

GREENBOOK

1970

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SEP 7 '70	W. M. ...	12:50
SEP 23 '70	Pat ...	9:30
SEP 9 '70	Joseph ...	5:40 PM
SEP 23 '70	Aud Espada	1:10
SEP 23 '70	James ...	12:20
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OCT 5 '70	D. Wise	7:00
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OCT 19 '70		1:00
OCT 19 '70	P. Aronson	1:30
OCT 19 '70		3:00
OCT 22 '70	Steph. Stewart	3:10
NOV 18 '70	Don Callahan	2:45
12-1-70		12:45
JAN 2 '71	Edith Stewart	9:25
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PR 16 '71	Elda Carmona	2:30
MAY 8 '71		
MAY 9 '71	H. Staples	9:30
MAY 8 '71		

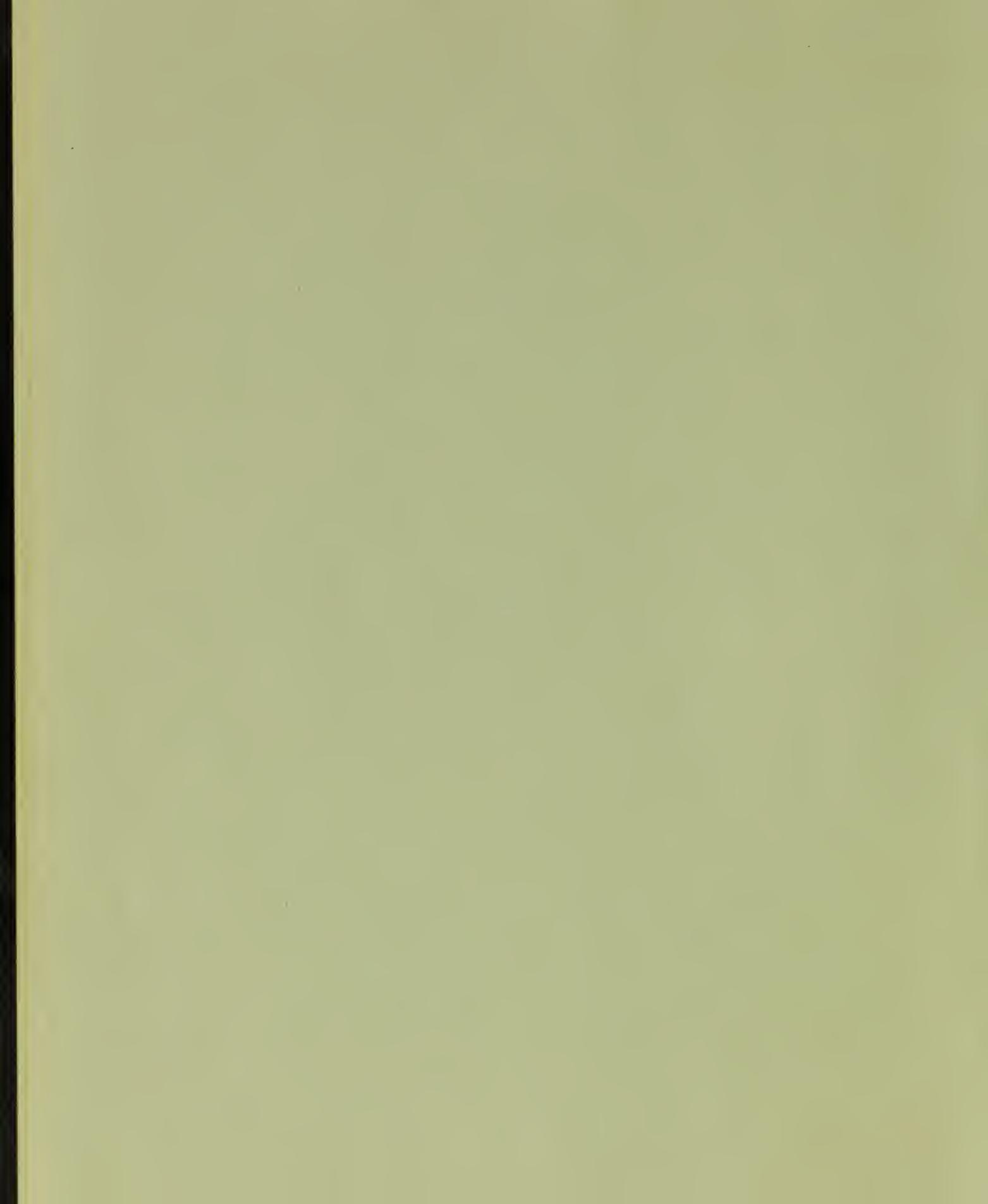


So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man;

When duty whispers, "Lo, thou must,"

The youth replies, "I can!"



Greenbook 1970

An Anthology

of

Original Writings

Presented by

The Freshman Class

of

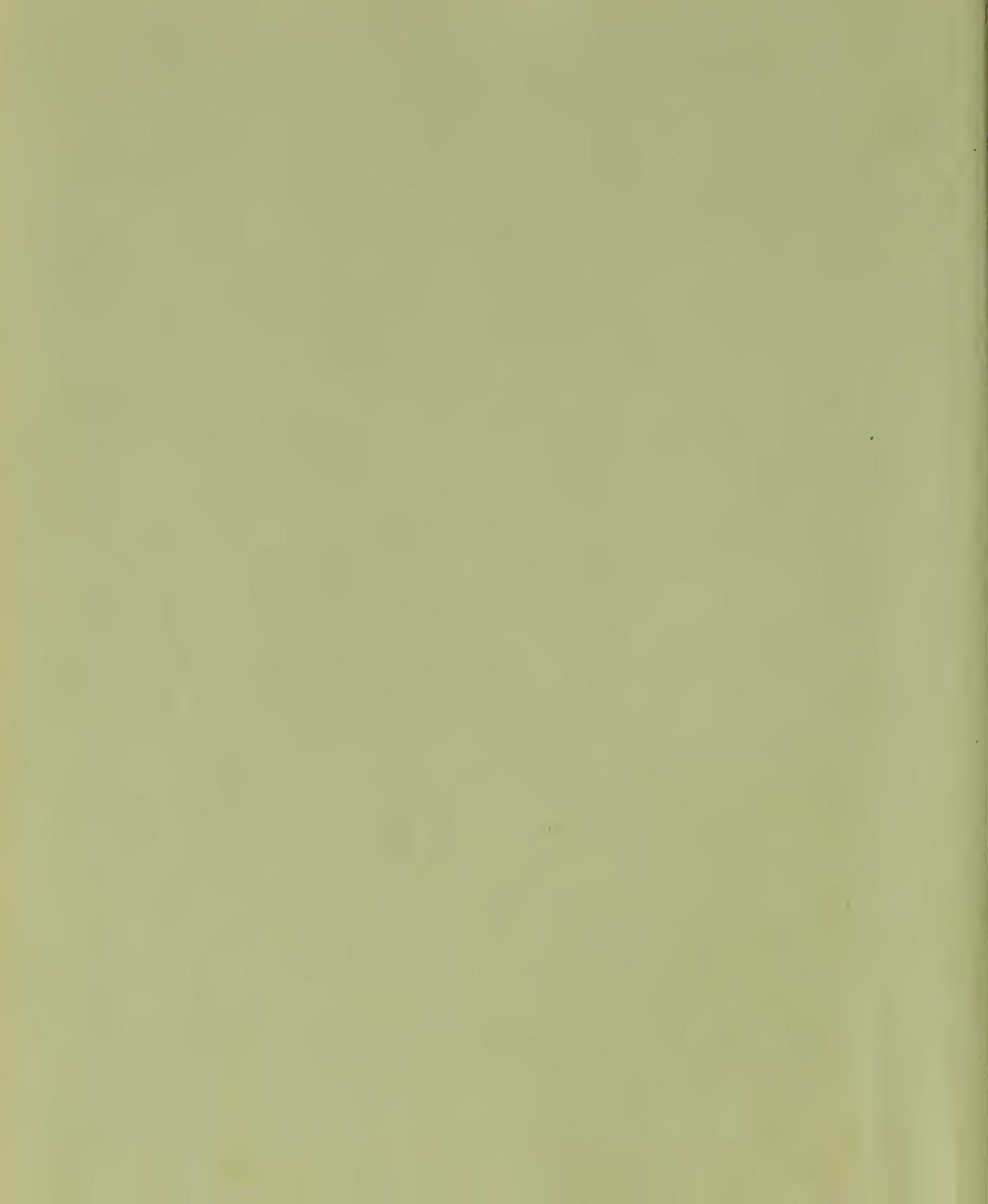
Eastern Nazarene College

1969-1970



THE GREENBOOK STAFF
1970

EDITOR	Rayelenn Sparks
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Barbara Higgins
COPY	Ray Fuller
	Maxine Fuller
ART	Dan Callihan
TYPING	Dianne Wagner
	Sharon Wilson
	Debbie Whitmer
	Donna-Jean Hunt
	Peggy Gough
DIRECTORY	Melba Alston
	Tim Eyring
SUPERLATIVES	Ken Zaucha
	Frank Harvey
	Barbara Warr
	Karin Preston
	Sharon Allen
	Glenn L. Walton
	Allison Blanton
	Raye Ladd



In dedication to

-two men who have shown us God's Word--

how it was written,
why it was written,
for whom it was written;

-two men who have shown us the history of our religion and our God;

-two men who have shown us the meaning of our religion and of our lives by
showing us the meaning of God's Holy Word.

-two men who have shown us what God says and how it can change our lives.

DR. DAVID L. CUBIE

and

DR. WILFRED L. WINGET





Our Appreciation

...goes to the Professors of Composition--

Professor Lyle Calhoun

Dr. Marvin Dirks

Dr. Louise Dygoski

Mrs. Alice Kauffman

Mrs. Jean Mullen

Miss Alice Spangenberg

--for their co-operation in the creation of
Greenbook '70.

...also goes to

Carter, Rice, Storrs, and Bement, Boston Mass...our paper suppliers.

Mr. Harding, The Bay State Bindery, Boston, Mass...our binder.

Mr. Dan Sorenson...our photographer.

Mr. Sullivan, ENC Print Shop...our printer for the chapel bulletin.

To Mrs. Mullen,

Greenbook Advisor for 1970,
go the thanks of the editor and the Greenbook staff,

for her assistance in the creation of Greenbook '70.
for her willingness in helping us to "get started."
for her patience in helping us to "keep going."
for her suggestions in helping us to achieve our goal.

We thank you, Mrs. Mullen.



Editorial

Greenbook 1970 signifies the completion of our Freshman year at Eastern Nazarene College. It was just one year ago that we were seniors in our home town high schools; hundreds of miles separated us as we dreamed about our nearing entrance into college life.

Each of us feels that we have changed since then. The one year that has passed since our high school graduations has been filled--filled with life. We have grown--spiritually, academically, socially, morally, emotionally. We have stepped out boldly and have asserted that, with God's help, we will strive to make something of our lives. Each one of us is seeking to break away from all that would stand in the way of our goal. As we meet obstacles, as we begin each new day, we lift our heads proudly and cry out, "YES, I CAN."

"I can feel. I can feel the beauty of nature and of life. I can love, and be loved. I can dream. I can feel.

"I can live. I can enjoy life and activity. I can find pleasure in sports, music, education, or just living. I can live.

"I can be. I am 'me.' I can be no one else. I can reason; I can think, I can evaluate and decide. I can be.

"Here I am...living and preparing to live...loving and preparing to love...giving and preparing to give...

"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.

"Yes...I can."

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Freshman Directory

I Can Feel

"THINKING ABOUT BOTH OF US"

I sat for a while, thinking about you,
and then me.
While all the time I was really thinking about
both of us.
Then after I used up all our reality,
I decided to do something constructive,
Just for us, the dreamers.
Something that would express our relationship...
You and me--the distant lovers
So I took out my colored pencils
And wrote us two words;
Sad Sunshine.

Constancy with Change

There is a secret place on the rocky seashore of Cape Ann that has represented an inner part of myself. That little cove sheltered me from people and life on land, but exposed me to the beautiful life of the sea. One particular part of my special place was a tidal pool which was always in the same place, but I soon discovered that it changed as the tides brought in new water and sea life. Our lives, too, are like the tidal pool. We are basically ourselves, but events come into our lives to bring new insights and altered attitudes.

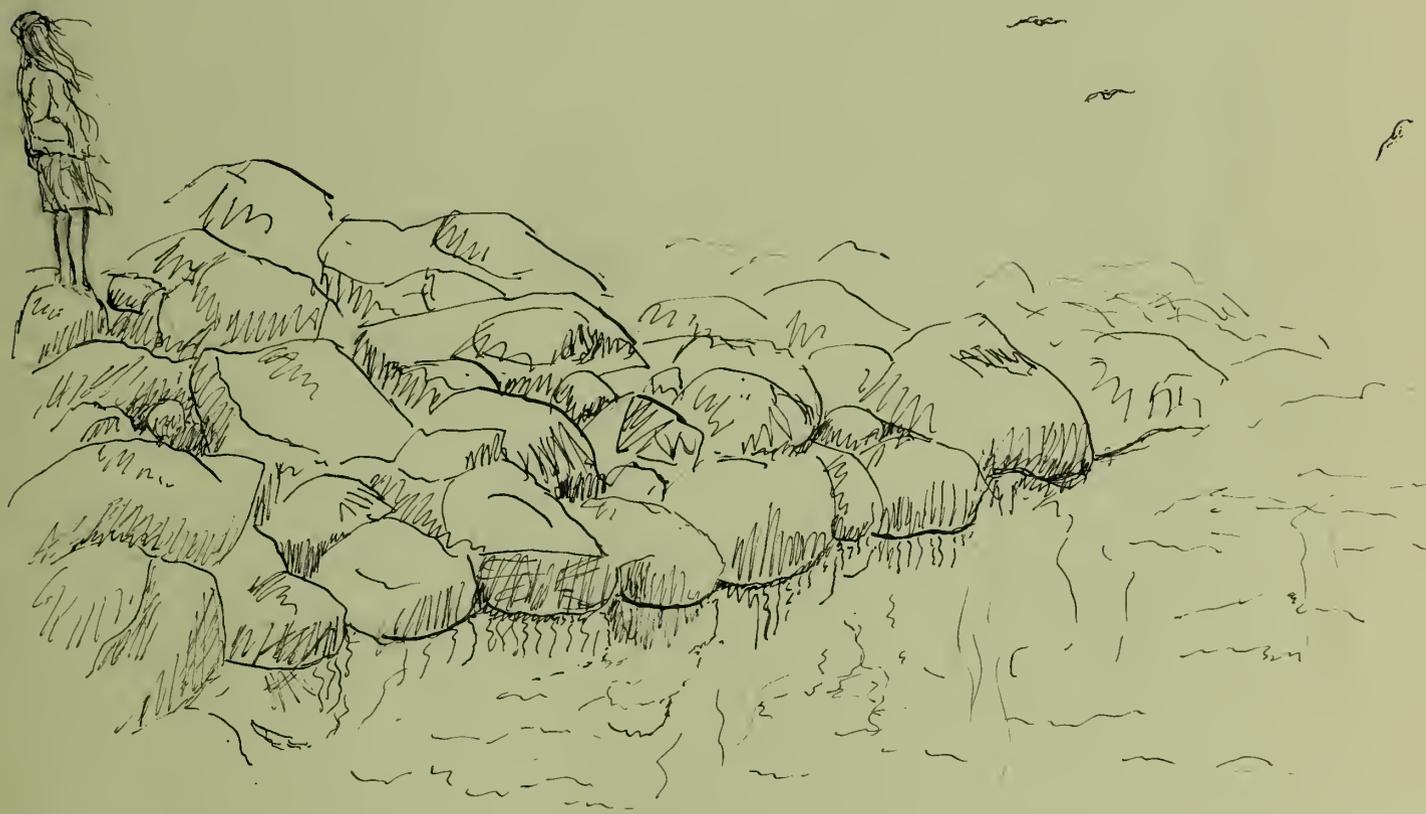
I first discovered my little cove almost three summers ago as I was walking one day along the rocks. It was fascinating to see the way the rocks of the cove were formed, and as I sat down beside the tidal pool, I was thrilled to note that my vision was limited to the ocean and the rocks surrounding me. I stretched out on my stomach to study the life in the tidal pool. The water was dusky and when my eyes had adjusted to the dim light, I saw a tiny world of sea life. There were minute fish darting in and out, while the larger sea animals moved majestically through the waving seaweed. The pink anemone was not very sociable, but gave lovely color to the sea microcosm.

