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1963



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The

GREENBOOK

Creative Compositions

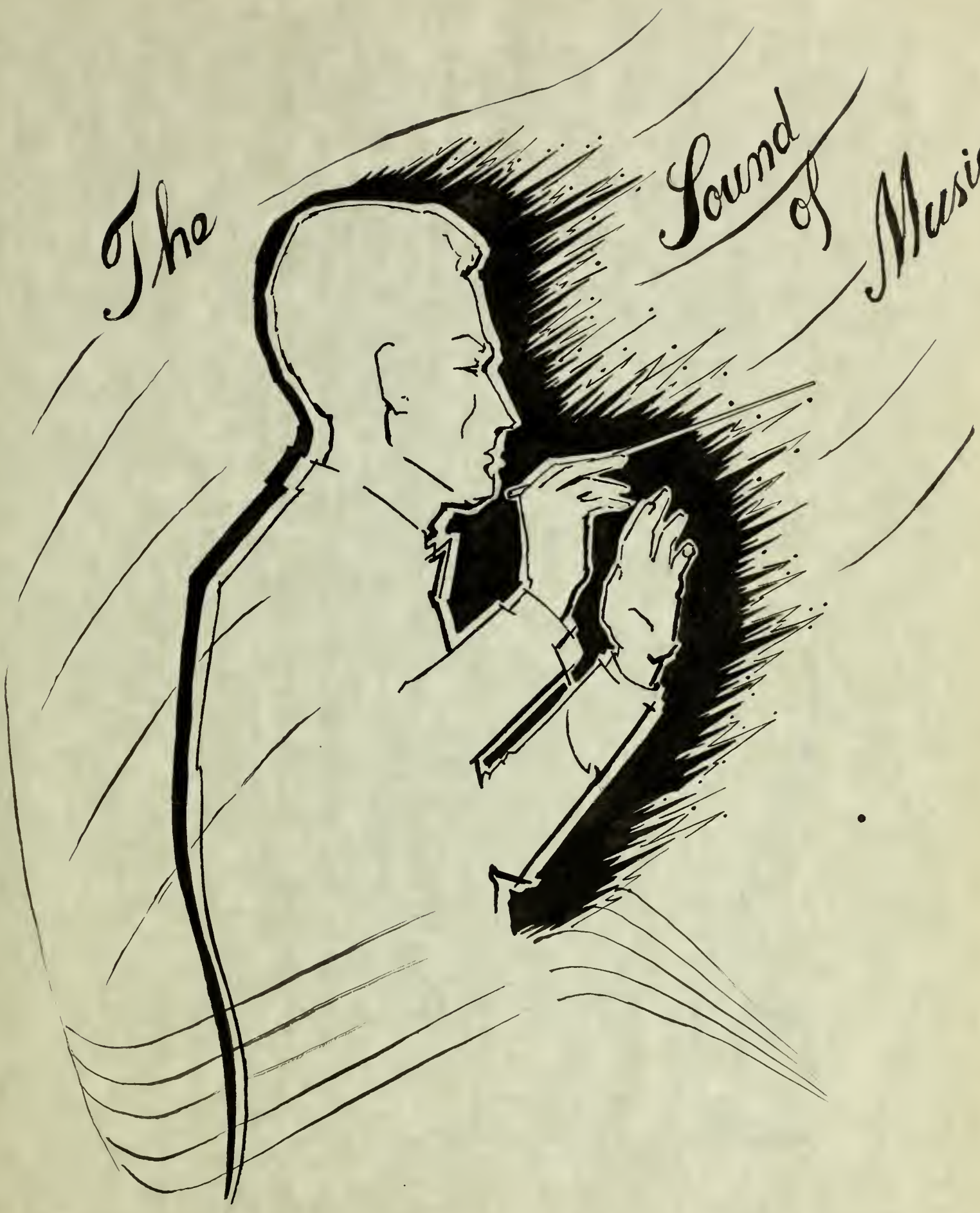
presented by the

Freshman Rhetoric Classes

1962-63

The

Sound of Music



How

Mad

Filling

Different

Nice

Friendly

Distinct

Melting & Warm & Simple

Music can be.

So

Eternal

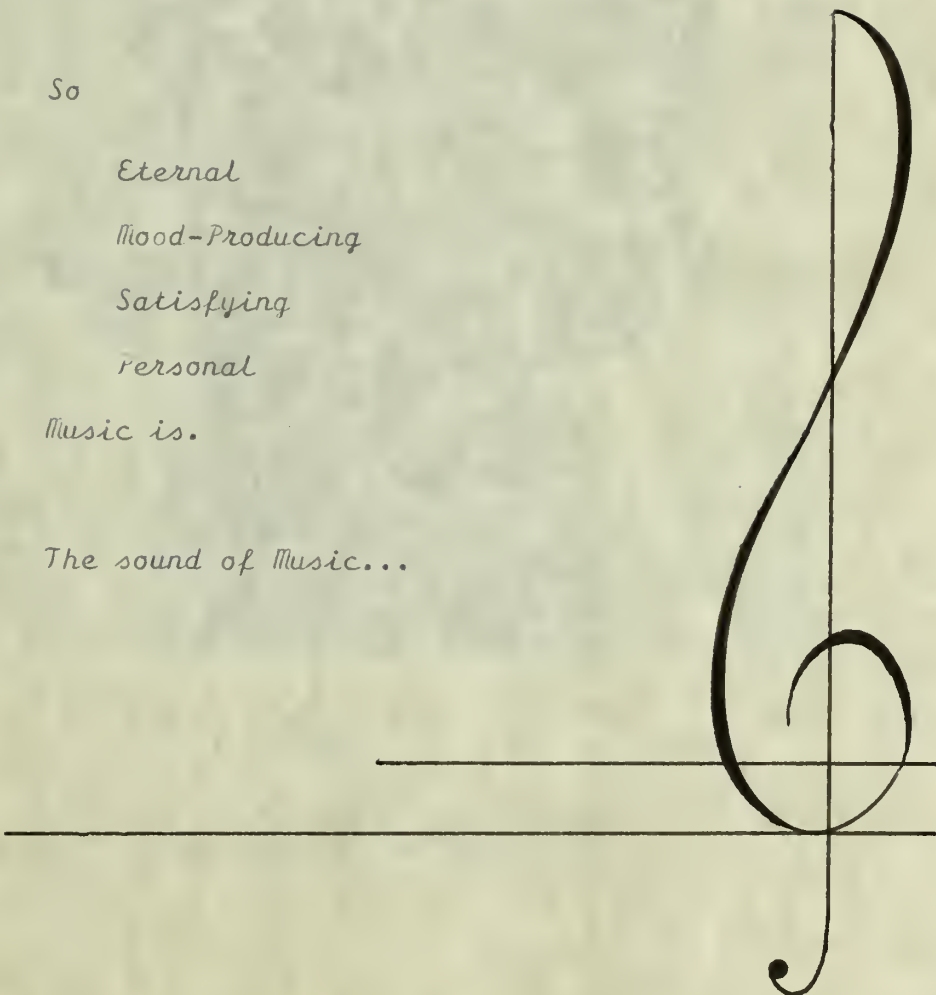
Mood-Producing

Satisfying

Personal

Music is.

The sound of Music...

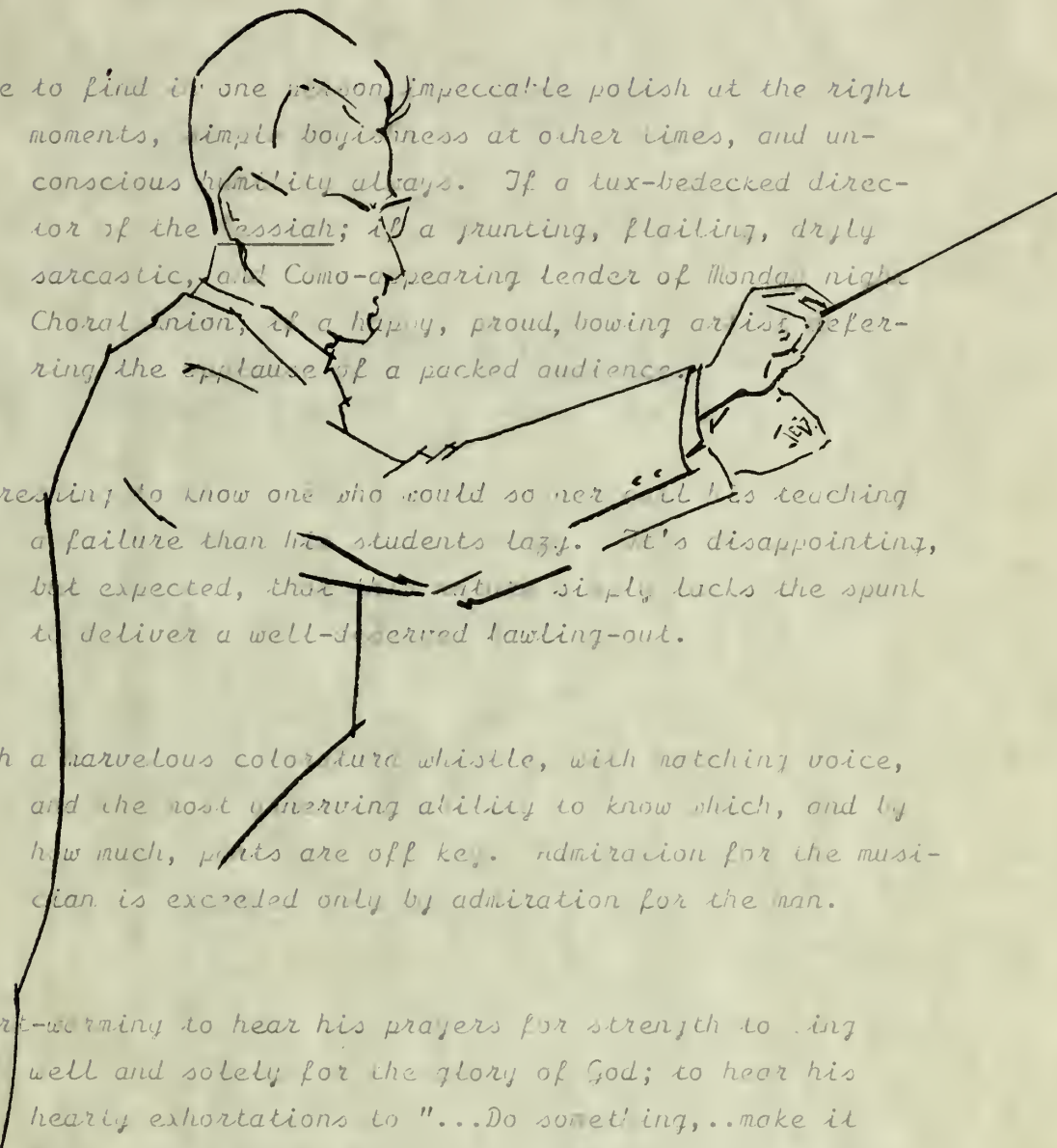


Dedication



Prof.
Paul I. Willwerth

PROFILE



Rare to find in one person impeccable polish at the right moments, implicit boyishness at other times, and unconscious humility always. If a tux-bedecked director of the Messiah; if a grunting, flailing, dryly sarcastic, and Como-appearing leader of Monday night Choral Union; if a happy, proud, bowing artist, referring the applause of a packed audience.

