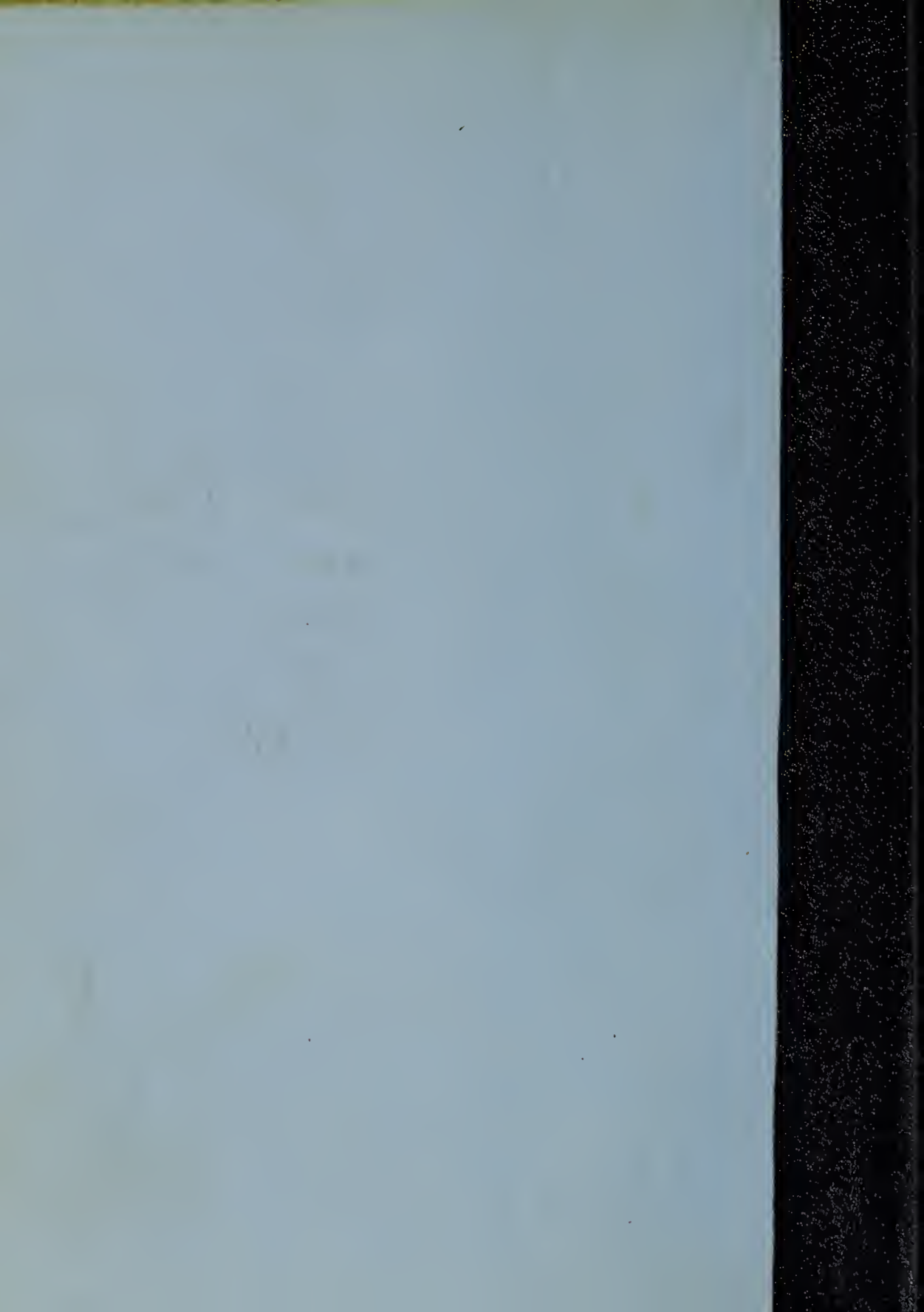
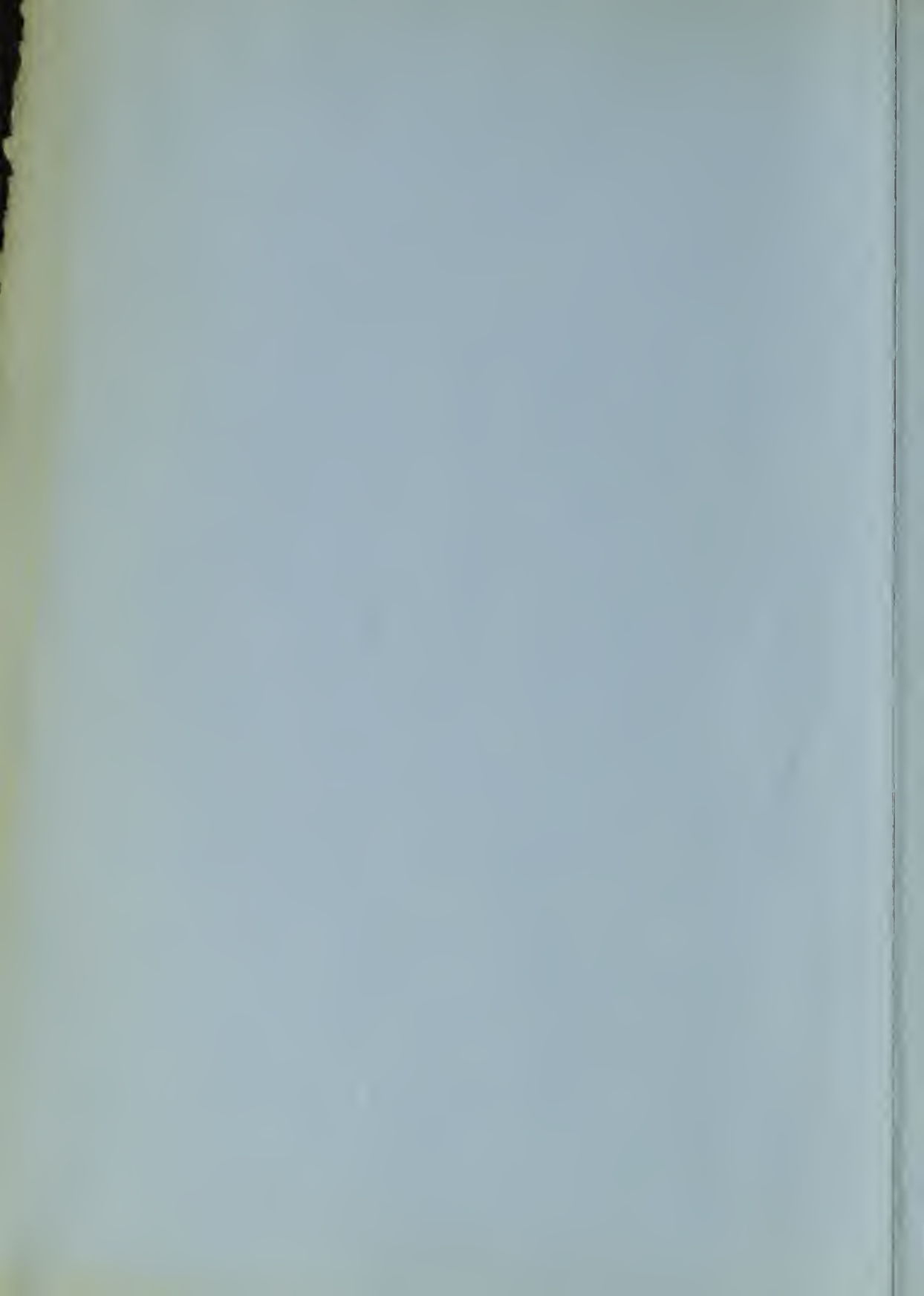


