of my new problem, and soon my teacher was to join the knowledgeable. Of course, the janitor was called on, and I couldn't go out for recess for fear of catching cold, but it took an experience like that to teach me that there's a time and a place for everything.



Alone

It was early one summer morning, 4:30 am to be exact, and for some reason I was awake. Perhaps it was the excitement of the first full day of vacation, or maybe it was the realization that I was on my own.

When my parents had granted me permission to go on vacation unchaperoned I had filled up like a child's balloon ready to burst. I, Eddy DiSante, was really going on vacation without an adult around; just my friend Jim and me, alone.

Jim and I loaded up the Beetle and headed for the Jersey shore. There was an unbridled aura of independence about us. We were venturing out into the unknown, into a world of people and places to be seen by our own eyes, unhindered by the seeming omnipresence of our parents.

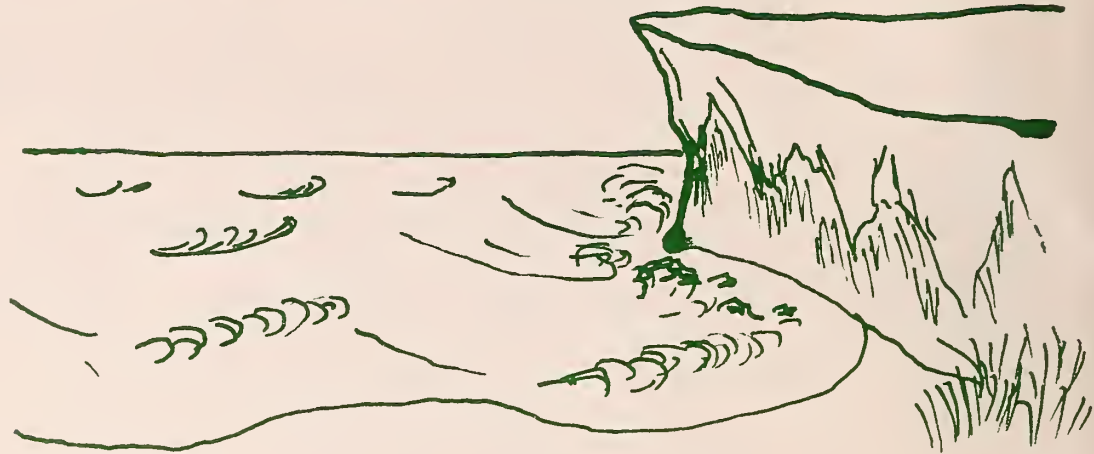
And so, I was awake at 4:30 and unable to go back to sleep. Quietly, so as not to awaken Jim, I slipped out into the misty coolness of the morning. The stars were still visible, but the unmistakable feeling of dawn was all around.

As I headed toward the beach, I reflected on the quietness, peace, and loneliness of daybreak. The sound of the surf and the questioning cry of the gulls lured me onward.

The cool spray hit me like a refreshing shower after a hard day's work. As I stood there, the wonder and beauty of it all surged over me like the roaring surf. In spite of the solitude and absence of people, I was not alone. God was there, and He and I talked. I wanted to shout in joy and ecstasy, so I did.

Suddenly I was soaking wet. A playful wave had broken my reverie. In the glowing rays of the morning sun, I headed back to the room, full of the

knowledge that no matter how far from home and friends I roamed, I wasn't alone, and never would be, because my God is alive and all around me.



Reflections

When I'm crowded into the stands at a game, when I worry and study all night for an exam, when I stand in a long line for lunch, when I run to the book store for a pencil, or when I wave to a friend I pass between classes, I relive for a moment such similar experiences I had in high school. I remember the hard work for final exams, and the fun of the senior picnic. I remember the solemnity of the graduation ceremony, and the unison shout that rose from my class as the ceremony was ended. I'll never forget my graduation night. I felt as though my childhood had come to an end. And yet, I felt at the same time that my life was just beginning. Doubts and fears, and hope and confidence were a part of my past. They will always be a part of my tomorrow.

-- Jan Smith

Circumspect

with apologies to Longfellow

between the dark and the daylight
when the night is beginning to lower
comes a pause in the day's occupation
that is known as the "raid munro" hour.

i hear in the chamber above me
a terrible crashing din
the sound of a door thrown open
and laughter, wicked as sin.

from my dormroom i see by the lamplight
descending the broad hall stair
a rowdy r.a. and a frightened frosh
being dragged down the steps by the hair

a crash - and then a silence
and the guys know they should quit when
they storm the stairs, and nose-to-nose
encounter Mrs. Whitman.

a sudden rush from the stairway!
a sudden raid by them all!
if they try to take my pantyhose
i'll kick them down the hall!

do you think, enc banditti,
that because you have won this fight
we will not return the favor
and raid you tomorrow night?

when we come, don't throw us in the showers.
if you do, all you'll get at best
is tears, or else we'll all melt away
like the wicked old witch of the west.

candy patterson

One Saturday Night In February

Wet gusts of wind whipped a mixture of rain and snow against the cafeteria windows as "our gang" faced the prospects of a dull Saturday night of studying. Then we heard the comments that were buzzing from table to table: "You should go down to the beach! The tide's up to the sea wall!"

Ten minutes later, another hardy adventurer and I were heading out the gate toward Wollaston Beach. Trying not to step into the deepest puddles, we waded down Sachem Street through icy slush and soggy snow. One quick dive across Morrissey Boulevard, and we stood overlooking the beach. Carefully, we chose our way up the snow-bank that sloped to the top of the sea wall. Although the tide had by now receded some fifty yards, it had left its mark. Everywhere chunks of driftwood and other debris lay half-covered with the snow-sand mixture.

Backs to the cold damp wind, we eagerly searched the beach for treasure. Here was an oar--over there was part of a wharf! A ladder! A funny-shaped piece of driftwood!

We gathered all we could carry and then left it in a pile beside the sea wall while we explored further. Along the ocean's half-frozen edge, wet waves that felt more Artic than Atlantic splashed over our feet. Looking far across the bay, we saw lights all along the shoreline.

"You know, we're like those little shore lights, shining in the dark. We aren't the lighthouse; we point the way to the lighthouse. Every little light is necessary, no matter how small or insignificant it seems."

Returning to the sea wall, we retrieved our driftwood.

"We picked up these chunks of driftwood because we could see beauty and usefulness in them. Now...what about the broken lives we find washed up along our stretch of beach?"

Somehow it was no longer just another cold, dull Saturday night in February.

--Annie Stevens

* * * * *

It Is Good

In the beginning God created the earth,
With beauty and freedom and all of its worth.
And Man and Woman, created He them,
In His mind He fashioned love without sin.
Then He looked at His work, as all men should,
With a sigh of Peace He said, "It is Good."

I smell the oil scum and stink of the sand.
I feel the blanket of pollution that covers this land.
I see fish and birds that lie dead at my feet
And I wonder, "How long till man dies in the street?"
Then He looked at His work, as all men should,
With a sigh of Peace He said, "It is Good."