Refreshing to know one who would sooner fail his teaching a failure than his students lazy. It's disappointing, but expected, that he simply lacks the spunk to deliver a well-deserved lawling-out.

Such a marvelous coloratura whistle, with notching voice, and the most unerring ability to know which, and by how much, parts are off key. admiration for the musician is exceeded only by admiration for the man.

Heart-warming to hear his prayers for strength to sing well and solely for the glory of God; to hear his hearty exhortations to "...Do something, ..make it move... just don't sing!..;" to know his concern for having true pride in God-given talents. Such a person is not so much self-made as Christ-made.

Prof. Paul J. Willwerth

A
Heartfelt

"THANK YOU"

To

MISS ALICE SPANGENBERG

who

after thirty-eight years on the E.N.C. Faculty

and nearly as many as Greenbook advisor

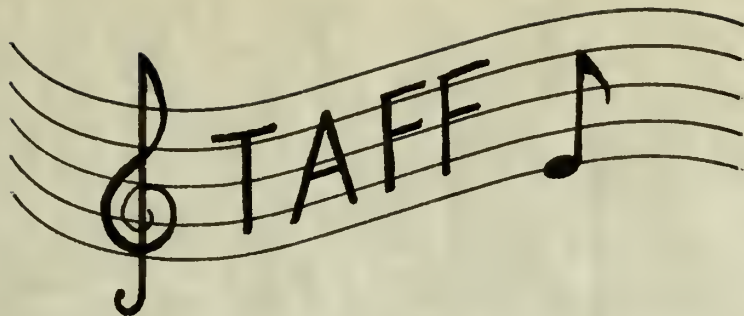
still

gives the same worthy ideas and suggestions

and supporting confidence

to

Greenbook editors.



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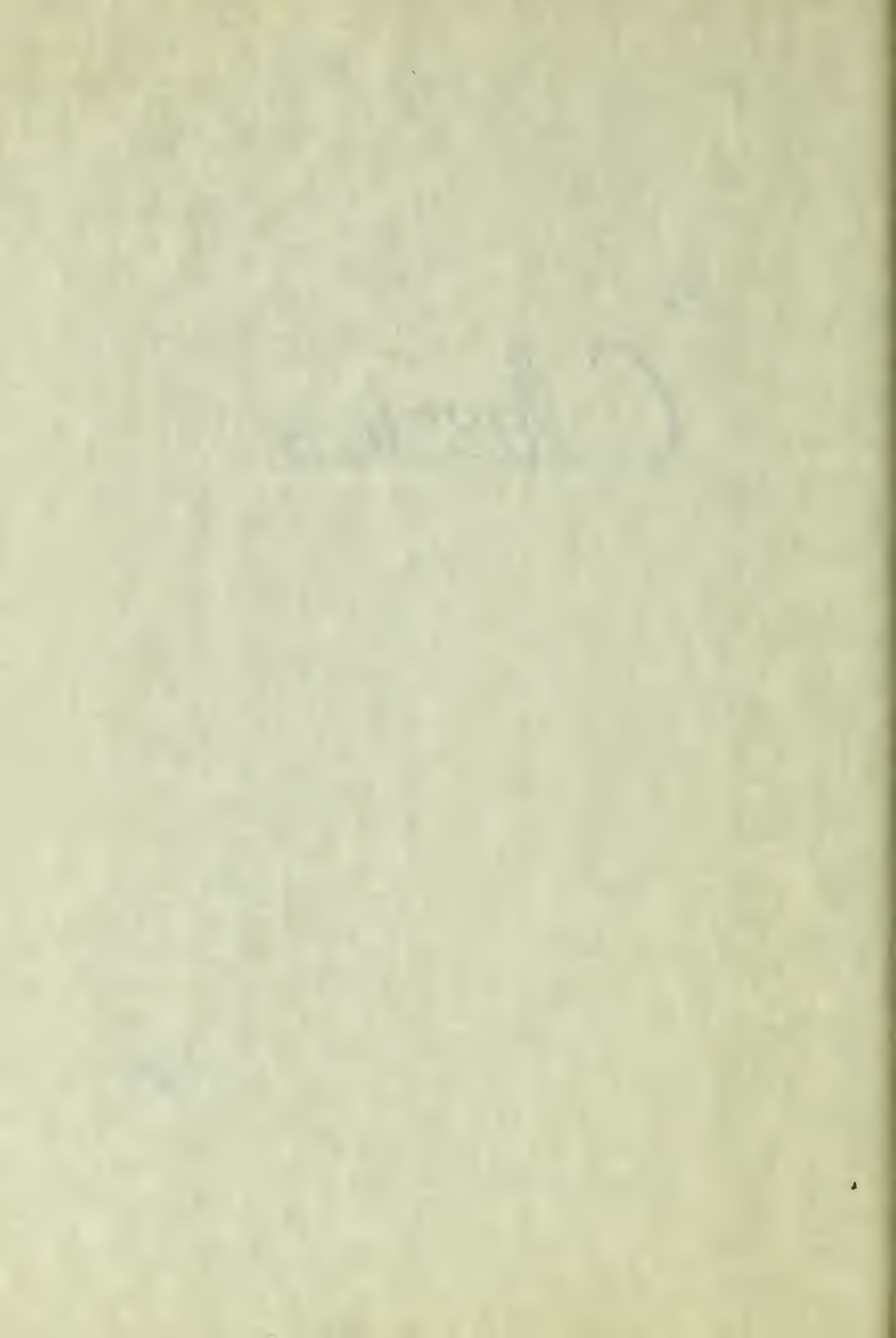
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The

Classics





Accent, Anyone?

People tell me that I have a southern accent. Because my home happens to be in West Virginia, many think that I am really from the South. Although West Virginia is continually associated with Virginia, my home state actually went with the Union in the Civil War. And when I go to Florida, many people think that I am from the North. It surely is surprising how different regional accents are.

As soon as my plans were made to attend a college in the North, warnings began to come. Some of my friends said, "Oh, she will pick up that Bostonian accent and will always be sorry." The others said, "Oh, she will be so cute with a little northern accent." So, with friends on both sides, I have decided that my accent must not be too extreme either way.

When I arrived on campus, meetings with fellow classmates began to take place. Since my parents were with me for the first few days, few remarks were passed concerning my accent. Every now and then someone would say, "So, you're the girl with the southern accent!" However, when my parents left, the teasing really began.

Whether I was in the lunch line, or whether I was just talking in the parlor, someone always would turn around and ask, "Are you from the South?" At that moment, a big smile would fill

my face and in my newly acquired northern accent I would answer, "I'm from West Virginia." Every one really had a laugh the day I said "you all" in my testimony! When my mind is focused on something else, my accent slips into everything that is said.

Although my accent may be novel to many people here, I find their own accents very humorous. For instance, they talk so quickly that their words aren't distinguishable. They give all words a nasal sound. For words like "know", they say "k^{no}aw". For words like "fall", they say "f^{aw}". Also, they have a tendency to take r's out of words like "park" and "car", leaving such remains as "pak" and "ca". I also find it very amusing to hear "ia^{ee}-er" for "idea". I wonder how they can accuse me of not speaking correct English when they talk so funny!

Mary Kinder

The big football star whom I had had my eyes on for a long time finally asked me out. Of course, I wanted to make a good impression. Going out to dinner was a real treat for me, and I ate with my very best etiquette. The whole evening went very smoothly, and I remembered not to mention any other boys' names and to make him feel like a king. As we approached my doorstep, I said, "Thank you so much, Jim. I had a wonderful evening." His name was Bob.

Dianne Walters

How to Enjoy Good Music

Good music is to be enjoyed. For years the critics have surrounded the great classical pieces with superstitions and myths until we approach good music with a sense of awe and mystery. Let us remember that good music was written to be sung or danced to, or to glorify God; however the music scholars by their editing and footnoting have taken much of the life and joy out of good music.

Here are a few simple techniques that will enable us to enjoy music more:

Listen to parts of a work. Concentrate closely on the overall combination of instruments and do not attempt to analyze the music.

Listen to the high instants. Concentrate on the high points and glide over the lesser points. Beethoven's Egmont Overture rises to a magnificent climax that should enthrall every listener.

Listen to the same music often. The more one listens to a particular work, the more he will become familiar with it. Rossini would doff his hat during a concert, because this was "the polite way to greet an old friend."

Isolate the melody. Follow the melody through both the high and low points; also try to recognize the rhythm of the

tune. Dvorzak's New World Symphony contains several plaintive, but beautiful, melodies taken from American Negro folk songs.

Choose music which tells a story. Many great compositions have a mood, setting and even a plot. Try to interpret the story in The Sorcerer's Apprentice by Dukas or the Nutcracker Suite by Tchaikovsky.