Green Book

1943

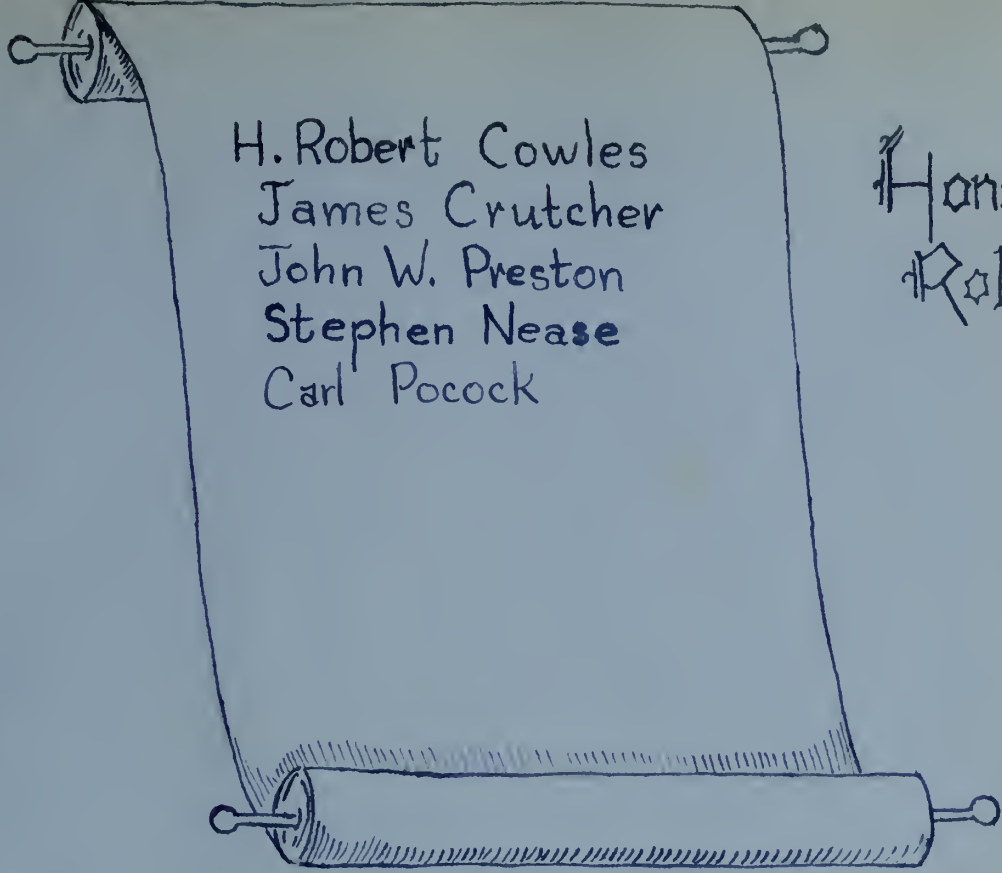




Greenbook ~ 1943



Patriotism



H. Robert Cowles
James Crutcher
John W. Preston
Stephen Nease
Carl Pocock

Honor
Roll

Dedication:

To the fellows who have left
our class and Eastern Nazarene College
to do their part in preserving the freedom
we cherish so dearly, the freshman class of 1943
dedicates this Greenbook.

Foreword

You who will read this book will judge the literary efforts of the Rhetoric class of 1943. But you will find interwoven into them the influence a year of war has had upon us. You will learn from these pages our thoughts, our beliefs, our ideals. You will find revealed a portrayal of our real personalities. For the Greenbook is not merely a record of the group: it is the expression of each one of us who make up the Rhetoric class of 1943.

Editorial

What radical changes can occur among a group of people within a short period of time!

The Freshman class of 1943, the largest ever to enroll at Eastern Nazarene College, is a veritable representation from many different parts of the country. Some of us are preachers' sons and daughters. Others of us are not. Yet we came here knowing that in this place we would find the Christian fellowship that we sought. Here we could prepare for lives of service for our Master.

We have made friends, some of whom we will cherish for always, and others with whom we will undoubtedly lose contact. Already our lives have been broadened. Like clay which is easily molded we have received the impress of the new, many-sided college life.

Even in this period of strife when our nation is involved in this inhuman struggle, we have found at college peace, security, and food for our minds and souls. God our Maker has enriched our natures.

From the beginning our boys have been receiving summons from Uncle Sam to join either the Army or Navy. We

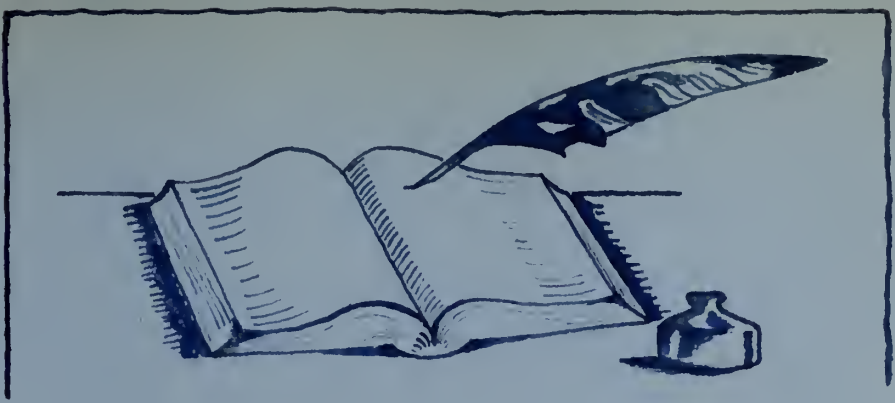
know, however, that in spite of this tragedy in which the best of lives may be sacrificed, God still reigns. His will be the victory, for our cause it is just.

Most of us were for the first time on our own, away from the guiding influence of our parents. Moreover, during days of strain such as these are it is impossible to proceed without a firm hold on Christ. We have come to understand what Christ can mean to us as individuals and to us as a group.

In our freshman year, encountering the difficulties that are bound to face every new student, even in time of peace, we have always found it expedient to take our every problem to Him who has been our Guide and to whom we look ever upward in faith.

As the year draws to a close, we know that we have reached only the first milestone. Now our task is to strive onward, growing in wisdom both mental and spiritual. We feel prepared for our next year, and with God as our able Commander we proceed with glad hearts, yet with hearts that realize our utter dependence on Him.

Helen Conner



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Wallace Dixon
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Paul Lockhart
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Typists.....Agnes Browne
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The Four Freedoms

by DANA PAYNE

SPEECH ~ RELIGION ~ WANT ~ FEAR

Behold, a land where people dwell oppressed,
By harsh imperial minds and fancies ruled,
A land where stalks the skeleton called Death
Who wields the sword o'er each despairing head
And holds each creature in his fearful power.

One master here will speak for all the horde
Of mad disciples — they that mimic loud
His voice, although they trembling stand,
And bear him homage, crying, "Hail!" when they
Bear only malice in their heart toward him;
One master speaks, and there be none about
Who dare gainsay his words.

Here churches, dedicated to the love
Of God and to His Glory stand forlorn,
Neglected, emptied of the throng that once
In worship kneeled, adoring Christ the Lord,
The One Who formed them from the dust, Who bent
In wondrous pity to redeem the world.
No loving pastors may attend their flock
Of humble members, nor may they proclaim

God's deathless Word, from Holy Scriptures culled.
The Master of this land asserts in bold
And brazen accents, "Hear, the State is your
Religion and your god; yea, more — behold,
I am the State!"

Dressed but in rags the tiny children play;
The clothes for them intended all are sent
Away to clothe the soldiers at the front.
They look for food and find a crust
Of bread, a piece of cheese, or tasteless soup.
They grow forever paler, thin each day.
What future nation will be built upon a
Starved child? What country can withstand
The scourge of want?

But why do people bow their once proud heads
In homage to the one they thus abhor?
What power mysterious binds them in these chains
And turns their hope to miserable despair?
It is the mighty god, the god of Fear.
Fear makes them kneel before his altar high
And offer him their sacrifice of Life;
Fear makes them shrink before the scepter held
By that all-powerful Master of the state;

Fear makes them all obey his harsh commands
And offer no resistance to his power.
Their spirit dulled, their soul insensible,
They wander on, and grope for some escape,
Some respite from the awful reign of Fear.

Yet in our land we know no chaining rules
That makes us quiet the longings of our heart;
We are not forced to bow to human lord.
But we can worship as we deem it best;
We have our tables spread with plenteous food,
And we are clothed in comfort and in style;
We know no enslavement by the god of Fear:
We have our spirit and our soul still free.

It is this key of Freedom that unlocks
The door that opens to a better world.
And we shall know a world of peace and love
When every land has been at last set free.



Letters



Dear Prof. Spangenburg,

With the middle of the week comes the Writing Muse urging me to pen a theme or a letter.

My first two weeks in the Navy have left me feeling contented, healthy, and enthusiastic. The quality of self-reliance developed at E. N. C. has helped me greatly to adjust myself to Navy life and routine. Here we are taught self-reliance, independence, co-operation, discipline and cleanliness. If anything can be said about the Navy one can say it is clean.

Someone has said that civilization is only a thin veneer covering the animalistic element of man. I found this observance quite true in regards to chow. Hungered by continuous marching and drilling, the new recruits attacked their food savagely.

Marching especially appeals to me. The sharp commands of the chief Petty officer, the rhythmic tramping of feet, the co-ordinated swing of arms and legs, the even rows of men and the martial strains of the band create in me a strong enthusiasm for order and for action.

The sole essence of marching is to create the ability to receive and like discipline, keynote of all military life.

It seems I have written about enough. I hope my literary blunders have not been too injurious to your own literary finesse.

Your former pupil,

Jimmy Crutcher

Dear Prof. Span,

Since the first wave of homesickness has passed over me and disappeared, I feel I may attempt to write you without distorting too severely the view of army life.

Camp McCain is a new place, having been started just last October, and since I am among the first of the rookies to come here, you probably have heard little or nothing about the place. Being new, it hasn't all the conveniences of a veteran camp, but the facilities are adequate. It is located in the north central part of Mississippi and was named after Major General Henry P. McCain of World War I fame.

I do not regret the semester I spent in college. There is a distinction given the college student which will have a direct bearing on his success at army life. Coming directly from a Christian home to this lonely, worldly life is not easy unless one has some intermediate step like being away at school for a semester.