The first time I saw the tide come in and wash over the tidal pool, I panicked, thinking that the pool would disappear and the cove would lose its fascination for me. When I came back the next day, the pool was there--but it had new water and new sea life. I was sad, but then I saw that it was good for the pool to be refreshed with new water after the tides came and went. Had it not been for the tides, the pool would have become stagnant and the sea animals would have died.

Just as the water washed into the tidal pool to bring new sea life, I meditated, so must we have experiences come to us to inspire us and make us better people. Often there are times of deep pain, but the love of ones who care washes away the pain and leaves peace and hope. The hurt did not leave an ugly scar, but instead made us empathetic.

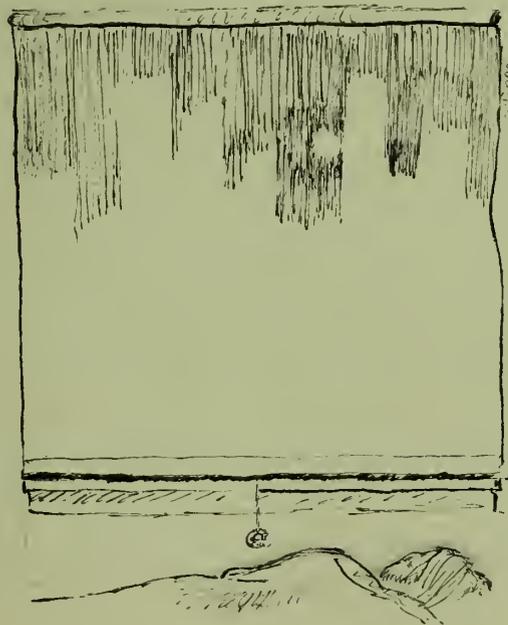
When times of happiness come and we share it with others, our capacity for joy increases. All events in our lives--whether they be happy or sad, exciting or dull--can deepen our insights and expand our attitudes, provided we have the right perspectives.

Like the tidal pool, we are basically the same people, but events wash into our lives that change our attitudes and bring new insights. We must take each event and consider it as an experience that will broaden our personalities and make us better persons.



City Morning

The most peaceful time of day is in the early morning. At this time the birds start to sing and all the earth is covered with a silky dew. The hustle and bustle of every ordinary day hasn't started yet and the earth seems to have taken a rest for this short period of time. The sidewalks in the city are almost bare of people and machinery that run and tromp over it in a frantic hurry everyday. There is even time for the grass to grow through the cracks in the sidewalks that are ordinarily smothered by boots, loafers, sneakers, sandals, and sometimes bare feet. For once the crosswalks are empty and the curbs aren't sagging with the weight of people who are waiting to cross. The horns of cars, buses, trucks, and taxies are silent. Even the screeching of brakes is a rare sound. The city needs the early mornign just as we need sleep, to rebuild itself to face another day.



The Sounds of the Sea

Many songs have been written about the sea, ranging from the symphonic to jazz. Let us now drift into the concert hall of nature and listen to the sounds of the sea.

The swell of the crystal water is a melifluous as strings in legato, augmenting and diminishing in harmony with the mood of the wind: a deep, monotonous bass. Occasionally, when the winds and waters are not so calm the sea has much more violent sounds. The howling wind and rough sea can only be represented by a vibrant full orchestra. The percussion section is constantly rolling and crashing, as the sea is rolling and smashing against the rocky surg. The lower woodwinds and upper brass reflect the enormous swell of the waves, by use of chromatic runs.

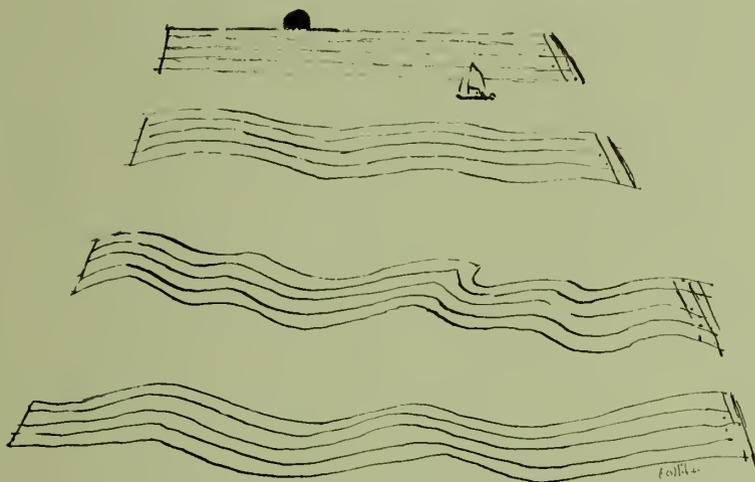
Of course, this mood of the sea demands awe from any listener, for it is the essence of power. The sounds of the sea are only amplified by the echo which is the void where sound was once powerful. The momentum and drive of the sea at its peak produces a sound so full that all voids are filled. This momentum in an orchestra can be obtained through crescendo, with basses especially getting louder, through livelier tempo, and addition of instruments until the full orchestra is employed.

Now as the sea begins to calm, with tide receding, and wind descending, the sounds become more resonant and smooth. The tiny drops of rain tinkling on the embattled sea can be represented only by a flute and triangle. This tends to soften the overall effect, which is exactly what is desired.

With the sea now tame, the nasal sound of an oboe in its upper registers would resound through the crisp air like a seagull.

If you have ever walked along the shore at night and felt the "call of the sea," you will understand the last sound in our concert. As the strings rise and fall with the swell of the sea alone, muted trumpet plays a vibrant chant which questions thus: Will you come to the sea? Will you come to the sea?

The next time you hear an orchestra play a song of the sea, listen to the different sounds, and try to envision the vastness of the sea. If you're lucky, you'll smell the salt!



The Awakening

It was a typical August morning. The sun was just beginning to break through the trees and spread its rays upon the dew laden grass. Our breath seemed to form little clouds in the air. It was a great morning to be alive. As we walked through the forest that day and were gradually waking up, we heard and saw the forest and its living creatures also coming out of their cold night's sleep. We began to hear the birds sing, first one somewhere in that dense forest to our right and then another in the swamp on the left, another straight overhead; the whole tree seemed to be in song. As we progressed we heard the leaves on the trees begin to warm our bones. Occasionally we caught the glimpse of some movement in the underbrush and upon exploring it we found a chipmunk or a toad. It neared one o'clock now and the chill in our bodies was replaced by sweat on our brows. The crickets were now making their steady piercing hum; the air was filled with the song of birds; the trees swayed back and forth and their leaves rustled in the stiff afternoon wind. Squirrels and chipmunks scampered back and forth, and all around us toads squatted in the cool shade of a rock or bush, and streams babbled in the valleys below us. All these sounds and scenes gave us a picture of the awakening forest.

The White Shell

The sun shone bright in the cloudy sky, but its warmth reached neither the earth nor me. I threw my head back and was content to be blinded by the sun, at least for a while. The wind blew cold, turning my bare flesh into a jigsaw puzzle of red and white blotches as it seeped into the deepest corner of my soul. I walked the beach alone.

The gray sea contained an infinite sorrow, but I only stared at the ripples lapping at my feet. The rocks of the horizon didn't concern me; only the cold, wet shells and stones which lay disarrayed about me. The sun sparkled on the tiny waves as they collapsed into foam, but the white foam always disappeared. It never lingered. Perhaps it was my imagination, but it seemed to scatter faster whenever I reached down to touch it.

I came to a place where the water flowed in ripples over a bar of sand. A million delicately beautiful and changing patterns were cast on the shallow bottom; but my lonely, dark shadow loomed over all and blotted out the intricate beauty. I turned and walked on as my feet sank deeper in the saturated sand. As I neared the point, a group of pure white sea gulls stopped sunning themselves, took flight, and settled lightly on the water just within view.

And then I reached the point. As I gazed about me I realized that if I lingered long enough the tide would engulf the land and me. My wandering eye caught the reflection of the loveliest shell I had ever seen--a shell of pure white. My hand groped for it in the icy water, but an undercurrent carried it beyond my reach. I hunted for a stick or some means, any means, of touching and obtaining the shell for myself. There was none. As I watched, my beautiful white shell was swept farther from me. I had to be content to admire and cherish it from a distance.

Finally, the shell was out of sight and I reluctantly turned to retrace my steps, but I was only greeted by the deep imprints of my solitary shoes. I yearned to have the waves come and wash out my footprints so no man would know that I had passed this way--that in this one thing I had fallen. However, I knew the silent symbols of my folly would remain for some time. I had loved.

Reverie on Loneliness

I lay curled among the sheets in a bed that was too big for me, sobbing into my pillow. The strange room was large and the shadows of unfamiliar furniture loomed in the dark, adding fear to my loneliness and sadness. The clatter of coffee cups mingled with the laughter and chatter in the room below, and I muttered into my warm, damp pillow, "How can they be so happy?"

I rolled over to look out of the frost-crystaled window and my spirits were lifted, if only for a moment. "At least it's the same moon," I whispered to no one in particular, and silently I slipped out of the bed to see if Orion and the Dipper had accompanied me to this new place, too. They had, and when I spied them, I was glad.

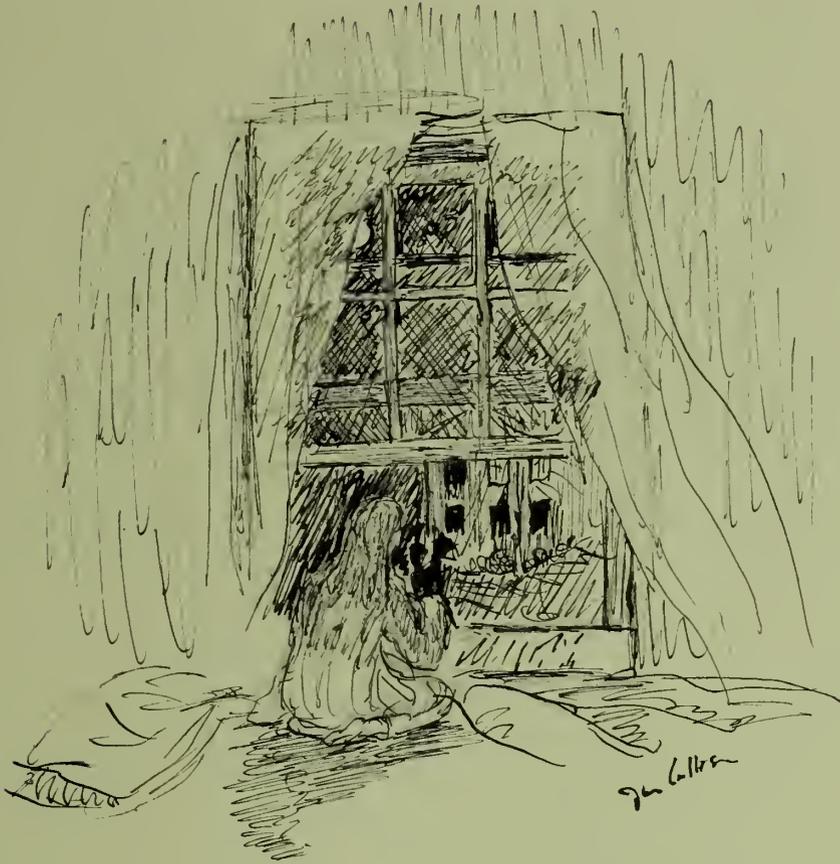
I padded across the chilly floor and climbed back into the soft, lumpy bed. Sitting crosslegged among the drifts of sheets and blankets, rubbing my feet briskly, I told myself I was being silly and childish. "But I am a child," I argued, "and it isn't fair." My stuffed bunny with the long flopping ears made no response to my whispered complaint. Shivering, I turned my back on him to think.

It had been a terrible day. Thirty pairs of unfamiliar eyes had followed every move I made when my mother introduced me to the teacher. Thirty pairs of ears had heard when one unfriendly boy had made fun of my name. Thirty children had snickered behind their hands when they discovered I couldn't read the teacher's script when she wrote "Arithmetic" on the big, green board. I had thought so many times of my sunny, friendly classroom back at home, with the bubbly aquarium and the colorful reading corner, wanting desperately to be back there with my friends but finding myself in this dark, crowded room with no friends and no desire to be a friend. Unused to such feelings, I had merely hid my hot face and tried not to cry.

Remembering, I shivered again and burrowed down to the wrong end of the bed, squeezing my eyes tightly shut as I tried to block out this new city, this new house,

those new boys and girls, that new white-haired teacher. I couldn't forget, and the smell of coffee and the sounds of my parents' laughter downstairs only made me more unhappy, more lonely.

"Why did we have to move?" I whispered, and straightening myself in the bed, I slept, clutching my floppy-eared bunny.



Premonitions for Real?

When a person has a strong premonition about his future, it is best not to ridicule him. Even though we tend to laugh at people who claim to know how they will die or what will become of them, it is possible that for some reason they may be correct. Perhaps it is just coincidence, but it is also possible that God might have some reason for divulging this information to them. Regardless, one should think seriously before he makes light of something this important.

When I was in junior high school, I knew an older boy who said that he knew when and how he would die. He strongly believed that he would be killed in a car accident at the age of twenty-three. At first I took this as a joke and laughed it off. Later it became obvious that he was very serious about this. Being young and immature, I began making fun of him. I got a strong sense of pleasure out of my clever quips and cutting remarks. I took advantage of every opportunity to tell someone this strange story. I persisted with this until I had made a complete laughing-stock of this boy. My actions gave me a feeling of self-confidence, and I felt like the life of every party. To use a term from modern slang, I thought I was "cool." Little did I know that I was soon to learn a very hard lesson.