Choose romantic music. Romantic music has a more immediate appeal to amateur musicians than does a Bach-styled work. Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky, Verdi, Rossini, Puccini and Chopin all are romantic composers. After the listener learns a true appreciation of the romantic composers, he can attempt to grasp Handel and Bach.

Live up to your convictions. Evaluate for yourself what a particular work means to you. Great music is enjoyed by both critics and amateurs.

Choose an exciting artist. Judge a performance yourself; then find an artist who suits your particular taste.

Take it lightly. Enjoy music and show that you enjoy good music. Your countenance will advertise good music to other people.

Music has no barrier of age or language. Once you have learned to appreciate good music, you will always have a source of pleasure and enjoyment.

Music...is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul.

Plato

Fletcher Tink

Automobile Advertizing Fallacies

*A*n automobile is an unusual machine. Not only does it function as a machine but also it has its own personality. Usually car owners will say, "She's running good" or "She's running bad this morning." Those of us who are more personally involved in our motor vehicles will ascribe names to them. Nellie Belle, Susie, Betsy are among the more common. Some teenage hotrodders name their souped up junk heaps after their current girl friend.

It is also a pet theory of mine that a car's personality actually mirrors its driver's personality. If he feels angry and aggressive, his car will pass every car it gets a chance to pass; it will go over the speed limit, and will blow its horn impatiently for the woman driver ahead of it to move a little faster. If the owner is gay and carefree the car will be courteous. Even the slowest woman driver will not bother it. When this car passes another it will blow its horn as if to say "Good morning," and not "Get out of my way."

I think that the men in Detroit agree with me, too, because their ads seem to have personality appeals. Out of curiosity I looked through issues of Time magazine dated from 1955. I noticed especially Ford Thunderbird, Dodge and Cadillac ads.

Cadillac always showed their car in luxurious surroundings

with very stylish people usually going into or coming out of a very swanky party.

In 1957 I read, "This may very well be the year" implying that maybe this year you could become one of the elite who own a Cadillac. The Jeweled "V" on most of these signified luxury and expense. Therefore if a ditch digger bought a Cadillac he would be rich, stylish and gay.

Dodge's personality ads were on the theme "Swept wing" and "forward". Dodge was supposed to be "futuristic" and "advanced" above average in ability. Versatility was its middle name.

The Thunderbird was adventurous and stylish with power and get-up-and-go. The Thunderbird was a bachelor and a sportsman. Then in 1958 it became a family car with comfort yet adventure. It even had its own special breed of people, the "Thunderbird People," who live life with zest, who seek all things that are unique and beautiful and exciting. Therefore a shy introvert who buys a T-Bird will become adventuresome and will seek life full of zest.

These cars are given these personalities because they will appeal to those who have or want these personalities. But do these cars create these personalities? Will a ditch digger who owns a Cadillac be rich and stylish just because he owns a Cadillac? Will an introvert become an exciting extrovert just because he owns a Thunderbird?

Gary Smith

My Sin

I have often heard my dad preach on "The Sin of Procrastination". If procrastination really is a sin, then I am one of those people who sin every day in thought, word, or deed.

If I don't want to think of something, like the big American Democracy exam I have tomorrow, I'll just put off thinking about, worrying about, and possibly studying it. Besides, thoughts about pressing problems like due assignments and final exams bother me. And I simply can't get myself all worked up. I might have a nervous breakdown. So the best thing to do is to forget about it and rest my mind. I can always stay up all night. That would settle everything.

I'm a working girl and professors can't expect me to have every assignment in on time and be all studied up for every test. After all, I have to work through college. Also, I'm entitled to a little grumbling, maybe. So if I take up other kids' time as well as my own while I grumble and fret a little, it isn't really sinning, is it? I'm not really procrastinating that much, just a couple hours a day.

How do I sin with a deed? I think it's not what I do, it's what I don't do. All right. Maybe if I hadn't wasted so much time yesterday I would not be in this mess. But the Greenbook

elections were held yesterday and I couldn't desert the feature staff. Even if I'm not on that staff, the editorial staff does have a little connection there, I think, and we all have to stick together and give each other support. After all, I had nothing better to do then; all my assignments were due the day after that; in other words, tomorrow.

Every Wednesday, a Fine Arts reading report and an English composition are due in two consecutive periods. Furthermore, Tuesday night is my night to work. I think those two professors got together on this thing. They even went to Europe together. That must be why they are "in cahoots" about assignments.

Our English professor says to use fallacies, or at least write about them in our comps. Maybe if I had done yesterday's assignment, I might have known what mistaken causal relation was.

I must have some kind of sleeping sickness because I'm always sleepy. If I didn't keep putting things off until night time, I could sleep. Also sleeping during the day time is the best way I know to procrastinate.

I suppose I could get started on one of my assignments. Maybe I'll get over this sinful habit. Wonder if there's anything else to write about in English besides fallacies. Let's see. We could discuss a proverb, look at magazine advertisements, listen to the radio advertisements, or watch T. V. commercials. Hey! That's a good idea! I think the topic on T. V. is excellent. I'd better go watch T. V. and do a little research. I don't feel up to writing any compositions right now, anyway. I can do that later.

Lois Roberts

Larsen's Perfect Game

One simple sentence told the story of the greatest mound effort in all World Series history--the imperfect man pitched a perfect game. Don Larsen, a strapping 6-4, 230 pound righthander, was somewhat of a gay seducer. He had shrugged off training regulations. His season's record in 1956 was a good, if unspectacular, 11-5. He was the Yankee's starting pitcher in the second game of the Series and failed to last through a six-run Dodger second inning largely because of four bases-on-balls.

But on a Monday afternoon, 64,519 spectators sat enthralled in the Yankee Stadium as Larsen, working leisurely, calmly, and with no wind-up, turned back twenty-seven consecutive Brooklyn batsmen in the fifth game of the Series to gain his 2-0 decision over Sal Maglie.

In the fifty-eight Series played since 1903, there have been 341 games, many of them pitched by the game's legendary figures, but none had pitched a no-hitter, let alone a perfect game. In fact, there had not been a game in which a single batter failed to reach first base anywhere in the major leagues in thirty-four years until Larsen unfolded his masterpiece.

Don reached a count of three balls on only one batter, PeeWee Reese, in the first inning, and he then took a third

strike. There were a few sparkling fielding plays. In the second inning, Jackie Robinson's grounder caromed off the glove of third baseman Andy Carey, but Gil McDougald, the shortstop, snatched the ball and threw him out. In the fifth inning, Mickey Mantle back-handed Gil Hodges' drive into center field. In the same inning, the crowd gasped as Sandy Amoros sliced one into the right field stands--foul by inches.

With the tension mounting, McDougald made a quick pick-up of Jim Gilliam's sharp grounder in the seventh. When Manager Walter Hoston sent Dale Mitchell to bat for Maglie with two out in the ninth, a hush fell over the huge arena. The first pitch was a ball, the second a called strike. Mitchell swung and missed for a second strike, and then he fouled one off. On Larsen's ninety-seventh pitch of the game, plate umpire Babe Pinelli raised his right hand for a called third strike. History had been made, and the stadium was bedlam.

Robert Westerberg

Is the Space Program Worth the Billions it Costs?

*T*oday we are constantly hearing about seventeen orbit manned-flights around the earth, spectacular lunar probes, "spy-in-the-sky" satellites, and other such breath-taking accomplishments of the space scientists. But, with all these wonderful, and sometimes terrifying, achievements, the question arises, "Are the results of all these space and missile programs worth the amount of money we put into them?"

I think that this money for space and missiles--which this year will run into the tens of billions of dollars--is justified for three reasons. The first reason is the political benefits derived. The underdeveloped nations of the world, like all people, want to be identified with the progressive nations. Identification is a quirk of human nature which man has had and still will have. To the governments of these nations, spectacular space and missile achievements represent the best way to show the progressiveness of the country. The rulers are not very impressed by figures about the Gross National Product or Per Capita Income, but they are impressed by space achievements. However illogical this may seem, it exists. A spectacular space achievement results in the raising of our prestige while a similar achievement by our enemies results in the dropping of our prestige. But along with the prestige, the identification

of these underdeveloped nations with our country brings the opportunity for foreign aid and the political influence that goes with it. Thus, the political benefits derived from our space program warrant the cost.

A second motive for the cost is the defense benefits derived. The Second World War initiated the use of two new weapons--the atomic bomb and the rocket--which have been combined into the terrifying weapon we know. The Second World War brought also leadership of the Western World to the United States--and responsibility for the protection of the rest of the West--and new enmity with the Soviet Union. All these factors have resulted in the need for a vast new modern defense mechanism employing rockets and weapons. The space program has given us new rockets and weapons, such as the Minuteman missile and the "spy-in-the-sky" satellite, to deal with the Soviet Union. Thus the cost of the program has been warranted again.

But perhaps a third reason is the benefits gained materially by the developed economies of the West. The space program has resulted in many new probes by science. Weather satellites have tried to report the weather for better prediction, radiation satellites have made space travel safer for the astronauts, and the Telstar satellite has opened new avenues of communications for both government and private industry. Thus the social benefits gained from the space program have warranted the cost of it.

Thus the space program has resulted in a chance to increase

the opportunities for political and military advances, and has provided new means of making our living easier. Certainly, in the light of these benefits, the cost of the space program is justified.

Charles W. Ward

Of all noises I think
music the least disagreeable.

Johnson

Twenty Centuries in Two Hundred Steps

*E*arly one morning I was awakened from a deep sleep by the distant boom of artillery. As I became more aware of my surroundings, I heard the sounds of marching feet and barked commands. I leapt from my bed to the window. Marching in the street, a division of Arab soldiers was engaged in maneuvers by the hotel.

This was my introduction to Amman, capital city of the Hashmite Kingdom of Jordan. The hotel in which I was staying was considered to be the best in the country; it was about equal to a second-class hotel in the States. The room was adequate, but the bathroom and the closet were little more than pocket-size.