Your ex-Rhetoric student,
Robert Cowles

Who's Who in Rhetoric

Violet Adams

Esther Anderson

Paul Andrews

Ruth Bass

Dick Beck

Alberta Betts

Agnes Browne

Marcia Carlson

Ray Charette

Bob Clifford

Helen Conser

Robert Cowles

James Crutcher

Vernon Curry

Leland Davis

Harriet Dickinson

Wallace Dixon

Margaret Dunlap

David Eby

Fred Evans

Innocents Abroad

Glenna Collett

The Pathfinder

Orphan Annie

Daddy Longlegs

Dolly Madison

Emily Dickinson

Kate Smith

Daniel Webster

David Harum

Little Eva

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Teddy Roosevelt

Rockwell Kent

Stephen Foster

Louisa

Emerson

Blondie

Henry Aldrich

Harold Teen

Ann France

Eunice Grosse

June Hamilton

John Harris

Jo Lanpher

Paul Lockhart

Everson Lovejoy

Vivian Lucas

Phoebe Lusk

Carol Maddox

Calvin Maybury

Fay Mitchell

Stephen Nease

John North

Miriam Park

Dana Payne

Irene Plant

Carl Pocock

John Preston

Frances Rogers

Clara Barton

B. Fairfax

Ann Rutledge

John P. Jones

Helen W. Moody

L. Tibbett

Dagwood

Innocents Abroad

Priscilla

Myra Hess

Penrod

Betsy Ross

John Smith

Huckleberry Finn

A. Gardner

Dorothy Thompson

Goldilocks

Prof. Earle

Edison

Jo March

Paul Rogers

Margaret Shaw

Gilbert Sterling

Leona Staten

Ray Stewart

Dave Strack

Eleanor Sunberg

Alma Swenk

Bill Taylor

Jean Thorne

Juanita Thorpe

Ethel Turpel

Robert Utter

Martha Watkins

Cornelius Whetstone

Gay White

Beatrice Wool

Sam

Molly Pitcher

Baby Dumpling

Innocents Abroad

Woodrow Wilson

Daniel Boone

Helen Jepson

Tillie the Toiler

Dwight Moody

S. V. Anthony

Cornelia Otis Skinner

Whistler's Mother

Deacon

Olive Oil

Patrick Henry

F. Perkins

Mollie Stark

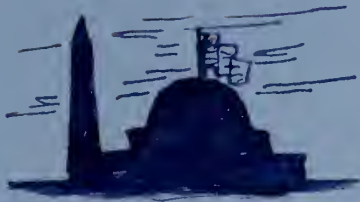
AMERICA



the

BEAUTIFUL

Washington, D.C.



It was late afternoon in Washington. As the traveler views the national capitol building silhouetted against the evening sky, a thrill shakes his soul, a feeling of protection engulfs him as he gazes at the magnificent edifice towering toward the heavens.

As he draws nearer to the capitol and can distinguish its tall columns and large doorway, he notices the people running up and down the steps. The person hastily fleeing down the steps and jumping into his parked car is very likely a senator or a congressman.

Looming up behind the capitol is the Washington monument, beautiful standing there alone. As dusk creeps on he sees a dim red light flicker in one of the small windows. Trudging along for a while he walks up a pathway leading to the famous Washington Monument. How tall it seems as he draws nearer. Five hundred and fifty five feet are quite an altitude as he stands at the base looking up.

People walking in and out of the door of the monument

laugh and joke among themselves. Venturing in, the traveler enters the elevator and starts going up-up-up-still going up. Then suddenly he feels as though going down, but actually he is at the top and the gate opens, admitting him into a small square corridor of which the elevator is the center.

There from the top of the monument the whole of Washington spreads out on all sides. From one window, which seems rather large now, he sees the Potomac river. To the left is a map-like view of the city itself. From another window he sees the capitol and from the fourth the Lincoln Memorial. This is how Washington appears to the birds. While standing there looking down upon the greatest city in the world, he thanks his God for the privilege of living in a country so rich in history and ideals.

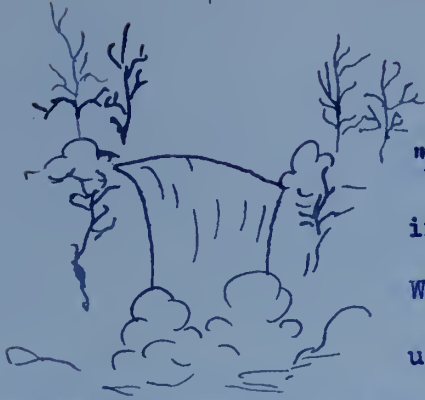
After coming down from the monument he heads toward another superb building, the Lincoln Memorial. He notes the light burning inside, and as he nears the Memorial he catches the outline of some great man sitting in a huge chair looking down upon the visiting people. As he approaches still nearer he distinguishes the features of our ex-president Abraham

Lincoln, who appears to be alive. His eyes look sympathetic from one angle, but almost stern from another. The changing expressions on Lincoln's face absorb him for nearly an hour before he turns and walks out into the city of white marble, bethed in moonlight.

Eunice Grosse

"What you want in Washington is to have a city which everyone who comes from Maine, Texas, Florida, Arkansas, or Oregon can admire as being something finer and more beautiful than he had ever dreamed of before; something which makes him even more proud to be an American."---James Bryce

A Child Flies the Niagara



The

he newspaper headline "Niagara Frozen for First Time in Years" reached father on Wednesday. Within a few minutes he decided to take a trip to see it himself. On Friday morning the family boarded an early train for Niagara Falls. We arrived on a crisp, cold Saturday morning. The sun's rays blinded us as they danced upon the frozen crusts, but soon we became accustomed to the brightness. As we walked to the falls, the hard packed snow crunched under our boots.

Suddenly we beheld a park with glass trees. Surely they could not be real so beautiful were they as the sun touched their branches and set them ablaze. Yet they were real trees. The mists of the falls had draped the beautiful icy mantle over them. Walking between them, we heard them sigh softly under their stiff adornment. As we gazed across the broad expanse from the falls to the other lesser falls and to the Canadian falls we noticed the width of the mighty river now locked in Winter's ice.

We soon descended by elevator to the tourist house at the bottom of the falls. First we warmed ourselves by the radiators, then stepped out of the house and walked to the bottom of that frozen mountain.

I shall never forget my thoughts as I stood there. A small gush of water still plunged noisily from the top. Just one week before I knew the entire precipice must have been hidden under a mighty volume of rushing, roaring water. Now a mightier Power had stretched forth His hand and commanded, "Be still." All the waters obeyed immediately. Intricate designs never seen by man were revealed as each current, each leaping plume of water and spray stopped where they were and became pure white solids.

If the Power that held this awful giant would release him now, would the ice break away and fall on me to punish me for standing on that unsullied spot that the falls had jealously and persistently insured against trespassers? Here was I, a mere child, jerring brazenly at the grand old falls in his weakness by daring to stand there where ordinarily his might would have crushed me.

I truly pitied the helpless giant as from his frozen eyes he watched puny man pry into his secrets, desecrate his favorite spots, and laugh into his face.

Olma Mae Swent.

"The Niagara of edifices."---Horace Greeley

The Pride of the Yankees



Israel Putnam Memorial Park--or as it is more commonly known, Putnam Park,--is the pride of Southwest Connecticut. No matter how many times one walks through the historic iron gate he never ceases to thrill to the thoughts of the countless exciting events which have taken place there. In recent years the grounds have been made over into an amusement park, but the rustic cabins, the tiny lake, the battered footbridges, and the ancient cemetery dating back to Revolutionary Days are still there.

Perhaps of greatest interest to outsiders is the old museum perched at the top of a high hill. The very air of the place is suggestive of by-gone days. One could gaze for hours at the beautifully hand-carved cradles, imagine the colonial maidens humming to the whir of the rapidly turning spinning wheel, and visualize the thrilling battles in which the bayonets were the chief weapons. The worn money, romantic colonial costumes, the flag

borne by General Israel Putnam into battle, and the artistic paintings, dainty China, and pieces of old-fashioned furniture provide ample entertainment for the curious information seeker.

Tearing ourselves away from the treasures of the museum we walk casually down the pebble-covered road which winds around the park. Suddenly we find ourselves at the tiny iron gate of a well cared for cemetery. The sunken graves, weather-beaten tombstones, and bent over trees remind one of the brave soldiers buried there who gave their lives that this nation might live and be free. In the middle of the cemetery is a tall monument erected in memory of all the soldiers who fought in the Revolutionary War. The rusty cannon planted in front of the monument presents a grim, forbidding appearance as if daring someone to molest it.

Of most interest to the children is the row of yawning caves, filled with silvery cobwebs and terrifying spiders which line the side of the hill. Hundreds of weird, yet wonderful, stories have been told as to

the origin of these great dens. Some say the Revolutionary troops used them to hide and ambush the enemy when they came charging by. Others say that they were used as a refuge for wounded soldiers. No matter what their story, they are among the most romantic of the natural beauties of the park.