A Black man in Georgia, Chicago or L. A.
Works sixty hours a week and gets half of his pay.
He's caged and cornered but, when he gets his turn
He'll look a white man in the face and say, "Burn, baby, burn."
Then He looked at his work, as all men should,
With a sigh of Peace He said, "It is Good."

A girl is stabbed; people stand and stare.
She screams and crys; doesn't anybody care?
A billion starve while we diet on pills.
Boys die in Viet Nam; we look for thrills.
Then He looked at His work, as all men should,
With a sigh of Peace He said, "It is Good."

You go to Church in case there's a Hell
Or turn to the stars to see what they tell.
If you listen they tell you, "You're empty and afraid."
Fear fills your soul; What comes after the grave?
Then He looked at His work, as all men should,
With a sigh of Peace He said, "It is Good."

God, tell me what happened to the world you gave man.
Tell me what happened to the things you planned.
Give me the guts to stand alone to the end
In a world that's forgotten God's love without sin.
Then He looked at His work, as all men should,
With a sigh of Peace He said, "It is Good."

--Richard Parrott

* * * * *

Experience Is: College Life

Experience is:
College life.
No other place is so solidly packed
With new, exciting experiences.

Being away from home
Is the first step into the doorway of adulthood.
Decisions that one has to make,
Alone.
One learns the value of confidence -
In self, others, and God.

Friends,
Not just one, but many.
There comes a deep sharing
Of laughter, tears, and joy.
One discovers a new kind of love,
And one loves.

Friends one can turn to anytime.
Late hours of the night, early hours in the morning
They listen and try to help.
Again, one finds understanding.

A dorm is a commune,
A mixture of moods, habits, and ideas.
Some we learn to accept,
Others, we quickly reject.

Each person is a part of you.
One identifies oneself with "third floor."
Together, we hold responsibilities,
Yet apart we are individuals.

Books become our constant companions.
The right book at the right time
Is foremost in our thoughts.
Our arms become accustomed to the heavy load.

Reading in the library
Becomes one of our pastimes.
Our eyes scan endless pages
Of words, concepts, and pictures.
We read, study, and learn.

We learn to cope with pressure,
The foe that awaits us everyday.
Early morning classes, exams, and homework
Burden us
Until we long for the evening,
When we lose our pressures in sleep.

But in these pressures
We grow.
We become adults
Ready to face new and bigger experiences.

Our years at college
Give us a chain of experiences.
Each link prepares us
For the future.
And We remember.

"MUNRO!" (and other related topics))

The corridor is quiet, as Munro Hall generally is on a Saturday night. There is a small group of girls, one holding a long pink bathrobe, gathered around a door at the far end of the hall. A shriek; a crash; and a girl wrapped around and around in bathroom tissue streaks past me towards her door, trailing the rolls behind her.

After nights and nights of rowdy pillowfights, a frustrated Resident Assistant (R.A.) calls a truce, and invites all the girls on her floor to her room for hot chocolate. But the battle is not yet won: somebody puts "Ex-Lax" in the drink petroleum jelly on the bathroom doorknobs, and clear plastic wrap on the john seats.

For variety and excitement, life in the dormitory is second only to life in the zoo. No matter how hard the academic going gets, young people always manage to find the time to laugh together, at themselves, at the world. One can never be lonely and miserable long but a head pops in, whether to ask to borrow your drinking cup for a water battle, or to tell you to join the fun in locking one of the poor custodians in a closet, it matters not. And one can never be homesick long before the girls on her floor become her family. Suddenly, it is hard to imagine how you ever lived without them.

The Golden Rule (perhaps this rule has only a bit of rust around the edges) is, in any event, strictly abided by: Don't throw your roommate in the shower unless you want her to throw you in tomorrow night. At worst, "do unto thy

roomy," and do it fast, but be prepared for avenging, revenging, pillage, umbrage, and carnage from the entire floor. Be prepared to be awakwned twenty times in the night by twenty alarm clocks hidden about your room. Be prepared to be bombarded with anything not nailed down at the slightest hint of a pun. Be prepared to have cornflakes, plastic spiders, curlers, and cold spaghetti put in your bed. By the end of the semester, what with all this preparedness, one could easily qualify for Eagle Scout, the Legion of Honor, and G.I. insurance.

The day begins early. Some girls like to gargle hymns in three-part harmony in the bathroom. Doors are opening, and sleepy-eyed maidens are issuing forth, dressed in most peculiar outfits. The very latest in Munro lounging apparel includes black lace flat-topped shower caps (to save the coiffure), unmatched knee socks, leopard-skin nightgowns, green and silver striped harem pants, and baggy white short-sleeved work shirts (donated by boyfriends). The hair, if not in soupcan curlers, in a great knob on top of the head, or in fifteen braids is tied back and looped in such a way that the ends stick up on top and look like feathers:

"Morning, Running Skunk."
"Morning, Screaming Chicken."

Even on Saturday mornings it is hard to sleep late. If the atomic garbage trucks don't get you, the snow-shoveling crew singing, "the King is Coming" will.

After a morning of studying, a girl likes to have a little something to eat at eleven o'clock. One peek into the floor refrigerator reveals all. Banana yogurt, pickled herring, whole watermelons, and cold french fries are apparently
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what

gurt, pickled herring, whole watermelons, and cold french fries are apparently what Munro girls would live on if left to themselves. As she rummages through the delectables, her mutterings are punctuated here and there by the three phrases most commonly used in the dorm: "I'm up for it!"; "Give me a break!", and "Gross me out!" What hungry girls are referring to in the icebox as they say these words is, of course, up to the reader's imagination!

Every afternoon two girls from Maintenance come to each floor in the dormitory to wash windows, vacuum carpets, etc. They have developed a most interesting variety of soccer, otherwise known as "The Munro Mual." A roll of tissue (our old friend) is used as a ball, and any convenient door as a goal. The rules are made up as they go along, but the scoring remains quite definite: two points for every goal, five points for nailing any passers-by (ten points for the R. A.!), and if you hit the housekeeper you automatically win five games and lose your job with maintenance.

Thank goodness for the library! If it were not for that quiet sanctuary where in I do my schoolwork in the evenings, I should have to drop out of college and work as a dime-store cashier or a garbage collector, or other occupations my mother tells me I will get if I should quit. If anyone should say, "But there are 'quiet hours' from seven to ten in the evenings," laugh riotously and fall to the ground. There are no quiet hours in a dormitory. Do these unknowing people know what life is like to find orange peels crammed in the cracks of your door three nights in a row? Or to find hamsters in with your ankle socks? Or to have the girl across the hall practice her trumpet? Or to have the girls on the

floor beneath you, in revenge for the racket over their heads, go to the floor above you and do the Tallahassee Two-Step down the hall?