After breakfast I decided to take a tour of the city of Jerusalem. As I walked the streets it seemed almost as if I were being transported back in time. Heavily laden donkeys and small herds of sheep trod the streets on the way to the market place. I passed adobe houses, open wells, cobblestone streets, an occasional Roman ruin, and Arabs dressed in robes common to the time of Christ.

Jerusalem is a divided city--both politically and economically. The two sides--one Jordan and the other Israel--are separated by walls, roadblocks, and barbed wire. The two

countries are in a state of war. The Jews are hated for taking land from the Arabs and for doing so much to improve their own country. The Israeli side of Jerusalem is entirely changed. Where once desert crops were growing, now the narrow donkey-trodden streets have been widened for automobile traffic. Skyscrapers have replaced the one-room mud houses.

It was early in the afternoon when I arrived at the Arab border check point. The taxi driver said he could go no farther with me, unloaded my bags from his car, and drove back to his stand at the hotel.

As the border guard checked over my passport, I was aware of the watchful eyes of two heavily armed guards at each side of the gate. Soon I was informed that I could proceed across to the Israeli side. Carrying all my own bags, for no one was allowed to cross with me, I began walking.

I stopped to change my heavy suitcase over to my other hand. As I did, I turned to take a last look at Jordan. What I saw sent me hurrying onward without another backward glance! On the porches of several houses were machine gun nests; several guns were leveled at me, just in case I tried anything suspicious. My heart was pounding as I crossed safely into Israel.

Now as I look back, the machine guns, the soldiers, and the hatred seemed strangely unimportant, for in the space of three minutes I crossed the centuries from the time of Christ to modern day. Gone the narrow streets, the donkeys, the market place; instead I saw highways, automobiles, skyscrapers and department stores. Yes, I had crossed twenty centuries in two hundred steps.

Kim Hamlin

First — timer

*W*e entered the dingy-looking building, one of several throughout that section of town. I had often wondered what the inside of one of these looked like, and now I was to know. "Come on," Eric breathed as we crept up the battered and worn wooden stairs. As I looked up, the cracked plaster and grease-covered paint on the walls stared down at me with disapproval.

We reached the first floor and started on the maze that was to wind to the top and back down. My fascination increased as we shuffled along, Eric calmly instructing me. I envied his fearlessness. Occasionally an itinerate, foul-smelling wreck of a man lurched toward us and I held back in fear. The old place seemed incredibly intricate, and on reaching the top floor I was completely bewildered. I realized that tomorrow I must come alone into this God-forsaken place exactly as Eric had shown me. The thought haunted me throughout the night.

But the next day with forced bravado I made my rounds with no mistakes. Within a week, the complexity of the once-proud, now dilapidated old apartment house was "old stuff" to an experienced paper boy like me.

Walter Hatcher

A Storm to Remember

The day was sultry, but it became worse after lunch. Dark clouds were gathering, and we could see lightning on the horizon. There were rumbles of thunder. In the east a strange dark cloud streaked earthward as if tipping tons of water on the bush away across the flat paddocks. The storm swung around us, and, save for a few drops, we had no rain. But it was still unbearably close. We entered each town hoping for a brimming trough, but those towards which the horses thrust their eager heads contained only dry flakes of mud. We were told that the nearest water was at Shatin, so we made for there. It got very black ahead of us. We drove in a sunny circle surrounded by a black curtain. The thunder became louder. As we wanted to reach camp before the storm broke, we urged the horses at a trough. We then hurried out of the town and pulled on to a flat patch that lay at the foot of a bank beside the road. It was dry and hard and criss-crossed with tiny sun-cracks. Gusts of wind sprang up. They were spasmodic and powerful. They roamed like wolves across the plain, skirting the caravan in moments of calm, then turning and racing up to us in a fury. They leaped as if to bear us down, then raced away again. Across the paddocks I could see the advancing rain like an enormous dust cloud. Behind it, in some bitter arena, explosive cracks

and dull, thunderous blows heralded a conflict we could not see. We got the horses out, the nosebags on, the carts covered. Then the storm struck us. In a moment we were wet through. There was no pattering of drops. Some shattered reservoir of the sky had tipped its contents on us. Breathing was difficult. We blundered to the caravan and fell through the door as if saved from drowning.

Inside our caravan, we found our blankets and all other bedding soaked with water. We could find no refuge from the needles of rain that came shooting through our caravan.

William W. G. Gao

He was a fiddler,
and consequently a rogue.

Swift

Essay on Chickens

I can always remember when my mother used to drag me downtown to all those cheesy ten-cent stores when Easter time came rolling around. The first place I'd go would be to see those stupid chickens. I sure don't know why, but it always tore me up to see them. Sometimes I even cried a little, but don't tell anybody. Nobody really understands, but the actual truth is, nobody really cares. I mean they don't care if they stick one of those lousy needles into one of those stupid chickens just to turn them a pretty color. Big deal, so you buy a blue chicken instead of a yellow one. I guess it gives them a real charge to take a blue chicken home to some bratty kid just to see what he'll say. I mean the kid really cares. He'll probably shut it up in the milk box and then sit on the lid like I once did to this real dumb cat and the kid will probably hate the blue chicken.

Anyhow, all those chickens always looked hungry. Sometimes they had real scrawny necks and the feathers were all eaten away and they always crawled all over each other trying to keep warm because of that phony light bulb. One time I was watching them and I saw about three that were dead. Boy, I really got mad. I ran up to some weird-looking salesgirl and started hitting her. That didn't last long because my

mother came pretty fast, but man, was I burned. No kidding, I think that was the rottenest thing I've ever seen. The rest of the chickens were stepping all over the three dead ones and that really killed me. I mean, how crummy can you get?

Do you know why they have all those colored chickens? They have them because they want to make some money, and if they dye them people will be real impressed and buy a few. Sometimes I think people are just as stupid as chickens. Have you ever noticed how easily people are impressed? It is really a cinch, but it always makes me kind of sick. I mean it really kills me to see how phony people are. Oh well, I'm getting real depressed thinking about those stupid chickens and people. As I look back, though, I remember promising myself that some day when I have lots of money, I'm going down to that cheesy store and buy the ugliest, scrawniest, and dumbest chickens I can find. Then I'm gonna take them home and get them all fixed up. No kiddin', I will some day, too.

Sharon Hatley

What is in a girl's wallet? These fat, rectangular contraptions that girls carry contain everything from pictures of their favorite beaux to bobby pins. On the practical side one finds such important papers as insurance cards, driver's license, club and society membership cards, activity and dining hall cards, and social security cards. Then there are all those pictures that came from varied sources. Even she doesn't know why she keeps them. Let's not forget the scraps of chewing gum paper that a special guy gave her on a special night, and also that note that Susie passed her in Spanish telling all about Johnnie's big broad shoulders. Of course she'll never be able to explain how that dried flower was put in with Joey's picture nor why there is lipstick on the window that holds Bobby's picture nor how the rusty bobby pin was not with Janie's picture. Last comes the money. There is usually not too much of it. But then, it's more fun to have room for these other essentials.

Naomi R. Solotky

Bach and Handel

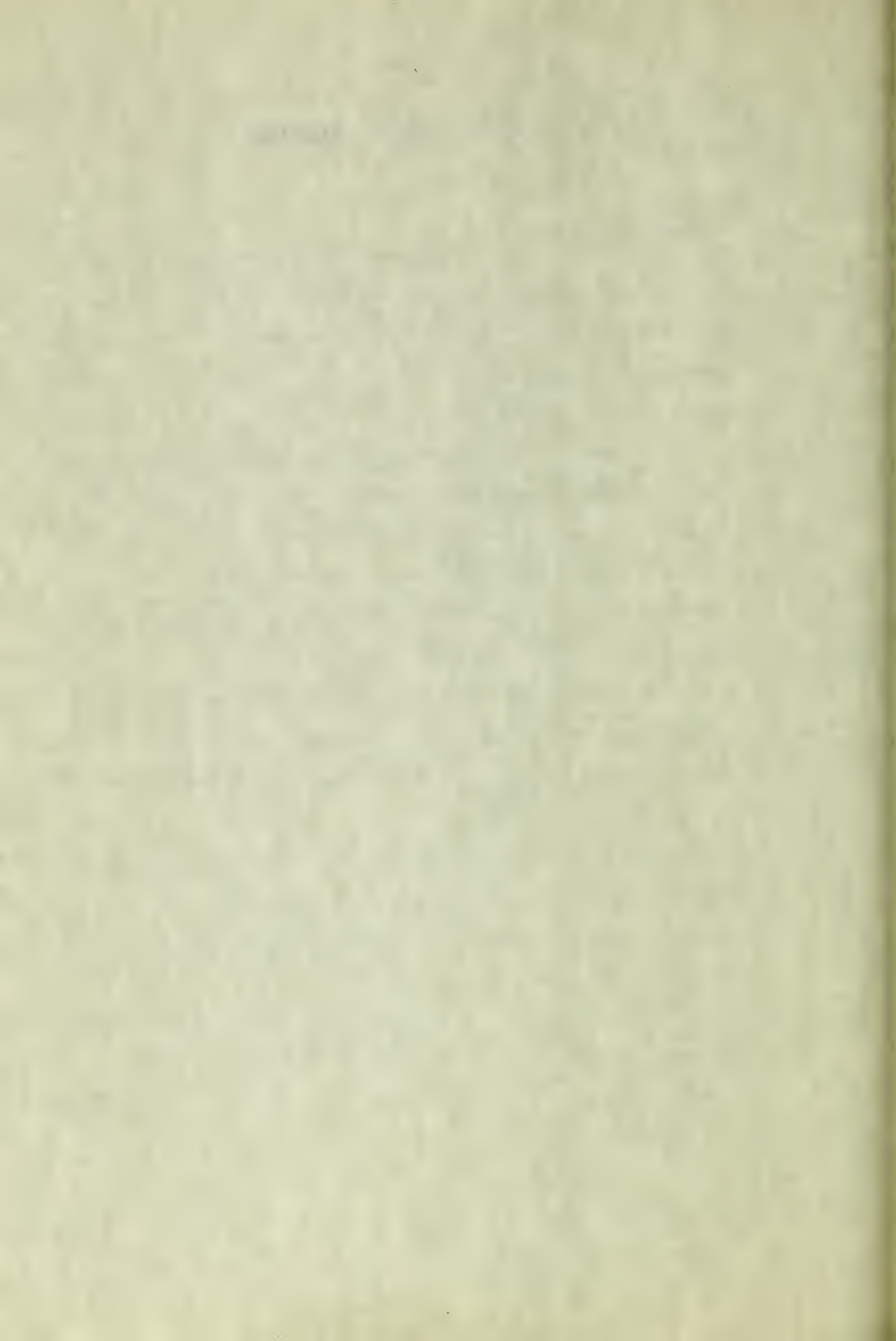
The culmination of the Baroque period of music is represented in the works of two great German masters: Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) and George Frederick Handel (1685-1759). Although both were German by birth, their music has combined all national schools and styles.