One night when I was home watching television, the telephone rang. I heard my mother answer, but I paid little attention. I was aware that she was carrying on a conversation in a very low voice, but I never suspected that it had to do with my "friend." He had just been killed instantly from a broken neck. . .in an automobile accident. He was twenty-three.

It was not suicide. The driver, his mother, had been forced over an embankment when an approaching car had veered into their lane. His mother, who had escaped serious injury, knew about his belief and about my attempts to humiliate him. Anyone who believes that the accident itself could not have been a worse tragedy has not felt the guilt I

experienced each time I saw my friend's mother. The vacant look in her eyes has seared its impression into my memory forever. This made me realize what I had done. Instead of feeling confident and accepted, I felt foolish and childish whenever I saw someone I knew. I realized that I had made my friend's last few years much more miserable than they otherwise would have been. But the realization came too late.

This shows one of man's greatest faults. Often we act without thinking about the consequences and are sorry later. Whether because of coincidence or some sort of strange power, my friend's premonition had been correct. It has shown me that no matter how unusual the premonitions of people may be, it is indeed wise to avoid ridiculing them.

Looking Beyond

She was alone, always alone. I watched her as she walked the railroad tracks. Her long blond hair, blowing in the wind, blocked her vision and she missed her next step. Down she went. Laughingly she picked herself up, though she neglected to brush the snow off her dungarees. She bowed her head defiantly against the wind: it would never make her turn back. The tracks led into the woods where only the wild rabbits, squirrels, and deer played; yet on she struggled.

I pulled my gaze away from her and continued with the dishes. Closing my eyes, I looked beyond the dishes and the window...I saw the snowflakes falling upon her bare head. She made it across the field and was now sheltered by the forest. She looked as if she might be searching for something, a place perhaps.

Several times she left the tracks, slid down the short embankment, and parted the heavily snow-laden evergreen branches. My heart beat faster as I watched her face. She had stumbled onto something this time. I looked and I gasped. Before her stretched a room: a winter wonderland. The floor was a frozen stream, and in order to reach the other side she had to get down on her hands and knees and crawl up the layers of ice. She started to slip and frantically reached for a small branch.... It was too late. After a quick ride down over the bumpy ice, she found herself at the bottom again. Once more she glanced around her. This time she used the trees along the wall to pull herself up.

Halfway across, she ventured cautiously into the center of the "room," and there she stretched out on her back and gazed upward. I, too, peered up at the small round hole which allowed the large flakes to enter and descend upon the child. As they lighted upon her face, she didn't wipe them off, but rather allowed the water to run back into her hair. A look of calmness upon her face revealed her inner contentment. Alone in this unique little place, she was at peace.

The dampness finally forced her to move, and quickly she scrambled to the other side

of her "room." Three or four times she slid down over the ice. By then I could tell by the way she continually rubbed her ears that she was cold.

I opened my eyes in time to watch her come back through the field, only this time she was bounding over the drifts. Her hair was straggling and her dungarees were a shade darker, but she had found a bit of heaven. Her face beamed and her eyes glowed. She had found her place of peace and beauty. Now, instead of having to struggle against the wind, the wind was to her back....

The dishwater was cold.

Memories of the Cape

When I was a child, the true high point of the summer was spending a week or two on Cape Cod with my grandmother. The children in the family would be formally invited down, two or three at a time in various combinations, sometimes with a cousin, sometimes with a brother or sister. As the oldest grandchild, I always felt a smug sympathy towards the smaller children, who were still too young to be invited. To them, "going down to the Cape" must have sounded magical. It was an initiation into a special world.

The cottage itself was unimpressive: small and shutterless and painted nondescript gray. It was at the end of a rutted and very narrow dirt road, which flooded in the rain, and over which my grandmother's Volkswagen bounced and jolted. Pines, bushes, and patches of poison ivy surrounded it, giving a pleasant impression of solitude, even though, as with most places on the Cape, there were other cottages yards away beyond the trees. But our cottage was special, because to our right was a tidal river and the marsh, and straight ahead was our own "private" path to the beach. It was, perhaps, rather overgrown and meandering, and was difficult to carry deck chairs and picnic along, but it was a path.

Inside, the walls were paper-thin; there was no hot water, and doors would either not close or not open. It was furnished in typical summer-cottage fashion; rickety tables, creaky chairs, tired scatter-rugs, and the inevitable Mobil Gas calendar on the wall. The first thing my grandmother did upon arrival was to replace the turquoise mini-curtains at the living room windows with her own, and hang her favorite Gauguin above the fireplace. It was then that we felt at home.

There was a particular rhythm to our days on the Cape. My grandmother moved slowly and deliberately, and we children slowed down in response. Every moment was savored, and little traditions, such as sunrise walks on the beach and reading Doctor Doolittle in the evenings, became part of the pattern. Everything we did was special.

Our world centered around the beach and our appetites, which grew by the hour. Breakfast was an event. For as long as we could remember, it had been entitled "Seven-Fruit Breakfast" in honor of an obscure great-uncle who had been a health fanatic. He would have at least seven fruits over his cereal every morning, and we followed his example. Each of us took a turn slicing up the fruit--bananas, peaches, pears, plums, grapes, apples, dried apricots, (and sometimes fresh mango)--while another of us buttered toast and set the table. We all remember that combination of fruits over cereal as being the most delicious thing we've ever eaten.

Another of our customs was eating at least once during the week at a small but spotlessly clean restaurant overlooking the marsh, which was within walking distance of our cottage. They quite possibly had the best tasting and freshest haddock, clams, and scallops on the whole Cape (perhaps in the whole world!). Behind this was a small vegetable stand where we bought fresh vegetables and the fruit for our cereal.

Every so often we'd drive into the small village of West Dennis to buy supplies. We'd pick up my grandmother's reserved issue of the New York Times at the drugstore and buy food at the grocery, where we were allowed to pick out a cake mix to make on a rainy afternoon. We'd stop at the laundry, and, inevitably, at the post office to pick up mail and send off endless, crudely lettered printed postcards telling our parents what a good time we were having. A special part of these trips would be stopping at the "Zoo," a tiny shop filled from floor to ceiling with all shapes and sizes of wonderful stuffed animals.

The beach was a private one, so we always had it virtually to ourselves, and it included the mouth of the tidal river, a very good place to look for hermit crabs. We collected these by the dozen and brought them back to our "aquarium," a basin we kept behind the cottage. Sometimes they were joined by half-alive fiddler crabs, and once a large scallop. We crouched over our basin watching them scurry around, until either we came out one morning and they had died during the night, or our grandmother made us take them back to the beach.

We all loved the warm ocean water, and we would stay in endlessly, bobbing on the

waves. Once my sister and a cousin found a board, which they dubbed "Ralphie" and used as a kind of primitive surfboard. While we were in the water, our grandmother would walk up and down the beach patiently gathering seaweed, which she took home to use as mulch for her garden, or driftwood, which we used in the cottage's fireplace. In the evenings we would watch the sun go down and the seagulls fly out to sea.

The days would pass too quickly, of course, and all winter we would speak wistfully of the "Zoo" and "Seven-Fruit Breakfast." No matter how much we changed and grew, the Cape would always stay the same, and we never could wait to get back again the next summer.

Mr. Lonely at the Mug

A good waitress is a person who tried her best to please the customer. This includes fast service, bringing hot food, and being willing to listen. It is amazing that there are so many people who can tell their waitress things they would not tell anyone else. I know, because I am a waitress.

Working in the Mug 'n Muffin has given me an opportunity to meet many people. The person I described above, who talks to his waitress, is invariably the lonely customer. This customer has come in to eat, but also to find someone who is willing to listen to his problems or complaints. "Mr. Lonely" always has a certain look which makes him easily identifiable. There is a longing look in the eyes which says, "Please talk to me. I am lonely." The usual opening phrase to begin the conversation is "Nice weather today, isn't it?" Then before you know it he tells you about his birthday or anything else that may be on his mind.

Sometimes there are customers who really disturb me. I remember an elderly lady who came in one day looking so lonely I felt terrible. While I waited on her we began a conversation. She told me that her best friend had been buried that day. According to her, her best friend was the only person left in the world who cared, because she had no living relatives. One of her statements hit me unusually hard. She said, "Now I am all alone." The impact of the loneliness and unwanted feeling that she felt and conveyed in her voice, caused tears to come to my eyes. I wished there was someone in the world who could care for this person.

This elderly lady and several others are regular customers for me. Every one of these people is lonely, needing someone to listen. Besides giving them the best service I can, I also give them someone to talk to.

This may sound like I am unselfishly giving of myself to others. I am not. My ulterior motive is simple. I hope that by listening to these people someday when I am

elderly and lonely there will be a young waitress who I can talk to, to alleviate my loneliness.



NOTHING WANTS ANYTHING

Nothing wants anything
 when love breaks.
 The flow stops.
All becomes motionless--still.
 A blackness smothers the life light.
 Not a sound is made.
A stone face--A stone heart.
 A belief--negated

Sickness comes home.
 There is bland hate.
 A bad taste.
Weak and frail: other thoughts
 other deeds
 other things

No time but past
 And that brings pain,
 A vicious hurt.

Nothing wants anything
 when love stops.
Nothing wants anything...
 Not one thing.

A Place to Be Alone

The first night that I was home on Thanksgiving vacation I took a little walk. I walked down Main Street, across the old bridge, and up the hill to the playground behind the Antwerp Elementary School. To many people this place is just a regular school playground but it means much more to me. It is a place where I have gone many times to think, to pray, or just to be alone.

As I walked onto the playground that night, I knew that everything was the same as the last time I had been there; everything was the same, except me. Immediately I walked to my favorite place in the middle of the playground. The night light from the school made my shadow so long that it disappeared over the hill. I had looked at this shadow many times and had always wondered what the shadow of my life would look like. Would it be large and filled with goodness, or small and empty? Only time would tell.

As I looked down from the hill, the town of Antwerp was directly in front of me. I had grown up in this town and for many years it had been my whole world. Its population is only 2,000 people, so I knew everyone in the town and they all knew me. It was like one big happy family.

As I looked down upon the town, everything that I was seeing brought back memories. There was the baseball diamond where I had spent so much time when I was young, and there was the house of a girlfriend where I had spent so much time when I was older. I had always wished that I could see my own home from the hill, but a group of tall buildings hid it from view. Often I would say a little prayer to God that if it was His will, I would like to settle down in a small town like Antwerp.

Finally lifting my eyes off the town, I looked to my right. There was wilderness as far as I could see. I had taken many hikes through these woods and spent many nights camping underneath the stars. I knew that the next summer I would be walking through those woods again. They are filled with the life and beauty that make a person feel free

and alive.

After a while I turned to look at the elementary school. I had spent seven years of my life going to that school. I had spent seven years of hating the thought of homework and teachers telling me what to do. I never thought of going to college and the one thing I didn't want to become was a teacher. I have changed.

Then I turned toward the church. It wasn't the church that I had attended but it represented the most important part of my life. It represented JESUS--Jesus Christ who had given me a new life and a purpose for living.

Slowly I lifted my head and looked into the sky. It was a clear night and as I looked at the stars, I realized what a small part of the universe I was and how omnipotent God must be.

I stood on the hill for over an hour, thinking. I thought about all that had happened in the last few months and all that was still ahead of me. When it was time to leave, I said a prayer and started down the hill. The last time I had been there was in September on the night before I left for college. It seemed a long time ago and I knew that it would be a long time before I was back there again. I had changed a great deal since September and I knew it was only the beginning.

Meditations on Two Paintings in Room 26

These recollections from a better day when security was provided by mama, papa, and the island: are they torturing you? Today you are poor; you are a papa; you have no security. You have never reached a goal as a man. In every attempt to be successful, you have fallen, picked yourself up, and started again; each time you have been as unsuccessful as the time before. There must be an end, an escape from your failure. Are you on this earth for no purpose except to exist? If so, there is only one solution: escape! But what kind of escape?

The boat near your shore bobs quietly in the twilight. Many times before it has come to pick you up and take you to the island across the way. The effort was easy: you merely went to the beach, climbed into the boat, and rode to the barren shore. The sea looks as if it would have been rough to cross at night. But even though the journey was hard, the thrill of finally reaching the other shore was so great that the difficulties of the trip were overlooked.

Always, in the past, your trips were marred by your responsibility to return to your wife and daughter. The isle always seemed a better home for relaxation, for freedom, for fun. Maybe you would like to go there permanently.

There is a way. That boat near your shore could take on added meaning, as a symbol, if tonight the boat were death. See the way it lingers so closely? The boat is available for you to use. It is permanent escape.

The hour to depart has come. Why do you hesitate? Are you being drawn by the boat? To turn away is to return to insecurity. To die is to end your frustrations. To climb aboard is to end your existence, but it will also mean no more stumbling, no more falling, no more "existing to exist." The journey will be rough, but the thrill of reaching that "other shore" overcomes the hardships of the trip. The effort is so easy, but the reward is so great: no work, no worry, no wait.

These must be your thoughts on this somber evening. The setting sun seems to intensify its illumination of the island. The shore across the sea is an escape, the only escape from your existential life. The time is ripe, the boat is ready; what will it be?

With a mere blink of the eye it is morning, the same scene. Now, instead of the surrealistic panorama of twilight, it is the dull vista of morning. The same thatched hut stands off to the right. The shore that had been illuminated to supernatural proportions, that had been so enticingly beautiful, is now black and ugly. Its appearance is repulsive and bleak. Its black mass looks like a cancerous growth. All the beauty of the night before has gone.

The boat and the peasant man have gone. Now holding on to the Llama are a peasant woman and her daughter. I can see their faces, their sad, mute faces, and I know their thoughts. They wonder what has become of their husband and father, the peasant man. He did not come home last night. He often has gone to the island to contemplate when the night was beautiful, but he has always come home in the morning. Where is he? Who knows where the peasant man is?

The Llama knows. The Llama is still there, in the center of the stage, wordlessly watching the worrying women. All through the night the Llama has remained. He will always remain in the center of the stage for the peasants. Only He knows the fate of the peasant man. Only He knows the invitation to nihilistic death so real last night. He knows the secret of the island. The Llama is at the center of the stage because He is God. That is why He knows these secrets to life and death. That is why the peasant man holds to Him. That is why the peasant women cling to Him. Only He holds hope for the helpless peasants.

Why, oh Llama of our lives, did You stand idly by while the peasant drifted to death? Do you provide only for existence? Are we on this earth merely to fall, get up, and start again...but never to reach our goals? But the Llama does not answer. He remains still.

The women do not understand the situation. They only know that the peasant father, provider, husband, and loved one did not return. They call again and again to that

distant shore, but he will never answer. And in the night, when the moon hangs again among the clouds, when the sea glints like a mirror, when the distant shore again glows, look carefully. You may see him playing on the shore, having finally reached a goal of life: death!

As I leave the scenes on the wall, I know that I must try to answer the question posed within the painting: Do we exist merely to exist?

O glorious tone! Where is thy Maker?
Your melifluous notes are part of me.
Canst thou end your melody divine?
Or is your chant the strains of Time
Which plays throughout my soul,
And thereby makes me whole?

At least the spark within our souls comes of God; so we can exist for Him and thereby have purpose to our lives.