I hate room check. I am usually in bed before the eleven o'clock curfew, and no matter the quantity or quality of the signs placed on my door, from a polite, "Do Not Disturb!" to "Just touch this door and I'll do a number on your head!" and other such things smacking of bodily harm, I am invariably awakened. Some nights it is the R.A.'s pounding, but on other nights it is a motley procession of my peers. This is a typical night: warmly tucked in bed and almost in Dreamland, I hear a knock. I slide from between the covers to find a very strange sight: a girl with a typewriter under her arm. Acutely embarrassed and apologizing profusely, she hurries away. Naturally, the next morning I discover it was my typewriter she was trying to return. Again in bed, I hear another knock. It can't wait. I storm out of bed to be greeted by someone of indeterminate sex (well, I have a good idea

which sex) wearing a towel-turban, who (or maybe which) utters three words:

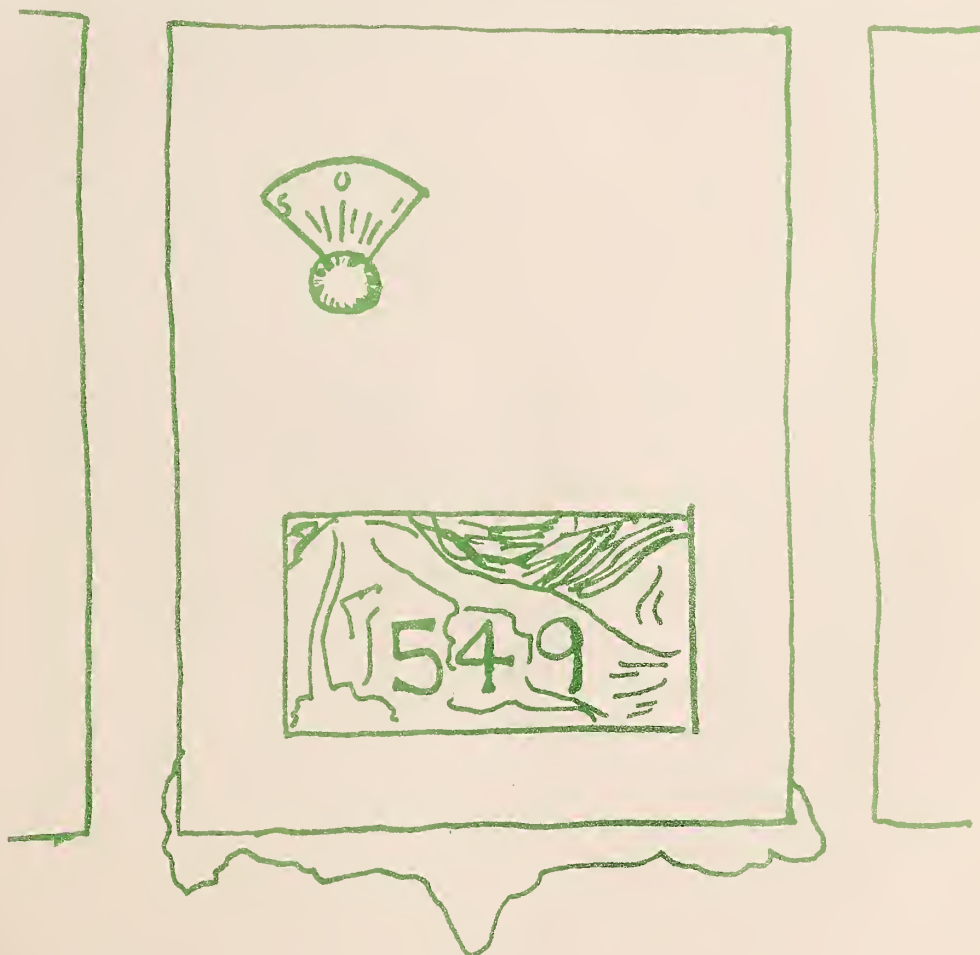
"Gimmee your Spanish." Now I'm just waiting for someone to knock. There it is! I leap out of bed, emit a wild yell and fire a book at the door. When I open the door, no one is there. I have scared them away. And the scheme is foolproof: they never come back for



more, although I am probably the most talked-about person on campus.

Yes, I live in Munro Hall, and I love it. I love it for all it's worth, for all the craziness, the noise, and the fun. And I love the sisterhood beneath its roof, the chain of friendship soldered in tears and laughter. I may move on to greater things in the world's eyes, but there will always be room in my heart for memories of Munro.

After all, what can you say about a place in which, if one mentions her love for pizza in front of the wrong person, she finds one the next morning -- hot, whole, and unwrapped--stuffed in her mailbox, anchovies and all?



Introspect

Collision

After climbing over the brim of the glass and dropping down to the flower-covered table, I discovered that, man, this wasn't real!

After walking down the table leg to the floor, I slipped on the water that was covering it. I discovered that there was a leak in the dam at the reservoir and that Cloud nine was flying nearby carrying the water to my house. A duck carried it in the bucket on his tail and dropped it in the chimney. Every crack in the floor was a great flowing river. Water gushed down them until the whole floor was a flood and drowned the baby mice that had been safely tucked away in the back of my alarm clock.

I lit a candle and its purple light quickly dried the mess on the floor. A goldfish lay dying on the windowsill. I came out of the knothole in the tree and stood on its legs that were gasping for air. There was no air. Only the purple light.

A knock sounded on the door. I climbed over the trash truck blocking the ceiling and opened it. An army of red, white, and blue ants marched in with the precision of a light-bulb lying on a sliver of thunder. They shrieked and cursed at me. They pulled the bananas out of their left ears and pulled the pencils out of the bumps on their heads and charged me.

I climbed to the top of the redwood tree on my living room and threw salt down on them and burned incense. Up the tree they came. I couldn't stand it. My body turned to ice and as I landed on the moon my shattered body broke into little rivers of beer which dripped into the black hole.

Collision!

-- Eric Baumgartner

Marketplace

I walked today
through the
Marketplace--
perhaps
Waded
would be the better word.
Everywhere
I saw
People--
Rushing
Pushing
Talking
Pricing
Shopping
Buying
Selling
All clumped together
in a teeming mass of
Confusion.
Such a busy place!
Traffic thick
and fast-moving,
Pedestrians
dart out

into the street--
Diving from one shore
to the opposite shore,
Swimming,
Now with the current,
Now against it.
The City.
So crowded,
So in a hurry.
Yet, some day soon
the Marketplace
Will stand empty.
Giant steel and cement
Tombstones
Will line the
Deserted streets.
Of the streams of humanity
There will remain
Only dry riverbeds.
So few had noticed Him
When He passed that way
before--
Any common criminal
might carry a cross.

-- Annie Stevens

Sunset

Brightness all along the mountains, animated cloud formations, a gentle zephyr rustling through the pastures causing the branches of trees to move to the music of their inhabitants---A lone girl strolls along the deserted beach. The waves roll in and lap the weariness away, leaving a feeling of refreshment. Renewed by the environment, she slowly withdraws from her shell, entering a world of release. Her eyes drink in all that is in sight which gives nourishment to her soul.

