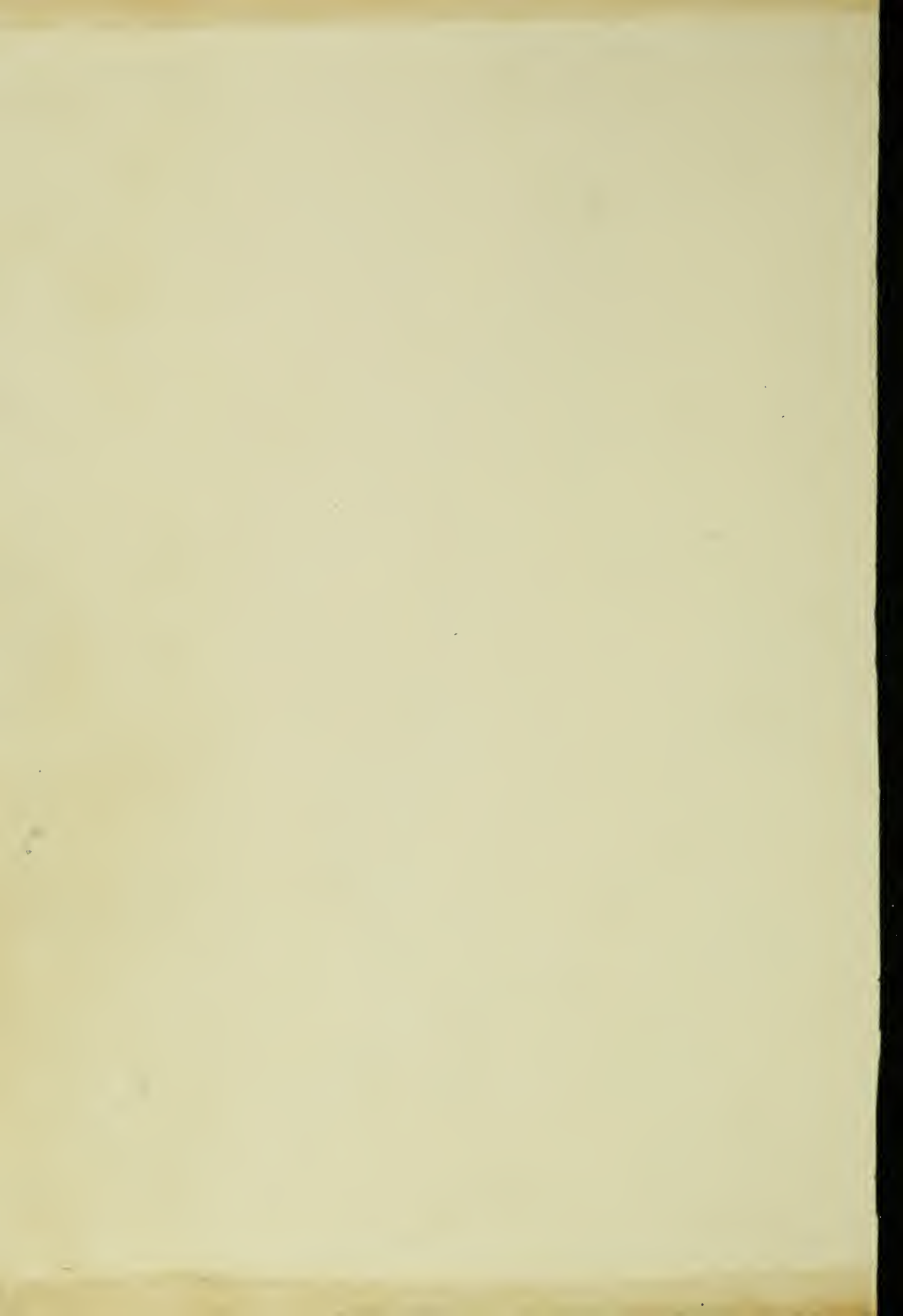
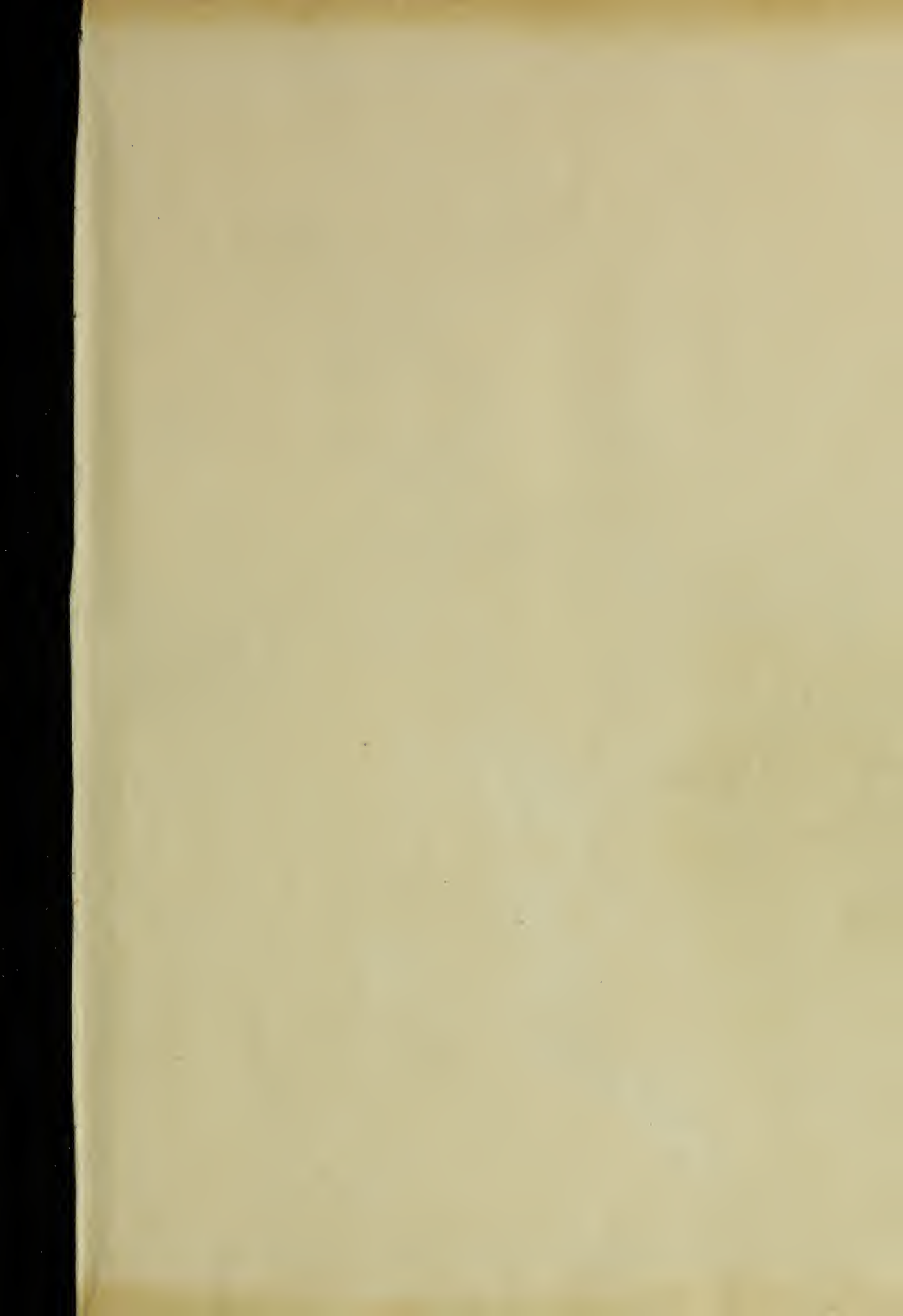
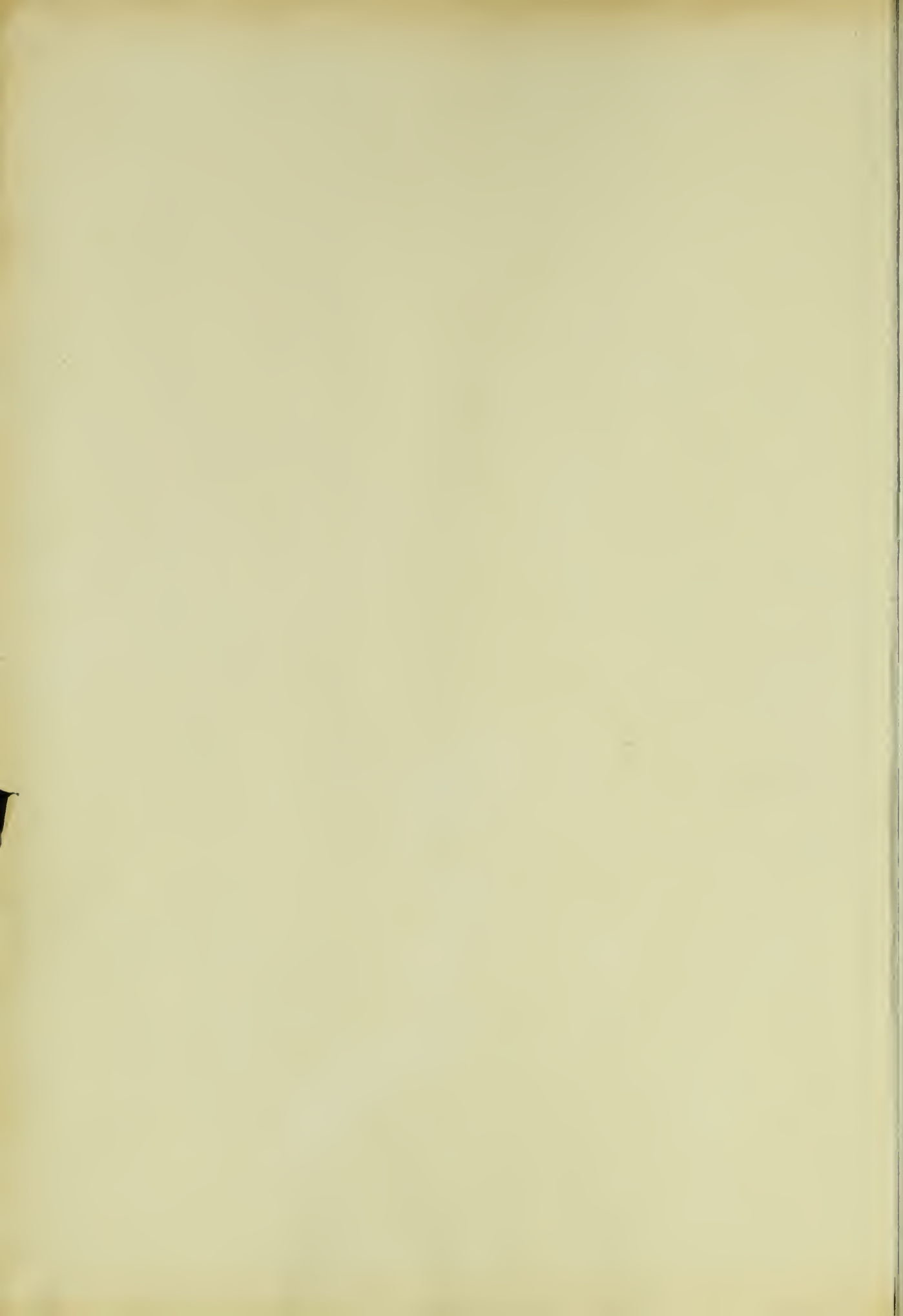