I Can Live

a psalm of myself

oh god april here i am again in this phone booth
trying to remember your number
my hand ungloved reaches for my pocket through
the firebruary ice-air that burns my lungs
my pockets yield
three dimes three tries please a.t.+t. southern bell
telephone be with me
your elecfrostity numbs/overwhelms me.
your wires and your staff they frighten me
my first dime disappears down the pay phone's
throat it belches it does nothing my hand's heel
smashes at the black box i view the new thief
and drop a second dime and i push the coin
return, anything, like a repairman
third time please a.t.+t. be with me
seven numbers

the silence here is freezing

now I'm recounting my day without
you to you in one breath I say so
little so many ways I wish that
you knew what i'm saying despite
my words my verbal flailings fail to

i'm sorry hearing yesterday a day
of my life yesterday without you
makes me feel so much colder

my frozen words on the glass en-
closes me words work magic
trapped in frost captured like
no writer ever will

Hello?
april?
it's me i don't know why
i'm calling you i know
it's four in the morning i
was out i couldn't sleep

i missed seeing you
today--yesterday, i forgot
i'm sorry i missed you

and that was my day

look i said i was sorry
did i really say that, no,
you said i misunderstood
i said but i meant

i didn't know that april
you needn't lie tell me

we spar like boxers
I love you so I hate you I hit you
reflex phrases fly from me in
defense but never in time

i'm freezing in this sterile cold
aluminum-glass coffin people have
died here I am dying here their
incriptions their ironic comments
their numbers are scrawled in sorrow
with pencil around me they can be
erased

it seems so strange as strange as
america
like april she awaits a call
she gave us a number
she boxes wraps
packages me in
aluminum and glass
instead of gold and marble
i feel nothing

the silence the sun will
melt the frozen city night
shadows and my words
melted will be free

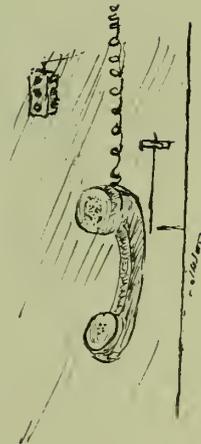
a thirty cent call at four in the
mourning for myself
sometimes I think
i'm on my way home, Jesus.
can you feel me touch the
hem of your garment?

you always do this to me
you leave me you lead me
on

i didn't hear you i can't
hear you when you
talk so loud

can i call you again
please

i'm sorry
goo-bye



Cast Your Fate to the Wind

The rapidly receding shore line, the wind whipping against my sunburned face, and the gurgling of the wake made it seem as if the sailboat was flying over the water. But then a sudden gust of wind found the sail and yanked the boat ahead even faster. The tiller strained to be free from the death-grip of my right hand. The line from the sail tightened around my left hand and threatened to cut off the circulation. The waves breaking over the gunwale and the constant spray made me fight to stay on the slippery slanting deck. Then the wind subsided slightly, just long enough to give me a minute's rest. The shelter of a distant cove lured me as I braced for the next gust. Again the sailboat was yanked ahead and again I was awed at the power of the wind. The boat floated quietly when I had finally reached the still water of the cove. I was tired but proud of my new sailboat and our mastery of the wind. After a rest I set the sail for open water and home.

Last spring a dream had come true when I found my graduation present in the garage. I immediately fell in love with the sleek black and white boat with the handsome orange and black sail. My first time out with the boat fulfilled all my expectations and I became a sailor for life.

I sail for adventure. There is something about the wind-swept lake and whitecaps that beckons me. I challenge the wind; the wind challenges my seamanship. At times when my seamanship has not been flawless, the wind has been victorious; the boat capsized three times last summer. Each time, with pride slightly dampened, I righted the boat, bailed, and continued sailing. But perhaps there is merit in an occasional dunking, for sailing lore claims that every good sailor has capsized at least once. Capsizing indicates that a sailor has courageously challenged the strongest winds.

I sail for competition. A race with another boat tests the cunning of two sailors as well as the speed of their boats. A race may cover an official course or may be an

informal "I'll beat you to shore" race. My first competition came on a Sunday afternoon. My sister and I were out for a quiet sail when we came across a race already in progress. We joined the pack, making sure we were in front, and led the way around the course.

Most of all, I sail for solitude. Early in the morning, when the new day is still a dream for most people, I have trimmed the sail and left the land behind. The brightening eastern sky and the fresh wind are conducive to silent meditation. A lonely peaceful sail helps me solve those "unsolvable" problems. The freedom of thought is especially apparent when the wind stops and the sailor is left drifting in the calm. I was contently lost in dreams when a good-intentioned "rescuer" noticed my aimless drifting and offered me a tow. "No thank you," I replied, "I'll wait for the return of the wind."

When I sail I cast my fate to the wind; I go where the wind takes me; I listen to what the wind tells me.

Sailing has gotten into my blood and made me a sailor for life.

Is It Worth the Trouble to Be A Gentleman Any more?

One of life's little ordeals today is trying to act like a perfect gentleman.

Gallantry was a great and noble thing when knighthood was in existence, but in today's complex world it is more of a strain than most male flesh can bear. A man who tries to behave like a perfect knight of old for twenty-four hours today would be numb before nightfall and probably be thrown into jail as a suspicious character.

The decay of male courtesy is caused by two factors: (1) the affluence brought about by a society born out of modernness, rapid social change, and violence, resulting in a mood that allows no room or time for old-fashioned courtesy; and (2) the changing nature of the chief object of gallantry--woman herself.

The guy who aspires to gentlemanly conduct lets himself in for nothing but trouble and is more likely to end up a fool than a hero. Suppose, for example, remembering his daily deed as a boy scout, he makes it a policy to help across the street every little old lady he meets. Instead of being an occasional gesture of courtesy, this act can lead to a career in itself. For the pavements of any major city in the United States are swarming with little old ladies. It would be simpler to help little old pigeons across the street, as there are fewer of them. Besides, the pigeons would be more appreciative. If a guy touches the arm of a little old lady she is likely to belt him in the face with a twenty pound handbag and yell, "Help! Police! I'm being mugged!"

That points up the second problem of male gallantry--woman and her changing attitude toward it. Theoretically, women still like men to be chivalrous and knightly, but when a man does treat her with a flourish of good manners and respect she is either made uneasy or misunderstands his motives.

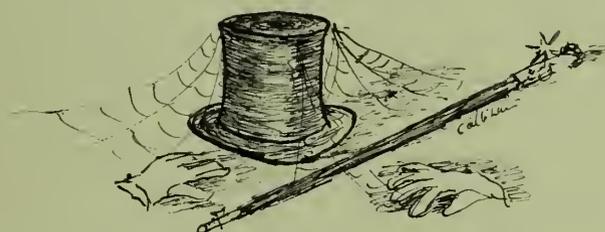
What happens if a fellow decides to take off his hat and make a sweeping bow to every lady he passes on the street? Well, all he manages to do is win the glares of hatred from every other man on the street and become an object of amusement to the

other people. The lady, if she notices him at all, thinks of him as some kind of nut.

Suppose a husband decides he will quit acting like a bum toward his wife and from now on he'll get up on his feet every time she enters the room. What happens? Well, of course for the first few days he has her completely mystified. She wonders what he is up to. Finally, a gleam of comprehension enters into her eyes. She has finally figured out that he is trying some new kind of yoga exercise to lose weight. It never even occurs to her that the poor man she married is only trying to be a gentleman.

If a guy helps a lady struggle into a heavy coat, she is sure he must be some kind of a sex maniac with a fetish for fabrics. So what does it profit a man to be a perfect gentleman any more? He seldom meets a perfect lady to be a perfect gentleman to. If he doesn't get the credit, why take the trouble?

Take the trouble, because there are some very nice women around who appreciate and respect a gentleman for his chivalrous deeds of courage.



A Night in Hugo's Kitchen

Hugo's Lighthouse, located on Cohasset Harbor, is a restaurant famed for its fine seafood. All sorts of famous people and celebrities have dined there. It is built on a wharf right over the water, and the long row of windows open into the blinding blue of the harbor. Within, it is dim, with tinkling fountains, soft music and pleasant conversation, and the loudest sound is the cry of the seagulls. The atmosphere is one of refinement and relaxed sophistication. But a swinging door, yards away, separates this elegant world from complete and absolute bedlam.

I came to work in the kitchen one Saturday night as a "salad-girl." My first thought as I came through the side door, squeezing past piled garbage cans, was that this could have no connection with the Hugo's that I knew. The room was enormous, drab and extremely crowded. The noise was deafening: people were shouting, pots and pans crashed and clattered continuously, there was the rhythmic pound of chopping, and enormous kettles gurgled on the stoves. Steam filled the air, obscuring vision and reddening the faces of the workers. Every time somebody lowered more scallops or clams into the deep fat, a great new cloud would rise with a hissing roar. All the delicious odors of cooking food that filled the air combined into a suffocating heaviness that permeated hair and clothing.

Everybody was madly racing in every direction, always in a great hurry, bumping into people and careening around corners with lobster or rolls or salads, or merely with confused expressions on their faces, like me. I was directed towards "Mom," a grey haired woman who came up to my shoulder and who looked anything but motherly--in fact she resembled a barracuda. She snapped over her shoulder without looking up from the lettuce she was chopping with amazing rapidity, "Start making fruit salads, starting with melons."

I didn't, of course, have any conception of where to look for the melons, let alone the knives and chopping boards, but I bumbled along patiently, asking the people with the kindest faces where to find things. I learned how to make vaguely spherical melon balls, how much grapefruit to put on each salad and where to artistically place the cherry, how to struggle through the refrigerator door with three watermelons in your arms, and how not to put your hand down on one of the metal counters, which happened to be a grill. I carried trays of clean glasses from the steamy room where they washed dishes, my shoes sloshing through puddles of water on the floor under the amused gazes of busboys. I was pleased at my quickly-learned skill at making regular salads, and spent the last part of the night proudly flinging handfuls of lettuce into endless little wooden bowls, with one cherry tomato, one cucumber slice, and one (not two) onion rings each.

The owner of Hugo's is Greek, and a good number of the workers are related to him. Often voices were raised in what I imagined were Greek profanities. I never knew that the preparation of food was such an emotion-packed and passionate procedure. The owner would stride through the kitchen, resembling a lion with his great mane of hair. His presence had a remarkable effect on the workers, and even "Mom" would hunch her shoulders, roll her eyes, and become suddenly meek. He would leap from place to place when displeased, ordering people to hurry, and rolling up his sleeves to demonstrate how to stuff a lobster the right way. Under his enraged glare, people would actually burst into tears over crookedly-cut cranberry bread, and scream about misplaced jars of mayonnaise. Above all the confusion, he could be heard roaring, "Feed the people! Feed the people!"

I left early that night, reeking of onions, with sodden feet and cut fingers. I knew that I'd never feel quite the same about eating at Hugo's Lighthouse again, and probably would never be able to order a salad at any restaurant for as long as I live.

Midnight Stargazer

The hour was approaching midnight and the night was still as I carried my lawn chair and blanket to the darkest corner of our back yard. As I looked up, the transparency of the heavens filled me with awe. The myriad of stars forming the Milky Way stretched from horizon to horizon as if flung there by a passing chariot. The light of the brighter stars was sharp and piercing, while that of the lesser stars was dim and blended with the light of others into a dull nebulous cloud. As I snuggled into the lawn chair and wrapped the blanket around me, I was filled with anticipation at the thought of observing my first meteor shower. I was reflecting on the beauty of the constellation Cassiopeia when the first meteor of the night streaked across my field of vision. Though its life was for only a part of a second and its trail lingered but a second longer, the meteor momentarily seemed to break the stillness of the night. Although it was actually soundless, the meteor seemed to scream its presence and beg for some eye to behold its beauty. Soon many more were streaking across the sky, each giving its own unique act to the drama of that night. I remember I wanted to wake everyone so they too could behold the wonder I saw that night. Only when the dew made me damp and cold and I could keep my eyes open no longer did I make my way to my bed.

We Learned from Each Other

Jaqueline, my six-year-old niece, was born very soon after her sister, and like many middle children, she suffered from it. Her older sister was intelligent, fast on the uptake, and a leader. Jaqueline was not up to average in her school work, and she was a born follower, with a very sensitive character and a volatile temper.

After my arrival in the United States, I lived with my sister and her small family for a year. Four of the twelve months I spent confined because of a broken leg. It was during these months that a close relationship between Jaqueline and me gradually blossomed.

It all started one day when my sister mentioned that she was worried about Jaqueline's slow progress at school. She felt guilty and blamed herself for spending so little time with her daughter, but the problem was that Jaqueline got on her nerves. She was a very demanding little girl, with a great ability to say the wrong thing at the wrong time to an overtired mother. I knew how often my sister tried to get through to Jaqueline, and how equally often Jaqueline played "dumb."

At that time I was reading a book entitled The Montessori Method of Teaching, and this problem of Jaqueline's really began to work on my mind. I began to picture different situations in a classroom and how I would go about helping a child with emotional problems such as Jaqueline's relate to those situations. I wondered how I would cope with a demanding child who needed reassurance and attention.

These thoughts and ideas seemed to take possession of me. Finally I decided, with my sister's blessing, to work an hour each day with my little niece, experimenting with some of my ideas to see if I could accomplish some progress with her school work, but most of all to make her feel she was a very important little girl. Thus we might make a start towards a solution of her emotional upheaval.

To have Jaqueline agree to the idea of working with me was no problem: an adult with personal interest in her was just what she wanted. It made her feel very important, especially since I insisted that her brother and sister were not to show even the tips of their noses during this one-hour period.

For three months I worked with Jaqueline. We studied letters, words, pictures, and stories. Trying to bear in mind at all times how Montessori emphasizes the need for a child to express himself, I let her have as much freedom in her work as possible. Unless something was really wrong, I tried to adopt an affirmative attitude in my judgment. We spent a great deal of time talking during these days. Jaqueline loved that! We talked about her experiences at school, her friends, her stories, and how she felt and thought about many different situations.

I don't think I'll ever forget this experience because through it I learned a great deal about children: I learned how they see the world, how they feel, how they think, and the process of their vast imagination.

This "special hour" each day established a close relationship between us. We both looked forward to this time together when we would work, talk, and play.

Jaqueline's enthusiasm and eagerness each day gave me a sense of accomplishment and inner happiness because I was achieving my goal of helping her with the difficult process of learning.

In two months she was reading without having to pronounce each letter separately. Her writing had become quite legible and neat, and her spelling had improved. No longer did she write her three's the wrong way around, and she stopped getting her b's and d's mixed up. But most important of all was that Jaqueline learned to explain her needs through conversation. No longer did she resort to commotion and tears to achieve her purpose of communicating or asking for something.

This relationship with Jaqueline proved to be a wonderful experience, one that I will never forget, because we both learned something vitally important from each other. She learned how to communicate and to feel important, and I learned what patience and understanding are all about.