A mother duck proudly glides across the water followed by her ducklings. Bullfrogs are calling to their mates. A timid fawn cools its thirst at the edge of the lake. Young chicks have had their last flying lessons for the day. Fish surface and catch the mosquitoes off guard.

The fragrance of wild flowers, the water, the pastures, the fresh air, reach her as she breathes in the "breath of life." The stagnant staleness choking every cell in her being is replaced by nourishing, sweet-smelling air. The sky is constantly changing from pastel shades to rich, vibrant colors. The sun is turning from yellow to fiery red. All the heavens are aflame!

This lone girl is filled with awe, ecstasy, enrichment. Her soul is bubbling. A yearning desire to know from whom all of the came, and why, taunts her. An "enveloping spirit" surrounds and communicates to her, filling her with peace and love.

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways: then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." (II Chronicles 7:14)

She drops to her knees, no longer a lone girl. She knows she can trust in the "living

God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." (II Timothy 6:17)

She has taken time out for a word from her Creator. The fiery sun has set while her soul is still ablaze.

--Betty Jane Tongren

* * * * *

Wall

I was walking,
And feeling really good,
Maybe I was even running.
Everything was beautiful,
When there it was.
I ran right into a wall.
I picked myself up and ran in the other direction.
I really didn't know which way I was going,
But it didn't matter,
As long as I was going.
I was feeling all right again.
I had forgotten that wall completely,
Then there it was.
It seemed bigger this time.
It scared me so I left.
I turned around and walked away.
But I couldn't forget it this time.
It haunted me.
Was it necessary for me to climb it,
Just because everyone else did?
Isn't there any way around it?
It wouldn't leave me alone.
And I really knew it wouldn't leave me alone,
Until I climbed it.
But I wouldn't listen to myself.
I was saying something I didn't want to hear.

--Arthur Hughes

Broken Toys

Sometimes
Everything looks all wrong;
Not the way I want it at all!
I want to run away
and cry for my broken toys
and forget.
But I am too old for crying
so I'm told.
Why does it still hurt
deep inside?
Or will that, too, pass?
God, I still believe in You.
Help me...
To believe in tomorrow.
I want to believe...

--Annie Stevens

* * * * *

Face In The Crowd

"I'm here," yelled the snowman at the passing cars.
No one stopped.

"I'm here," yelled the snowman at the mailman
walking by.
He kept walking.

"I'm here," yelled the snowman to the policeman
walking his beat.
The policeman kept walking like he
didn't hear him.

"I'm here," yelled the snowman, at the Church deacon.
The deacon looked through him,
And kept walking.

"I'm here," yelled the snowman at the boys.

They heard him. They came over,
and pushed him down,
and stomped on him.

-- Eric Baumgartner

The Walk Of Life

Along the shore I walked
And breathed in the odor of the sea.
The sound of sea gulls filled the sky
And they flew overhead with screams and calls.
They would glide, swoop and continue to scream.
Along the sandy beach I walked
And kicked the rough sand into the air.
I chose two new leaves--
One had the colors of an autumn palette;
The other was fiery red.
I took a piece of black, wet driftwood
And placed the leaves on it.
Such beauty, such contrast:
The wood with vibrant texture and so finely carved
And the leaves with living color and splendor.
A lover's delight and pleasure.
I picked my way to a wharf of cement
That projected out into the sea.
I walked to the edge and looked--
Water was on three sides of me
Was back the way that I had come.
If I had felt the urge to walk on
I would disappear into nothing.
I sat down and surveyed my world.
Pastel colors streaked the sky
Colors that painted my eyes
But could never be placed on canvas.
A small boy, standing at the shoreline,
Threw rocks at the untouchable, endless horizon
But they failed to even reach me.
My eyes became fixed on a mound of sand
That was sticking out of the shallow water.
Someone had just a short time before my coming
Built a crude castle with fine, smooth sand
And had then left it; now it stood alone.
I watched as the water slowly,
So very slowly touched the sandmound
And took small particles of it away.
Each small wave took a little more of the mountain.
I looked to the sky to see my life pass by.
There was a bright, white moon hanging in the sky.
It was so white and strange see.

It was there, even though darkness hadn't come yet.
I looked back to the castle.
The once-protruding mountain was now rounded
And each wave removed more of it from my sight.
I watched my life, my love slowly fade
And held my breath as a wave took the last bit of it
And left no impression behind of its existence.
It didn't hurt, it just vanished.
I got up and walked home.
I knew that
This morning I woke up to find--
A piece of dull driftwood
Two ugly, dried-up, crumbled leaves
Laying on the desk.

--Nancy Nichols

* * * * *

Stop To Listen

Stop
Stop for a moment
Close the door behind you
Shut the world out
Sit
Sit and breathe softly
The silent air
All around you
Think
Think and meditate
The moment is now
And never again
Listen
Listen to the silence
Like a green meadow
Or the woods at night
Feel
Feel the gentleness and warmth
Like the golden sun
Stop, look for a moment
God is talking
Listen

--Nancy Nichols

Impressions

The sky clouds aver and becomes a dark color,
And as it does; the world gets uglier.

Snowflakes begin to accumulate on the sidewalk;
As they fall, somewhere, a baby cries
(and leaves a mark)

The snowflakes fall faster; and on the
Other side of the world, a young soldier lays among the trees.
(and leaves a mark)

The snowflakes continue to fall and on
A city street an old woman drops as a young man hits her.
(and leaves a mark)

The flakes fall all afternoon and as they do
A long-haired prophet warns the world to repent.
(and leaves a mark)

The snow on the sidewalk gets deeper as a
Car rolls off the highway and lays on its top.
(and leaves a mark)

The snow now covers the sidewalk; beautiful,
Clean, and white.
(and leaves a mark)

A junkie runs up the sidewalk from the
Police, leaving footprints in the snow.
(and leaves a mark)

Marking up his world and the sidewalks.

-- Eric Baumgartner

A Utopian Allegory

In a treacherous mountain area, extending over thousands of miles, were various communities which, because of their inaccessibility to one another, grew in complete isolation. One of the oldest of these, a country named Block, was situated high in the mountains, but in a temperate zone. There had once been a small amount of vegetation and a few mountain goats, but now there was no evidence of either, for technology and science had all but replaced natural forms. An engineer's paradise, the whole country was built on layer upon layer of bridges, tunnels, and plateaus, reached by numberless elevators. In this gigantic beehive, the political structure was a dictatorship in which precision and conformity characterized education, amusement, and family life. Juvenile delinquency was unknown, for children were programmed at birth into a set pattern of behavior and conditioned much like Pavlov's dogs into becoming replicas of their parents. Bells were rung discreetly at intervals to indicate the changes in program during the day. Amusement was wholly of the spectator type and was a form of three-dimensional television, with all the senses engaged.

The inhabitants looked like carbon copies of one another and were uniformly thin, for they existed on chemicals, and they had pale complexions as the sun shone only on top of the country. However, since conformity was the rule, the people on top carried umbrellas to ward off the rays of the sun in an effort to retain the same pallid skin as those of the rest of the country.