1944

The Green Book









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Green Book
1944

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Hello '54

Rhetoric Class of '54, we're writing this Greenbook for you.

If it's at all possible we would like you to accept our Greenbook in the college chapel, on April 6, 1954, or on the closest day thereto, because we are presenting it to the school on April 6, 1944.

We have several reasons for writing this book to you, but our most important aim is to tell you about this war that we're fighting right now.

* We all know that before we entered this war not a one of us had any idea of what a war would mean, and we're afraid that the same thing may happen to you. We're expecting and praying that this war will be over by 1954, and we want you to know, too, what war is and to hate it as we do.

We want this book to be in memory of our good friends who have left us to go and fight. We want the book to tell you about us and about E. N. C., but most of all we want it to make you see war in all its reality.

Dedication

Because we are in the midst of war right now and are being affected by it every day of our lives

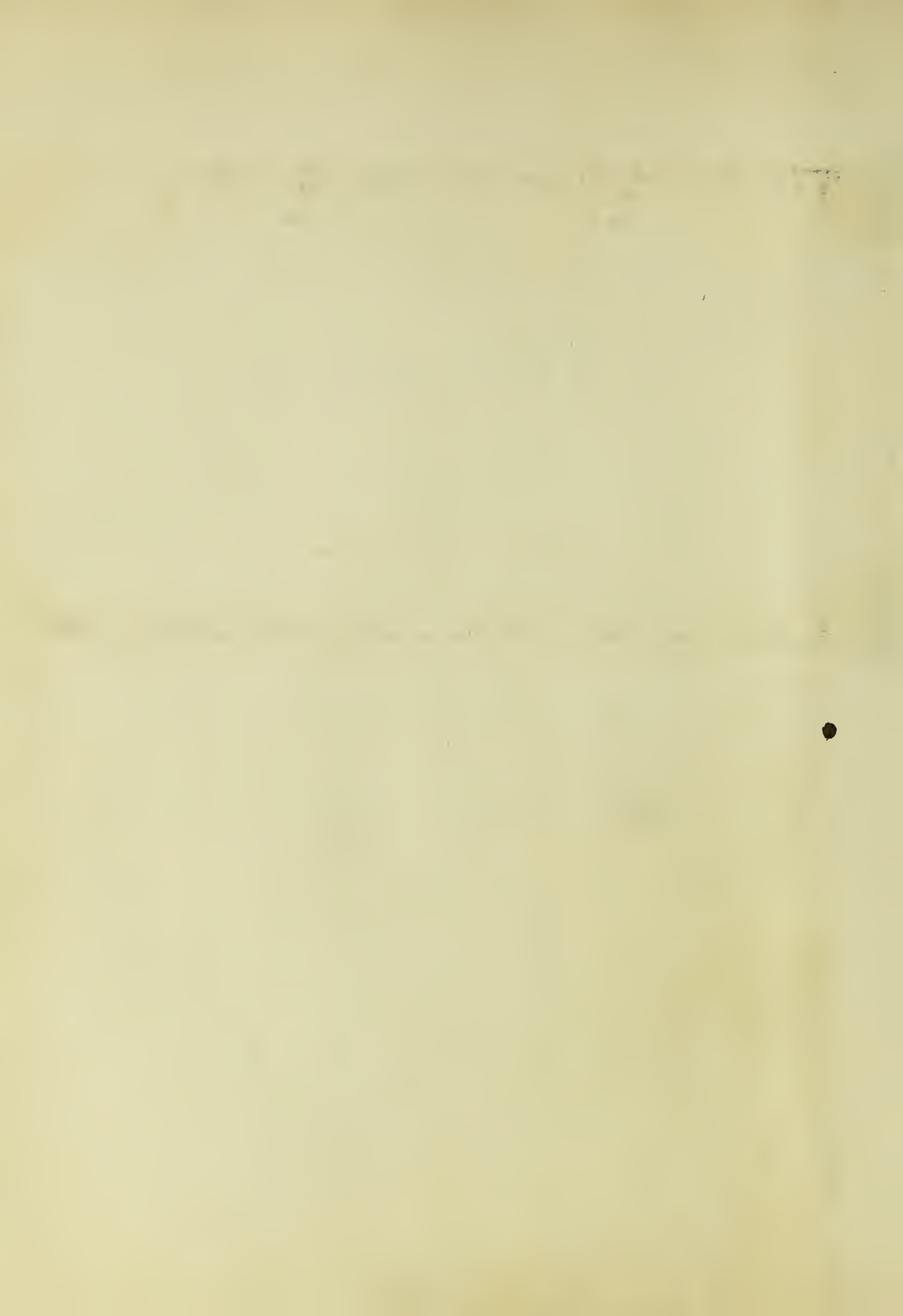
and

Because we are afraid that people who are not at war, themselves, can never quite realize what war means

and

Because we want above all else, to have a world of peace and security for our children and our children's children

We dedicate our Greenbook to the Freshman Class of 1954, in the hope that it will help them to understand war as they must, in order to prevent its coming again.



Every member of our Rhetoric class has contributed his bit to this War Bond. We have had a double purpose in buying it: it will make a small contribution to the war right now, and it will make a good sized contribution to you Freshman Class in 1954. We've made the Bond payable to Prof. Span, our Rhetoric professor, and if she's still here at school ten years from now when you are here, she'll give it to you. (We hope that she'll be here too for your sake, for we have certainly enjoyed having her as our friend and teacher, and we know that you will, too).

We want you to use this Bond for what ever purpose you feel is best -- perhaps for something for the school or for your own class. Possibly you'll use it for something we haven't even imagined.

Nevertheless, we present it to you with our best wishes and sincerest prayers for your success and happiness at school and in your later lives.



Ray Foster

O u r
Honor
Roll



Lloyd Rogers



Herald Darling



Paul Freese



? Missing in Action

"The Secretary of War wishes me to express his deep regret that your son, Lt. John Smith, has been reported missing in action." How many homes have been brought to grief by this familiar telegram? They are many - too many. Those last three words "missing in action" carry with them the gravity of life itself.

The possibilities created by these words place the receiver of them in an uncertain and nervous condition. Anxiety for the missing relative of the telegram is so strong that other thoughts are overshadowed almost constantly. One possibility, and the possibility hoped for, is that he has been taken prisoner. Although being a prisoner of war is not to be desired generally, it is certainly better than death. Another possibility is that he has been wounded, taken to a field hospital, but has not been reported by the officer in charge. The mother's thought that her son has been wounded, perhaps seriously, and is

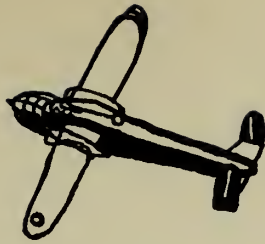
not being attended to properly places her in a grief-stricken state that is not easily overcome. Then there is the possibility of death. Death - the grim monster that brings the pangs of sorrow to many hearts when it comes.