Sailing, Sailing

Competitive sailing is a favorite pastime of mine. As the skippers and crews man their brightly-colored boats and make way for the starting line, an air of excitement comes over me. The tiny vessels approach the line, each jockeying for the favored position and anxiously awaiting the firing of the gun which signified the start. We see a burst of flame spurt forth from the mouth of the cannon momentarily before the loud crack of gunfire hits us. The race has begun. The screams of youngsters hollering for the right of way drift over the water like a foggy mist in the early morning. Their handling skill is tested as the motley colors dart in and out, avoiding disaster by inches. Those who were lucky enough to slip out of the crowd speed off toward the first mark of the course. As they spread out over the bay, you can almost hear the slapping of the waves against the hulls as they neatly slice through the water. The wind whistling in your ear and the sails flapping like shattering teeth on a cold winter night add to the excitement of a race. It almost seems a shame that only one will return victorious.

The True Prize

I had never come close enough to win a ribbon in track. It always happened that if they gave ribbons for three places, I came in fourth; if they had five places, I came in sixth. I intended to get a ribbon in our last meet. As we lined up I realized that, because this was a duel meet, only two places would be counted. I knew that my teammate, Tim, would beat me and there were two guys on the team from Auburn who had beaten me in two other meets.

The gun went off and Tim grabbed the lead. I was fourth out of eight. I stayed there for the first 220 yards and then somehow I passed one of the guys who had beaten me before. Tim was only about fifty yards away from the finish. Twenty yards behind him was an Auburn guy, and I was thirty yards behind him. I knew I could kick and get closer, but I figured that he'd just kick, too, and he already had thirty yards on me with a hundred left for me to go. Then I heard Bill yell, "You can do it, Ray!"

I kicked, and I ran until it hurt. I got closer and closer. Bill yelled again and again I pushed. Tim had crossed the line. The guy from Auburn was only five yards away. I was eight yards away. I didn't think I'd even get that close. Then I said to myself, "I've got to do it." I pushed; my legs hurt; my chest hurt. But I crossed the line just before he did. It was so close that our times were the same!

They didn't have any ribbons that day, but I didn't need one. I had done it. Bill said, "You can do it, Ray!" And I did it.



Memorized Peacefulness

Now and then, I enjoy wandering in my memories of the most beautiful places and scenes in which I have lived. This practice quiets my daily cares and problems, and brings me relaxation through the power of visualization.

One time in the midst of activities, which I had foolishly allowed to become hectic, I went to a hill overlooking the ocean. I climbed to the top, and from my vantage point I could look out directly upon the sea as it washed gently on soft shores of sand. It was very quieting to behold this scene. The day was overcast with drifting fog and cloud. The sea rolled shoreward with its deep-throated roar and ceaseless but perfect rhythm. Clean spume blew from its wave crests. Over the beach, and climbing high against the sky, sea gulls soared and dived. Everything in this scene was graceful, beautiful, and conducive to serenity. Its benign peacefulness laid a healing, quieting touch upon me. I closed my eyes and discovered that I could still visualize the scene just as I had beheld it. There it was, as clear cut as when actually viewed by the eye. It occurred to me that the reason I could "see" it with my eyes closed was because my memory had absorbed it and was able to reproduce it in detail. Why then, I reasoned, could I not live again and again in this scene of quiet beauty even though bodily absent from the place? I began the practice of deliberately visualizing quiet scenes of beauty in which I had once actually lived.

Sometimes in the midst of active work I have found it profitable to stop for a minute or two and bring up out of my memory's storehouse scenes that had impressed me by their beauty, and experience once again their remarkable power to quiet, to soothe, and to relax. I have found that when sleep comes with difficulty, I can actually induce slumber by visualizing scenes of tranquility and peace. Lying in a relaxed manner in my bed, I practice going back as far as I can remember and recollect one by one the truly peaceful experiences of my life, such as the time I gazed upon Mount Fuji when the vast mountain was bathed in

moonlight, or the Japanese Zen Buddhist garden at the time of meditation, or the radiant sun-kissed morning when our great white ship dropped anchor in the incredible blue waters off Waikiki Beach in Hawaii, or that mystic evening when I first watched the purple shadows fill the Grand Canyon to overflowing. As I transverse these marvelous scenes through the power of memory, God's quietness overcomes me, and I drift into a sound and untroubled sleep.

I Can Be

WHAT I WISH

I wish that men would, more than see,
 Perceive more than what seems to be.
Too often we, as children do,
 React impulsively, in haste,
Only to find that once again
 We've judged intentions wrongly.

I wish that men would, more than speak,
 Give meaning to the words they say,
Let conversation be the way
 To generate, throughout the world,
A genuine desire to feel
 That we understand each other.

I wish that men would, more than hear,
 Listen for his fellow men,
His desperate pleas for end to war,
 His patient, age-old waiting for
Something which might give him hope,
 Proof we've listened to him.

I wish that men would not accept
 Everything that they are told;
Through careful thinking may they find
 Ideals in which they can believe,
Refusing to be deceived
 By a non-pondering mind.

And last of all, I wish I'd see
 More love of "neighbor as thyself,"
Love that will break down the walls
 Perpetuated through the years,
Love that's blind to race or creed,
 Makes bound men into men now freed.

If all learn better to perceive,
 Say, listen, love, believe,
Then peace will reign throughout our lands;
 As brothers united, we'll all join hands.

Music Major?

I graduated from high school with a "major" in music. In order to accomplish this, I had taken every music course the school offered. In addition, I became involved in most of the extracurricular music activities. In fact, I became so involved that by the time I was a senior, I was spending all my free time and any that I could borrow from my other teachers in the music department, teaching junior high general music, correcting papers, giving individual help, and even directing the junior chorus occasionally.

Since I was also becoming accomplished as a pianist, I was sure I knew what I wanted from college: I wanted the education and experience necessary to become a good high school music teacher.

It seems incredible to me now that anyone "mature" enough to make even preliminary decisions about a course of study in college could let himself or herself be as thoroughly and unknowingly influenced by a person as I had. I can see now that my goal was not so much to teach music as it was to become a second edition of my own high school music teacher.

I came to college expecting great illumination of the further mysteries of music. I fully expected to be thrilled and challenged in my major field, if in none other. Imagine my disappointment as my dreams found that reality of college being, as Jean Grambs says in her book, Schools, Scholars, and Society, "another high school, only more so."

Upperclassmen tried to encourage me by explaining that once I could complete the required courses and concentrate in my major field, I would be happy. I swallowed traitorous replies that I was already well involved in my major, and I tried to believe what I had been told.

I could write, "But suddenly a great light came on!", but that would be both overly dramatic and not quite true. I think that light was gradually coming on throughout my freshman year.

Second semester I found myself in an education course. (That in itself is something of a wonder; when I registered in September, I had so little idea of what was happening that my advisor could have enrolled me in Advanced Aviation and I wouldn't have known the difference.) To my complete amazement I found that the course I had been warned would bore me to death was the most fascinating course I had stumbled onto all year.

I believe that for a few days I treated my discovery as a beautiful and fragile soap bubble. I held my breath in fear that it would burst!

Gradually, everything began to fall into place. Through this course and the outside investigation that I was motivated to do, I became convinced that elementary education was the field that I wanted to enter.

This was not an easy decision for me. It's never easy to give up a goal that one has cherished and worked for. But I have found more and more challenge to learning, and I've discovered an excitement about my own education that I previously had lacked, and I feel sure that this decision was not only right, but inevitable.

If I have any great regrets, it is only that I didn't discover elementary education sooner. Perhaps I might not have been as excited if I had. For I am excited, and the excitement is so contagious that I suddenly find that even those other required courses are taking on new meaning. Education has become what I expected and hoped it could be!

In the Shadows of the Mind

It was an old Congregational Church of simple construction and accentuated with a tall, New England steeple. The plain interior was dimly lit. Seated tensely in the choir chancel, I raced through my lines. This was it, the big one, the annual regional oratorical contest of the Future Farmers of America.

The moderator opened the meeting as the church filled with friends and invited guests. His air of formality lent glamour and excitement to the event. The first speech was underway. My breath stopped short, but only for a moment. Why, eloquence of that degree had been passed in previous contests! Now the hard, merciless pews and warm air took their toll: my mind began to wander...

Think of poor old Grandmaw. She was probably praying for me at that very moment. I envisioned Grandfather in his chair beside the wood stove...The river of imagination continued on its meandering course...Think of Mom and Daddy. Think of their pride if I win. They're waiting by the phone now for a message of a win or a loss. The community folks are counting on me, too. Don't let them down...

Orator #2 flamboyantly proclaimed: "Agriculture is the hope of the world..." There was Grandpap Lane on his hospital bed. During my last visit with him, he told me that I had come too far to quit now. At the funeral I promised to win this one for him...

The next contestant was a girl. Her attractive manner of speech leaned toward pleasantries...The opposition is rather stiff. Sit with perfect posture; listen intently; show interest' impress the judges...Bodily I did so, but in the shadows of my mind, my own lines were of more importance at the moment. She was closing.

I stood, smiled, and applauded while praying fervently all the time...Dear God...This event means so much. You understand. If I could win...No! Just help me to do my best.

Keep me humble in victory, and if I should lose, let me still be proud...

"Our fourth speaker this evening...William Bryan Lane." Standing smartly, I smiled and crossed the platform...In Jesus' name, Amen...

After a smooth delivery and with full confidence, I positioned myself in the loft again. The West Virginia delegate following me was excellent, but his delivery was at too rapid a rate.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Tonight's decision...In fourth place:...; in third place:...;" I won! "In second place: Bryan Lane." What?

Standing smartly, I smiled and crossed the platform. Properly, I posed with the runners-up. In the best of form, I congratulated the winner. But beneath the shallow smile lay long, long thoughts ripened by invisible tears.

Climbing into the bus, my fellow passengers saw only another college boy; they didn't notice his tormented spirit. I hadn't prayed to win, and God allowed my loss for many possible reasons, I knew. Yet as I reclined in the Continental Coach, all I could ask was, "Why?"

Let Them Grow Up

I remember seeing in front of the elementary school in our town, a sign with the school's name and the words: "Let them grow up." At first, this struck me as strange, but, as I began to think about it, the words made more and more sense. It is a wise motto for educators, and, even more important, I think, for parents.

Parents, as any psychology book will tell you, inevitably have a great effect on their children, for it is they who mold their attitudes and guide them towards maturity. It is almost awe-inspiring to think they have such an influence over another human being, and this influence can, of course, be misused. The two extremes are the overly-permissive and the overly-protective parents. It is the overly-permissive parent who receives all the attention today: he is blamed for everything from juvenile delinquency to draft-card burning to crime in the streets. But I think that the overly-protective parent is just as responsible for the generation gap and all its related problems.

A close knit family can be a very beautiful thing, with understanding and deep affection among its members. The root of the family, of course, is formed by the parents, who set the pattern for the family's way of life, and their relation with their children form the bonds that hold the family together. It is when these ties become too restricting that the family becomes a strangling thing. Children must break away and become independent members of society. The primary purpose of the family is to prepare them for this. This is the natural sequence of growth, and children must grow.

When a child is kept bound to his parents by unreasonable restrictions, the result is an unnatural, narrowed way of life. How can he expand and mature, when he is kept to his role as his parents' child? A common reaction to this is real rebellion, resulting in complete alienation from the family's original values that so restricted him in the first place. Often this revolt is carried to extremes, so that the child becomes a hippie or drug addict, which is as far removed from his parents' ethics and standards as he can get.

Where does parental love end, and selfishness begin? Limiting a child too much is selfishness. The over-protective parent does not, in most cases, see the harm he is doing. He loves his child, so therefore he wants to protect him from the Big Bad World. But the child has to eventually face the Big Bad World on his own, so, in the long run, the parent is hurting his child more than helping him.

Rules and regulations are necessary to guide a child and prepare him to develop into a social being. But rules and regulations, like anything else, can be carried to extremes. What worked for the parent does not necessarily work for the child, for the child is, above all, an individual in his own right. Rules and standards and viewpoints can be imposed on him up to a certain point, but beyond that he must think and feel and learn for himself. People learn through experience, and the child must be released to experience things himself. He can be warned about things, but he must touch the skillet on the stove to learn the meaning of the word "hot."

The parent must learn what the "happy medium" is between permissiveness and protectiveness. He is not creating a person in his child; he is merely guiding him. The parents' ultimate goal should be to see their child an independent person, mature and capable. It's hard for parents to let go, but they must realize that "letting go" is a necessary part of their love for their child, too.

Roommate

For some unknown reason the word "roommate" has always left an unpleasant thought in my mind. I came to college with the attitude that I would never be able to live in harmony with a complete stranger for a year.

To me roommates were people who had little consideration for each other. At least one girl I knew had a roommate like that. Sissy's roommate was the type of student who did not have to attend classes. During the day she slept, and when everyone else tried to sleep, she studied. Staying up to study until three o'clock every night was not bad enough; she had to play her stereo loud enough for everyone on the floor to hear. With accounts like this, it was no wonder that I was not looking forward to having a roommate of my own.

Those were my thoughts as I arrived on campus. My mind has been changed completely. A favorite pastime of mine is to walk through the hall of our floor and think about the couples who live on the other side of those doors. I always come to the same conclusion: I wouldn't trade my roommate for anyone else.

Aside from looking alike and being mistaken for each other, my roommate and I have similar personalities. All girls like to have a good time and talk for hours, and we are no exception. But when it is time to study, both of us can turn to the books without wasting too much time.

Bunk beds are something I never wanted any part of. Presently I spend about eight hours a day on a top bunk and never utter a complaint. I always thought I needed a large room. I have the smallest room on the floor, and I couldn't be any happier with the largest one. My roommate has helped me make that little cubby-hole in the corner into a home.

Much to my surprise, my roommate doesn't snore, leave things strewn all over the floor, play the stereo while I am studying, or wear all of my clothes. I think she would

not even take a second look at my boyfriend, but just to make sure, I introduced her to his twin brother.

We are alike in all the ways I thought we would be different. The first few days we discovered many amazing things about each other: We both love math, we have sewing kits alike, and our curlers are alike. Both of us brought vases of flowers to brighten up our little corner room. We not only use the same brand of mouthwash, but both of us also brought the same brand and type of peanut butter!

With the passing of time, we continue to make interesting discoveries about each other. We both begged our parents for typewriters for use at college. We both got the typewriters, but neither of us use them!

Everyone keeps something from his childhood. My something is a shaggy old poodle who has listened to more of my heartaches and joys than any of my friends. When I came to college, I regretfully left him home. After all, I reasoned, what would my roommate ever say if she should see me crying on the shoulder of an old, dingy poodle with part of his stuffing missing? I found out what my roommate would say. Her words were simply, "I wish I had brought my old brown dog, too!"

San Francisco

As I walked down the steep crooked streets of Telegraph Hill in San Francisco, I noticed that this city was far different from my hometown of New York.

New York is a grey cosmopolitan city, and old city greyed by time and overuse. In New York the streets are bleak dingy canyons shaded by towering grey buildings that reach solemnly for the open sky. The streets are straight and flat, slicing the city into neat square blocks that stretch from one end of Manhattan to the other. The buildings are all similar, all monumental structures of conformity.