Bach spent his entire life within a geographical area of about a forty-mile radius. He was very much of a family man, who by two successive wives had twenty children. His life was largely concerned with small commonplace problems. Bach had such a long line of musical ancestry that in Germany any musician was apt to be referred to as "a Bach".

Handel spent large parts of his life in Germany, Italy, and England. He never married and never seemed to need domestic life. He had no musical ancestry, and most of his life centered around big ventures.

Of the two devoutly religious men, Handel was more mundane, pompous, and lordly; Bach was generally more humble. It is a curious coincidence of fate that both these great masters ended their last years in blindness.

Handel's principal contributions are in opera, of which he wrote forty-three, and in oratorio, of which he wrote twenty-seven. Bach's musical output was chiefly in church music.



His great versatility can be seen if one looks at the long list of music other than his religious music.

Two of our greatest oratorios are Bach's B Minor Mass, and Handel's Messiah. The Messiah was written in about twenty-two days.

In the entire history of music, no two composers have contributed more to the great religious music of the world than Bach and Handel. Today, as clearly as when their masterpieces were first created, their majestic music speaks to us of God and the life of the Spirit.

David Brandes

Take but downe away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows!

Shakespeare

Live Fully in the Present

Because man is a finite being, he finds it difficult to live in the present. Rather than taking each step in life as it comes, man thinks ahead and attempts to make decisions before the crucial moment has even presented itself. Erich Fromm, in the essay "The Practice of an Art", attributes this attempt to live the future in the present to a lack of the ability to concentrate. He says:

To be concentrated means to live fully in the present, in the here and now, and not to think of the next thing to be done. While I am doing something right now....If one does not know that everything has its time, and wants to force things, then indeed one will never succeed in becoming concentrated...

Is this lack of concentration, then, the basic reason why man finds it so difficult to live in the present? Perhaps so. Even here at E. N. C. one can see evidences that this may be true. If a student is not applying himself to his fullest capacity, or if he is dissatisfied with his work or his environment, then it is hard for him to keep his mind disciplined to the main task at college--study. Therefore, because he is dissatisfied with the present, he worries about the future. The future usually seems more bright and promising than the bleak present.

Of course this desire to know and decide the future is

prevalent in every phase of our lives--in our financial matters, our business concerns, our love life--but especially in our spiritual lives. If one is to receive redemption and complete salvation, he must completely and wholly consecrate himself and his future to the Lord. When he makes this commitment he has essentially said, "Lord, I take my hands off my life--present and future. You take what I am and do with me what You know is best for my life." Then, should the Christian worry or fret about what lies beyond the next bend in the road of life? No. But does he worry? I am afraid too many do. Although if one has become a Christian he has a sense of peace and well-being in knowing everything will work out for his best, yet his finite mind too often tries to discern where the Lord is leading him and what decision the Lord will have him take in the future.

So in the final analysis, this inability to live in the present could be traced to a lack of concentration. For if one is completely engrossed in the work which demands his attention at present, there is no time to ponder the future. And this fact is certain: our future and its success is based on the accomplishments of the present. Dare we allow our earnest concentration to dwell on the future rather than the present? Really, man has no future. He has only the present.

Dyellis Darden

On Sitting Down

I am one of these individuals who enjoys watching the human race. The process by which various members of our species sit down is indeed intriguing.

Often I sit back on a bus, streetcar, or subway and watch passengers enter, pay their fare, and sit down. A rather obese woman enters and assumes the position to take her seat. After waddling up to the seat and transferring her weight evenly to both feet, she turns around, looks at the seat, turns forward again, looks at her audience, pulls up her skirt a 'wee' bit, makes a plunge for the seat,--then sighs with relief. Sometimes the obese woman, upon assuming her seat, lands on top of the lap of the person next to her. Both get up, red in the face, as the obese woman, weighing 300 pounds, and the mauled passenger, weighing only 125 pounds, ask each other if she is hurt. Of course either is too embarrassed to mention her injuries.

A worker is a new specimen to observe on public transportation. A man grease-covered from head to foot, carrying a marred lunch box and wearing perspiration-damp clothes, will look all around, put his lunch box on the seat, take out a comb and comb his hair, put it back in his pocket, look around once more, lift up his lunch box, and sit down. His eyes then peer over at the newspaper of the person sitting next to him. With his

bulging eyes he looks more like one who forgot to wear his bifocals.

From the window I see a delicate, elderly woman, stumbling towards the door with her cane. Her features show concern and perfection in every aspect of her life. She approaches the fare box, smiles sweetly at the operator or conductor, as the whole vehicle waits for her to take off her glove and put in her change. When she reaches the seat she says "Good day" to the persons on either side of her, wipes off her seat with her handkerchief, and sits down.

Children are always the center of attraction. If they come in packs of boys, prepare for an attack. If they are both girls and boys, you are bound to see a lively show. Often I have seen four or five little boys enter a train, chewing gum like truck-drivers, talking and joking in their boyish manner. They shove each other around, punching and hitting one another until the woman next to the fought-over seat is covering her eyes. Finally as the train jerks to a stop, three are in the two seats, the one or two others are on the floor, clinging to each other. The woman who had her hand over her eyes is shoved over onto the dignified, elite, gentleman who is sitting next to her, who in turn is thrust over on top of some tired old working man who is trying to take a mid-evening snooze. If girls are among the crowd, there is bound to be some 'showing off'. One day I remember seeing a crowd of girls and boys enter the

subway train. Only two of the eight in the group could find seats. The boys in the crowd shimmied up and down the poles in the center of the aisle. The girls were laughing and racing back and forth playing tag and exchanging seats with the boys who were sitting down. At intervals they yelled at various passengers seated near them: "Oh, she's pretty! Isn't she ugly?" Actually, it was all quite enlightening.

I have not mentioned the business man, the forlorn housewife with her hair in rollers, or the city hobos. I have left these for you to observe someday, amongst the obese woman, the worker, the elderly woman, and the children. what a time you will have!

Carol A. Parkman

Music is feeling in n, not sound.

C. Stevens

Why Not a Perfect World ?

*F*or many centuries scholars and philosophers have denounced mankind and the world of their era. Many have advocated that man can create, solely through his own efforts and reasoning, a perfect world. Some have put forth theories for achieving this goal; others have applied their concepts, at least on a small scale. Brook Farm, a few miles from Boston, was one such application of Fourier's plan for a utopia. I believe the basic reason that such "perfect worlds" have inevitably failed and the fundamental reason that any earthly utopia will never probably succeed lies in the imperfection of man himself.

First of all, let me propose what I feel would be the characteristics of a perfect world. Most important, there would be adequate sustenance for everyone. Secondly, there would be a universal feeling of brotherhood; first, all would respect, love, and protect each other, thus abolishing crime and dishonesty; second, all would agree upon the major issues of life, thus doing away with destructive opposition and violent dissension; third, there would be universal equality of social, political, financial, educational, and labor status.

Human nature involves the imperfection of the mind, resulting from inherent or inherited mental inaptitude and from

defective and inadequate intellectual development. Even the man of average intelligence is incapable of viewing most situations in a purely objective manner because of his subjection to prejudice and faulty logic developed primarily during his earlier learning years.

Imperfection exists not only in the mind but also in the very soul of man. The Bible describes man as an innately depraved creature and emphasizes particularly his selfishness. Throughout his life, man manifests this selfish nature. Even the young child will snatch and hoard his playmate's toys just because he desires them for himself. Obviously, this basic nature does not disappear even though it finds different means of expression. The American businessman doesn't set up an industry or office in a foreign country in order to improve that country's economy or to raise its living standards commensurate with his own, but to make profits and to exploit that nation's resources. Too many are like Vanderbilt, one of America's industrial pioneers, who admitted that he sought larger profits and cared nothing for the public welfare.

Man's imperfections would, I believe, necessitate the existence of certain conditions incompatible with my concept of a perfect world. The feeling of inadequacy is one result of mental imperfection. Thus, man desires a leader who is more mentally alert than most other people. Obviously, political equality ceases when this desire is fulfilled.



Another consequence of mental frailty is the emergence of irreconcilable points of view which inevitably lead to some degree of dissension. This situation would violate the brotherhood concept of my utopia.

From selfishness results the state in which some take advantage of their fellow men in the attainment of wealth, status, or even in the distribution of work. Without restraints, how could equal financial, social, or labor status be maintained when such a human inclination exists?

In spite of human limitation, man continues through reasoning to search for a means to a perfect world. However, I feel that because man is man, his search remains futile.

Burton Dunlop

I hear America singing,
The varied carols I hear.
Whitman

Knock on Wood

Knock on the door! Well, what else could you expect? A mirror was broken in that house less than a year ago! Be careful! Today is Friday the thirteenth. Don't walk under that ladder! It's bad luck to put an umbrella up in the house. Don't touch that toad. It'll give you warts!

Superstitions. They seem to be so much a part of our culture that they will forever exist in the minds of at least a few people. Whether spoken of seriously or as a joke, superstitions are passed from generation to generation. Who would think of doing away with them completely?

What many do not realize is that they are based upon the fallacy of mistaken causal relationship. That is, a fallacy of associating a false cause with a given effect.