When my brother, a young, smiling, typical American airman, waved goodbye to our family for what may have been the last time, he expressed confidence that he would be back. Indeed it was very far from our minds that he would be hurt or stopped. But one year and a day after he put on the uniform of a soldier, the fateful telegram containing the fateful three words "missing in action," was delivered to our home. I hope I never have a similar experience for never have I seen my parents in such a pitiful condition. Just three little words meant everything to us . . . Our buddy was "Missing in Action."

When friends who have not heard about such a misfortunate occurrence ask about the one in the service, the words, missing in action, are choking. When I first tried to tell my best pal what had happened to my brother, my tongue wouldn't form words and the tears began to roll. Just three words, but their gravity could not be comprehended.

The first of the three words, missing, carries much of the heart-breaking part of the message by itself. "Missing" - lost, whereabouts unknown. After the shock of the incident has been passed, "In Action" turns into words of pride. A parent is proud to say that his son has lost his life or has been reported missing, not merely missing, but missing in action in the service of his country.

Surely the words "Missing in Action" have taken on a great meaning in this war. They have brought grief and sorrow to many homes and will continue to do so until the war is ended. Every time a flyer fails to return from his mission to his base, his parents soon receive a message that he is missing - "Missing in Action."



Just a Plane

Beautiful day. Sky, a deep blue. Clouds, white and fleecy, moving across the blue background. The scene would make a lovely picture for some artist to paint. A bright sun is out warming the greenish brown earth with its long, penetrating rays.

I have been at my desk studying for some time. Nothing has annoyed me while I've been concentrating on my books. Then a minute ago I looked up from my books and out the window. The sight that I saw impressed me.

At the very instant I looked up I saw a formation of about six planes. Those planes affected me in a way that none of the planes which I have seen before ever affected me. I singled out just one of the planes and thought about what it really meant.

The plane was flying along quietly. The designer would have been overjoyed if he could have seen the ease with which it moved and could have heard the soft purr of the motor. Its designer had only one purpose in mind. He wanted the plane to function properly. Now, it didn't matter to him what happened to the plane. His job was done.

My thoughts, however, went further. The plane might have been designed perfectly and it might have been made in the best possible manner, but there was still one thing lacking. That was

life; human life. Up there in that quietly moving plane were men. Who were they? I don't know; it might have been a relative of mine or it might have been a relative of yours. It might have been the young father who had lived down the street from us. When he went into the Army he had to leave his wife and small son behind. The little fellow looked and acted exactly like his father. I doubt if he really knew what his father's going away meant. The thought never came into his mind that his father might not come back. "My father is big and strong, he flies a plane."

Another fellow in that plane might have been just a young kid. Only today I received a letter from a friend of mine who had just entered the service. It won't be long before he will be flying a plane like that. When he wrote he told me he wanted to come back, asked us to pray for him. If Ray had been flying that plane it would have meant more to me. It would have meant Ray and all that I knew him as; it would have meant a friend and a swell, all-round fellow.

Just one plane may go down in a battle. That one plane may carry the little boy's father or it may carry your friend or mine. Just that one plane made me want to do more so that the planes that now carry death will carry our boys back to us with a message of peace.

Joe D Biscoe



Johnnie

Around our campus these days, and no doubt around your neighborhood, the streets ring with the ferocious, guttural, staccato noise of a small boy, in the capacity of a Spitfire or Hurricane, raking a squadron of Zeros or Stukas, represented by other small boys, with a withering machine-gun fire. Of course no boy ever admits that he is the Jap or Nazi enemy; the other crowd is always that. Each side is annihilated; but, happily, the warriors always deannihilate themselves in time to get home for supper.

Eavesdropping on these martial pastimes one day, I recalled the times when my brother Johnnie and I used to play with rubber guns. Mock battles were the craze of the neighborhood then. I was so proud of Johnnie because he always seemed to be on the winning side and was such a "crack shot". Of course he was little and didn't have a uniform, but I was proud of him anyway. We didn't know about Nazis or Japs then; we had our mock battles just for the fun. I remember though they made mother think of her older brother, who was killed in World War I. Uncle Paul was practically her idol, and she could hardly

bear to be reminded of his death, much less that her own son might have to go to war some day.

Johnnie's a real soldier now. Last year was our first Christmas without him, and it was the first time I really felt the war. Now he is fighting real battles instead of just mock battles, and I hope that he will still be on the winning side just as he was in our little rubber gun battles. His friends are fighting together with him now and not against him.

Mother still isn't used to not having Johnnie around; nevertheless, there's the never-dying hope and determination in the hearts of everyone that some day soon our boys will be home and that it won't be many more Christmases before that day will really be one of festivity with the whole family around the same table.

As he boarded the bus that was to take him to camp, I suddenly realized that our past close comradeship was a closed chapter. We shared everything because our ages were so nearly alike. Since he is a few months older, he offered me advice which I resented when a youngster, but sometimes wish I had followed now.

Things can never be the same; we are both grown up

now. Johnnie seemed like just a boy when I last saw him, but when he comes home, he will be a man that I feel I hardly know. Then we'll have to try to start all over again, but there won't be much time for that, for we each have our own lives to live.

A neighbor of mine, a Hurricane, age six, just zoomed around the corner of the campus, told me I was a Zero, and sprayed me with machine-gun fire. "Pt-t-t-t-t-t! You're dead!" I got up!

Mary E. Harris

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Why is an army like a newspaper?

Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.



Blood Donor

As the clock strikes four I walk boldly to the desk labeled "Today's Appointments." My heart pounds as the attendant asks in a casual tone, "Your name?" Drawing a deep breath I say, "Janet Smith." Then I am handed three cards and told, "Go over there and sit down until your number is called. Be sure that you read this notice on the back of the card."

Well, that's easy. These chairs are comfortable. Better prick up my ears and listen to the numbers. "Sixty-Six." That's mine. Automatically I start for the next desk.

"Did you read this notice and will you sign it here?" I'm a volunteer. What if something happens? Why, I'm taking my life in my hands. Poof--nothing ever happens to me! My hand's shaky, but I've made up my mind. I'll swallow that lump and sign.

Two more desks. Questions. Guess they'll soon know my whole personal history. Tuberculosis? Malaria? Colds? Cough? Operations? Fainting spells? Ha, of course not. I'm healthy.

The needle-pricking table. Wonder how it feels to have my finger pricked. I'll soon find out. She smiles and takes my left hand. "Oh, no, I'm left-handed. I don't want anything to

happen to that one."

She says that it doesn't make any difference. There, it's all over. I hardly felt it. It's not bad at that. Guess I'm rather brave.

How funny. I almost laughed. One, two, three, four people, all with thermometers in their mouths. What's she trying to do? Oh, sure, keep it under my tongue and mouth closed. What if I have a fever! Maybe they'll send me back. My pulse. Why, I'm not even excited. Both normal. I'll be o.k.

Another desk. My, I went through those desks fast. "Drink a glass of water." My feet seem to respond more quickly than I do.

Now to wait my turn. Good, I can sit down awhile. They'll be busy. I can collect my wits. Hmm, is that nurse beckoning me? Why, I haven't had time to roll up my sleeves. Surely not so soon. Well, here I go!

Lots of people in here. My, they're calm. There's nothing to it. Look at that girl jump spryly off the table.

There, I'm already to go through with it now.

The nurse is cute. She must be having a hard time finding a vein. What if she misses? Must be all right. She's singing. Something about a six-pence. No, I won't look.

That's the sixth time she put something on my arm. Is she still looking for a vein? I could find one more quickly than that. She's stopped singing. What did she say? "It will sting a little bit."

It's really happened. I hardly felt it. Oh-hum, this ceiling is so unattractive. Just old cement. That shadow looks crooked. "Open and close your hand slowly. It acts as a pump." Easy, open, close, open, close. My hand feels as if little needles are going through it.

Maybe I can see the lady on my left. Ugh! Look at the blood going into her jar. Maybe I can peek at mine. Oh, what's that? The needle is in my skin. Just think, my blood is oozing out. I've got a queer sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. But everyone feels that way. I'm o.k.

There, she's taking the adhesive off. "Stop pumping. Don't move your arm." Ha, not on my life.

Why, it's all over. I am to lie still for five minutes with my arm upraised. Think I'll read the instructions about what I am to do afterwards. Let's see. No shopping. That's out. Eat in one-half hour. Not bad. I'm starved. I feel groggy. That's expected. I can go now. Sure, I'm all right. I'm never sick.

I'm husky. Wonder why people faint. I can walk into the tea-room.

"Do you want tea, coffee, or boullion?" What did she say? Oh, well, tea--I guess. I can't get my thoughts collected.

Why, of course not. No one can. Oh, hot tea. Guess I look pale.

"Do you feel all right?" I mutter a weak, "uh-huh." I'll be out of here soon. Let's see. Drink this hot tea. It will do me good. Tea--good for strength.

Better set this cup down. Odd feeling in my stomach. I declare I think my head's empty. What are those little pains shooting up my back? "I don't feel good."

Hum, this is wonderful. How fast those train wheels go around. How comfortable this bed is. My, I feel relaxed. Let me alone. Who's talking?

I open my eyes. Someone is taking my pulse. Three nurses are looking at me. Where am I? What happened? Oh, I'm at the Red Cross Blood Donor Station. Everything was fine. Oh, stupid thing to do. I fainted!

Well, it was the least I could do for the cause.