San Francisco is a colorful cosmopolitan city, a city brightly spirited with color, with colors as beautiful as its names--San Francisco. In San Francisco the streets are lively thoroughfares, shaded by lush green trees and sparkling tinted glass skyscrapers and well kept turn-of-the-century buildings painted in yellows, and in reds, and in deep rich browns. The buildings differ from one another in architecture, the simplicity of western architecture, the luxury of the Roman, the Mediterranean style of the Spanish. Each of these buildings has its own singular uniqueness, each contributing to the savory cosmopolitan flavor of the city.

I felt the warmth of the bright sun and stopped walking for a moment to look at the display window in a Chinese merchant's store. There were all sorts of oriental trinkets, hand carved figures made of ivory, miniature ships in bottles and chests made of mahogany, and oriental rice china. I thought of the Times Square bargain shops with their cheap Japanese cameras, gaudy souvenirs, and flashy signs. I closed my eyes and breathed in deeply the over-springtime California air. There was a fragrance in the air, a warm fragrance of fresh Pacific breezes scented with thriving roses and lush green sycamores. It was similar to New York in springtime when the azaleas and rhododendron blossom in Central Park. I opened my eyes and looked down at the Pacific Ocean and saw emerald waves crashing white against rocky cliffs. In the distance the Golden Gate Bridge spans across the salty

green bay, the brilliance of the sun bringing its orange into a richer luster. It was not like the grey George Washington Bridge spanning grey briney waters. I heard the sharp clang of a lively colored cable car, and I remembered the screeching sounds of the subways in New York. I thought to myself that once people destroy the natural beauty of the city they hide beneath the ground in subways, or hide from the ugliness in monolithic towers. San Francisco, though, was new...But then, there was a time when New York was new.

Which College?

"I just want you to understand that I think you're being very foolish and unwise. You may go."

I rose and left my high school guidance counsellor's office with those words ringing in my ears. I was hurt, but more than this I was thinking seriously for the first time about my reasons for planning to attend Eastern Nazarene College. Sometimes a real shock is necessary to set us thinking; this had been a shock, and I had begun to think. For the first time I forced myself to examine and evaluate critically my reasons for choosing ENC instead of a secular college, as I had been advised so many times before. Was it a foolish and unwise choice? Would I find more challenge and a better sense of fulfillment by attending another college? Was I being honest with myself? I had been fooling myself into thinking I had thought out the alternatives and had made my choice; it wasn't until that day that I realized that I had not.

It was also on that day that I realized that I had to think seriously about this decision, because I was convinced that the college I chose would shape, or perhaps reshape, my life.

I found a quiet secluded place to sit and think. Basically, I decided, I had two alternatives. I could choose either the secular or the religious institution. For many reasons I was convinced that the latter could be narrowed down to ENC. The former? I was unsure. Some had suggested Cornell; my guidance counsellor wanted me in Vassar. I decided that for the time being I would think of it that way: Vassar vs. ENC. The contrast appeared to be great.

"If I were to go to Vassar," I told myself, "I would receive a most prestigious education. My professors would be internationally known for their achievements and abilities. I would find intellectual stimulation in an atmosphere of true academic opportunity." I could almost visualize myself on that magnificent campus, working hard to

absorb what was taught me in order that I might begin to think more for myself and eventually teach others. The more I thought of the possibilities, the more I realized that Vassar could do much for me in my education, and that then I could find a way to serve others. The future looked bright; as I projected myself from that quiet high school classroom, through my years of college, I could see a rewarding, fulfilling future--a career of service based on the foundation of the excellent education Vassar could offer.

I then turned my thoughts to ENC. Being brought up in a Nazarene parsonage among a clan of ENC alumni, I was, of course, more familiar with the campus, the faculty and the possibilities of ENC. There I would receive an excellent education in a Christian environment. I would find intellectual stimulation if I wanted it. The professors would be talented, educated men and women devoted first to God, expressing this devotion through the teaching of their students. Again I was able to visualize myself on the beautiful, growing campus. Again I found it possible to see myself working hard to learn in order that I might better myself and serve God by teaching others. Perhaps the education I would receive would not be "prestigious" in the eyes of the world, but I could be just as stimulated, just as excited about learning and just as fulfilled.

As I thought, I realized for the first time that each alternative was actually a good one, and that each choice would be, if considered fairly, a wise choice. I could not do both, however. I was forced to make a decision, and I had to base my decision on my own system of values, comparing the value judgments of the two choices. As Wheelwright says, "There are no rules for the making of this decision. I must simply decide as wisely and as fairly and as relevantly to the total comparison as I can."

My decision was made in just that way. I assembled in my mind all that I knew and felt about the two choices, and decided that it was better for me, for my future and for those whom I would teach, that I attend ENC. It came down, I suppose, to a question of the academic and the spiritual. At each college my spiritual and my academic lives would be just what I made of them, and no more. I felt that I could make the most of these two aspects of my life at ENC. I'm sure that if I had chosen Vassar College I would have worked just as hard to grow and serve both spiritually and academically, but at the time of my decision-making, I felt that I would certainly find God's will for my life at ENC.

Cheating in School

Cheating on an exam is common in public schools. The bolder students copy directly from the textbook which they keep concealed under the bench, while the more timid pupils stay up all night copying answers on minute slips of paper that they painstakingly number for quick identification.

My parents brought me up to believe that copying was wrong, and so I have always lived by this standard and studied hard for my exams.

I never felt tempted to copy until my last year at school. We were in the midst of a final exam when my teacher was called from the classroom. At that moment I was desperately trying to remember the answer to the most important question on the exam, but all I could remember was the page and paragraph the answer was on in the textbook. The rest was a blank wall.

All around me giggling and a rustling of pages could be heard as students boldly pulled out their books and swished over pages, quickly searching for the correct answers to the questions.

I began to feel hot, and my hands began to perspire as I mulled over the temptation: "Shall I? Why not, after all, everyone is doing it! Anyhow the teacher will never find out, and I'll get a good mark."

Yet something kept my hand from reaching that book; a very faint voice in the back of my mind kept saying: "Don't. Don't give in to this temptation. Get a bad mark, but get it honorably and not through lazy and low down cheating. You are here to receive an education and you'll only be a someone in the future through the mistakes you commit in school, because you learn by making mistakes. Even if the teacher doesn't catch you copying you'll know what you did, and that will be enough. And anyhow, what kind of a character do you have if you go along with the crowd. What kind of a Christian are You?"

As I turned away from temptation I saw the teacher's reflection in the glass door which he had left open to mirror the class.

The All-American Bumper Sticker

A few months ago, while participating in the traditionally American ride with the family, I noticed a bumper sticker on a car ahead of me. I didn't think much of it at the moment, but I became quite disturbed as the afternoon went on. I noticed many cars with the same bumper sticker which read: "America, Love it or Leave it!" On first reading these words they sound patriotic and full of "the spirit of '76," but are they really?

The words of this slogan indicate at least that these people realize America has problems; they recognize the political, social, economic, and racial problems, but their solution is unrealistic. They seem to think the way to solve the problems is to "send those Commie rate, Black Bastards, and anyone else who doesn't like it here back where they came from." As it is now, our country is plagued with social diseases. Hate, bigotry, prejudice, hypocrisy barely need mentioning. But leaving the country will not solve these problems.

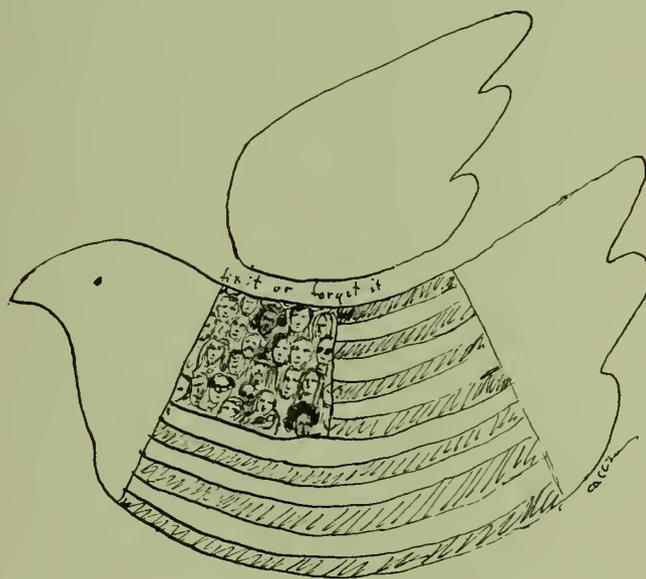
It seems to me that that slogan, or more precisely, ultimatum, was directed toward any political or social group or individual that was making waves for the secure little American boat, which of late seems to be floundering in the storm. They would have America do an about-face and return to a time when there were no Abbie Hoffmans or Eldrige Cleavers, when life was more or less secure. They fail to realize that times have changed and that what were once traditionally American views and attitudes now need updating and revision if we are to survive as "one nation under God."

These people who fancy themselves patriots must actually have little faith in the American democratic system. It is no doubt difficult for them to realize that just because a person finds fault in his country, it doesn't mean he doesn't "love" or support it. If, as they believe, a handful of leaders (radical or not) can evoke a change in the basic structure of American democracy, then the structure not only deserves change, but demands it.

Individual freedom of speech and freedom of thought are guaranteed each American. As a result, the black man no longer will settle for the elevator boy, shoe shine boy, or bell boy jobs he was given. The poor man no longer will settle for the inferior role he has played as a result of injustice done him by the rich. Minority groups of all kinds are now vocalizing their feelings and no longer will be discriminated against. All these voices pierce the ears of these American pseudo-patriots.

Each time they display that bumper sticker, they publicly contradict themselves and the system they believe they are defending. They are saying in effect, "You can live in the land of the free and the home of the brave, and think and say whatever you please...as long as I agree with you."

I don't profess to have the answers to America's problems, but I am sure the answers do not lie on foreign shores.



Finding Myself

I had looked forward with great expectancy towards being on my own, but when I came face to face with the prospect, I wasn't sure how to cope with it.

Saturday morning, July fifth, dawned early with last-minute details to be attended to before I embarked on a new phase of my life, without my family. My plans were to fly from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Montreal, Quebec, and meet friends there who would take me to Alexandria Bay, New York. I would then work all summer in a tourist resort and save towards my college tuition.

Things didn't go as smoothly as we had planned. My family patiently waited with me all day Saturday in the airport, wondering if the fog was going to clear. At times, the fog was so thick that we literally couldn't see three yards ahead of ourselves. There were periods when I was almost sure the sun was going to break through the clouds.

My feelings vacillated right along with the weather pattern. With all my eagerness to be independent, now that the time had come for me to go, I was almost afraid to step out on my own. I felt very insignificant and lost, and even doubtful as to what I really wanted to do. Then there were times when I was enthusiastic about going, really hoping a plane would land. I was not quite certain whether or not I was ready to leave the security of my family and friends.

After waiting all day, we and hundreds of others listened, discouraged and weary, as the announcer's voice came through the speakers. "We are sorry to announce that the flight for Montreal has been cancelled. Because of the density of the fog no planes are able to land."

I was disappointed, but I must admit that I was also relieved. At that point, my strongest reaction was one of thankfulness for the postponement of my departure. It gave me time to pause and think about myself, and time to understand myself and my dependence on my parents. My spirits rose, and as if matching my spirits, the sun broke through the

clouds with a radiant beauty.

The extra two days at home were truly a gift, because I now saw my parents and home in a new light. My parents had always held my respect, but I began to appreciate more their deep concern for my future and for me. In those two days I found it possible to put my faith in God in a way I had never before experienced, and in so doing I found strength.

It was with mixed emotions that I walked out of the airport Monday afternoon to board the jet. I realized that life would never be the same, but now I felt more capable of facing it maturely. Even though I will visit my family, I will have changed and they will have changed, and this is the way it should be. Now I understand afresh the importance of putting my complete faith and trust into the hands of God.

As the jet rose into the now cloudless heavens, climbing into the brilliant blue sky, God's presence was very near to comfort and stabilize me.



The Many Worlds of Boston

Of all the cities I have visited in America, none can be more unique, historic, or fascinating than Boston. It is a city made up of many moods, worlds, and contrasts. A city of narrow cobblestone alleys and sweeping super-highways; a city of scholars and sailors; a city of beautiful music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra or the blaring horns of jazz groups in the night clubs along Washington Street.

A visit to Boston is a must for every American, for without Boston there would have been no free American life. The Boston Freedom Trail brings alive names like Paul Revere, Old North Church, and Boston Tea Party. The Freedom Trail runs from Boston Common to the Old North Church. Along its path you will see the birthplace of Ben Franklin, Kings Chapel, Paul Revere House, Old Scotch Meeting House, and the Boston Massacre site among many other historic sites.

You can climb Bunker Hill, walk the decks of Old Ironsides in Boston Harbor, stroll down Commonwealth Avenue in the Back Bay and see the mansions that line this tree shaded street, homes of the proper Bostonians of another era, or explore the narrower gas light streets on Beacon Hill with its eighteenth century homes and intriguing doorways.

Boston is a city of many museums. The Museum of Fine Arts, one of the nation's finest, houses the western world's leading Asiatic art collection. The Institute of Contemporary Art is Boston's museum of modern art. The Museum of Science, overlooking the Charles River, is a lovely exhibition of nature and modern science and technology. Next to it is the Hayden Planetarium. There are also many others: Fogg Art Museum, Busch-Reisinger Museum, Harvard Museum, and Children's Museum.

Musically speaking, Boston offers a rich and varied choice the year round. One should never miss the opportunity to hear the world-renowned Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Pop Concerts, or the Esplanade concerts that are held each summer along the beautiful banks of the Charles River across from Harvard and M.I.T. There are also recitals at



Jordan Hall and Symphony Hall.

There is a variety of restaurants to fit the mood or the tastes of almost any individual. One of the most beautiful restaurants I have visited has been Anthony's Pier 4 overlooking the Boston Harbor. One can see the oceanliners as they come in. The food is New England style, and as you eat the fish you think that it was caught right there for you. Chinatown has a lot of good restaurants that make you feel as though you were a Polynesian when you leave.

One could not neglect to mention the educational aspect of Boston, for Boston is one of the leading educational centers of America. Located here are Harvard, M.I.T., Boston College and many other colleges.

So of all the cities I have visited, none can compare to the fascinating and historic worlds of Boston, Massachusetts.



Rose-Tinted

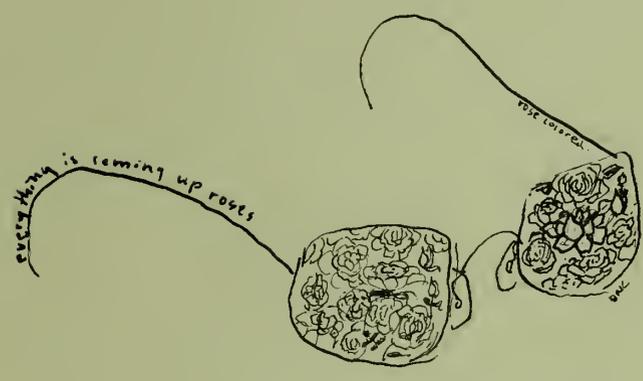
Everything flashes rose-tinted, and suddenly it vanishes. The dark night has destroyed my sunshine, and my roses, like candles, have been snuffed out. I spin round and round reaching out to catch someone's attention. I cry out, but no one hears. I open my eyes and I see people, cruel people. I've been shot down; I've been judged for my actions and my appearance. I've been hurt, for no one cares for me; no one loves me. I've taken criticism and used it constructively. I've sat passively listening to people tear me to shreds; but let me open my mouth----. I have to be strong enough to take it; why can't others?