One age-old superstition of this type is that boasting of good fortune will bring certain disaster. For instance, one who boasts of not having been sick for a year must "knock on wood" to ward off evil spirits. Or one has been especially fortunate for a few weeks but is fearful of saying anything about it lest a disaster overtake him.

A friend once told me of his theory that good fortune caused bad fortune. As he drove along one day thinking of how well everything had been going, he told himself, "Old boy, you're

in for a fall!" "Sure enough," he told me, "that night I went to a race with some friends and lost two dollars on a bet." (The first he had made of that kind). "That proves," said he, "that good fortune brings with it bad luck."

It is evident that this type of reasoning is weak. It is based upon a theory that the effect (bad luck) was caused by good fortune. While bad fortune would naturally follow good fortune in time, there is no proof that the two are in a cause-effect relationship.

I agree that life has its "ups and downs", and that they follow each other in succession. For instance, how could we know an "up" without having a "down" to compare it with? The simple fact that they occur simultaneously doesn't make one the cause and the other the effect.

My friend firmly holds to his theory of cause and effect, but his application to this case was probably a form of rationalization. Had he not taken the chance of losing his money by gambling, he would not have lost it. By blaming it on his good fortune he was able to excuse his own mistake.

Nor is my friend alone in this theory. Many of us are fearful of saying too much about our good fortune lest it be taken away. Though we may claim to disbelieve it we are still a bit hesitant to begin disproving it for fear that it might be true.

So it is with all superstitions. We may accept them, reject them because of their fallacies, or ignore them. What happened the last time you broke a mirror?

Linda Helmick

Why Cuba ?

The Cuban crisis, like all developments of history, arose from many contributing factors. However, much of the blame rests on the failure of our own foreign policy to maintain a central consistency between word and deed and to make a direct appeal to the people of the other nations.

We failed, by long inconsistency and neglect, to teach the Cuban people the spirit and values of democratic government. Therefore, after the accession of Castro, they accepted the promise of rich men's lands as a substitute for elections, socialism in the place of personal independence, and finally Communism in exchange for national integrity.

We failed, while defending Batista as an anti-Communist and ignoring his domestic policies, to win the confidence of the Cubans to ourselves as champions of liberty. They could not reconcile our approval of such a ruthless regime with the ideals of democracy we supposedly advocated.

We failed, while paying out line for Castro from which to construct his own noose, to hold the first line of commitment to the Munroe doctrine. It defined Communism as just as much foreign intervention as Czar Alexander's ukase concerning the Oregon Coast in 1823 and considerably more than the Venezuelan blockade of 1902. Thus was the kremlin encouraged to boldly assault our freshly wounded word.

We failed, while cringing under the threat of armed clashes with Soviet troops, to reaffirm the validity of our pledges when the Uopos built the wall.

We failed, while hiding behind a paper assurance and dodging from the prospect of another bloody Korea for a jungle prize, to show that our most solemnly repeated promises were sacred to us--to show that we valued freedom of seven million people and the security of millions more.

We failed, while winning a so-called great diplomatic victory, frantically disposing of a budding crisis, and courting a powerful neutral, to show that we appreciated the most elementary principles of justice, not to mention our allies and their friendship.

We failed, while closing our eyes and talking vaqueries, to show any active inclination to defend the life of the Doctrine of 1823 when Soviet arms and technicians began to flood our island neighbor. "There is no immediate cause for concern," we said.

Then we were startled and shocked when Khrushchev closed in for the coup de grace by setting the technicians to unpacking the weapons. We failed, so we have Cuba. Now, by drastic action of questionable ethics, we attempt to undo all the harm we have done to our verbal credit in Cuba, Berlin, Laos, Iran, and the world--to show what we mean to say. But we must also mend our ways or we will have more Cubas in the future.

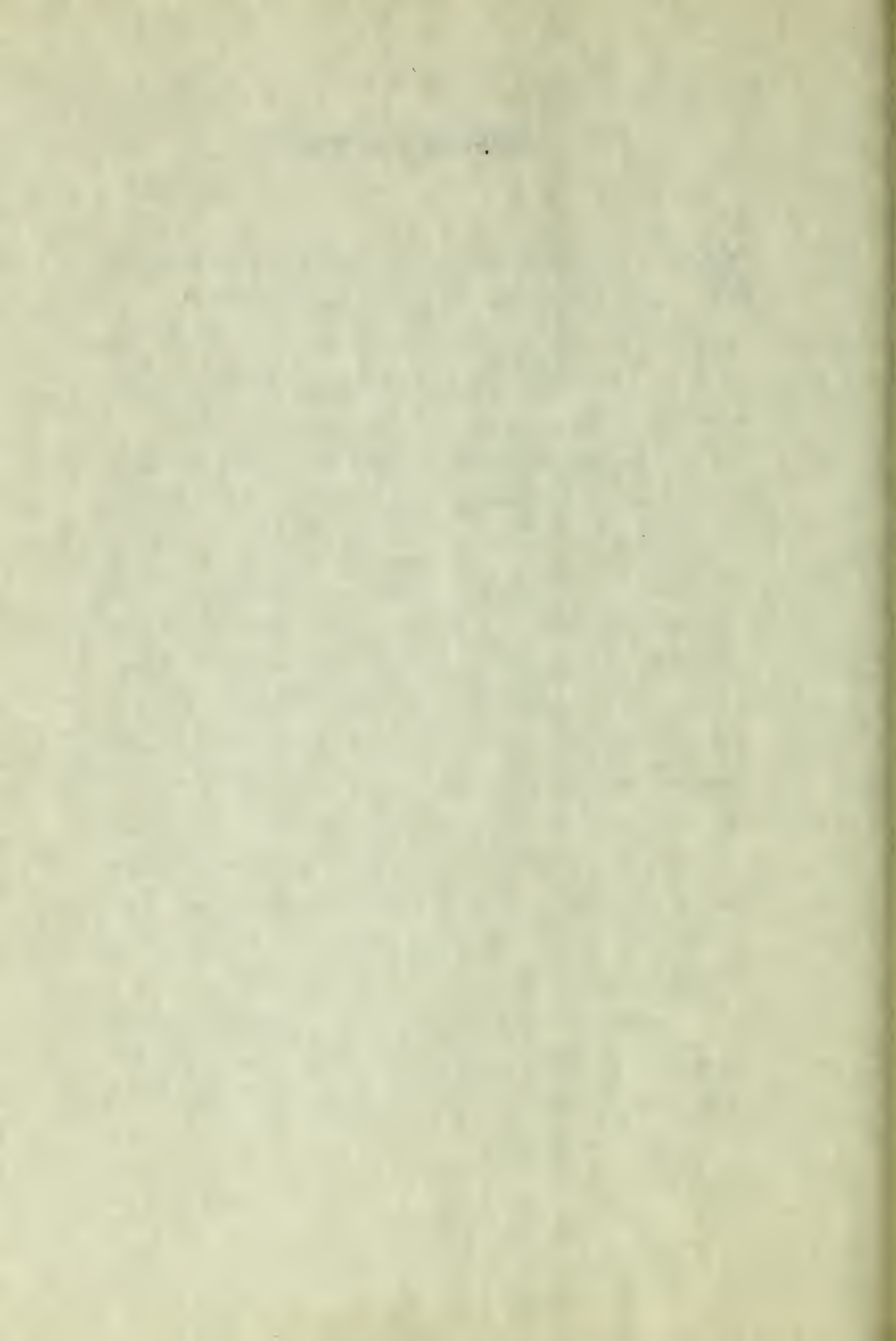
David Hughes

Mission Service

When I was asked to lead the singing at a mission in South Boston I had mixed emotions. I wanted to help people find Christ and yet I was uncertain just what the situation would be like. But as I had led singing many times before I said I would this time.

The meeting was held in a small first-floor room in a large apartment building. It was right in the middle of the slum section where everything was drab and dirty. The room had two lights suspended by frayed cords and there was also one glaring light directly over the desk up front. On one side of the room was a piano which sounded as if it had been tuned about ten years ago. There was also a table loaded with sandwiches that looked, by the way the bread had curled away from the baloney, as if they had been made since morning. The flies were feasting on them. Beside the table was an old gas stove which had two pots of coffee on it. The chairs were set in irregular rows with a narrow walkway down one side. On the wall was a faded picture of Christ and also a plaque with a bible verse on it.