Janet O. Smith



For the Sound of His Voice

Remember the time when you were able to see and hear your Johnny almost any time you wanted to? There was a thrill in it, but you took Johnny almost as a matter of course.

How different things are today! How you long to speak to him but are unable to do so. One night, though, the telephone rings. Sister answers it and excitedly comes to say it's long distance for you. Immediately you think "John." You rush to the telephone closing doors behind you so that you can have a bit of privacy for about three minutes. Sure enough, it's he. He's calling from Georgia - just had to call. There's no special news and there's nothing the matter - just that he's homesick and wants to speak to you but wishes rather that he could see you.

Into three minutes you crowd in all that is uppermost in your heart. The minutes pass and his voice dies out after a promise to write, and a last expression of his love. A peace and satisfaction wells up within your heart. You've heard his voice. There's no matter that the charges were reversed.

Sue Clark

A Prayer in the Night

O Father, this day our Ship is at stake,
And some of our number have gone to o'ertake
The enemy in its disastrous flight,
And to bring back our Ship through the darkest of night.

Our hearts are fearful the long night may last,
And a temporary defeat its dark shadows cast.
We come with our fears to offer a prayer
That will bridge over the gap, until light is seen there.

Grant that our hearts may be stern and impressed,
And fight on with rigor o'er blood and conquest,
'Till the lives who have gone in this fight for domain
Shall be set up as victors on a field of free reign.
Grant that fear of this world shall be divinely released
And the doctrine of atheism forever impeached.
Father help us fight on.

Father quicken our feet that we may run,
The battle's not over; it has just begun.
Plant deep in our hearts a seed of desire
That will lead us to victory through smoke and through fire.

Help us to fret not, to put away whims,
When hope round about us lies cold and light dims.

We ask for a light when others have smoke,
And complain of the weather, while other folk choke.
We complain of the water, it's too hard we think,
When others haven't even one drop to drink.

We report of the fan 'ere the day's work is done,
While our boys die fighting under scorching sun.
While our hearts are wrapped in desires of their own,
Someone, who has shared, is dying alone.

O Father, we see our need in this hour,
And ask not for ease, but for strength and for power.
We ask not for no peril, but for a heart that is strong--
To meet each day's needs as the days come along.

Launa Hurless



All Man We Will
All Know Ten
Years from Now

Joel Brown is the most energetic, progressive, up-and-coming business tycoon I know. Joel is big, domineering, and masterful. At the first mention of a legitimate racket that might reap a profit Joel is underway. He will see the "right guy" that knows all the answers if he has to camp on his door-step all night.

One day I knew Joel was trying to place Coca Cola machines in our plant, but he had to have the permission of the plant manager. I asked Joel if he was ready for an argument. "There won't be any that he can raise. I'll simply smother him with constructive argument and leave him no course but absolute approval."

Knowing Joel to be always boisterous and enthusiastic I wondered if his statement was just "hot air." So I asked Joel what objections the plant manager would have to the Coca Cola machines and what his answer would be. Joel replied, "First he will say, 'There is no room for those machines,' but I have the answer to that as I have made a drawing of the floor space in the plant

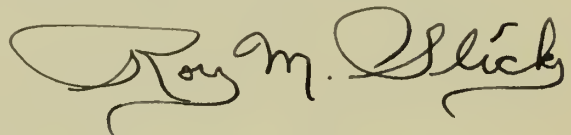
and have twenty-five possible locations for the three machines I want to install. Next he will say, 'The fire marshall will not approve them,' but I already have his written approval. Then the plant manger will ask, 'How do I know the employees want these machines?' but I have a petition signed by half the employees. His argument will be, 'Too much time will be wasted at these machines during working hours,' but I have already arranged to lock the machines except at lunch and during rest period." Joel had the machines installed in two weeks and is making a substantial profit.

On another occasion at a meeting of the labor union Joel showed his great leadership. The union had been doing little good for the employeas as there was poor leadership and we were about to re-elect the same official. Joel made a speech about some new life being added to the staff and plans made for some increase in wages and better working conditions. Someone said, "We are doing all we can." Joel replied, "If you are not getting results you are a failure and might as well admit it." Well, Joel was elected president and inside of six months we had a ten per cent raise.

One day I asked Joel what was the best racket he ever

found. He replied, "Well, every January first automobile owners must stand in line to buy their automobile tags. This line is usually about four blocks long all day and it usually is extremely cold. When I was a kid I sold hot dogs and coffee to these freezing people all day. I have often made fifty to seventy-five dollars in one day. Then I found a better way of making money from these people. I knew people hated to stand in line and their wait was often two or three hours. Well, I rounded up about twenty-five boys, put them in line early, and paid them a dollar for staying in line. Then when some prosperous looking fellow would come along I approached him and offered him a place near the front of the line for two dollars, saving him a two-hour wait as he just exchanged places with one of the boys."

Some day we'll all know Joel Brown. His only motto is:
If there is a profit, I will find a way to get it, and quick, too.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Roy M. Slick". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the text above it.

A theological student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a country town. A few days after he received a copy of the weekly paper of the place with the following item marked:

"Rev. _____ supplied the pulpit of the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."



Friend or Foe

"You dirty little Jap."

These words came to my ears as I stepped from a streetcar onto a busy New York street. I looked around to see who had made the accusation and to whom it had been directed. There was a small Oriental boy, perhaps ten years old, surrounded by a group of American lads. The tallest one of the group, a bully to be sure, was the one who had made the cutting remark.

"I'm not a dirty little Jap," the yellow boy replied as he tried his best not to look frightened.

"You are a Jap and a sneak. Your people killed Americans," taunted the bully.

"I never killed anyone," quiveringly replied the little Oriental. "I like America and Americans."

"You lie!" shouted the accuser, "but we'll get even yet, we'll blow Japan off the map."

At this point of the episode, an ice truck came along and the boys, forgetting their captive, ran to catch on the back

of the truck and "snitch" a piece of ice. The tormented, finding himself alone, scampered up a near by alley.

I continued on my way at the same time dismissing the whole affair from my mind. I had not gone far before those words of accusation came before me. Over and over I heard them ringing in my ears and then suddenly I realized that this bit of human drama I had seen and heard was being enacted throughout every city in the country.

Is it fair? Is one responsible for what his ancestral country does? Is it a Christian nation's attitude? God forbid.

Many Japanese born and reared in the United States are loyal to America and her people. Some are even willing to take up arms against their brothers, if need be. Should these American Japanese who are loyal be persecuted and made to suffer because of their race?

America, the "melting pot" of the world, has people from the four corners of the earth. People of all races, people from all classes of society, and people of all faiths have come to America to find peace and happiness.

We violate all American ethics when we chastise our Oriental brother. We have a task to perform and a war to win,

but the task cannot be accomplished nor victory won by the unkind satire directed at the American Japanese. Let us befriend the little yellow boy of the street. Let us be careful on whom we pin the insignia of the Rising Sun.

Howard P. Olson



My Nightmare

It's a dark, windy Saturday night. The rain is coming down in torrents as I step out of the five-and-ten cent store after my work is finished and look around. Plenty of people here, but no sign of the tall, distinguished gentleman whom I call "Dad."

I guess there's nothing to do but catch the 9:15. The bus is crowded with folk going home from work. The fumes are sickening. Halfway up the hill the bus comes to a dead standstill, and it's only after backing down and getting several new starts that we're able to climb the hill. The driver explains that it's difficult to get new parts for the motor. The war, you know.

As the driver stops the bus for me to alight, I run my new pair of rayon hose on a broken seat for which new parts are not available.

The driver is forced to reach his hand out the window and push open the door. Why? There's no new rubber for the strip up the middle.

Finally I get out of the bus and can feel the stones of the road through the soles of my "war shoes." If new materials were available, this road could be made smooth.

I'm glad to see Dad waiting for me on the front porch. He adds the last straw to my nightmare as he explains he couldn't come after me because the car is out of gas.

Florence Richeal

Home Sweet Home

'Mid billboards and signposts though once I did roam,
Be it ever so boring, there's no place like home.
A hoe and a spade seem to beckon me there
While gas and the rubber are going elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so boring, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the road which I once ran so wild
And know that my parents fret not of their child.
I chat o'er the fence with my neighbor once more
When I return home from my job in this war.

A stay-at-home now I am doomed to become
'Till this war is over, and peace has been won.
The birds singing gaily, now come at my call
As I work in my garden for food for us all.

If I return home with a war savings share,
A smile and a kiss, I'm sure to get there
What suffering I feel as I attempt to prepare
A meal from scarce points! Oh, my despair!

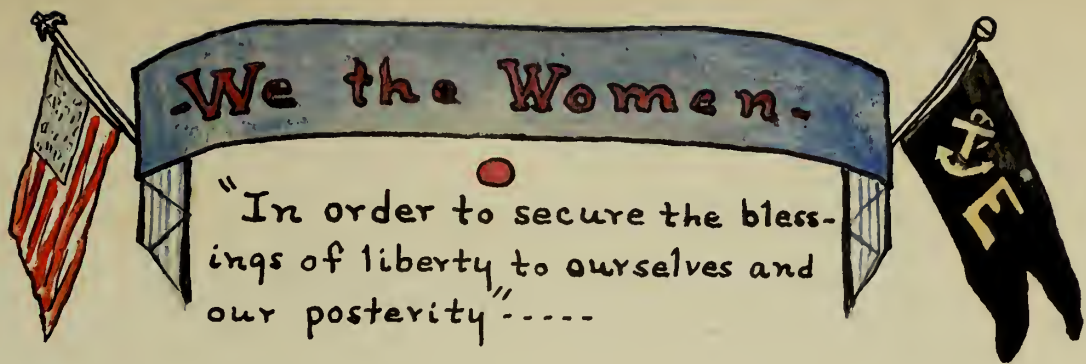
Farewell, summer cottage ! Farewell, yon seashore !