My search goes on. I seek to find someone to listen to me. Depression has oppressed my entire being. My soul aches, and I yearn to slip my rose-tinted glasses on. Where has my sunshine gone? I see people in love, and I ask myself, "What's wrong with you?" People copping out with drugs, the smoke-filled rooms, the poverty of the poor; it's all part of our filthy world. My pent-up emotions seek avenues of relief, and I try to run from it all.

The sounds of the traffic are gone. My ears are filled with the roar of splashing water, my wind-blown hair flows and my tear-filled eyes overlook the vast horizon. As I uncover my eyes, I see for the first time how self-centered I have become. My flowing tears transform themselves into golden drops of joy. There is someone who will always care for me. My God loved me so much that He gave His life for me. God gave up everything for me, and I still wanted more. I've covered my eyes so tightly that I could not see His concern. I was afraid to get involved with people, for I did not want to be hurt, yet God became so involved He died for me.

How could I think I have had a rough life, when God has given me so much? The peace of mind and the assurance that He is always with me is more than I could ever ask

for; God's grace has filled my entire being. My hair blows and I have been gilded with drops of golden sunshine. Everything's flashing rose-tinted again.



The Unnoticed Trial

"It's insane!" I motioned to Craig's dilated, staring eyes; but the only things they saw were of another world.

"Now listen, Ken, I have a friend that used this system without any danger to himself, and he cleared close to five hundred dollars a week! Besides, if you've never tried the stuff, don't knock it."

All over the country conversations like this have taken place and will continue to, but this time it was very different. My high school friend was about to make the change from user to pusher. After a whole summer of talk I had been unable to dissuade him from his plan, and now he was about to become the supplier for some of my other friends.

It was pretty well known who the users were in school, but it wasn't until my summer job at an ice cream shop that I was put in touch with a large ring of them. I was a short order cook and they were the group that seemed to constantly occupy the place. Besides the faces there were Sally and Craig. Sally had been a friend of mine for about nine years, and she was one of the most talented pianists that I'd met. Unfortunately her piano study had fallen off the past couple of years. Craig had the highest I.Q. of anyone in our school system and had many talents which he seldom utilized. I often wondered how he had fallen in with this group, and I finally decided that he had been left alone once too often by his wealthy parents.

I was particularly upset on the day Craig brought in a mixture of ground tea leaves and herbs and told some grade school pupils that it was marijuana. They quickly tried to buy it. I also remember talks in which Craig brought up several statistical reports and articles refuting my arguments against drugs. But no matter what the articles said, I had seen some of the horrible results of drug use in my friends.

The big party for the group came on a Friday night in the late summer. Everyone

partook of drugs freely. However, some time during the evening something happened, for in the dark hours of the morning Sally was found by her parents lying on the cement floor of her garage, near death because of an overdose. It was fortunate for Sally that her parents happened to decide to come back from their cabin on the lake. Sally's date for the evening was found by the police lying in the road. For several days only his parents and minister were allowed to visit him in the hospital. Both Sally and her date were delivered from death, to be turned over to the police.

There are many such as Craig who yet have to reach a conclusion to their drug affairs. I often think now of Craig with his foolproof system and wonder what will become of him if someone doesn't reach him soon. I also wonder if matters have gone so far that he can't be reached.

The Cry for Help

The issue of racism erupted when the major cities of our country were plagued with riots. For generations in the past, the Negro had lived day to day with no future to look forward to for himself or his family. The many feelings which Negroes had suppressed finally broke wide open, bringing with them anger and hostility. Many people could not understand why these people were behaving this way. Why, no civilized person behaved this way! They had no right to do so, but still they did.

Up until a year and a half ago, I never gave the issue of racism much thought, but at that time I realized that it was a question that must be answered. My own ideas slowly began to form as public opinion was forming.

It was through a visit to our church of a high school teacher from the South Philadelphia schools that I came to see what life was really like in these ghetto areas. She told us that people the same age as myself or younger were already in trouble with the law. Many of them were dropping out of school without really caring, and they all seemed to have that look of rejection about them.

Several of her pupils began to come to our church. After meeting them I saw in their faces what she had talked about. I became good friends with one of these girls. At first it was hard to get her to talk to me. I could almost feel a barrier between us, which she was afraid to let down. After many weeks she finally began to feel at ease, and I could talk to her.

I learned that the area in which she lived was a very bad one for drugs and gang fights. One fact which surprised me was that several families lived together in the same house. Sometimes they hardly knew each other.

After many weeks of talking to this girl and visiting the area, I could begin to understand how she and others like her really felt. No one had really cared or given any recognition to these people, and now they were asking for it, crying for it.

I don't think anyone who lives in another type of area could really know the deep feelings that these people have. I say this because we have not lived under these conditions, nor felt the frustrations nor had the many setbacks as they have had. We have an obligation to lend a helping hand to these people who are crying for help.



This Train

As the train pulled out of the station, I glanced about the dimly lit pullman car. By my watch I learned that it was nine o'clock P.M. Nine o'clock? Surely it was later than that! The train was so terribly late. No, my watch hadn't stopped. Perhaps it was slow.

I looked up from the timepiece and searched the almost empty car for a friendly face. No one, it seemed, was awake, except a lone traveler, who was sitting in the rear of the car. Under his large straw hat beamed the dark face of a colored man. He was whistling to himself.

"Perhaps my watch is right," I thought, feeling uneasy. "It's never been wrong. Poor creature probably doesn't even have a watch."

Making a few more subconscious excuses, I settled back in my seat and tried to sleep. However, a stout, rosy man nearby persisted in snoring loudly.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, poking him. "You're snoring, and I can't sleep."

"If you don't like it, leave," he answered petulantly.

Where could I go? There were plenty of seats, but I wanted to be as far from the old man as possible. The back of the car was ideal, but the man in the straw hat was sitting there, whistling to himself. He looked very kind and happy, and I wondered what tune he was whistling.

After watching him for several minutes I decided to take the seat opposite him. At that minute, hundreds of years of racial pride gave way to curiosity. I had to know what could possibly make him look so content. Suddenly I found myself envying the "poor creature" I had pitied so shortly before.

"Excuse me," I broke in, timidly. "Is this seat taken?"

"Not now," he replied, quietly.

"Was it occupied before?"

"In a sense. It's my wife's seat."

"Oh, excuse me!" I exclaimed, burning with embarrassment.

"No, it's all right. She isn't on this train. You can sit down if you want to."

The invitation committed me. I just couldn't walk away now, so I sat nervously in the seat opposite the man, who was once again whistling. Being close I could now catch some fragments of the tune--"This Train."

Suddenly, he broke off whistling and bowed his head. When he looked up again, his eyes were wet. "You know," he said, "I saw the trouble you were having up there."

"Oh! You mean the old man?"

"No, with your conscience."

As he looked at me, I felt so uneasy that I wanted to run out of the car.

"Don't leave," he added, sensing my uneasiness. "I like to have someone to talk to. It's seldom that I have a fellow-passenger besides my wife."

"Where is your wife?" I asked, trying to shift the subject.

"She's on another train--the last train."

There was something in his tone that made me fully understand the meaning of these words. Suddenly, I pitied him, not as one pities an animal, but as one pities another human being, a brother, a friend with problems. I understood how he felt, because I'd felt the same feelings.

"I'm very sorry," I apologized.

"Don't be. She's with Him now. If it's His will, I'll join her..."

"Boston!" the conductor bellowed, cutting the man in the straw hat short.

"That's my stop," I said, rising. "Thank you for the seat."

As I gathered my bags and started for the doorway, I glanced back. The man in the straw hat was whistling to himself again.

Here I Am



Adams, Deborah	28 Leland Rd., Whitinsville, Mass.	Liberal Arts Major
Ainsworth, Barbara	King St., Warehouse Pt., Conn.	History Teacher
Allen Sharon	20 Prince St., Danielson, Conn.	Remedial Reading Instructor
Alston, Melba	2829 Denham Circle, Baltimore, Md.	Broadcaster, Writer
Alverson, Anne	38 Pierrepone Avenue Potsdam, N.Y.	Teacher
Amback, Kenneth	58 Durant Road South Weymouth, Mass.	Pilot
Amon, Donald	95 Summer St., Quincy, Mass.	
Andrews, Carol	207 Lyndale Drive Rome, N.Y.	Business Teacher
Aronson, Lynn	311 Claflin Street Belmont, Mass.	Statistician
Bambrick, Donald	173 Union Street South Weymouth, Mass.	
Barksdale, Brenda	695 Middle Road Acushnet, Mass.	Elementary Teacher
Bean, Gary	728 Pikeland Avenue Spring City, Pennsylvania	Teacher
Bell, Stephen	255 Plymouth Street Abington, Mass.	Music Major
Binaghi, Renzo	708 Washington Avenue Revere, Mass.	General Surgeon
Blanton, Allison	26 Blithdale Street Newtonville, Mass.	Elementary Teacher
Bosworth, Elden	R.D. #1 Skowhegan, Me.	
Bowen, Esther	8909 Willard Avenue Cleveland, Ohio	Heart Surgeon
Braley, Lorna	74 Locust Street New Bedford, Mass.	Elementary Teacher

Brigham, Steven	160 Crossover Road Fairport, N.Y.	Chemist
Brooks, Janet	1211 South 5th Street Philadelphia, Pa.	Physical Education Teacher
Brown, Christine	11 Bartlett Street North Weymouth, Mass.	Teacher
Brown, Lenora	Clearwater, Fla.	
Brown, Raymond	R.D. #1 Box 262, Irwin, Pa.	Religion Major
Brundige, Stephanie	17 Highland Street Cohasset, Mass.	Special Education
Buchanan, Denise	24 Osborne Rd., Medford, Mass.	
Burgess, William	28 Arnold St., Quincy, Mass.	
Callihan, Dan	709 Dolesgrove Street Frankfort, Kentucky	Chemist
Carson, Donna	Route 2, Oil City, Pa.	Music Teacher
Carvell, Audrey	R.D. #1 Leola, Pa.	
Cashman, Steven	84 Donellan Circle Weymouth, Mass.	
Centola, Stephen	30 Nelson Road South Weymouth, Mass.	
Chatfield, Ethel	Clay Hill, Johnson, Vt.	Teacher
Chavier, Ruth	68 Massasoit Avenue Fairhaven, Mass.	Fashion Consultant
Chew Sandra	718 Green Street Williamsport, Pa.	Teacher
Childs, Steven	108 Thomas Avenue Bromall, Pa.	
Chui, Joseph	26 Wun Sha St., 2/F Tai Hang Causeway, Hong Kong	Math Major
Clecker, Cathy	R.D. #2 Box 509 Columbiana, Ohio	
Cline, Candace	4804 Norstar Blvd., Liverpool, N.Y.	Teacher
Codispoti, Daniel	313 Cedar Grove Rd., Toms River, N.J.	
Connor, Danny	366 W. Fairview St., Somerset, Pa.	
Constantine, Donald	129 Beach St., Quincy, Mass.	

Cook, Gerald	1343 Liberty St., Braintree, Mass.	
Cook, Violet	15 Foy's Ave., Lynn, Mass.	
Cote, Mary	35 Clapps Ave., Weymouth, Mass.	Biology Major
Cove, Janet	435 A. Cabot St., Beverly, Mass.	Teacher
Creswell, Amy	409 7th. Ave. N.S. Glen Burnie, Md.	Child Psychologist
Crockett, Blair	R.F.D. #1 Salisbury, Md.	Research Biologist
Crowell, Rebecca	1214 Pearl St., Brockton, Mass.	
Cutway, Victoria	Box 194 Ogdensbury, N.Y.	Nurse
Day, Gregory	3 Windemere Pk. Ext. Manchester, Mass.	Psychologist
Day, Peter	191 Newbury Ave., No. Quincy, Mass.	
Dean, Lois	210 Hill Crest Ave., Baltimore, Md.	Special Ed. Teacher
DeLong, Edward	66 Warren Ave., Milton, Mass.	
Derbyshire, Susan	128 Painter Rd., Media, Pa.	
Dunleavey, Kathryn	14103 Parkland Dr., Rockville, Md.	Elementary School Psychologist
Eames, Roger	168 Plymouth Ave., Quincy, Mass.	
Eby, Ronald	135 Heights Terrace Middleton, N.J.	Psychologist
Eller, Barbara	2833 E. 27th St., Erie, Pa.	Doctor
Esau, Donna	42 Bennington St., Quincy, Mass.	
Espada, Abel	Box 361 Edison, N.J.	Minister
Eyring, Timothy	113 The Greenway Marley Park Glen Burnie, Md.	Religion Major
Figard, Marie	6919 Jefferson Davis Hwy. Richmond, Va.	
Fisher, Kay	Route 3 Glen Rock, Pa.	Nurse
Freed, Marylou	307 W. Broad St., Sonderton, Pa.	Teacher
Fuller, Maxine	Lansdale Rd. R.D. #1 Chittenango, N.Y.	Teacher
Fuller, Raymond	107 Grandview Place Ithaca, N.Y.	Minister
Galbraith, David	27 Pontiac Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa.	Teacher

Gardner, Joan	4 Cedar Dr., S. Easton, Mass.	Elementary Teacher
Gardner, Marion	3615 Charles City Rd., Richmond, Va.	Future Wide Open
Garland, Frank	Durham Rd., Freeport, Me.	Music Major
Garrett, Susan	6500 Chesterfield Ave., McLean, Va.	Sociologist
Garrison, James	1310 Garrison Dr., Williamsburg, Va.	
Gates, Ira	B.N. Conestoga View Dr., Akron, Pa.	
Gibson, Linda	919 Victory Ave., Baltimore, Md.	Social Worker
Gilbert, Bruce	Box 112 Wilton, Me.	
Gilpatrick, Richard	4 Mt. Vernon St., Haverhill, Mass.	
Gough, Margaret	621 Berry Lane Media, Pa.	Teacher
Grant, Debra	12 Colby Rd., No. Quincy, Mass.	High School Counselor
Gray, Jeanette	133 E. Cleveland Ave., Newark, Del.	Elementary Teacher
Griffin, Cathy	R.D. #1 Brandon, Vt.	Physical Therapy
Grube, Janet	R.D. #2 Ephrata, Pa.	Missionary
Haley, Gail	9 McLellan St., Brunswick, Me.	
Handy, Jan	Leonard St., Lakeville, Mass.	Teacher
Hanson, Janice	24 Gilbert Rd., Weymouth, Mass.	
Harvey Francis	P.O. Box 28 Amherst, Va.	Minister
Haskell, Verne	R.D. #2 Binghampton, N.Y.	Liberal Arts Major
Hastings, Beverly	Rt. 6 Delmar Rd., Salisbury, Md.	Teacher
Hathaway, David	40 Hughes St., Quincy, Mass.	
Heath, Cynthia	28 1/2 South Ave., Cortland, N.Y.	Artist
Heath, Lawrence	R.D. #1 King Ferry, N.Y.	Religion Major
Heckman, Cynthia	278 Fletcher St., Tonawanda, N.Y.	Teacher
Heckman, David	R.D. #1 Guffey Rd., Irwin, Pa.	Minister
Heim, Jerry	116 Stambough Ave., Sharon, Pa.	Physical Education
Heminway, Sharron	44 Hamilton Street	
Herrereas, Adelaida	45 Fleet Walk Brooklyn, N.Y.	Elementary Education Major