Flourance Mitchell

Of all the mighty nations
In the east or in the west,
O this glorious Yankee nation
Is the greatest and the best.
We have room for all creation,
And our banner is unfurled,
Here's a general invitation
To the people of the world.
---Jesse Hutchinson, Jr.

Purple Mountain's Majesty



The beauty and wonder of mountains has always seemed to me a symbol of everlasting strength. The Catskill mountains of New York State cannot boast of lifting their peaks the highest, but still they hold for me a deeper beauty than many of the haughtier ranges.

Looking across fields of trembling daisies in the Spring, you can see from my front porch the curving beauty of the Catskill mountains, stately and serene, spreading an atmosphere of peace and contentment about the valley below. Here the trees are light green, but there they appear dark and misty with deep dark shadows like folds of black velvet clinging to the mountain side. Ascending the mountain and viewing it from the lofty eagle's perch, we notice the trees forming a carpet with everchanging patterns of shade and color. Range upon range of mountains lie in the background. Sometimes the farthest mountain appears bright and purple and at other times it is but a mist. Here and there dotting the landscape are cars

resembling many busy ants scurrying across the ground and a toy village with the giant mountain overlooking its every movement. Lakes look like so many jewels set in some king's crown.

As evening comes on and the sun begins to set, the green of the foliage below turns first gold, then amber and red. The little toy village is on fire as the melting sun bathes all in its fiery farewell. The streams and lakes disappear. Soon the long slender fingers of night leave their shadowy imprints on the landscape below.

Breathing in the last full measure of beauty from this priceless moment we leave our lofty perch and once more wend our way to the dusky valley below. Here and there lights are blinking on all over the hillsides, looking like millions of man-made stars. The valley is hushed with the breath of evening. The majestic mountain now looms ominous and foreboding behind us. The green gown has been changed for one of deep solemn black. Gone are the gold and silver lights. Gone are the dancing gems of lakes and streams. The wonder and solemnity of this

purple mountain's majesty holds us spellbound. Holding
our breath lest we break the stillness we stand in wonder
and amazement at God's handiwork.

Marcia C. Curson

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

---Thomas Campbell

"Mountains are the earth's undecaying monuments."---Hawthorne

With Liberty and Justice for All



I was standing in Battery Park. Across the waters, about a half mile away, was the object of my attention. My whole being tingled with the thought that I live in a land of freedom. Standing before me in silent glory was the Statue of Liberty. The murky waters of New York harbor gently patted the rocky base of Bedloes Island on which the bronze image was placed. As the sun poured its last rays upon the statue, it seemed to soften the solid metal as easily as it melted the hearts of the observers.

About me were countless numbers of people. Although the spring air was cool, almost every hat was removed in homage to this symbol of our democracy. No one laughed or spoke. There was silence, disturbed only by the sonorous fog horns and tinkling buoys.

Within a few minutes the gigantic figure began to be enveloped in the shadows of the night. Soon I could see only the outlines of the statue silhouetted against the lights of the city. In the uplifted arm of the statue was the glowing torch of liberty, a simple reminder of the freedom that we of the United States of America enjoy.

Miriam Park



Washington, the state of tall evergreens,
red salmon, bungalows, and delicious apples.
Mount Rainier is its height and the Pacific
Ocean its depth.

Carol Mae Maddox

White marble buildings, clean broad avenues,
bright lights, many cars, tired sightseers,
beautiful parks---this is Washington, D. C.,
capitol of the U. S. A.

Eunice Grosse



Rhode Island, the midget state of the Union. Three hundred year old buildings stand as shrines. Even in the busiest thoroughfare monuments rise in honor of her early settlers.

Jay White



Her Green Mountains, marble quarries, peaceful valleys, nestling sleepy villages, sparkling brooks, and beautiful lakes make one responsive to the majesty of nature in Vermont.

Mrs. L. Langdon



Maryland, the northernmost state of the South and the southernmost state of the North; home of famous race tracks and the Chesapeake Bay oyster; a haven for yachters; birthplace of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Wallace Dixon



Concord bridge, Paul Revere; the Boston Massacre; "Sons of Liberty" and Samuel Adams, narrow streets and old buildings of Boston; Indian wars; Salem witches; museums, libraries; shipping and commerce; Walden, Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott; codfish and baked beans---all these make Massachusetts.

Agnes E. Browne



Connecticut has retained the flavor of colonial days with its historic parks, rambling farmhouses, and tidy, pious villages. Its towns are restorations of those burned by the British in the Revolutionary War, and its quaint museums hold treasures of early American days.

Florence Mitchell



Delaware is the home of the DuPonts, a narrow state with a damp climate and rich fields of corn and tomatoes occasionally divided by luxuriant forests. The highway which stretches from north to south is the backbone from which radiate roads to rural districts and resort beaches.

Paul Andrews



New Jersey---airplane factories and truck farms, busy cities and lazy seaside resorts, the state where anything can happen.

Robert H. Utter



From the lofty buildings of New York City to the laden orchards of upper New York State weighty prosperity flourishes. Looking through the misty haze of Hudson River spray we see the pride of all nations coming to dock in New York's Harbor. The rush and whir of defense plants now deadens the laughter of New York's night life, while even the majestic cathedrales are bathed in the activity of war. But even a greater glory is given her---the keeping of our very symbol of freedom, the Statue of Liberty.

Marcia L. Carlson



Ohio, the "Buckeye" state. Sloping hills lead down to fertile, green level stretches where clean farmhouses dot the landscape. Busy cities house factories which produce America's pottery and steel.

Ann. France.



Pennsylvania, the keystone of the Arch of the thirteen colonies, the site of the signing of The Declaration of Independence, the home of the Super Highway, the producer of the black diamond called anthracite, the state famous for its Pennsylvania-Dutch cooking, the mother of the world's smokiest city, and the most consistent Republican stronghold in American history.

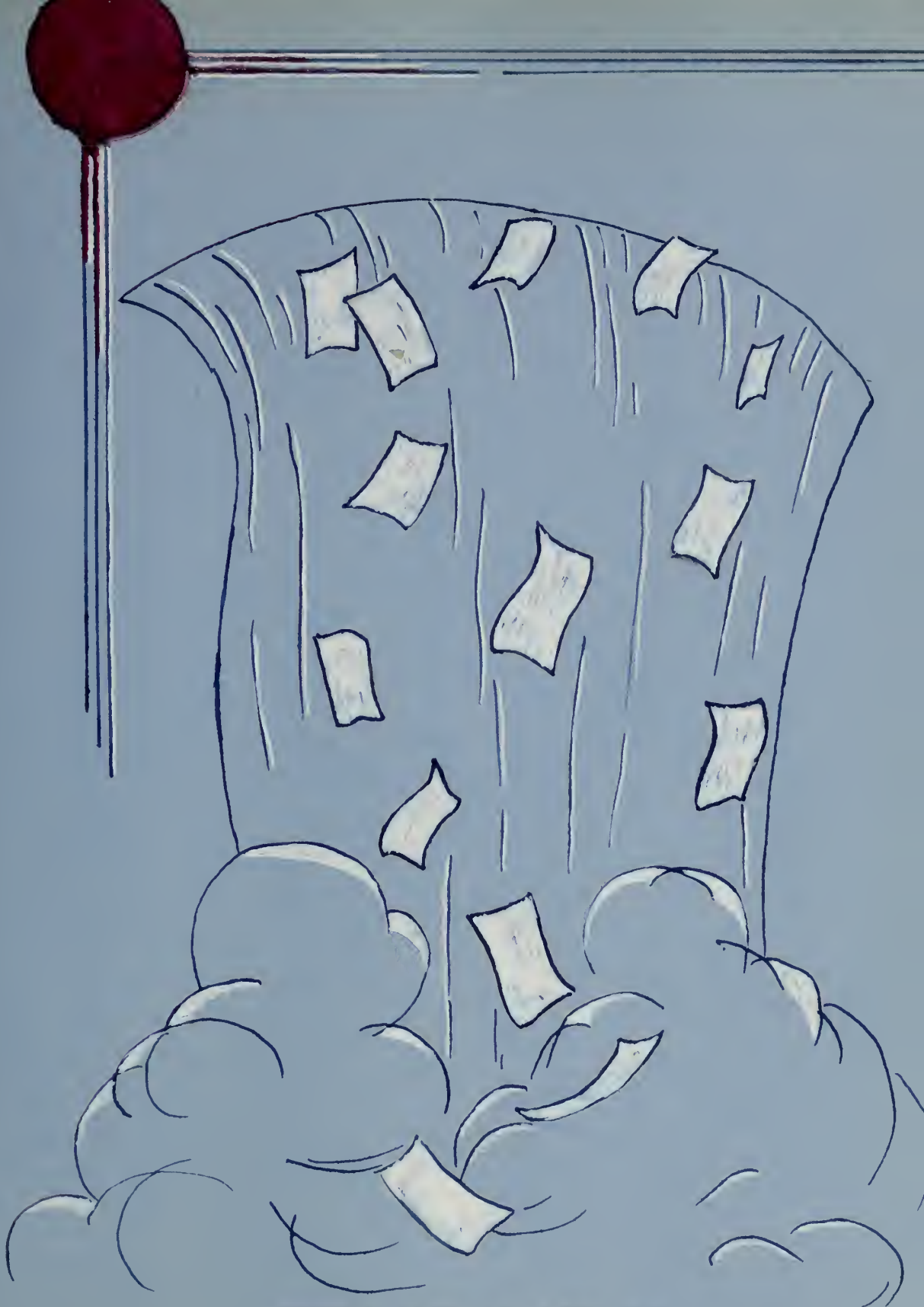
Cornelius C. Whetstone



Against a background of monotonously level landscapes are the fragrant orange blossoms and tropical palms, gilded by vivid sunsets. St. Augustine, the Fountain of Youth, the Bok Singing Tower, and old colonial forts are other historical attractions. *John Harris.*

Maine, state of small towns, summer resorts, silvery beaches, harbors and shipyards, set against a background of fragrant spruce forests and landscapes blossoming like well kept gardens.