'Till this war is over I'll see you no more.

My faithful old car must be laid in its tomb

'Till Hitler and Tojo have met their just doom.

Eleanor M. Emery



On The Bendix Line

I had always been under the impression that factory workers were a rough lot of men and women - generally those who could not obtain any better jobs. The factory girls I had observed were boisterous and loud. They smoked and swore and went on wild parties. But Pearl Harbor changed my mind. Even the girls from the best families started donning slacks, tying up their hair, and going to work in defense plants. Factory workers were needed. So I joined their ranks.

Before the war, the company that employed me had manufactured thermostats, but Pearl Harbor changed that too. Now there was an Army-Navy "E" flag proudly flying over the buildings proclaiming another "all-out for victory" plant. I was assigned to the Bendix department where aviation instruments for blind flying were assembled. At first I was disappointed because I wanted to work in the machine shop, to get my hands and face dirty. I did not know that any factory had such a beautiful room in it until I saw the Bendix department. The benches were smooth and clean, the men wore white

shirts, and the floors were waxed until they sparkled. The walls and woodwork were green and white with the floor and tool chests a darker green. All the girls wore green and white uniforms. The entire department was air-conditioned all the year round and was supposed to be dustproof (I think I saw some dust a couple of times, though). There was a janitor who was more or less a fixture (since there was no dust). He very carefully dusted the dustless floors twice every day.

While learning to assemble the instruments, I endured the greatest test which my patience has ever had to face. Some of the screws were almost microscopic. If I took a deep breath or sighed impatiently, the screws would blow away. I thought I could never learn to handle a screw driver. My wrist was so tired after the first day that I could scarcely hold the screw driver the next day. Several other girls were doing the same operation as I was and they seemed so efficient and skillful that watching them only added to my dilemma. The foremen were entirely non-comittal; they only glanced at my work, frowned, and passed on. I knew that I was on probation for thirty days and wondered what would happen to me then if I couldn't do the work. One glad day my instructor greeted me with this report: "You're doing O.K., kid. I've been

checking your time cards. Your production rate is climbing. Keep up the good work!"

After about a month of patient effort I began to like my work. When one learned a certain little trick of the wrist the instruments usually fitted together perfectly. However, the Bendix instruments are precision mechanisms affected by heat, cold, dust, and numerous other agents, and sometimes the heat of the operator's fingers would make one of the tiny pieces of metal expand so that it could not be used until cool again. In that case, the instrument had to be pushed back and reassembled later.

I found the factory "crowd" quite generally agreeable and also some individuals who were distinctively interesting. Ann was a Serbian girl, an unusually good worker, and a jolly, optimistic person who liked to argue with the boss. Ann had been in the employ of the company for fifteen years and in addition to her work on the assembly line, she handled the grievance committee very effectively, and contended devoutly for the rights of the workers in Union disputes. She was as honest as Abe Lincoln, and greatly admired and trusted by the company officials as well as by her co-workers.

The fastest, most accurate worker on the "line" was a beautiful Italian girl who made every minute count. Rose's heart was in her work. "I've got a man over in England who needs these instruments for his plane. My brother Johnny's some where 'over there' too, and I can't let those two guys down."

Sandy was the Bendix "pin-up" boy. He was just back from Guadalcanal and Walter Reed Hospital - back with terribly shattered nerves and permanently impaired vision. He was a hero in his own right and a definite link connecting the workers with the men at the front, because he had been there. He knew from first-hand experience what war was, but he wouldn't talk much about it. "It's a lot worse than the newspapers say. You have to hear the shriek of the shells and see the fellows fall to understand what it's like; you have to feel the thrill of the fight to understand about that too."

Sandy lived in the hope of going back to the front, but he never will be able to. They gave him an easy job at the factory and he hated it. He knew that any girl could do that job as well as he, but the doctor's orders had to be obeyed. Sandy never told anyone the extent of his injuries, but the story gradually oozed out through the personnel clerk who had investigated his

discharge papers. There were times when, in spite of the thick glasses he wore, Sandy could scarcely see at all. Sometimes he would grasp his bench with both hands and wait for the darkness to pass. "Is this stuff we are making really as important as they tell us?" someone asked him one day. He looked away for a minute, thinking perhaps of Guadalcanal, of his friends, still fighting over there, and then he answered, "Is it important whether men live or die? When this stuff we're making doesn't get through to the lines, American men die; when it does get there on time and in sufficient amounts, they may live and bring us that much closer to victory."

Vivian Musney.

Americans on Their Knees



Very early one cold winter morning the wind was blowing with terrific force. The streets were dark and covered with deep snow. Bravely fighting her way through the wind and snow, a little old woman was trying to find her way somewhere. Every now and then she had to stop to catch her breath for she was frail and it was hard to walk in deep snow, against the wind. Slipping up beside her, I recognized Mrs. Perrazzi who lived two blocks down the street from me.

"Good morning, Mrs. Perrazzi," I greeted her. "Where are you going so early?"

As I took her arm to help her along she said, "Me, I go to the church to pray."

I was silent and she continued.

"Every morning at six o'clock I come to the church to pray for my boys. I promised my Tony when he went away that every day I would make a prayer for him. For Michael in Australia, for my Angelo in the Pacific, for Johnny in Iceland--I pray for them too. I try to pray at home sometimes but there is too much--what you call it--disturbance?" She struggled over some of the words but I knew what she meant. Then she went on to tell me that only yesterday she

had received word that Tony was missing in action in North Africa. Did I remember Tony? Yes, he had been captain of the high school football team and a chum of my brothers. More than once there had been scrimmages in our back yard. Big, handsome, intelligent, all-round Tony--missing in action!

I left Tony's mother at the door of her church and went on my way to work. All day the picture of the little Italian-born, American mother trudging through the snow to pray kept coming back to me. As I thought of her, I remembered other Americans who were being driven to their knees by the horrors of war--some of them praying for the first time in their lives.

I recalled a letter which my pastor had read in church a few days earlier, from a son of one member.

"It's funny the way things are straightening themselves out for me lately. You know I never was much of a Sunday School fellow. I thought I could get along without God, but I'm finding out that I can't. I've been doing a lot of thinking lately, and I started to read the Bible you gave me when I left. Last night I even tried to pray and I was really surprised that I felt so much better. I used to think that only sissies and weaklings prayed but I've changed my mind. Have the church pray for me, please."

I thought too of the new family who had started to come to church a couple of months before. The father had never darkened a church door in his life and had vowed he never would, but when his only son was wounded in action and the father realized that he could do nothing for him, he decided to give God a chance, and God had not failed him.

Then I remembered Esther, backslidden wife of a young army officer. Her husband was in India, having been sent over in the early months of the war. Esther was discouraged and anxious because the mail came through so slowly and brought so little news. She became desperate. After taking the prayer route and being reconciled to God she found that her burdens were lighter and her worries disappeared.

This present conflict is bringing to some people in a new and fuller measure the realization that God still answers prayer. Yes, war is horrible and heart-breaking, but more and more Americans are finding, like the little Italian mother, the soldier, the skeptical father, and the lonely young wife, that God can meet every need-- even in wartime.

Vivian Musny.



War Thoughts, Then ---and Now

Have you a father, uncle, or friend who used to tell of his harrowing, heroic, heartbreaking experiences in the First World War?

I have. I can remember yet the tangy, musty odor of a faded uniform, heavy with medals, as we lifted it reverently from the trunk. Also tucked into the old trunk were several dented shells and a battered helmet. Each was accompanied by its own story repeated at each new inspection.

How well I remember lugging out the boxes of old war pictures, taken by whom, I do not know. We would sit by the hour looking and relooking at the more gruesome ones, asking the kind and quantity of questions that only children can ask; until uncle Paul, acknowledging our victory with a chuckle, would sit down and to our delight tell us about "during the war."

This was all before we had a war of our own to occupy our minds. This was when the First World War veterans were our youngest heroes. Yes, - that was even before Italy invaded Ethiopia, before Japan seized Manchuria and Germany swallowed Poland. It was when the thought of war, to my childish mind, was a bloody mess with cruel monster men fighting, killing and starving people just for the sake of killing. To me it was almost equivalent

to the end of the world.

I still clearly recall my amazement at learning that a war in one half of the world did not end, disrupt, or even change life in the other half.

I remember gradually hearing of country after country after country declaring war and still my life was the same. I couldn't understand. Then, England was drawn into the conflict, and the horror and fear of what war would mean came back; for I had always thought of England as being almost a part of us.

But-- after a while still nothing happened here! Even with England at war ! I was old enough to reason that "after all there is a whole ocean between, and we are safe." And so the war and war news became just a part of everyday life; something to be taken for granted.