Not too far away, but inaccessible, was another country called Homer, situated in a fertile valley which, because of the prevailing wind currents and a well-stocked

river winding through its lush growth, had ideal weather conditions the year around. Vegetation grew naturally and work was largely unnecessary. There was no government, for none was needed. The individual was truly his own master. There was little strife, for there were no barriers toward living a completely peaceful, sensual life, and the inhabitants lolled around comfortably, picking fruit or nuts from bushes and trees. Death was always from natural causes - - yawning and over-eating.

However, in one famous year, an enterprising young man from Block, whose programming had apparently gone awry, turned his back on the home of his ancestors, and set out for foreign lands, and, stumbled on the land of Honey. Without going into the endless complexities of their meeting, courtship, and eventual marriage, suffice it to say that the young man of Block and the young girl of Honey began, in effect, a new civilization.

The people of Block and Honey rather sneered at the new venture, for the structures in the new country were not very imposing. The houses were really quite primitive and built in clusters at random, with dogs and children running in and out in a most unprogrammed way. Husbands and wives screamed at one another one minute and then, unaccountably, became quite tender. There was a good deal of activity, a lot of which seemed to make no sense. And once in a while someone would sit under a tree with a lapful of berries. But the thing that the old people never really understood was the one sound which rose above everything - - laughter.

-- Lily Peters

Bonnie
Morice
Gonney
Bill Garland
Barry Compton
Nancy
Carleton
Trish
Thrup
Jim Sweet
Paula Patterson
Marilyn Oakes
Mary Blasket
Dot Clew
Shirley
Steve
Shook
Debi Shede
Rogyn Johnson
Linda Mathewson
E. Cook
Eva-Marie Consolo
Don
Sondi
Whitten
Harry Anderson
Deborah Wetzel
R. Andrew Kenney
Brenda Ashley
Alan Funk
Sam Watson
Emma Lee
Doug Rummel
S.S. Briggs
Mite Kay
Len
Jackie
Huffman
Ronny
Randall
Barbara
Deasley
LEONARD
Beth Richardson
Pat Wise
Pat Winglehoff
Alma Huff
Julene Beck
Christy
Horton
Bruce
Calk
Barbara
Snyder
Loyd
Lore
Linda Coulter
Susan Suddath
SUE Von Fricken
W. W. W.
JACQUELINE
BILHAN
R. ANDREW
WANNER
Garry's
Stoddard
Cindy
Hartgen
William G. Noll Jr.
Maelyn
Hale
Payne
Pinky
Lorraine Brown
Eric Baumgartner
Pat
McClary

FRESHMAN DIRECTORY

Adams, Paul	Providence St., Uxbridge, Mass. 01569
Alley, Chuck	15 Michigan Rd., Tewksbury, Mass.
Alloway, Ileana	Jeffersonville, Vermont 05464
Anderson, Gary	144 Shaw St., Braintree, Mass.
Andrews, Julia	Route #1, Salisbury, Md.
Andrews, Shirley	29 Country Club Rd., Royersford, Pa.
Antonakos, Pauline	65 Hillside Ave., Quincy, Mass.
Ardrey, Donald	1191 Varnum Ave., Lowell, Mass. 01854
Arey, Donald	1312 Pine Acres Boulevard, Bayshore, N.Y.
Arey, Twila	1312 Pine Acres Boulevard, Bayshore, N.Y.
Ashley, Brenda	1 Washington Ave., Severn, Md.
Baharian, Carol	65 Viden Rd., Quincy, Mass.
Bailey, Randy	5108 N. Houghton, Portland, Oregon
Bailey, Robert	16 Ovington Ave., Edison, New Jersey
Baillie, Jacqueline	258 S. Main St., West Bridgewater, Mass.
Baillie, Pauline	258 S. Main St., West Bridgewater, Mass.
Barefoot, Beth	1724 Rokeby Ave., Chesapeake, Va.
Baumgartner, Eric	1 Florida Rd., Towson, Md.
Beck, Juelene	3325 Tally Ho Lane, Madison, Wisc. 53705
Beckwith, Susan	12 Lynn Dr., Vernon, Conn. 06086
Beilharz, Larree	411 S. Washington St., Muncy, Pa. 17756
Belcher, Kathy	3008 Cortland Rd. NW, Roanoke, Va.
Bilodeau, Timothy	81 W. Dartmouth St. Auburn, Maine
Binan, Jacqueline	Box 223, Parishville, N.Y.
Binkley, Dale	24 Front St., Mohnton, Pa.
Blank, Gerald	Rt. 10, Box 232, Frederick, Md.
Blazon, Kathleen,	31 Dundee St., Lowell, Mass.
Bogomolow, Vlad	107 Howard St., Pittsfield, Mass.
Bahrer, Kathy	517 Oak Crest Lane, Wallingford, Pa.
Briggs, Howard	19 Prather St., Jamestown, N.Y.
Briggs, Terry	47 A Ash St., Nashua, N.H.
Brooks, Stanley	9 Forest St., Pittsfield, Me. 04967
Brown, G. Lorraine	11 Bartlett St., Weymouth, Mass. 02191
Brown, Stven	44 Franklin St., Whitman, Mass.
Buber, Mark	Box 91, China, Me.
Burgess, John	58 Parkside Circle, Braintree, Mass.
Cale, Bruce	Craigsville, Va.
Caley, Nina	139 Bellevue Rd., Quincy, Mass.
Calhoun, Gary	34 Aberdeen Rd., Quincy, Mass.
Carlson, Linda	RD 2, Box 70, Russell, Pa. 16345
Carlton, Nancy	3592 Frost Rd., Shrub Oak, N.Y.
Carpenter, Linda	92 Harrisburg Run, Bradford, Pa.
Carpenter, Matthew	47 Maple St., Winchendon, Mass. 01475