Margaret Shaw



T H E M E S



Merchant Marine



The men of the armed forces are being honored these days. They deserve all the glory accorded them. But the unsung heroes of our country's

effort are her merchant seamen. To be sure you have seen many headlines about merchant vessels sunk and crews drowned, but that's about all the average person knows about them. Who are they? What are they doing? Why are they heroes?

Perhaps no other type of work attracts so wide a variety of men. A boy of fourteen runs away from home and becomes a mess boy on a nondescript tramp steamer. A high school graduate on the first tidal wave of freedom seeks adventure on the decks of a sleek motor vessel. A college graduate confidently sits for an assistant engineer's license. A weatherbeaten old Norwegian becomes a master. A hotel proprietor tires of his routine life and qualifies for ship's steward. A drunkard needs more money for liquor and ships out as wiper. A strapping

big fellow with poor eyesight compensates for his failure to qualify for the Navy by joining the Merchant Marine. Men from every race, class, and profession unite their abilities to give America seamen of whom she has a right to be proud.

Unlike other jobs which demand individuals to meet many requirements, going to sea demands only grit. A seaman has to be tough. He has to be able to take it. When a man comes to an office of the United States Merchant Marine Inspectors no one will examine him for stamina. He gets his necessary papers, finds a ship, and sails. He proves that he either has it or does not have it when the test is real. If he keeps his head and does his duty when the pressure is on, he has the essential mark of a true seaman.

Taking more chances than sailors of Columbus's day, these men sail overloaded steamers and motor vessels with a coolness and a skill that should be recognized by the people of this country as heroic. Armed only with make-shift batteries, freighters and tankers have no more

chance against German subs than did the old Spanish galleons with their one cannon against the pirate sloops. Yet men ship time and again determined to deliver the goods.

At my work in the Inspectors' office I had the opportunity of interviewing the only survivor of a torpedoed tanker, In spite of this dreadful experience, the lad remained in port only long enough to get the necessary certificates.

Our seamen are supplying our soldiers, sailors, marines, and aviators with food, fuel, and ammunition. They are supplying us with oil, cocoa beans, and coffee. They are delivering to the fighting men what they need to defeat the Axis. As they do all this they are in as great a peril to their lives as are the uniformed men, and go about their work quietly, efficiently, nobly. Our merchant seamen are doing their part well and bravely. Americans, they are worthy of our praise.

Uma Mae Smith

The Scarred Earth



As I stood on the crest of a hill the rising sun drove away the night's shadows. The coal mine in the valley below became slowly visible through the rising mist. First I saw the top of the shaft, then allowed my eyes to follow a load of coal along the conveyor belt into the massive building of faded red on the right, known as the "breaker". To the left were the bleak, sombre piles of slate and stone which had been separated from the coal in the "breaker". The view on the mountain slope on the other side of the valley was a direct contrast to the slope on the top of which I was standing.

The floor of the valley and the nearer mountain slope were blackened by the banks of refuse material separated from the coal. These banks, known to cell miners as "rock banks", stand out like huge scabs upon the epidermis of the earth. The bank on the left is pock-marked in two or three places with con-shaped breaches which have resulted from the removing of coal far beneath the earth's surface. The rains and snows of many seasons have practically filled

these "breaches." The rock bank offers very little nourishment to vegetation, but a few scrub-oaks and blackberry bushes have grown up, forming a ring of green around these scummy, stagnant pools.

Upon walking to one of the "breaches" I was startled to see a large perch snap a mosquito wiggler from the surface of the water. I could not understand how fish could survive in this stagnant water, but soon realized that the number of mosquitoes that are bred there were sufficient to feed all the fish that the "breach" could hold. Standing on the edge of the "breach" I looked to my right and to my left and saw nothing but black rock banks with red wooden shanties here and there to give the outside employees of the company a place in which to escape the cold winter winds and the sudden showers of summer.

I now turned about face and was almost amazed at the sight which met my gaze. There was a mountain side that had not been attacked by man with his steam shovels, pneumatic drills, and dynamite. A modern, three-lane

highway descended the slope. The moss-covered remains of an old electric power station stood knee-deep in scrub oaks, and here and there a stately pine reared its lofty head above all surrounding objects. A mountain brook, bordered by fuzzy pussy-willow trees, babbled and gurgled its way over the rocks and into the conduit under the highway. Standing here on the edge of the pool, I could see nature in all its beauty, and by a simple turn of the head could see too what havoc man's frantic search for fuel has done to the landscape.

Cornelius C. Whetstone

This is the gospel of labor, ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with the men
who work;

This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-curst
soil:

Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of Earth
is toil.

---Henry Van Dyke

From the Chemistry Laboratory



The chemistry laboratory can change the most self-reliant egotist into a fearful, timorous, apprehensive creature.

When the laboratory session begins everyone is in high spirits ready for work. As each student collects the chemicals for the day's experiment and deftly sets up his apparatus, he soliloquizes on the accuracy of the results he is sure of attaining. Each vies with his neighbors for the most accurate weighing. Each is sure that this is going to be the most successful experiment he has ever performed.

The work progresses; everyone is sniffing the pungent odor characteristic of the substance being made and noting the greenish-yellow color of the gas. The sense of success is overwhelming. The professor looks on his prodigies with growing satisfaction. Then crash! Someone forgets for an instant the law of gravity and the chemical composition of glass, thereby setting free for the enjoyment of all the irritating, choking vapors of chlorine gas. Students at

neighboring desks gather around to sympathize with the unfortunate victim until the professor steps and consoles him by designating the price of the flask as only fifty cents, and reminding him that in order to have a sufficient amount of gas for later tests he will have only to clean up his equipment, repeat the tedious weighings, and start afresh. The finality of this statement sends the sympathizers back to overheated mixtures or reversed reactions. Each must work with lightning speed to recover the equilibrium and steady flow of gas.

There may have been one individual who had self-control enough to stem the tide of curiosity and the inherent attractiveness of disaster. He will finish early, clean up his apparatus, and proceed to answer the questions. After searching through four or five textbooks for results that at least resemble his, he pokes through the wastebasket for a clue to the uncanny deductions he is forced to make. Then, after a consultation with two or three other students and the laboratory assistant, he discovers which chemical he substituted for the right one. Having used up all of

the gas he spent the afternoon making he finds it necessary to beg, borrow, or as a last resort, make more. For this poor fellow one can only say, "He that is first shall be last."

Since the laboratory closes at five-fifteen, the students who have progressed more slowly usually have time to put their equipment away by five twenty-nine. One by one they leave discouraged and crest-fallen, mumbling under their breath that next time they'll do better.

Gay White

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
---Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Call of the Orient



Deeply imprinted within my memory are images of a typical Indian bazaar. To call it a marketplace would be insufficient for it is really the nucleus or

heart around which Indian community life exists.

On approaching it, a strangely obnoxious yet enticing odor assails one. The combination of sweet-meats, deeply frying in thick, dark colored grease; spicy wafts from hot chili concoctions; fruit and vegetable stalls; burning incense from perhaps some precinct; the peculiar odor of the people themselves, the lowest of whose clothing and bodies testify to a lack of recent cleansing, in contrast to the spotless Brahman, strongly perfumed and generously oiled, all tend to repel yet draw us further along.

Once in the bazaar, our eyes are treated to the greatest variety of scenes, both colorful and drab. Indians like bright colors, the loudest of these being donned for bazaaring. Their wealth is revealed in clothes and jewelry.

Women are weighted down with silver anklets, bracelets, toe,

nose, and earrings. Soft satins and shimmering silks are the vogue.

The bazaar is the center of social life. Here young and old congregate, chattering, purchasing tidbits, or merely strolling up and down the uneven, narrow, dirt roads for pleasure.

In the shop fronts everything imaginable is put on display, most articles being partially obscured by a thick layer of dust, or looking rather battered and weather-worn having been exposed to sun, wind, and rain through weeks at a time. Buckets, cooking utensils, stoves, pipelines, and lanterns dangle awkwardly from the low rafters, threatening the heads of all people over five feet, two inches. Inside, these so-called stores resemble a junk shop more than anything else, goods being stacked about on the floor and all closets stuffed to overflowing. Lastly is the indispensable, fat "bunya" (or accountant), who sits cross-legged on his mat in the corner, yelling instructions to stupid youngsters, who do their level best to secure desired articles for sale. The floor serves as the counter,

as is well demonstrated when goods are flung out, yards at a time, for customers to admire.