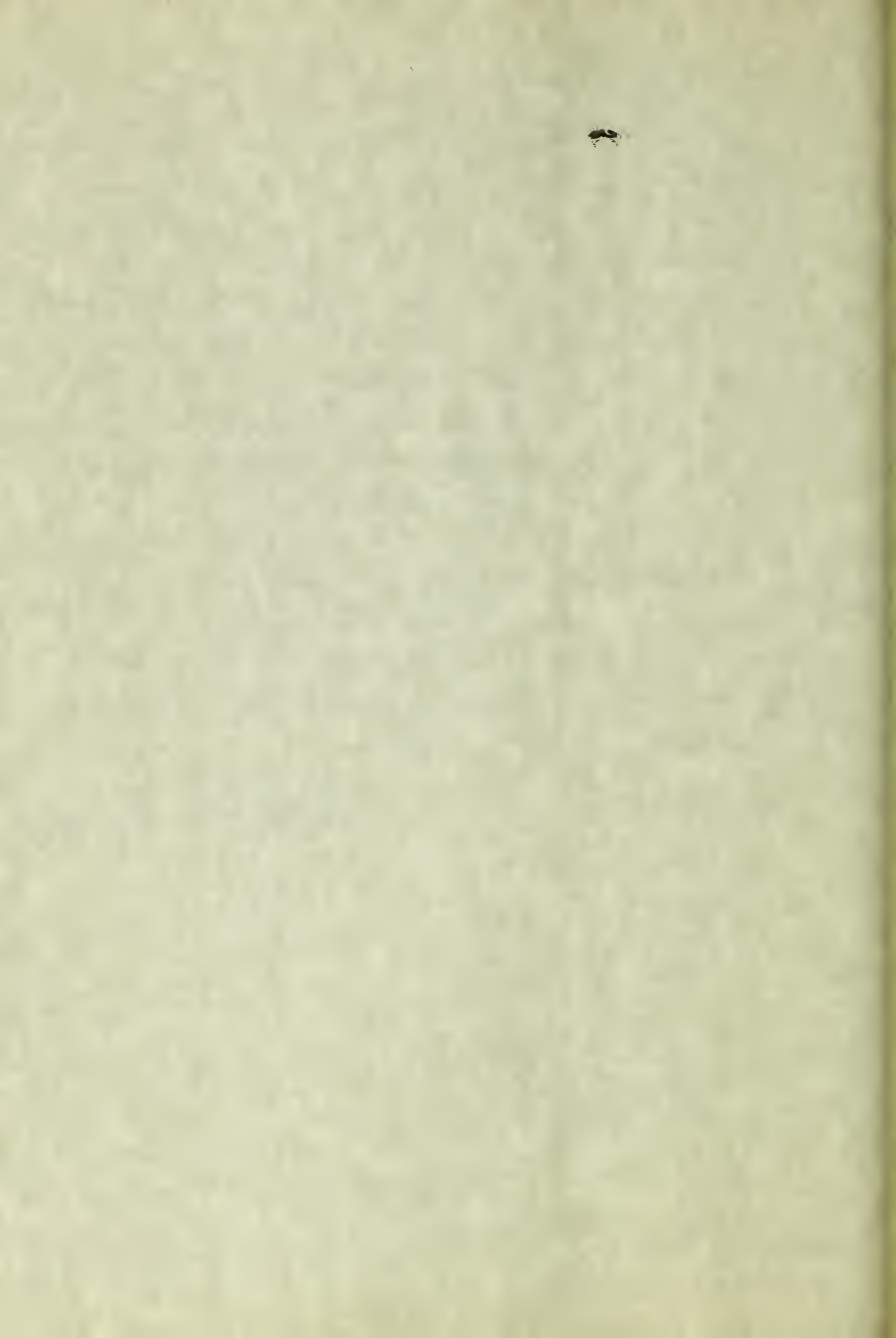
Most of the men were there when we arrived. They were dressed in an odd assortment of clothing, dirty and ragged. Some of the men had holes in their shoes and most of them needed



a shave and a haircut. When we started singing a few of the men joined in, but the majority of them just sat with their heads down or they slept. All of them had a dejected look on their faces as if all hope was lost. One of the men sitting directly in front of the stand was only about twenty-one years old, yet his face, scarred and wrinkled, made him look much older. Most of these men had turned to drink to drown their troubles, but instead they had only increased their suffering until they had gone so low that they seemed almost hopeless.

During the message a few of them listened and the rest slept. They seemed to be a little more attentive when the speaker told them how God could raise them up out of their misery if they would have faith in Him. Two of them requested prayer during the invitation. The experience of seeing these men and the effects of sin on their lives truly made me realize afresh the redemptive power of the Gospel.

Herbert D Wells



Enchanted Moments

*Y*as there ever been a moment in your life which was so perfect it hardly seemed real? For most of us, an experience such as this happens only once or twice in a lifetime. Only once, in my own life, have I felt the magic of a moment of indescribable loveliness.

Behind our house there is a small tide river. This river flows into the Medomack River, widens into Broad Cove, and finally joins the Atlantic Ocean. During the summer, my brother and I often pitch our tent by the shore of the river, and camp out over night. Several times during the summer we get up before the sun rises and go for early-morning rides in our boat.

The events of this particular day took place last fall, early in September. Frosts come early in Maine, and my brother and I wanted to sleep out in the tent one more time before it became too cold. That morning we both woke up very early, so we decided to take one last boat ride for the summer.

As we pushed out from the shore, everything was shadowy. Not as dark as night, but a sort of pre-dawn greyness. It was not until we were well out from shore that we realized just how thick the fog was. Uncertain now whether we should turn back or go on in the fog, we sat in silence for a few moments. Without any arguments we reached a common agreement, and went on, hoping the fog would soon burn off.

As we moved downriver, we stopped the motor and let the boat drift with the current. The fog was all around us, swirling as if alive; now thinner, now thick as a woolly grey blanket thrust down upon us. The river itself was deathly calm; not a ripple marred the smooth surface. Since there was nothing but the same unbounded greyness in every direction, it was impossible to tell where water left off and fog began. The quietness was almost tangible as this soft, grey stuff completely muffled all sounds save the gentle lapping of the water against the bow of the boat. We were the only living things in the whole world; all else was this mysterious, penetrating, all-concealing mist.

We started the motor again, and continued downstream, hoping we were somewhere near the middle of the river. Not being able to see either shore, nor distinguish any of the islands, we sailed on blindly, trusting in our instincts and sense of direction to keep us safe. We had no idea where we were, nor how far we had come. Gradually, as the sun rose above the water, the dull greyness of the fog changed to a luminous, pearly silver. Every once in a while we could distinguish a brightly colored lobster buoy bobbing near us, as the movement of our boat disturbed the glassy calmness of the water.

As we moved on, these buoys became more and more numerous, until we found it difficult to keep from hitting them. Suddenly we realized that we were in the harbor at Medomack; there

were the vague, faint shapes of many boats of various shapes and sizes. We carefully manoeuvred close enough to a few of the larger boats until we could read their names: Alice May, Nancy I., Sea Queen, and Maryanne.

Moving back out of the harbor, we could hear the distant putt-putt of another outboard motor. It gradually drew closer until we could faintly see the boat itself, carrying its lobstermen returning from their early morning's work of emptying their lobster pots. Our two boats passed by so closely we could almost touch each other; for a moment our lost world was inhabited by other people, then we both continued on our separate ways and only the rapidly retreating putt-putt of the motor remained to tell us of their presence.

Outside the harbor we turned our boat homeward. The fog was now beginning to lift, and we could distinguish familiar landmarks. There was Hog Island, there were all the summer cottages, there were the Narrows, there was Andrew's Island, and there, finally, was our house; standing high on the hill, shining white in the early-morning sun. As the day grew bright and cheerful, the magic moments of those early morning hours in the land of fog and mist grew less vivid. Yet even now I can still remember clearly those enchanted moments when we drifted somewhere between the earth and the sky.

Susan Geale

Forward, Ever Forward

A completely closed society must eventually become decadent and sterile. This thought prompts me to think in terms of my own Church of the Nazarene. What is now a fairly well-known denomination started out as several independent movements occupying various areas of the United States. Then slowly, according to God's leading, these scattered groups merged into a unified new body, "The Church of the Nazarene".

Following this great step, the pioneer spirit and evangelistic fervor of the Nazarene movement manifested itself afresh in the founding of home mission churches in every part of the country. From continued growth of local centers of worship have sprung self-supporting, substantial districts, which in turn have given renewed strength and impetus to the life of the whole church.

From its very beginnings, the Church of the Nazarene has stressed the missionary spirit. Examples of sacrifice and devotion of Nazarene missionaries abroad have injected a sense of renewed vigor and a spirit of commitment into the church in the homeland. Christ's command, "Go and Teach All Nations", has spurred the church's constituency to give, pray, and enlist because of a heart of concern for the lost of the world.

Now, with the name of Christ being heralded by the Church

of the Nazarene throughout the world, what is going to be the prevailing attitude of the Church of the future? Are its members going to adopt a self-satisfied, complacent sense of achievement, or eagerly reach out to find "new worlds to conquer"?

There has been talk in recent months and years that several of our sister holiness groups, and our own too, may eventually combine. Maybe the Church of the Nazarene will have to take the initiative. Since it is the largest group, many of the smaller ones feel loath to be "swallowed up". Certainly, however, if such a holiness merger did materialize, more could be done for the Kingdom of Christ, since more money and personnel would be available. Finally, there would be much gained by all concerned. The new faces, new ideas, and spirit, could encourage a whole new perspective among Christians of the holiness faith. Think what the Early Church of New Testament times experienced when three thousand souls were added in one day!

In keeping with the thought of the essay, "The orality of Space", I am sure that the "Christian Church" will need to be "like a mighty army" in case these planets are inhabited by people who don't know Christ. At any rate, our beloved Church of the Nazarene must not become as a completely closed society, satisfied with its past achievements and content to drift along, to the point where it decays and ceases to produce new Nazarenes. There is a grave danger that the Nazarene people, as well as other evangelical denominations, will lose all the ground they

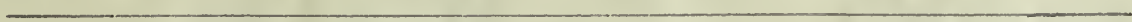
have gained and fall back, only to become more or less identified with the world from which they have emerged. As Christian soldiers, those of the Christian faith must continue to march forward, onward.

Marilyn Blaisdell

Umbrellas are fun. A group of people carrying their umbrellas in the rain reminds me of mushrooms walking down the street. Short, fat people are funnier than tall ones. They look trampled. Raindrops drip off rims of the bobbing umbrellas that never quite protect the people under them from the onslaughts of the wind-blown rain.

David Brandes

Popular Hits



"WALK, TALK & PERSONALITY"



P
O
P
U
L
A
R

Gary Jones

Sharon Hartley

"WERE THINE THAT SPECIAL FACE"



L
O
O
K
S

Conrad Dancy

Sally Kauffman

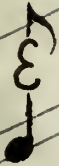
"WHEN YOU'RE SMILING"



S
M
I
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S

Sharon Yousey

Tom Harding

BUTTONS  BOWS



D
R
E
S
S
S

Lois Nelson

Harry Palmer

"GETTING TO KNOW YOU"



APR • 63 •

F
R
I
E
N
D
L
Y

Fletcher Tink

Tillie Penha

"ARE YOU SINCERE?"