Then I began to hear talk and to read of the government drafting men for a year of training. My favorite uncle went and once again the old terror came back, this time to stay -- for war was creeping nearer. I caught some of the suspense that hung over the whole world as leaders, who held the fate of nations in their hands, met, discussed and arbitrated.

By this time I was old enough fully to comprehend the situation. and realize that war wasn't just the aimless, bloody brawl I had

always imagined, but a strategically planned program of greedy, self-centered, ungodly, devil-possessed men to increase their own power and possessions. War began to mean not only fighting, but acts of congress, lend lease, more fireside chats, talk of "dirty Japs" and heartless Germans, knitting for Britain, and joining the Red Cross. Yes, war had crept so close that it was in our own Pearl Harbor on that Sunday, December seventh.

War was here, war was real. Boys were leaving, boys and young men I had grown up with, grown up to realize that even though our war was a great many miles from where I lived, it was our war, my war.

The pattern of life itself didn't change drastically, but gradually habits, foods, prices, taxes, amusements, but most of all, people changed. We all had a common interest; a common fight; common sorrows and a common pride in our own country. All we girls wanted to give blood or be nurses aides or airplane spotters. The boys were impatient to "pitch in " and "show those guys who's boss."

Life over here has changed. But our boys know how it feels at close range. We learn from their letters about the bloody business. They describe people in the four corners of the earth -- their heartbreaks and sacrifices and reactions. They send us

momentos from Alaska, Hawaii, England and China. One has sent a beautifully and brilliantly embroidered jacket and a filmy heart-stamped scarf from China; another, flowers and a lei from Hawaii; and still another a genuine clan plaid from Scotland.

I wonder -- will all these be packed into a trunk, along with picturesque letters, a well worn uniform heavy with medals, and a pair of silver wings, to be lifted out reverently by our children, accompanied by our stories of "during the war?" Let's hope so. But let's also hope and pray fervently that war to them will always mean only the stories we tell, and that the war heroes of today will be the war heroes of tomorrow. We want no more.

Nancy Denson

Hopes for the Future

Well '54, we've got some big plans here at E.N. C. in '44. By the time you're attending this college, the campus will have had some important changes. Our plans are just on paper now, and some of them sound rather like pipe dreams to us, but we are hoping and expecting to put them all into effect within these next ten years.

We're planning on a new Boy's dorm, an auditorium, improvements in the gym such as a new heating system shower, and lockers. We're putting away our pennies now in one Building Fund towards a new and larger off-campus Wollaston church. Our post-war planning committee is even considering moving and improving the Manchester and adding a new heating plant. Also an addition to Munroe Hall is on the books.

Probably by the time '54 rolls around a good many of these buildings and improvements will have become familiar and permanent parts of E. N. C. and we expect that the campus will look quite a bit different. Therefore we're enclosing in this section of our Greenbook a few pictures of the campus and buildings as they appear now. We thought it would be fun for you to compare them with the school in '54.

E.
N.
C.



Cantbury



Cardboard



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Our Themes

While writing this Greenbook we have tried to imagine what you members of the class of '54 will be like. We've tried to picture how you'll look and how you'll act in the dim, distant future so mysterious and unreal to us now. We're afraid that perhaps when you read our Greenbook it may be just as difficult for you to understand our class of 1944. Therefore we're putting in some themes we've written in Rhetoric class. They are about us, about what we do here at school, and about what we are.

True enough, we are at war and we can never forget that; yet we are still normal young people attending a Christian college, and we find that many of our activities continue as usual. We go on working, studying, and praying. We have our parties and good times, and our exams and revivals. Life doesn't change much.

We hope you'll enjoy reading our themes, and comparing college life as it looks to us now with life on the E. N. C. campus in the year of '54.



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Watching Someone

Write a Theme

People are funny. Have you ever watched anyone closely when he was unaware of it? I mean watched for all the strange little actions? I am watching my roommate now and will give a play by play description.

She is very intelligent and a wonderful person--but even she acts rather peculiarly when in a state of partial concentration! I think she has forgotten I am here. She is sitting on her bed with her back against the wall, her notebook on her knees and a pencil in her hand. She was writing busily a moment ago, but now she has stopped to push some straggling papers back into her notebook. This done, she picks up her pencil as if to write again, but instead she looks at her nails with a very odd expression on her face. I can't quite make it out, but I can see a manicure in the offing. Now she is locking at his picture on the desk. She then pulls herself back from the past or the future to the present. Oh, she has started to write again--inspiration, no doubt! A whole page has been written. Now she has stopped writing and is counting the words. "Happy Day," she just exclaimed triumphantly, "Only thirty-five more to go!"

Thus a masterpiece is born!

Nancy Benson



Women, God's Gift to Man

Try as I might, I have concluded that as long as the earth continues to revolve around the sun and as long as March second comes after March first, woman will remain a mystery.

You go to elaborate pains in telling her how well she looks in her new outfit only to be rewarded with a thank you and a turned up nose. You go to some extent in reminding her how charming and beautiful she is, only to be thought of as a flatterer and a great lover. You go to much labor in passing a remark about the exquisite and stunning hat, only to be the instigator of a handkerchief full of tears.

Some actions of the women are difficult for the men to fathom. We never could understand why the girls wanted to mimic men by donning slacks, but still maintain their feminine appearance by the use of war paint; nor why the forgetful husband had to remember to send his little wife a card for every occasion imaginable even for their first wedding anniversary; nor why women delight in embarrassing other women in the presence of men; nor why women are so fussy about concealing their age.

If we fail to speak to the charming creatures we are snobs, but if we pay too much attention to them we are running after them. If we buy them too many delicacies we're extravagant, but if we fail to buy any we're tight-wards. If we play 'hard to get' we're unwanted. If we are friendly to more than one girl we're insincere and fickle, and if we're friendly to one special girl we're too serious.

We men hate to see women appear sloppy. We detest crooked stocking seams, slips that are proudly displayed, shiny noses, bushy eyebrows, queer color combinations, heels that are run under, long red fingernails, powder used in excess, gaudy cheap jewelry, fallen and stray hairs decorating their clothes, and if it weren't that a war was being waged we would despise runners in their hose.

The types of women are many and varied. They are the flirt, the gold digger, the motherly or the independent type, the old maid, the jealous, the haughty, the tramp, the nagger, the cat, the prissy or persnickity, the selfish and the coquettish types.

However, all women do not come under these classifications because there are the appreciative, the thoughtful, the faithful, the helpful, the intelligent, the sincere, the pretty, the attractive, the beautiful; the excellent cook, the woman with poise, personality

and charm; the exotic, the gracious, the business woman, and the distinctive types.

Woman may be all this and more, but whether she is more or less she will always be needed by men if the men are going to live a successful life. We realize that we have faults and we also realize that women have faults. We know that the girls will never find men like their dads and we also realize that we will never find girls exactly like the ones who married those dear dads.

This is my proposition:

Women are a mystery

Men like a mystery

Therefore men like women.

Paul L. Moore

They were sitting on the front porch.

He: "Here comes the young parson. I wonder if He means to join us."

She: (frigidly) "Wouldn't it be advisable for you to propose first?"



Those Strange Creatures — Men

Have you ever tried to figure men out? I have finally come to the conclusion that it is a hopeless task. There is no solution. They are as undeterminable and changeable as they say women are.

Men in general are really strange. Just try to please them. It can't be done. Men delight in making fun of women's clothes, especially hats. You buy a cute, perky little creation and wear it on a date hoping to please your escorts, and what does the average man do? He scoffs. But just you turn up in an out-of-date number, something that resembles your Great Aunt Janes' and he will be sure to ask you whose funeral you are going to.

A woman's place is in the home is what most men say. Well then, if that is her place, let her run it. Why meddle? Did you ever cook, wash, iron, or clean for a man and not have him find something wrong. "This steak's too tough," "Didn't you wash that shirt I wore yesterday afternoon yet?" "Really, I could iron better than this." "When did you clean my den last?" Such are examples of the never-tiring complaints men

give. Why don't they change their records once in awhile, and since they are so emphatic in saying woman's place is in the home, why don't they stop lifting the lids off the pots and pans when they come home at night, to see what's cooking? They are too nose-y. You can't surprise them with an unusual supper. They scent it miles off, and yet they just have to peek to make sure and when you're not looking sneak a sample.

Men in general are conceited. There are three classes of conceited men. First, the genius who is a whiz either in business or the professions. Second, there is "God's gift to the women," who takes pride in his so called Apolectic looks and tries to step up the heart beat of every woman he meets. Third, there is the "my folks came over on the Mayflower" type who thinks he is fortunate because not everyone can have his name. Not everyone would want it, either!

Now we come to the various types of men. Of course it would be next to impossible to name them all, but I can try. Joan of Arc was a brave woman, I guess I can be one too. There is the blow-hard, the flirt, the flatterer, and the out-door type. There is the strictly intellectual, the bore, the conversation monopolizer, the know-it-all, and the great lover.

I musn't forget the tight wad, the dashing knight, the book-worm, the critic, the war authority, the music lover, the eccentric, and the deceitful, man-about-town.

In spite of all I've said, and I could say lots more, once in awhile some woman finds what she thinks is the almost perfect man. Personally, I'd like to see him. You see, I still think men are strange creatures.