The places of worship create another phase of interest. Natives, their countenances blank or dejected, enter and leave the temples, from which issue out at regular intervals the unearthly sound of gongs, symbols, and weird cries, which supposedly lull the hideous stone images to sleep!

So it is that life revolves about a bazaar. I have seen one often. I have felt the mystery of one and become gripped by the reality of the sordidness of the people's fate. As a child, brought up near such surroundings, I have known a deep fascination within me for the life of the Orient.

Helen Conner

My Brother and I



Always there is one bitter drop in the cup of human happiness ---the one thing which keeps life from becoming too enjoyable. When I was very small I was certain I

had found mine. It had all the human characteristics including a will as stubborn as my own; it bore the impressive name of William James Rutherford; and it occupied the position in society of my dear, my only brother.

As I regard him today, strong and well-built, six feet in height, the thought crosses my mind that the age of miracles has not yet passed when this perfect specimen can be the result of the harsh treatment and punishment suffered at my merciless hands during earlier years.

The truth is, when he came along I was too young to appreciate babies as babies. However, I found it very convenient to have a diminutive captive to burn at the stake in an exciting game of cowboys and Indians. Then, too, he substituted very well for a barrel to roll up and down the long piazza. But when, accidentally, he rolled down the

stairs, his consequent vocal rendition, very unlike a barrel, brought all the grown-ups rushing to the scene. From then on this delightful pastime was taboo.

"Between the dark and the daylight" in our house was, not the children's hour, but a period of rush and bustle, when appetizing odors arose from the stove as supper was prepared-and I watched the baby rebelliously. Everything was exciting and interesting out there in the kitchen, while I must stay with William. On one particular evening we were both extremely bored with this arrangement. Suddenly I chanced to remember the fun I had had that morning playing in a neighbor's sand box. Although our house could not boast of sand, we had a bountiful supply of smooth, golden corn meal. To think was to act. I obtained the carton and poured the entire contents on the rug. At first we attempted to construct houses and roadways, but we were hampered by the smoothness of the meal which prevented its clinging together. Then William discovered that a handful flung into the air produced a sight very pleasing to the eye. That shower of gold was beautiful as it fell against

the dark of the rug.

A strong hand prevented further operations; a strong arm quickly propelled me from the room. I got a swift sight of William sitting amid a veritable sea of the stuff, his gleeful crow rapidly changing to a whimper of fright. But he need not have worried. It was I and I alone who was punished for the entire affair. That is, at that time. When I got him alone, full justice was meted out!

In spite of these and various other ordeals we both managed to survive our early years. Today as a polite, well-trained pair, we provide excellent advertising as to the value of a strict bringing-up.

Agnes E. Browne



ery few students realize that they should come to college not only to better themselves, but to further the school as well. A college is judged by the achievements of its graduates as much as by the efficient manner in which the courses are presented. It is known that the average college student pays only fifty percent of the expenses involved in offering an education. We, as students, should realize our fortunate position and endeavor to make the most of the investments of others by proving ourselves worthy citizens in school as well as in later life. We can show our appreciation for this institution and its backers by receiving from the school the best that it has to offer. Society demands living returns from its investments.

Wallace Dixon



peace, rest, and quiet.

Suddenly: "Bender!" Another

voice snatches the cry: "Bender!"

And a third wrests it away:

"Bender!" Locks click as doors

pop open. There is the confusion of many voices, and in the hall, a basketball is being dribbled and passed. One can hear the spank of the ball as it stops in the receiver's hands. "Hey Ken!" someone yells, and the floor vibrates under the ensuing tussle. But there is another sound, more ominous, and this time from the stairs. "All right, fellows. Break it up." With one accord they agree, "O. K., Prof." Retreating to their rooms, they argue over the outcome, torn between prospects of bed or a revival of the frolic. Slowly, like a dying ember, the conversation ceases. Bed has won.

Robert Cowles



he sermon was finished, and the closing hymn had been announced. In reverent tones the pipe organ began the first strains of "Softly and Tenderly," and a perceptible change swept over the audience. The evangelist, towering above the stately pulpit, stood almost silhouetted against the pastel shades of the archway behind him. His hand was uplifted in a gesture of invitation. As his eyes combed the congregation, he pleaded gently above the crescendo of the organ: "Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing...." A figure broke away from his row, and his feet sounded hard against the aisle as he fled for refuge. He pressed the altar firm against himself, and shook in sobs. "Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home...." The swell had not died when another form hastened by. And another. Suddenly, there were many feet, and many people. "...Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home." The final tones of the organ were lost in the muffled voices of those praying at the altar. From the midst rose a firm voice: "O God, our Father, we thank Thee...."

Robert Cowles

My Childhood Walden



I can recall how I walked on the dark, spongy earth. It gave me extreme pleasure to watch the ground springing back into the original shape after I had so rudely stepped upon it. I enjoyed hearing the crackle of the pine needles as I ambled about the hard, firm bases of the tall, towering pines. The leafy arms of these trees usually beckoned me, and I remember the pleasure I felt when I reached my home in the seclusion of the prickly pine boughs. I remember too the pain I experienced when I lost grip of a branch and slid down the sandpaper sides of the tree. For days after my escapade I would carry black, rosinous marks on the livid skin around my bruised arms and knees.

I can still picture the height of the sky as I looked at it from a safe distance on the earth. The clear, impenetrable blue shone through the green foliage of the oaks and the pines and the birches, making a pattern never to be equaled by the hand of man. The sunshine seemed to be noisy, for it fell sharply upon the small, round rocks and the shiny evergreens.

I could always scent a fresh sassafras tree as a dog can scent a rabbit. I can still remember my delight when I saw this tree before me and would dig eagerly around the pungent soil to its roots. After much toil, I would pull off a piece of the ambrosian-like, delicious white meat. Its smell and taste were so cloying that even now I long for a piece. In nearby bushes the shiny huckleberry and blueberry bushes would also tempt me to carry some home. Within a few minutes, however, I held only a handful of crushed berries with a strong, purplish juice flowing onto my once white handkerchief.

Above me I heard the lively chatter of the woodpecker, the arguing of the bluejay, and the melodious sounds of the birds unseen. As I looked on the ground, sometimes I would see a small bird lying prone. Once, I remember, I borrowed my mother's bread pan as protection for a sparrow that had breathed its last in my presence.

After such an incident, I no longer felt the cheering sunshine or heard the happy chuckles of the animals and birds or cared for the now limpid sassafras root. No longer

I desired to touch the cold, prickly pine needles. I was tired. Night had come. A snake scurried into the bushes and sent my feet home at a tempo set by the accompaniment of night's somber music.

Mission Park

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days now.---William Wordsworth

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view.---

Samuel Woodworth

Alice, a childish story take
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where childhood's dreams
are twined
In Memory's mystic band
Like pilgrim's wreath of flowers
Plucked in a far-off land.---

Charles L. Dodgson

For Freedom



Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
Tramp! Framp! The weird and
rythnical sound of marching feet
approached a small village in
Austria. "Company halt! Present

arms!" shouted an officer who was extremely domineering. The young, well built soldiers presented their arms with quick and deliberate movements. Then they turned and entered the village.

The natives were all hiding, but at a loud sharp command to appear they slowly came out of their houses and huddled together before the soldiers. There were about two hundred men and women living in the village. The major occupation was farming.

The officer walked briskly toward the people and stood before them. He looked at them with cold, steel-like eyes and said in a harsh German voice, "We want to know where the secret air field is that you people are hiding." Not a person moved as his cruel, penetrating glance searched them for a sign of weakness. The officer walked toward

one end of the group and pointed at a small, frail man who was trembling like the ripples of a lake. He had on a small green hat and a bright red tie that clashed with his green suit. "You!!-take off your hat or I'll have you shot, immediately." The hat toppled to the ground. "Step forward." The wilted man was rudely shoved forward with the help of a steel bayonet. "Tell me where your airport is located, and we will spare your life." He flung himself at the foot of the officer and cried, "I will tell! I will tell! -only spare my life. It lies---over-ov-o-ah ---!" The little man lay in a miserable heap, shot by one of the natives of his village, not by the soldiers, for he was willing to betray his fellowmen for his own safety.

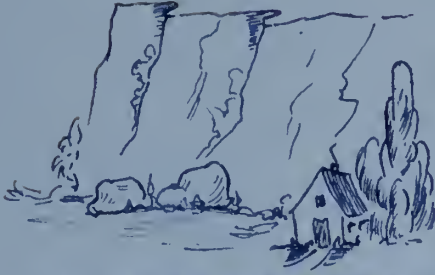
The officer turned away in disgust, and ordered a woman out of line. A large soldier grabbed her by the hair and put a pistol to her head. "Are you going to tell us or do you want to follow your friend over there?" The woman never stirred as she kept her lips tightly sealed. A silence ensued---. Then the enraged and ruthless officer kicked the woman over and ordered the soldiers to fall in.