Carr, Timothy	15 Jefferson Rd., Holbrook, Mass.
Carradini, Lawrence	194 Adams St., Deer Park, N.Y.
Chandler, Rebecca	5 Stardust Dr., Granby, Conn. 06035
Chatto, Lynnette	18 Beal Rd., Waltham, Mass. 02154
Chew, Donald	718 Green St., Williamsport, Pa.
Chew, Dorothy	718 Green St., Williamsport, Pa.
Cole, Donovan	127 Sundown St., Kingston, Jamaica
Compton, Barry	4251 Nam-ni Dr., Memphis, Tenn.
Conklin, Robert	285 W. 167 th St., Elmire, Heights, N.Y.
Cook, Gail	22 Heroy St., Dorchester, Mass.
Cooper, Larry	108 Lucas Creek Rd., Newport News, Va.
Corrente, Terry	16 Sewall St., Wollaston, Mass. 02170
Coulter, Linda	770 Taintor St., Suffield, Conn.
Cox, Michael	1313 Mitsin Ave., Flint, Mich.
Cruthher, Laurie	27 Randolph Ave., Dover, N.J.
Cunningham, Patty	2 N. South ST., Warren, Pa. 16365
Consolo, Eva-Marie	132 Poplar St., W. Hempstead, N.H.
Cushing, Dennis	107 Trinidad Ave., Hershey, Pa.
Davidson, Dana	61 West Elm St., Yarmouth, Maine
Davis, Regina	123 Elm Ave., Wallaston, Mass.
DeMelis, Linda	247 Lincoln St., Hingham, Mass.
Derbyshire, Brenda	128 Painter Rd., Media, Pa.
Dillingham, Charles	68 Pilgrim Ave., Fairhaven, Mass.
Dinger, Rhonda	Middle St., Brookville, Pa.
DiSante, Edward	1309 West Oak St., Norristown, Pa.
Doxey, Debbie	2017 Lisbon Rd., Chesapeake, Va.
Duke, Kathleen	44 Pleasant St., Fairhaven, Mass.
Dunlop, Susan	R. F. D. # 4, Skowhegan, Maine.
Dupree, Darlene	Spellman Rd., Platsburgh, N. Y.
Durfee, Carole	450 Pinnacle Rd., Roch, N. Y.
Edwards, Barbara	11 Donwood Terrace, Mattapan, Mass.
Ewing, Bobbie	813 Alberta Dr., West Mifflin, Pa.
Facemire, Barbara	165 Green Manor Dr., Buttler, Pa.
Fenton, Evan	R. D. 4, Box 684, Newton, N. J.
Fetterman, Mary	R. D. 2, Box 74, Clymer, Pa.
Fink, Dan	4520 Canning Ave., Pennsauken, N. J.
Fiorito, Terris	336 Spring St., Ossing, N. Y.
Frens, James	3317 Patio Dr., Erie, Pa.
Friot, Christine	5009 Beef St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Gardner, Deborah	326 W. Holmes Rd., Lansing, Mich.
Gardner, Richard	R. D. 4, Slippery Rock, Pa.
Griffin, Jacquelyn	Waterville, Vt.
Guill, Paul	9 Taft Ave., Lynbrook, N. Y.
Haddock, Linda	209 Kenmark Rd., Newark, Dela.

Harney, Vance	18 Thorton St., Wollaston, Mass.
Harris, Dale	221 Union St., So. Weymouth, Mass.
Harvey, Thomas	23 Philip Rd., Manchester, Conn.
Haskell, Scott	R. D. 2, Binghamton, N. Y.
Hathaway, Cynthia	2218 Russell St., Everett, Mass.
Heasley, Barbara	1646 Andrew S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Heath, Patricia	R. D. 1, King Ferry, N. Y.
Hedberg, Kathleen	98 Franklin Ave., Wollaston, Mass.
Henry, Howard	916 Martin Ave., Portsmouth, Va.
Hilkert, John	Pleasant Valley Rd., R. D. 1, Washington, N. J.
Hill, Cynthia	599 Summer St., Abington, Mass.
Hoffman, Harry	409 Maple Ave., Ridgeway, Pa.
Holloway, Warren	503 Old Annapolis Blvd., Glen Burnie, Md.
Horton, Christy	1349 S. Governors Ave., Dover, Dela.
Howard, Harry	Box 111, E. Lillingly, Conn.
Huck, Kathy	110 Main St., No. Warren, Pa.
Huff, Alma	Cambell Shore Rd., Gray, Maine
Jackson, Roger	36 Windsor Circle, Brockton, Mass.
Jayne, Karen	148 Birch St., Dover, N. J.
Jones, Stanley	Pillsbury Rd., Londonderry, N. H.
Kelly, Terry	R. D. 4, Slippery Rock, Pa.
Kessler, Marcia	R. D. 1, Box 186, Lexington Park, Md.
Kichline, Kathleen	914 Church St., Royersford, Pa.
Kramer, James	2 Arrowhead Ave., Boyertown, Pa.
Lalacona, David	89 Henry St., Stamford, Conn.
Lalone, Gary	8 Madison Ave., Antwerp, N. Y.
Langdell, Lynda	P. O. Box 2944 50th Combat Support, APO N. Y.
Larrabee, Alan	Knights Pond Rd., So. Berwick, Maine
Laucka, Anita	3 Simmons Rd., Hingham, Mass.
LaVigne, Calvin	311 Terry Rd., Syracuse, N. Y.
Lavoie, Judith	73 Colonial Rd., N. Weymouth, Mass.
Lavoie, Sandy	Grange St., Strong, Maine
Leach, Kevin	2965 Onagon Trail, Pontiac, Mich.
Leonard, Robert	11 West Elm Ave., Apt. 2, Wollaston, Mass.
Lewis, Northa	453 No. Montello St., Brockton, Mass.
MacLeod, Sandra	15 Royall Lane, Canton, Mass.
MacPherson, Esther	Box 362, Bay Roberts, Newfoundland
McCleery, Brian	98 Kemper St., Wollaston, Mass.
McFarland, Gordon	R. D. 1, Russell, Pa.
McGray, Linda	85 Mandalay Rd., Weymouth, Mass.
McLeish, Andrew	19 West Main St., Dover-Foxcroft, Maine
Mallow, Brad	R. D. 1 77B, Aspers, Pa.
Manchester, George	Johnson, Vt.
Mason, Barbara	R. F. D. 3, Dexter, Maine

Mathewson, Linda	272 Elm St., Duxbury, Mass.
Mattress, Emma	Foxes Ridge Rd., Milton Mills, N. H.
Meidanis, Haralambos	55 Churchill Rd., Quincy, Mass.
Mercer, Paul	9 Adams Ave., Saugus, Mass.
Miller, Elsie	Horseshoe Dr., Mars, Pa.
Mingledorff, Renee	Box 6, Wolcott, Vt.
Moore, Stephen	16 Hodges St., Mansfield, Mass.
Morgan, Jane	Box 118, Central Village, Conn.
Morin, Thomas	98 Pleasant View Ave., Weymouth, Mass.
Morrill, Bonnie	Box 335, Bingham, Maine
Morris, Deena	Cove Lodge Farm, Kennedyville, Md.
Mulkigan, Moses	69 Burt St., Lowell, Mass.
Musick, Daniel	1206 Marda Lane, Annapolis, Md.
Myers, Linda	323 So. Main St., Brewer, Maine
Nichols, Nancy	35 Rochelle Road, Binghamton, N. Y.
Noftle, Deborah	126 Douglas St., Uxbridge, Mass.
Noll, William	5001 Sherwood Rd., Bethel Park, Pa.
Nortz, Barbara	Route 2, Lowville, N. Y.
Oakes, Marilyn	5000 Franklin St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Ostberg, Carol	
Palmisano, Peter	36 Rosarja Lane, Hanover, Mass.
Parrott, Richard	35 West Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.
Patterson, Betty	2805 Cove Road, Pennsauken, N. J.
Patterson, Caroline	110 Minot St., Dorchester, Mass.
Payne, Marlynn	Maple St., Mooers, N. Y.
Poole, Stephen	804 Central, St., Stoughton, Mass.
Praino, Richard	55 Memorial Park Dr., Apt. 109, Lynn, Mass. 01902
Rae, Deborah	12 Fern Rd., Weymouth, Mass.
Randall, Penny	3312 Hilltop Ave., Lakeland, Fla.
Redmond, Christine	11 Bickford Rd., E. Braintree, Mass. 02184
Reedy, Bayse	Rt. 1, Box 98, Hollywood, Md.
Reese, John	331 Westmont Dr., Collingdale, Pa.
Rheaume, Dawn	86 Lincoln St., Lowell, Mass.
Richardson, Beth	P.O. #111, Chestnut Hill Rd., E. Killingly, Conn.
Robinson, Jean	300 Power Rd., Pawtucket, R.I.
Rudnick, Ruth	62 Samoset St., Hull, Mass.
Rummel, Douglas	532 Smedley Ave., Media, Pa.
Scott, Stephen	3 Montgomery Ave., Nashua, N.H.
Seely, Ronald	92 Menorial Dr., E. Weymouth, Mass.
Shook, Stephen	112 Curtis Ave., Dalton, Mass.
Shuman, Deborah	RFD # 2, Waldoboro, Me.
Siegfried, Dennis	RD #1, Leola, Pa.
Simonson, Howard	2552 Harvey Av., Oceanside, N.Y.
Sipos, James	16 Liberty St., W. Carthage, N.Y. 17619
Small, George	16 Neal St., #5, Malden, Mass.