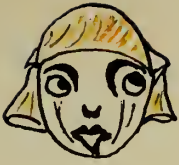
P.S. The above was collected after years of hard study, but the author has finally decided to quit her research before it gets her down, and before the man in the white coat gets her.

Louis M. McBusker

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Why is a room full of married people like an empty one?

Because there's not a single person in it.



How to Lose Friends and Disgust People

After you have made a friend, it is of vital importance to be as mean to him as possible, just so that you can test his endurance.

First of all, say all the cutting things to him you can think of - about himself, his friends, and his interests in general. It may be lots of fun to see his reaction. Criticize everything he does for he might become conceited if you ever hand him a compliment.

If your friend is perplexed about some matter, try to make the situation seem worse than it already is. Then when the trouble is all straightened up, his mind will feel much more relieved than if it had been only a small matter bothering him. If your friend has made a mistake in public, show him what a fool he made of himself in the eyes of everyone. He will be a much humbler person thereafter.

When your friend consults you about some problem and feels like relating his troubles to a sympathetic ear, don't give him a chance to say a word. Do all the talking yourself, and pour your anxieties upon his already heavy heart. This method

will surely make him feel that life isn't worth the effort it takes. There's another important factor to remember when someone confides in you. Tell every person you see all about your friend's private life, as the publicity will make him feel important. Your judgment might not always be the best; so it's wise to learn everyone else's opinion before you give any advice.

When your friend wants you to go to town with him, go to bed instead, and get a good rest. This much needed repose will enable you to exist on a very few hours' sleep each night until the next time he wants you to go somewhere with him --- then take another long nap.

As people thrive on hearing someone brag about himself, don't forget to mix a little braggadocio in your conversation. It adds color and is sure to convince your listeners what an unusual person you are.

When trying to lose friends, keep in mind the preceding suggestions.

M. Jean Hood



It's All in The Family

Everything is in the family. The family is our testing ground for every experiment, every phase of our life. There is a love among the members of a family that holds them together. As members of family groups we are sometimes critical of other members, and often we are criticized by them.

Living in a family is all give and take. We love and are loved; we share our secrets with others and they share their secrets with us; we make mistakes and see others' make mistakes; we have heartaches and the others have heartaches too; we give encouragement and others give us encouragement; we disagree and are disagreed with; we try to be patient and the others try to be patient with us; we hope and pray for the other members of our family group and they hope and pray for us.

Each one of us is a power. Along our life's road many experiences intermingle to form our character. Our first financial problems arise in the family. Our first tragedies happen in the family. We get our first impressions of life in the family. Here we "try our wings." Whether we succeed or fail--it's all in the family!

Mary Belle Harris



Did You Know?

One o'clock? Time to start sweeping the Mansion. I really feel more like sleeping this afternoon. No work -- no money. Well, here goes. Up the Mansion steps. In. Up some more. The broom ward. The keys. There, now, where's the broom, compound, and featherstick? That green stuff? That's just a sweeping compound. It lays the dust. Makes less work.

Now to the top hall. Scatter green dirt! I start to sweep with my nice new broom which Alex gave me. He's a good guy. Leaves next year though. Whose bottles? I'll get money from them if they don't move then soon. An old dirty shirt. Papers. Mop (not mine). Waste paper cans. What do they expect me to do? Carry them to the incinerator? That makes me -- well -- I don't see why they ever signed a paper saying they wouldn't put anything in the halls. And they made it up themselves. Wait 'till they get married. Me -- voice of experience -- Ha!

Huh! So he's glad to see me back on the job again. It's nice somebody is. I'm not. "Hi, Bill. No, I'm not

hungry today. What do you want? That is the janitor's equipment. Everything I lend out stays away until I go after it. No more."

"Who's calling for whom? Bob? O.K. I'll see if he's there." You'd think I was the office girl. "No, he's not in his room. You're welcome." I believe she's really got a bad case on him. He's just as bad though.

There's Eddie's music. Man, he has some good records. I like to listen to them. He knows my favorite. There it is. "Paper Doll."

Second floor, bottom floor. Just like an elevator. Only you get tired. I wish they would close that door. It would be warmer in here. This room is always so dirty. Some of the kids act as if they were still in grade school. Throwing paper around.

Two-thirty? I'll have to see if I have any mail. Not much any more. All that I get contains bad news. Why do things happen that way?

"Hi! -- Hi, Prof. -- Hi." -- No luck again. -- Well, the sweeping's all done. Now dust a few things. Empty waste-paper cans, for teachers only, of course. Door, key, open up. Put in broom, compound, and feather duster; take out mop, bucket, cloth, cleanser, disinfectant perfume.

To the bathroom. Rub, rub, rinse, rinse -- all the wash bowls
clean. Bucket of hot water. Disinfectant. My, that's strong.
"I don't care whether you like it or not. It makes things clean.
Isn't that what you want?" Swish, swish. Clean again. But for
how long?"

Gilbert Hilgar



A Midnight

Feed on Third

The time -- long after 11:00 P. M. (when all good girls go to bed). The place -- any room on third, preferably one whose owner doesn't particularly care about the condition which her abode is sure to be in apres le deluge. The occasion for all this excitement -- just another weekly conflagration of the inhabitants of that honored spot, third floor.

On any evening when the mood is right you might find us, enjoying ourselves to the limit by simply exercising that most used portion of the female anatomy, the tongue.

A glimpse into one of these gatherings would doubtless be a shock and a revelation to many of the male members of our acquaintance. Most assuredly, these gentlemen will never have this opportunity, and thus it is for their benefit that I am going to set down a blow by blow description of one of these meetings.

Naturally, as you learned in paragraph one, it is very late; and the mode of apparel adopted by many of our young friends is to say the least quite interesting. There may be seen everything from the most gorgeous wrapper of costly taffeta, right on down to one of father's old shirt,

which is now serving as a nightgown. The hair styles are something to shout about. Every method known to mankind is put into practice to produce those lovely curls we see by light of day, and the appearance of some of the hopefuls during the midnight hours is really comical.

Our looks don't bother us much at these times though. Our minds are more often on the important things in a girl's life - e.g., talk and food. Of course we talk all the time, but it is at one of these meetings that we really go to town on everything and everybody. After we have satisfied the desire to gab, gab, and gab some more, we turn to baser thoughts, - our stomachs. It seems that everyone has something to contribute to the feed, and we get some queer combinations before we're through. There are always sure to be homemade cookies that taste like more and more, usually some homemade jam, and always our old stand by -- peanut butter. Of course there are crackers and bread with the jam, and some one always brings some pickles and olives, which make an interesting addition. These are always essentials to a good feed, and there are sure to be odd things cropping up besides, such as a bag of apples or walnuts, a box of marshmallows or candy, some cake or even pie, and once in a while we even have a little butter.

You are probably wondering what becomes of us on the morning after. Since these revelries are usually held on Saturday night, we feel a twinge of conscience around twelve o'clock, and decide that we all ought to get up for Sunday School the next morning. The amazing part of it is that we almost always do arise on the morrow, and none of us seems any the worse for our indulgence, either.

Betti Herschaft



Sewing on Buttons

Oops, another button off and only thirty minutes till class, but I ought to be able to get on a button in that length of time. Scurrying to my bureau I rooted through the miscellaneous junk seeking the silly sewing kit my mother had so proudly presented to me the day I left for school. Oh! Beneath all my treasures it lay, quite discolored and neglected. A good dusting, however, revealed its original beauty. Wouldn't mother be delighted to see me use this handsome kit.

"What are you doing crawling around on the floor?" ventured one of my roommates.

"Oh, looking for stray buttons. Got any I could borrow?"

"For how long?"

"Couple a weeks."

"None, sorry."

After much diligent searching beneath rugs, tables, beds, and bureaus, I was rewarded with exactly eleven buttons. Nine were white, one was black, and the other was brown. I was also rewarded with cramped muscles from getting into unusual positions.

Taking my shirt I perched myself on the edge of the bed; slipping the long, shiny needle from the cushion and pulling a strand of white thread from the mat of assorted colors, I

commenced threading my needle. A warning from my roommates caused me to decorate my finger with the reddish-orange thimble. Placing the end of the thread in my mouth and flattening it between my front teeth, I proceeded to push it through the eye, as my mother had done so often. But somehow it didn't work. The thread would not go through. The thread was too large, that was it; so I took another strand, but to my dismay this piece also refused to go through.

My roommates explained that it was the needle. Oh, of course, the eye was too small. Replacing this needle I selected another with a much larger eye, I thought. Moistening the end and flattening it between my thumb and index finger of my right hand and placing the thread to the eye, I took a deep breath, pushed the strand through and breathed a sign of relief when I observed the white strand displaying itself on the other side of the needle.

My first attempt at tying a knot on the longer piece of thread proved unsuccessful and my second trial brought brought the knot two inches from the end. I was glad, though, for an excuse to use my scissors. Having inserted the needle through the material and pulling the thread up to the knot I slipped the white button with two small holes down to the material. I then stuck the needle through the other hole, the material, and out on the other side, pulling the thread till the button was in its proper position. The needle then went up in reverse movement to the other and then down

again, guided by my unskillful hand. Sometimes I got my actions mixed, once almost driving the needle through my thimble, and twice getting the thread hopelessly entangled, but always making the button more securely attached.