He said with an oath, "You people will have till tomorrow morning to think about whether you are going to tell me what I want to know or else we will wipe out the village." With these words the soldiers began to march down the valley. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!---their steps echoed through the darkness of the approaching evening and slowly died out.

Early the next morning the sun arose over the little village and shone in the quaint, colorful windows of the houses. But something was wrong in the village. The cattle were hungry, the chores were undone, a mysterious quietness prevailed, no life was seen anywhere. The story is told underneath the thatched-roof houses. There lay about two hundred faithful, patriotic, never-dying villagers, who paid the supreme sacrifice for the protection of their country. The officer had decided not to wait until the next morning.

Calvin Maybury

Phantasy in Green



Not far from the village where I have lived for the past twelve years is a geological phenomena that has interested thousands of scientists and has attracted even more sightseers. This phenomena is the escarpment that begins in southern Canada, and extends across all of New York State, finally breaking up in the northern mountains of the Appalachian chain. It is this freak of nature that severs New York State into distinct parts, and over this precipice roll the waters of the mighty Niagara, her roaring voice commanding the respect of even the many-throated factories that line the banks of the river.

My father and I had driven over the road that hugged the base of the escarpment many times, but not until one particular Sunday afternoon in late summer did we see the full majesty of the cliff. The view came on us suddenly. As we rounded a curve, we saw ahead of us across a meadow set between thick woods an abrupt precipice. We could

but stop and gaze with caught breath. The vision had been touched by a fairy wand that made everything green. Pale green mist slightly veiled the darker green of the leaves of the maples, oaks, and pines. Recesses in the foliage made deep green shadows. At the base of the cliff were huge rocks, deposited there centuries ago and covered with a heavy layer of olive green moss that had accumulated over the years. Amidst these mammoth rocks, dwarfed by their size, was a tiny cottage like the sugar candy home that Hansel and Gretel found. A thread of smoke twisted up from the story book chimney, weaving itself into the gauzy green fabric and casting green tints on the little house. The late afternoon sun, slanting its rays on the scene, reflected on the leaves of the foremost trees and deepened the shades beneath.

While we watched, we became aware of a vague sense of unreality. The cliff seemed like an imaginary vision; the trees, perhaps inhabited by dryads, were of the age of folk lore and myth: the cottage was a dream house. The precipice seemed to hang in the air, to be suspended

in space. The mist was a sheer green veil that separated our world from the ethereal world of visions and dreams. The breath-taking ecstasy we felt was the result of a fleeting glimpse into the realm of fancy. This was not merely a moment of beauty; it was a flight into timelessness.

When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon and twilight had fallen, the spell vanished. We were abruptly restored to the commonplace events of life. Since that afternoon we hesitantly visited the same precipice once more, but it was just like the rest of the landscape. And though I may see that bluff many times in the future, I know that I shall never again catch its evanescent magic.

Dana Payne.

As some tall cliff that lifts
its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway
leaves the storm,
Though round the breast the rolling
clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

---Oliver Goldsmith

Tempus Fugit



Whenever a chapel speaker is announced, immediately and unconsciously I ask myself, "What will be his reaction to the passage of time?"

These chapel speakers represent a great variety of people, each having his own method of keeping track of time. From the beginning of the school year I have enjoyed noticing the numerous ways in which speakers are disturbed or concerned with how the time flies.

It is this great concern which has seemed so amusing to me, for in the Orient I have been used to an utter lack of interest in time. The sun is the native's timepiece and his guess is generally at least one hour off the mark.

Among the many people who are so unfortunate as to be put to the task of delivering a sermon, a lecture, or a mere speech, I have noticed several distinct types.

There is the small, wiry man who on first taking his position behind the pulpit clears his throat and proceeds to duck awkwardly from one side to another, peering high

over the heads of his listeners. He reminds me of a worthy sea-captain as he shades his eyes and gazes out over the horizon. The speaker's peering is always in vain, for he explains to us, "That last chandelier seems to obscure my view of the clock."

His sermon is underway. Not more than fifteen minutes has elapsed when he suddenly begins his rigmarole of ducking and vainly attempting to see the time. This odd behavior tends to make me forget his last point.

There is the methodical type, usually a portly gentleman, who pulls out a large watch which he examines carefully before launching out on some weighty problem. From time to time he scrutinizes it, but does not let it interfere with his train of thought.

Those who wear wrist watches are ever kept busy watching the time. Perplexedly they glance at their wrists and keep their listeners thinking more about their actions than about what they are saying.

Even outstanding personages seem disturbed by such an insignificant factor as the flight of time. If they

were content with being perplexed and did not insist on referring to the shortage of time, the assembly would not find its passage so disturbing.

The ideal way for a speaker to solve his problem of timing is to prepare his message so carefully that he knows how long it will take. When it is finished he can stop and feel assured that he hasn't overrun his time, and yet has maintained a calm atmosphere throughout.

Helen Conner

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time.

---Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

There's a time for some things and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things.

But all in good time.

---Miguel De Cervantes

SONG FOR TODAY

I sing my song of all these things;

Clouds, silver-spray'd across the moon;

Of star-strewn nights, the throb of Springs;

And swishing tides beyond a dune.

Of April's rain that gently falls;

A friendly smile, quick aiding hands;

Blue twilight, loud with robin calls,

And One close by who understands.

My world may change within a day,

Old laughter go from lips and eyes

And children tremble, cease their play

As black wings hover in the skies.

These changes soon might come my way;

Yet still the same my song would be,

For changes pass, but these things stay

To build another world for me.

Rhodes E. Browne

THE PIPER'S CALL

Murmured notes that swiftly soar
To a loud commanding roar
Hearts that break, ideals that fall-
All these are in the Piper's call.
Some hear his voice with burning heart-
March forward, eager to depart,
While others draw back and delay,
Afraid to test an unknown way.
But men must answer, one and all,
When the crazed Piper gives his call.

The blazing of the cannon flame;
A fading voice; a whispered name;
The pounding guns; a rocket flare-
All these make up the Piper's air.
Oh, the million broken hearts that bleed
The tears the waiting women shed;
Yet still the ringing echoes thrill.
From every vale, from every hill
The heartless Piper shrills his song,
And the mad dance of death goes on!

Agnes E. Brown



Sept. 14, 1942

Well, Diary, I'm here! It's a wet, dreary day. Why, oh why did I leave home? From what I hear they are soon going to initiate us Freshmen. Wonder if I'll survive?

Sept. 15, 1942

Last night I met all of the faculty at their reception. They're all so nice, Diary, that I think I'll like it here after all. I guess it was the weather that got me down yesterday.

Sept. 24, 1942

I was initiated today and it wasn't half as bad as I anticipated. The Sophomore girl I took to the Dugout wasn't bad. Ah me---. Some girl treated Prexy. I think her name was Esther Anderson. Guess I'll try to get in with the faculty that way.

Sept. 30, 1942

Dear Diary, I'm simply thrilled to pieces. Today was Rush Day and now I'm full-fledged member of the Sigma Delta ----- society! They really take the word "rush" literally

around here ! I was dragged all over the lawn by enthusiastic members of all three societies till I was so tired that I signed the book of the society with the strongest members. Hope I made the right choice !

Oct. 27, 1942

We're in the midst of the annual fall revival. I'm glad that the Nazarene church has such men as Dr. Powers. He really preaches what the world needs today. I feel nearer to God than I ever have before.

Nov. 6, 1942

Boy ! Am I tired ! Our Freshman basketball team just played the varsity. If all the games at E.N.C. are going to be like that, I think I'll sit on the sidelines for a few. The score? I can't say for sure, but I know we were beaten pretty badly.

Nov. 19, 1942

About all I did today was to obey the orders of the photographer. Yes, today was Nautilus picture day. Hope I turned out well enough to send the pictures home. They

say the camera doesn't lie though.

Nov. 20, 1942

Well, they wouldn't let me stay out of the ballgame. We played the Sophomores last night and lost again. I guess we're the hard luck team around here, because we lost by only two points. Such is life---I guess.

Dec. 22, 1942

So long, E.N.C. I'm on my way home! No, I didn't get expelled. It's our Christmas vacation. I love life here, but it will be good to see the folks again and taste some of Mom's cooking. Don't worry, I'll soon be back to resume the old grind again.

Jan. 5, 1943

Back again and right into the rush of things. The folks are well, the eats were swell, and I am about ready for another long grind. (Incidentally, Santa sure was good to me.)

Feb. 15, 1943

I haven't written in you for a long time, Diary, but

I feel that last night's doings were so wonderful that I just have to tell someone about it. Yesterday was Valentine's Day and we had a party. I took the most wonderful girl to it. Say, Diary, do you believe in love at first sight?

Feb. 20, 1943

Tonight I feel pounds lighter. Harry Basmere, the barber, cut my hair down to a whiffle. All the fellows were doing it, so I thought I'd better chime in. Wait till Mom hears about it. She'll fix me---her handsome son!