Smith, Janet	6420 Quincy Place, Fallschurch, Va.
Speakman, Thomas	1544 Slatterville Rd., Ithaca, N.Y.
Stearns, Debra	Box 285, Bethel, Me.
Stegner, Marilyn	43 Croyden St., Malverne, N.Y.
Stevens, Annie	13 Wheeler St., Livermore, Falls, Me.
Sturtevant, Lois	Lovey Rd., Mylo, Me.
Stoddard, Penelope	5345 Clinton St., Lowville, N.Y. 13367
Suddath, Susan	3 Spindrift Lane, Cohasset, Mass.
Susice, Richard	860 Parham St., Carthage, N.Y.
Sutton, Vickie	209 Washington Av., Chestertown, Md.
Sweet, James	669 Factory St., Watertown, N.Y.
Sywyj, Barbara	Lancaster Pike, Hockessin, Delaware 19707
Tharp, Noah	1101 Somerset Dr., Glenburnie, Md. 21061
Thede, Debbie	RR #1, Wayland, Mich.
Thompson, Dawnel	1125 Cambria, Nanty Glo, Pa. 15943
Timblin, Darlene	132 Whitmire Av., Butler, Pa.
Tongren, Betty Jane	Federal St., Belchertown, Mass.
Torborg, Janis	19 Cammerer, Av., E. Rockaway, N.Y. 11518
Traut, Ruth	RFD #2, Danielson, Conn.
Tucker, Joy	RD #1, Hornell, N.Y.
Turner, Leanne	1082 Champion St. E., Warren, Ohio
Von Fricken, Susan	1361 GardenerDr., Bay Shore, N.Y.
Walton, Joanne	5603 Oakland Dr., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Waner, Robert	439 E. Fourth St., Bloomsburg, Pa.
Warnow, Moses	RD #3, Thompson Rd., PO Box 172, Oswego, N.Y.
Warren, Donald	Wilmington, N.Y.
Watson, Pamela	RFD #1, Post Road, Rutland, Vt.
Wehr, Darreen	7 Barnard Av., Westmere, Albany, N.Y. 12203
Welch, Barbara	34 Pembroke St., Kingston, Mass.
Weller, Deborah	1711 Cornell Rd., Camp Hill, Pa.
Wetzel, Deborah	1350 Telegraph Rd., Westchester, Pa.
Whetstone, Gerald	32 Pond Rd., Portland, Me.
Whitehead, Scott	305 107 Rebecca St., Irwin, Pa. 15642
Whiting, Donna	RR #1 Box 266, Lexington Park, Md.
Whitlock, Wayne	115 E. King Rd., Ithaca, N.Y.
Whitten, Sandra	45 Carroll Av., Westwood, Mass.
Willy, Jean	49 Mt. Vernon Rd., E. Weymouth, Mass.
Wilson, Sherry	1151 N. W. 92, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Wilson, Yvonne	Box 204, Speculator, N.Y.
Wise, Christopher	26 Pantooset Rd., Hanover, Mass.
Wise, Patricia	3 Palm St., E. Millinocket, Me.
Wood, Danny	Rt. #2, Box 150, Delmar, Md.
Yaniro, Marjorie	80 Coventry Av., Rochester, N.Y.
Ziegler, Vernon	4664 Broad Rd., Syracuse, N.Y.

FRESHMAN SUPERLATIVES

CLASS GENIUS	Kevin Leach Kathy Blazon
MOST TALENTED	Donovan Cole Calvin LaVigne Beth Barefoot
CLASS ARTIST	Eric Baumgartner Debbie Doxey
BEST ACTOR	Richard Parrott Joanne Walton
MOST SCHOOL SPIRIT	Warren Holloway Beth Barefoot
QUIETEST	Harry Howard Rhonda Dinger
MOST TALKATIVE	Barry Compton Linda Myers
MOST RESPECTED	Bob Leonard Juelene Beck
DID MOST FOR THE CLASS	Jerry Blank Sue VonFricken
FRIENDLIEST	Warren Holloway Linda Myers
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED	Richard Parrott Juelene Beck

THIS SPACE FOR SUPERLATIVE
AUTOGRAPHS

CLASS OFFICERS

President Bayse Reedy
Vice President..... Noah Tharp
Secretary..... Sue Von Fricken
Treasurer..... Donald Chew
Chaplain..... Warren Holloway
Student Council Rep..... Jerry Blank

DEAN'S LIST

Paul Adams
Juelene Beck
Kathy Blazon
Donovan Cole
Kevin Leach
Robert Leonard
Linda Mathewson
Marilyn Oakes
Richard Parrott
Caroline Patterson
Eva-Marie Consola
Annie Stevens
Peter Palmisano
Steve Shook
Moses Warnow
Christopher Wise