• APR • 63

S
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C
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R
E

Gloria Zeigenfuse

Charles Bazikian

"WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK"



I
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C
T
S

Mary Whiting

Dave Fisk



"THE OLE PIANO ROLL BLUES"



M
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C
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A
N
S

Mary Kinder

Kim Hamlin

"WHISTLE A HAPPY TUNE"



APR • 63

V
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C
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L
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S

Stanley Wood

Dianne Walters

"TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"



A
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C
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Charles Zink

Phyllis Huston

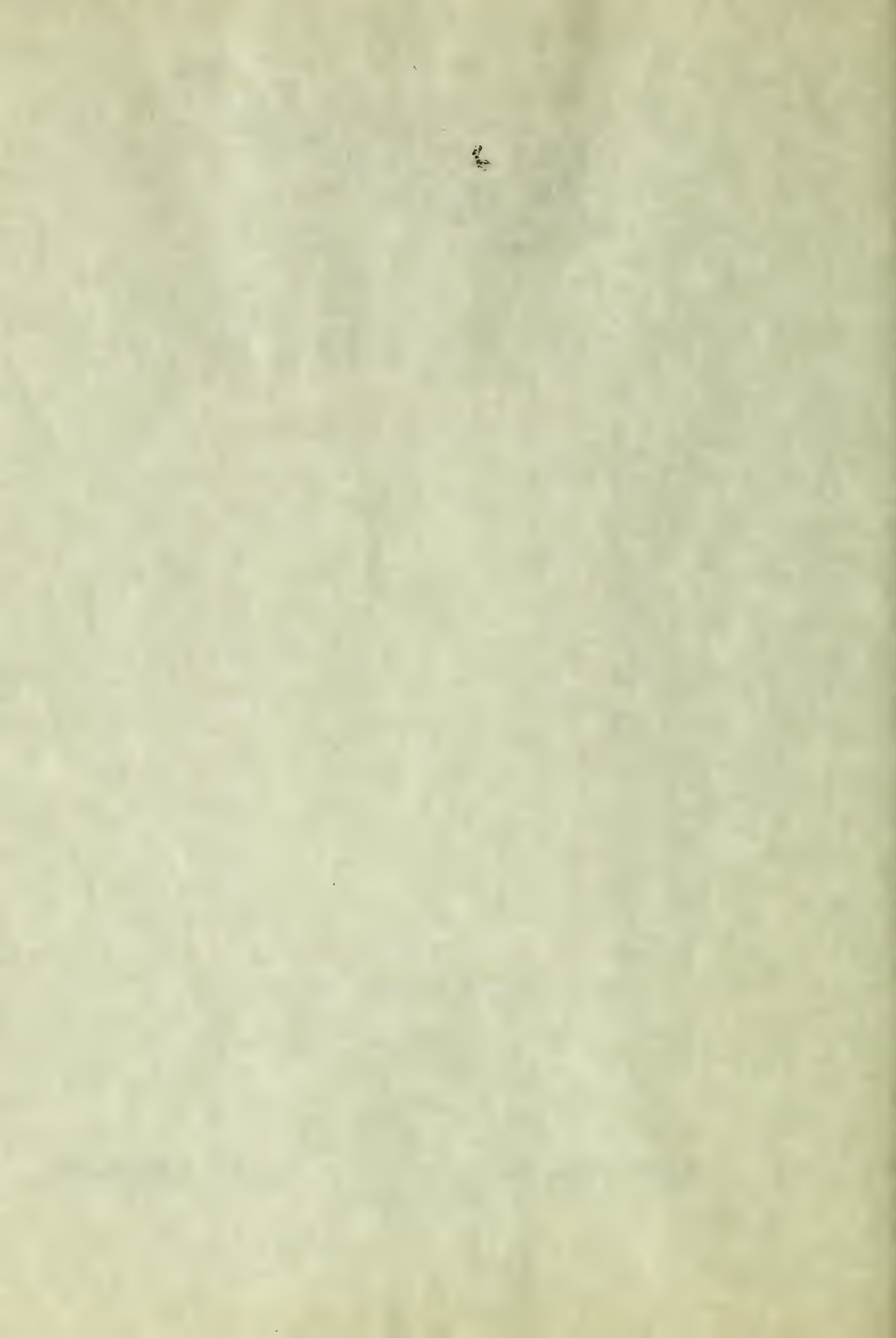
"WHY CAN'T YOU BEHAVE?"



C
L
O
W
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S

John Vigliotti

Penny Stephens



"THE ROVING KIND"



F
L
I
R
T
S

Brenda Benjamin

Gary Angell

QUOTES & QUIPS

Stephen L. Anderson

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." (Romans 8:28)

R.F. Andrews, Jr.

"Do you want my honest opinion?"

Gary Angell

"All that is needed for bad to prevail is for good men to do nothing."

Sally Aspinwall

"Fight, Delta, Fight."

Marjorie Balkan

"Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged."

Charles Bazakian

"May my life always show His love."

Carolyn Leckwith

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." (Psalms 121:1)

Dwight Kenner

"Live one day at a time, and make the most of it."

Jean Ann Betterly

"Pardon. . ."

Marion biggs

"The afternoons in the clinic. . .?"

Marilyn Blaisdell

"Practice in life what thou prayest for, and leave the rest to God."

Paul Blaney

"Out of confusion."

Tommie B. Blunt

"Speak the truth and speak it ever, Cost it what it will; For he who hides the wrong he does will do the wrong thing still."

Joan Boothman

"May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, oh Lord my strength and Redeemer."

Robert Carlson

"Sigma Swig" --- Boston State Hospital Frat House.

Kerry Chandler

"Oh my heart."

William Chetwynd

"For every problem you have, someone else has one worse."

Pete Christensen

"Buy a Cadillac."

Eugene E. Coleman, Jr.

"Smile, it makes people wonder what you've been up to."

Janice Comrie

"For crying out molasses."

Jim Conrad

"A smile makes everyone's day a little brighter."

John Coulimore

"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. But God commandeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Romans 5:6,8)

Charles Cove

"Anyone can fail but the trying is what counts."

Phyllis Darden

"Trust the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding...and He shall direct thy paths." (Prov. 3:5-6)

Barry Degler

"Ignorance is bliss."

Mabel (June) Dettmer

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Margaret Drew

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Gordon Dunlop

"Oh, my goodness!"

Bill Edwards

"It's not whether you win or lose but how you play the game that counts."

Harold Edwards

"Believe nothing you hear and half of what you see."

Dave Fisk

"A star speaks: Why so hot, little man?"

Dale German

"Play is the masonic bearance of the truth."

Bill Gough

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." (Prov. 3:5.6)

Ron Graham

"A life with God makes for a complete life."

Alan J. Gray

"Share and share alike; you share, I like."

- Barry Haas "SHE'S always getting in my hair---
but who's complaining?"
- Kim Hamlin "I've got plenty of AMBITION,
I just hate to waste it on work."
- Paul Harvey "Don't do today what you can put
off 'til tomorrow."
- Ginnie Hastie "It's not important what we do but
rather how we do it that counts."
- Karen Hayes "God's way is my way."
- Linda Helmick "Keep smiling! Everyone will wonder
what you've been up to."
- Judy Herr "Where He leads me, I shall follow."
- David Heughins "Lord, teach me to love as Hitler hated."
- Judy Hoadley "What a riot."
- Patricia Holland "But my God shall supply all your
need according to His riches in
glory by Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4:19)
- Earle Hollett "With God, all things are possible."
- Ronald Holmren "Is that right?"
- Dennis Hughes "God has not promised all things
to be good but rather for all things
to work together for good."
- Pat Huzhey "Sock."

Phyllis Huson

"With a song in my heart."

Kathy Jackson

"Never say die; just do it."

Pat Jacobs

"Say what you mean, and mean what you say."

Joyce Jefferson

"Smile, you'll feel and look better."

Virginia Joines

"I've got those Air Force 'blues!'"

Dave Kale

"I'll never tell."

Joyce Key

"Whenever I get the urge to study,
I lie down until the feeling passes."

Mary Kinder

"Happiness seems made to be shared."

Richard Kinsman

"Cool as a moose!"

Jim Kloosterman

"Back into your cage, it's clean now."

Hank Lancaster

"If the shoe fits wear it."

Virginia Lantery

"Do unto others, as you would have
them do unto you."

Stanton Lockwood

"I, why?"

Ronald H. Lott

"Humor brings a smile to the face
and joy to the heart."

Joetta McClanous

"It's a great life if you don't
weaken."

Jean Manchester

"Christ is the light of our paths,
and only with Him can we find the
true happiness."

- Marion Marquardt "Everything in life has a beauty of its own but not everyone sees it."
- Dearlie Moline "Songs are the best way to praise God."
- David Moore "For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."
- Pat Moran "'Tribulations worketh patience!' . . . I hope."
- Brenda Morrill "Music is love in search of a word."
- Marilyn J. O'Dell "You can do anything you want if you really try."
- Carol Parkman "Judge not, that ye be judged."
- Roberta Pfisterer "Are you serious?"
- Heel Rice "Don't calculate upon the quantity of juvenile poultry before the complete process of incubation."
- Carole Reed "It's hot in here."
- Connie Richmond "Whatever you do; play it cool!"
- Sharon Rieder "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of hosts."
- Betty Riemenschneider "That's a shame."
- Lois Roberts "I'm sayin'."

- Marie Scott "Well how are ya'?"
- Pamela Shepard "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."
(Phil. 4:13)
- Michael Shetler "Too bad!"
- Gary Smith "Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace, where there is hatred let me sow love."
- Simeo Esipiko "Actions speak louder than words."
- Ed Snell "Jet man, with all his toys of brass,
Will ne'er create a blade of grass."
- Naomi Soloky "Keep your chin up, put your best foot forward, look the world in the eye, and say watch me."
- Carol Siazg "Christ is the center of my life."
- Penny Stephens "Who died and left you boss?"
- Fletcher Tink "Without friendship, life is nothing."
- Doris Umstead "Good afternoon, Eastern Nazarene College. . . ."
- Geraldine Walker "It's cold in here."
- Dianne Wallers "I sing for I cannot be silent;
His love is the theme of my song."
- Bob Westerberg "I shall: 'do unto others as I would have them do unto me.'"

David Young

scene: lobby of a hotel
"Carry your bag, sir?"
"No, she can walk."

Sharon Yousey

"Have you seen anyone I know,
like...?"

Gloria Zeigenfuss

"Whata 'ya mean?"

Charles Zink

"Fluff."

THE END