Mar. 9, 1943

No entry tonight, Diary. I've got to write a Rhetoric theme in a hurry.

May 14, 1943

I think I'll stop writing to you, Diary. My schedule is so full that I can't seem to find time to write to you. So, until next year when I'll be a Sophomore (I hope), I'll have to say, "So long for now."

Humor



I am quite positive that of wit and humor, humor is the more comfortable and more liveable quality. Humorous persons, if their gift is genuine and not a mere shine upon the surface, are always agreeable companions and they sit through the evening best. They have pleasant mouths turned up at the corners. To these corners the great Master of marionettes has fixed the strings and he holds them in his nimble fingers to twitch them at the slightest jest. But the mouth of a merely witty person is hard and sour until the moment of its discharge. Nor is the flash from a witty man always comforting, whereas a humorous man radiates a general pleasure and is like another candle in the room.

Wit is a lean creature with sharp, inquiring nose, whereas humor has a kindly eye and comfortable girth. Wit, if it be necessary, uses malice to score a point---like a cat, it is quick to jump---but humor keeps the peace in an easy chair. Wit has a better voice in solo,

but humor comes into the chorus better. Wit is as sharp as a stroke of lightning, whereas humor is diffuse like sunlight. Wit keeps the season's fashions and is precise in the phrases and judgments of the day, but humor is concerned with homely, eternal things. Wit wears silk, but humor in home-spun endures the wind. Wit sets a snare, whereas humor goes off whistling without a victim in its mind. Wit is sharper company at table, but humor serves better in mischance and in the rain. When it tumbles wit is sour, but humor goes uncomplaining without its dinner. Humor laughs at another's jest and holds its sides, while wit sits wrapped in study for a lively answer. But it is a workaday world in which we live, where we get mud upon our boots and come weary to the twilight---it is a world that grieves and suffers from many wounds in these years of war; and therefore, as I think of my acquaintances, it is those who are humorous in its best and truest meaning rather than those who are witty who give the more profitable companionship.

May Charlotte

A BROTHER'S COMPLAINT

Sis is going with a "Sailor",
At first it didn't faze us.
But now the family's talk is full
Of Sailor's salty phrases.
We found it rather hard,
To follow all his speech;
For they talk different aboard ship
Than we do "on the Beach".
For when the time to eat comes.
He sings out "chow" for food.
And always "stows it down the hatch"
Which Grandma says is rude.
When talking during dinner,
He talks like other boys;
Except he calls the lettuce "grass"
And celery just plain "noise".
And his salty talk is slangy,
And hard to understand;
He calls the canned milk "Iron cow"
And sugar he calls "sand".

His many names for coffee
Are certainly a joke;
He calls it everything from "mud"
To "Joe" or plain "Jamoke".
The spinach he calls "Popeye".
And Grandma always squirms
To hear him ask for spaghetti,
He says, "throw me the worms".
The chicken he calls "sea-gull",
The ketchup is "red lead",
The waffles are "collision mats"
While "Punk" is mother's bread.
Fried fish is "Pedro Pork chops"
"Saw dust" his name for salt:
When he calls the pepper "flyspecks"
Ma nearly calls a halt.
He sat beside my father
And needed elbow room.
He looked at Dad and said "say mate
Rig in your starboard boom".

We finally caught on though,
And now we're doing fine,
We say "six bells" for three o'clock
When we are telling time.
When Ma goes to the city,
Or runs down to the store;
And someone asks us where she is
We say she's "gone ashore".
Sister calls a floor a "deck",
To hear her talk is sport;
To her a roof's an "overhead",
A window is a "port".
Then too, if something gets "fouled up"
Or if some new trouble comes,
And Dad starts to complain, Ma says,
"Now Pa, don't beat your guns".
Dad doesn't tie his tie now,
Instead he "bends it on",
White Grandma says the kids "shoved off"
In place of "they have gone".

Maw says Dad's suit is "ship shape"

If it is fitting him.

But if it's not so neat she says

"That lash-up ain't so trim".

When Pappy goes to work now

He says he's "turning to",

While Mother "swabs" and never scrubs

As once she used to do.

The whole place has gone salty,

Which makes a lot of trouble,

For when Maw says "come here, Chop, Chop"

I go there on the "double"

I wish that gob would "weigh anchor"

And do just what I think;

And "point his bow" and trim his "jib"

And jump into the "drink"

I'm through "batting the breeze"

And "Singing the blues" I'm sure;

So for tonite I'll just "turn in",

"Cease firing" and "secure".

DESIGN FOR CAMPUS VICTORY GARDEN

In these wartime days it's not hard to imagine the letters "E. N. C." spelled out on the front lawn with onions and carrots forming the letters instead of flowers. I guess Prof. Babcock will have to change his signs. They will now have to read, "An Onion---American species;" "Cabbage---Mrs. Wiggs species;" "Fancy Campus tomatoes;" "Don't break off the corn-stalks;" and "Babcock's special ---squash."

Cpl. Lowell Crutcher

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.

(Rhetoric 1940-'41)

CELEBRATING WITH ARABIAN STEAK

Today is a day for great celebration. Today is the day of days, the event of events, the time of times. I am happy to announce that today we had steak for lunch. Not the type you have back home fried with onions and all the accessories. This is the sad sad story of a gallant but defenseless Arabian cow. She had no choice when she was swapped off by her master, and the soft, pleading pansy eyes had no effect on the G. I. murderers who coolly and

efficiently slaughtered her, cut her up, and made steaks of everything but the tail.

When the announcement was made that we would have these golden lumps for lunch, we all dashed for the mess hut at 11:30. Through the struggling mass of feet, legs, and arms, I managed by fair but mostly foul means to gain the envious position of third from the front in line. Although it took two hands and a real set of molars to handle this rugged morsel it was good, being the first since we left the States.

S/Sgt. Nick Yost

North Africa

(Rhetoric 1939-'40)

E. N. C. MEMORIES POP UP IN EGYPT

Was interested to see Bill Restricks' picture in the greyhound ad in the Camera. Are he and Doris still upsetting each other's digestion? It would be swell to see his bald head shining up in an Alpha meeting again, and hear some more of his ideas---like the loud speaker arrangement

on Rush Day of '39. The police came over at 6:30 A. M. and made us shut up. Such a life! Then it was police. Now it's top sergeants and M. P's.

Capt. Lester Jones

Egypt

(Rhetoric 1937-'38)

Darling,

You ask me where I am so all I can say is this. About 0 months ago after leaving where we were we left for here and not knowing we were coming from there to here we could not tell if we would arrive here or not, but nevertheless we are here and not there.

The weather here is just as it is at this season, but of course, unlike the weather we had before we came here.

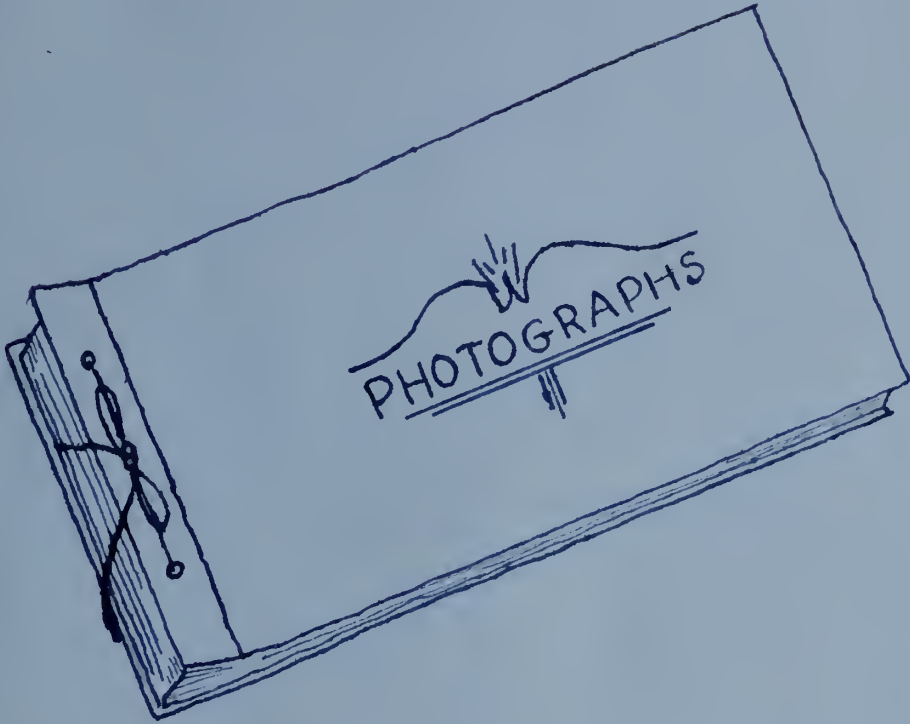
From there to here is just as far as from here to there. I feel just as I should for the kind of weather here, but, of course, I felt all right there for the kind of weather there, so there is nothing to worry about on that score here.

The way we came here is just the way everyone comes from there to here.

In short I'm here.

Your Joe

OUR



ALBUM