Higgins, Barbara	R.D. #2 Box 399 Waterville, Me.	Social Worker
Hill, Janice	7508 Parkway St., Falls Church, Va.	Social Worker
Himsey, Kathleen	27 Church St., Pascoag, R.I.	Elementary Teacher
Hinckley, Eben	63 Locust St., Hyannis, Mass.	Biology Major
Humrich, Rhunette	739 Highland Ave. S.E. Roanoke, Va.	Teacher
Hunt, Donna-Jean	71 Roxbury St., Hartford, Conn.	Nurse
Ippolito, John	121 Copleigh Dr., Syracuse, N.Y.	
Johnson, Candalin	405 5th St., New Brighton, Pa.	
Johnson, Karen	118 Division St., N. Attleboro, Mass.	
Kaufmann, Harvey	Box 24 R.D. #3 Mays Landing, N.J.	
Kingsley, David	178 West Main St., Fredonia, N.Y.	Psychology Major
Kish, Judith	7711 Darel St. S.E. Washington D.C.	Missionary Nurse
Kreitzer, Michael	164 Creekside Dr., Enola, Pa.	Business Major
Krieger, Patricia	52 Church Green Squantum, Mass.	
Krikorian, Grant	215 Blue Hill Dr., Westwood, Mass.	
Kuwaja, Linda	R.D. #1 So. Paris, Me.	
Ladd, Dorothy	R.F.D. #1 Swanton, Vt.	Teacher
LaLone, John	8 Madison Ave., Antwerp, N.Y.	Math Major
Lane, William	Box 413 Hustontown, Pa.	Psychologist
Lee, Charlotte	Rt. 380 Woodland Ave., Cherry Hill, N.J.	Doctor
Lewis, Melvin	54 Howland St., Roxbury, Mass.	Minister, Teacher
Long, David	349 E. High Ave., New Phil., Ohio	Social Psychologist
Lowery, Judith	210 Pontiac Ave., Cranston, R.I.	English Teacher
Lytle, Jeffrey	Box 185 Bunola, Pa.	
Lytle, Richard	187 S. Oakland Ave., Sharon, Pa.	Teacher
MacLean, Norman	145 Hamden Circle Quincy, Mass.	
MacLeod, Cheryl	15 Pine Circle So. Weymouth, Mass.	Med. Technology
MacPherson, Lois	P.O. Box 220 Mt. Pearl, Newfoundland Canada	Math Major

Mathews, Edwin	Taylor St., Penbroke, Mass.	
Mathews, Paula	53 Ensign St., Dalton, Mass.	
McMenamin, Patricia	146 Lafayette Ave., Collingdale, Pa.	Teacher
Merriam, Paul	12 Maple St., Morrisville, Vt.	Business Major
Miller, Janet	R.F.D. #1 Brimfield, Mass.	Teacher
Miller, Steven	101 Crafton Rd., Bel Air, Md.	Painter
Milley, John	111 Idlewild Blvd., Weymouth, Mass.	
Moch, Teena	415 Washington St., Royersford, Pa.	Teacher
Moore, Dale	R.F.D. #1 Box 64 Rochester, Pa.	
Moore, Thomas	Habes Rd., Rt. #3 Salisbury, Md.	Business Major
Moser, Deborah	3402 Perkiomen Ave., Reiffon Reading, Pa.	Teacher
Mulkigian, Mary	68 Burt St., Lowell, Mass.	
Nance, Marsha	307 Ellsworth Bailey Rd. S.W. Warren, Ohio	Music Teacher
Nanry, Robert	12 Pace Ave., Bellport, N.Y.	Marine Biologist
Nazelrod, David	Rt. #3 Valley Rd. Box 505 Cumberland, Md.	Religion Major
Negley, Phyllis	281 Fayette St., Wollaston, Mass.	
Newell, Herbert	138 Vassal St., Quincy, Mass.	Music Teacher
Noecker, Wanda	Box 515 R.D. #1 Dover, N.J.	Teacher
Nortz, Thomas	Route 2 Lowville, N.Y.	Math Major
Nycum, Donna	R.D. #1 Box 5 Shade Gap, Pa.	Social Worker
Pagano, Robert	473 Main St., Saco, Mass.	Surf Bum
Parks, Madeline	232 R. Pusey Ave., Collingdale, Pa.	Elementary Teacher
Parry, Robert	2605 Crafton Dr., Cornwell Heights, Pa.	
Patterson, Mary	2805 Cove Rd., Pensaukey, N.J.	Elementary Teacher
Pearsall, John	180 Adams St., Quincy, Mass.	Psychometrics
Pennell, Robert	R.D. #2 Box 153 Brunswick, Me.	Elementary Teacher

Penney, Curtis	53 Dale Ave., Quincy, Mass.	
Peters, Robert	222 Center St., Pennsylvania	
Pillsbury, Roger	R.F.D. #2 Farmington, Mass.	
Powell, David	7 Court Ave., Lowell, Mass.	
Prendergast, Mary Anne	15 Off Station St., Weymouth, Mass.	Psychologist
Preston, Karin	312 Pleasantview Dr., Liverpool, N.Y.	
Prime, Janice	8 Cutter Ave., Somerville, Mass.	
Proctor, Merry	R.D. #1 Stanton, Pa.	Secondary Teacher
Ragge, Laura	2 Eighth Ave., Scituate, Mass.	Counselor, Teacher
Ramsey, Thelma	1142 Dover Lane Bethlehem, Pa.	
Randall, Nathaniel	59 Franklin St., Derry, N.H.	Teacher
Rappaport, David	615 Salem St., Malden, Mass.	Teacher
Rector, Vicki	N.E. Harbors North East, Md.	Secretary
Reed, Robin	220 W. Lake Shore Dr., Rockaway, N.J.	Teacher
Reid, Rhonda	2509 Hightwood Ave., Bethel Pk., Pa.	Christian Service
Restrick, David	592 Lincoln Ave., Saugus, Mass.	Doctor
Rich, David	Box 182 Union, Mass.	
Sanford, Mark	3217 Batesfield Rd., Harrisburg, Pa.	Minister
Schaeffer, Evelyn	59 Circuit Rd., Quincy, Mass.	
Schrag, Judith	1525 Charles St., Atchinson, Kansas	Photographer
Schuttauf, Lynn	454 South St., Raynham, Mass.	
Scott, Peter	3 Montgomery Ave., Nashua, N.H.	
Shafer, Gary	R.D. #6 Colesville Rd., Binghamton, N.Y.	Industrial Physicist
Shannon, Raymond	R.R. #2 Southington, Ohio	Researcher, Professor
Sheffer, Robert	249 York St., Hanover, Pa.	History-curator
Sheldon, Brenda	97 Pleasant St., Cranston, R.I.	Elementary Teacher
Shoff, Stephen	82 Old Colony Quincy, Mass.	
Simmons, Rena	Rt. #2 Gouverneur, N.Y.	Nursing

Sinclair, Gary	R.F.D. #1 Skowhegan, Me.	History Major
Smith, Donald	Rt. 2 Houlton, Me.	Minister
Smith, Janice	161 North St., Dalton, Mass.	
Smith, Judy	R.D. #1 Box 67 Sandy Lake, Pa.	
Smith, Linda	R.D. #2 Bedford, Pa.	
Snyder, Karen	422 W. Main St., Kutztown, Pa.	
Sparks, Rayelenn	Old Route 22 Pawling, N.Y.	Teacher
Spetz, Nancy	121 Bartmouth St., Warren, Pa.	Guidance Counselor
Staples, Howard	Iron Mine Hill Rd., Woonsocket, R.I.	
Stenson, Walter	118 Diane St., Quincy, Mass.	Teacher
Stewart, Bernard	385 Bow St., Stockdale, Pa.	Psychology Major
Stinson, Dean	32 Brook St., Hope Valley, R.I.	Teacher
Strohe, Jerry	1145 Washington St., Easton, Pa.	Education Major
Sturtevant, Stephanie	Hovey Rd., Milo, Me.	Elementary Teacher
Swift, Rachel	Troyer Rd., Monkton, Md.	
Tabor, James	Rt. #1 Troutville, Va.	Teacher
Tapley, Gary	R.F.D. #4 Houlton, Me.	Business Major
Tice, Jerry	912 Chamberlain Elmire, N.Y.	Architectural Engineering
Tinkham, Debra	R.D. #1 Apalachin, N.Y.	
Titus, Gary	Box 375 Campville Rd., Endicott, N.Y.	
Tracy, Joe	72 Wychwood Heights Littleton, Mass.	
Traver, Darlene	R.D. #5 Kalb Rd., Binghamton, N.Y.	Social Worker
Tribou, Carol	60 Pierce St., No. Weymouth, Mass.	Elementary Teacher
Utter, Carol	1312 Pine Acres Blvd., Bay Shore, N.Y.	Special Education Major
Utter, Grace	1312 Pine Acres Blvd., Bay Shore, N.Y.	Special Education Major
Wagner, Dianne	250 Main St., Cumberland, Me.	Elementary Teacher
Wall, John	Swamp Rd., Newton, Conn.	English Literature
Wallace, Paul	3102 River Rd., Hopeville, Va.	

Waltenberger, James	65 Dorset Rd., Holliston, Mass.	
Waltenberger, Michael	65 Dorset Rd., Holliston, Mass.	Music Instructor
Walton, Glenn	29 Cheriton Dr., Wollaston, Mass.	Minister
Warr, Barbara	Pratt Rd., Westfield, N.Y.	Teacher
Weatherbee, Charles	17 Rowell Ave., Lynn, Mass.	
Webb, Kathleen	761 Randolph St., So. Weymouth, Mass.	Special Education
Weeden, David	105 Mayflower Ridge Dr., Wareham, Mass.	Christian Work, Teacher
Weiss, Gayle	3113 Washington St., Bethlehem, Pa.	Nurse
Welbourn, Deborah	1516 Crawford St., Falcon Heights St. Paul, Minn.	Teacher
Wheeler, Stephen	75 W. Hazeltine Ave., Kenmore, N.Y.	Minister
White, Jossie	116 Eustis St., Roxbury, Mass.	Teacher
Whitehead, Wesley	107 Rebecca St., Irwin, Pa.	History and Law
Whitmer, Deborah	800 Alden St., Meadville, Pa.	Teacher
Wildasin, JoAnn	337 Barberry Dr., Hanover, Pa.	Interior Decorator
Willy C. Scott	49 Mt. Vernon Rd., E. Weymouth, Mass.	
Wilson, Sharon	1328 Mt. Herman Rd., Salisbury, Md.	Secretary
Winnett, Darlene	16 Cherry St., Whitman, Mass.	Archaeologist
Wise, Dorothea	26 Pantooset Rd., Hanover, Mass.	Teacher
Wise, Warner	3 Palm St., E. Millinocket, Me.	Biology
Wong, Alice	408 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass.	Education Major
Zaucha, Kenneth	1159 Westover Dr., S.E. Warren, Ohio	Professional Student

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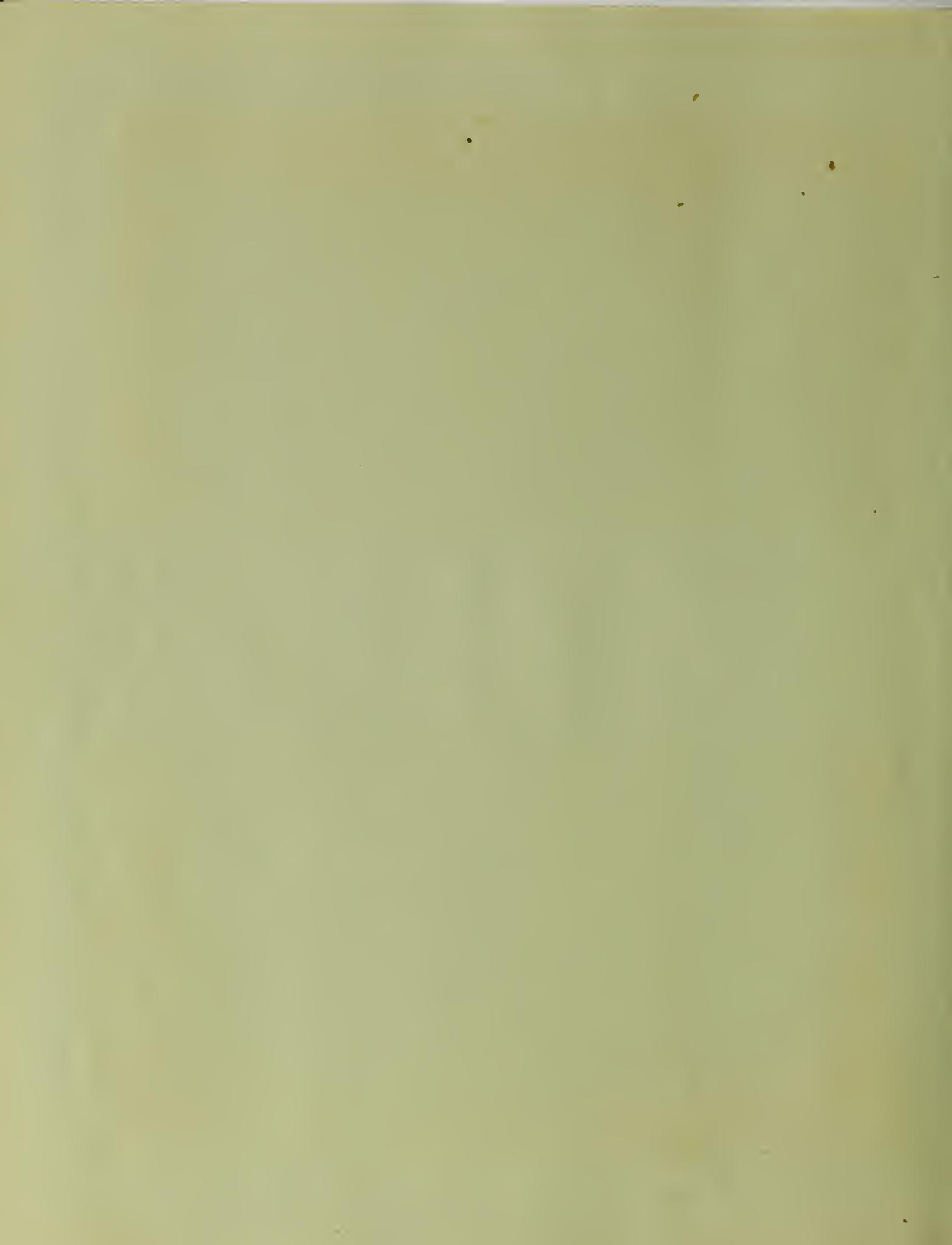
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Intellectual

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Jim Tabor



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