HONOR ROLL

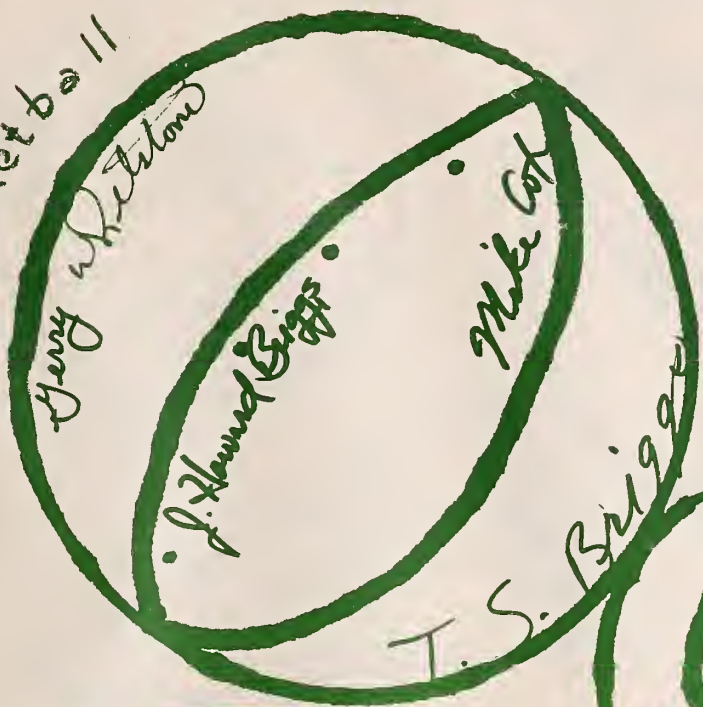
Julia Andrews
Lynnette Chatto
Howard Henry
John Hilkert
Deena Morris
Dawn Rheaume
Marilyn Stegner
Ruth Trout
Joanne Walton
Pam Watson
Daureen Wehr
Patricia Wise

FRESHMAN QUARTET

Dan Musick
Noah Tharp
Warren Holloway
Buddy Reedy

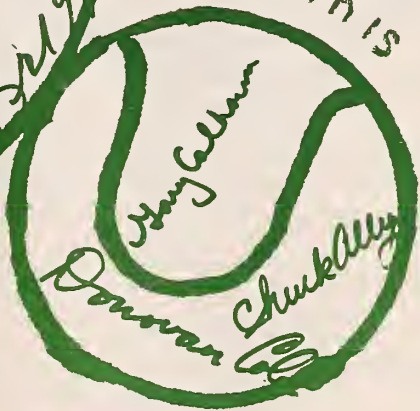
* * * * *

Basketball



Freshman
Varsity
Athletes

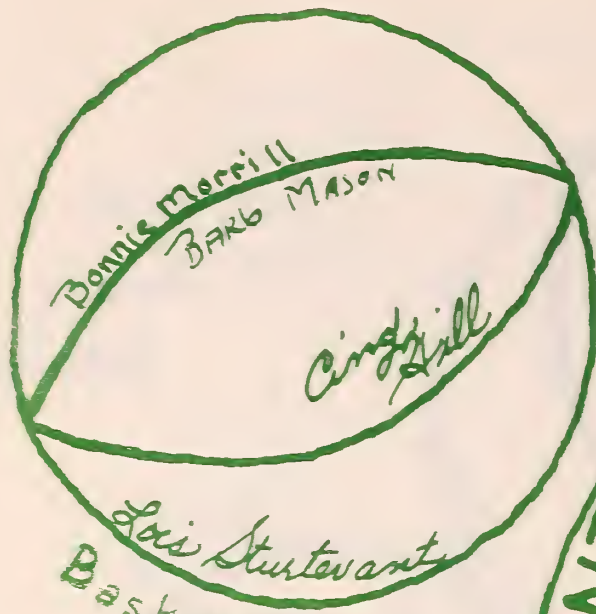
Tennis



Baseball



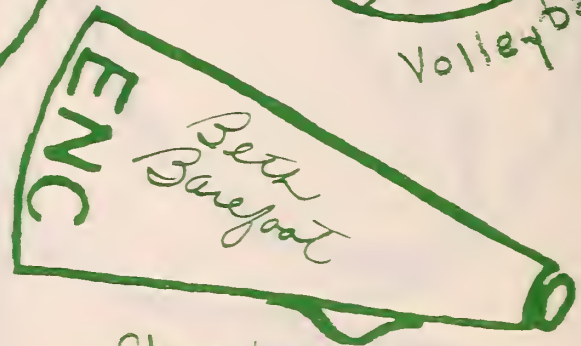
Soccer



Lois Sturtevant
Basketball



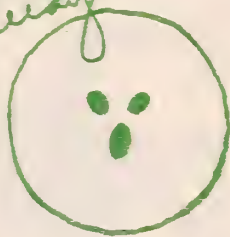
Volleyball



Cheerleading

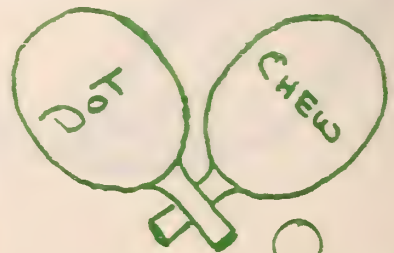


Bud Reedy

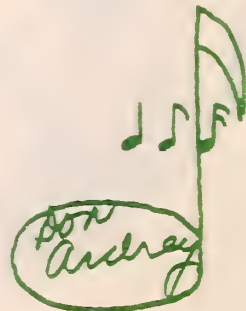


Bowling

KINGS TOURNAMENT



Ping Pong Doubles



Barbershop
Quartet

Greenbook Boosters

Brevity is a virtue
Buy Avon
Beware of Henry
Thank you, Professor Naylor
God bless America
ENC, with Jesus, can be tops!
Congrats to the editor, my sister!
Everybody--I love you!
Oh!!!! Paul Baby You're Great!
Fools for Jesus--Frank and Warren
Salsy, you're lookin' good.
Hi C, Look at you--P.
One of the Third floor boys
Campus Camera '71-'72
My best to the optical collegians
Congratulations, class of 1975
Thank you, Jerry McCloy
Praise the Lord!
Up for a General store in Vermont!
Nautilus '73
An Anonymous Benefactor
The Albert Stiefel Family
To err is human, to forgive, divine
Congratulations, Freshman Class
"Seest thou a man diligent in his business?
He shall stand before kings; he shall not
stand before mean men."
I HATE CHEMISTRY
Let's hear it for Greenbook!
I love Hamisters!
Congradulations to Carol Berger--
Honorary Freshman of the Year
Congrats-from the 1970 'Greenbookers '
Crush Revoltingly Obnoxious Commercials
Mary Poppins is a Junkie
Use real cannons in the Holy War
James Sweet
Grok!
The Man From Glad is Not My Bag
Honey is sweeter than sugar, Babe
To Julie, from the Boston strangler
Campus Camera

George Manchester
Rick Reyenger
Bob Leonard
Donna Marcin
Dan Wood
Ian Tink
Fuddy
Elden Carnahan
Frank Errington
Debi Thede
Cleery-head
Eric Baumgartner
Geren Gordon
David Thompson
Third floor Spange
The four-twelve gang
The Business Office
Dan McCabe-Mooser
Weymouth
Pampers have hit bottom
@#ç\$&%%[#\$*%#
I hate the computer center
Keep Cool

out of the sad, mistaken belief
that as a man i must behave
as all men do
i've turned my back
a time too often
God,
help me keep
a resolution that i make today
not to walk head high
even one more time
past someone i can help.

-- Rod McKuen

BEST WISHES
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