I knotted the strand when it got near the end and cut off the excess. Then holding the shirt up and eyeing my job from a distance a shriek of horror escaped my lips. The button had been sewed on the wrong side!

"How does one remove tightly sewed on buttons?" I groaned.

"Use your scissors," retorted my roommates.

So once again I got out my trusty scissors and snipped every piece of white thread surrounding that button. This painful process finished, I repeated the previously stated method and was overjoyed to make the final knot.

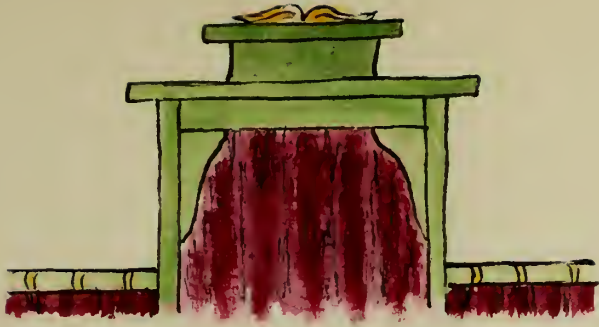
Do men need wives?

Paul L. Moore

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"Your mistress tells me, Jane, that you wish to leave and become an attendant at a lunatic asylum, of all places. Why what experience have you had?

"Well, sir, I've been here three years."



The Faculty

Goes to Chapel

Have you ever watched the members of the faculty during the chapel period? Have you ever endeavored to analyze the variety and significance of their facial expressions? A study of this nature is most amusing and enlightening. The only required prerequisites are a quick eye, the ability to see connections, and a vivid imagination.

It is interesting to observe the order in which the honorable faculty makes its appearance. The early arrivals may be placed in one of the three following categories: those who welcome a twenty-minute rest period from the students, those who must be present to deliver their regular announcements, and those who are usually punctual. The tardy members may also be allocated into three categories: those who fear that their calculations relative to the identity of the speaker may prove correct, those who so captivated their second period class that in desperation they are found to drive the students from their classroom, or those who are usually tardy. On rare occasions the pattern is slightly disrupted, but not for long.

The next clear reaction may be observed when the speaker of the morning is announced. At times the entire faculty as a body gushes forth with smiles and applause as a former "good" student mounts the rostrum. On other occasions they seem to shrink back and exchange surprised glances to think that the speaker, a "poor" student, should have made a success in his profession.

Remember that morning that Mr. - - - visited the campus from the Southland? It was amusing to watch certain members of the faculty pull back in puzzled horror at his queer and ungrammatical expostulations. Then, too, remember that musical selection we had recently? I thought certain professors would slip into the next world. But I have reached the conclusion that the professors at Eastern Nazarene College possess the magnanimous quality of forgiving and forgetting, for some day the same speaker and the same singers will again be given an opportunity to exhibit their talents.

The passive attitude of several professors would make them excellent poker players. Their only manifestations of interest are an occasional withering smile or a twinkle of approval in the left eye. Remember the morning that the chapel speaker cast that beautiful bouquet into the lap of a certain department? Smiles and glances from both faculty and students failed to procure any sign

of recognition from the head of the honored department.

Occasionally a speaker takes the chapel by storm, and the burden of his message is so gripping that a portion of each period for the remainder of the day is reserved for a discussion of the topic. Some professors emphasize the logical reasoning employed, some delight in pointing out the manner in which historical references improved the speech, and the remainder attempt to re-preach the message or present their additional thoughts on the subject.

As the members of the faculty filter out the side door of the chapel and the students proceed to march out with the customary nonplussed expressions, the thoughtful observer has enriched his soul by digesting, not only the message as he interpreted it, but also as it was registered in the facial expressions of the faculty.

Jay W. Patton



A College Education

A freshman stands at the threshold of a college career. His first glimpse makes him feel strange and new. He sees some activities that he smiles on; others that bring a frown.

He has met the cross-currents of life. Out of his environment he comes to discover the many and varied ideas of other people. His emotions are mixed; his thoughts, confused; his feelings, suppressed. His whole being is alive and full of vitality. He wants to be settled, yet perplexity is his lot.

When the freshman passes through the threshold he learns that he has met his equal. He is not always correct, and slowly the light breaks upon him that the old saying of "there are two sides to everything" is quite true. Yet as he bucks up against diversity of opinions during this broadening process, he must know where to give and take.

As each new situation or problem presents itself he no longer jumps at the primary conclusion, but thinks upon it with intelligence.

He is learning, not only to live with others, but also

to understand himself. He is developing character so that in the future he will be able to shoulder his responsibilities with the proper motivation and attitude.

A college education is more than a picture of books, scattered notes, pencils, pens and erasers. It has a deeper meaning.

As the one-time freshman finally leaves college, he is ready for the battles and problems of life.

Janet P. Smith

Glimpses of '44

We thought perhaps you might like to see what our whole Rhetoric class looks like. We've put down all our names, and included a pen sketch of each of us. Perhaps you can pick out a few relatives and friends. We imagine that our clothing will probably look pretty funny to you for undoubtedly in 1954 your dress will be a good deal different from what we're wearing now. It's been fun for us to try to guess what your clothes will be like, and perhaps some of us will be able to come back in 1954 to see how you look then. We've pictured you in outfits made of glass, nylon, plastics, and all those things that sound so super-modern to us now. I wonder how close our predictions will come.

? ? ?

Rhetoric A



Back Row: Walter McPherson, Donald Retter, Howard Olsen, Erlaine Weaver, Emogene Smith, Ruth Harding, Leroy Sturtevant, Lucille Parks, Luke Brinker, Mary Sumner, Janet Smith, Paul Harris, Thora Cross, George Ardrey, Lee Allison.

Middle Row: Dorothy Farrell, Florence Richeal, Mary Jane Ewing, Vivian Musnog, Audrey Ward, Priscilla Harvey, Beulah Wiggins, Mary Coffin, Mary E. Harris, Edna Cuff, Pauline Douglas, Emma Woledge, Esther Friend, Iva Knox, Doris Taylor, Vera Palmer, Irene Park.

Front Row: Esther Dixon, Helen Marta, Bernadine Mobberly, Theda Jones, Nevert Chetakian, Professor Spangenberg, Dorothy Ballinger, Rebecca Grimm, Elizabeth Smith.

Rhetoric B



Back Row: Irma Gale, Joseph Biscoe, Jay Patton, Frank Haselton, William Lusk, Oliver Williams, Ellis Horton, Paul Moore, Gilbert Hilgar, Roy Slick, Thelma Cody, Florence Otis.

Middle Row: Sylvia Lunn, Patti Herrschaft, Doris McCusker, Ruth Corrie, Mary Belle Harris, Jane Starnes, Louise Webster, Betty Lee Turner, Rita Rosenhammer, Mary Sharpe, Betty Higgins, Irene Barock, Lena Grimm, Virginia Greene, Jean Wood, Eleanor Emery.

Front Row: Anne Wright, Marilyn Stiles, Eleanor Caronia, Thelma Stetson, Professor Spangenberg, Christine Hardy, Eileen Scott, Lila Taylor, Dorothy Benson.

. . . and here we are

Allison, Lee	Dependable worker, shy smile, very sincere
Ballinger, Dorothy	Hidden sparkle, question-box, serious
Baroch, Irene	Blonde, shy, always smiling
Benson, Dorothy	Southern Belle, hoop skirt maneuverist, sweetheart
Berk, Paul	Friend-to-all, easy-going, Pennsylvania Dutch
Biscoe, Joseph	"Bride" of the '44 Leap Year Party, friendly, happy mixture of sense and nonsense.
Brinker, Luke	Tall, boyish, "H'yar, Rover!"
Chetakian, Nevart	Typical office girl, dusky beauty, "Those eyes!"
Cody, Thelma	Massachusetts maid, sophisticated, subtle
Coronia, Eleanor	Retiring, sweet smile, jet black hair
Corrie, Ruth	School marm, flowing tresses, bass soloist
Cross, Thora	Prim, always rushing, talkative
Cuff, Edna	Pleasing voice, lively, dormitory adjitator
Darling, Harold	Agreeable, quick to make friends, sincere
Dixon, Esther	Bashful, "cheezy", raven hair
Douglas, Pauline	Musician, braids, brains
Emery, Eleanor	Fair, hair ribbons, reserved
Ewing, Mary Jane	Small, pug nose, quick smile
Farrell, Dorothy	Freckles, "red", likeable
Foster, Ray	Unpredictable, energetic, Grondall's brother





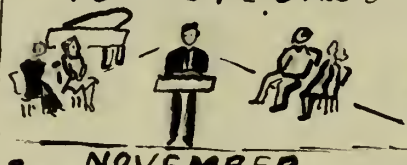
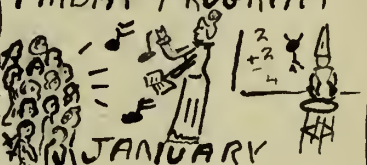
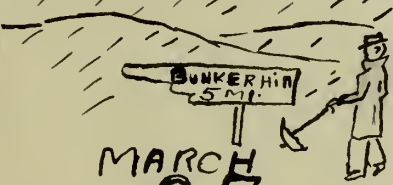


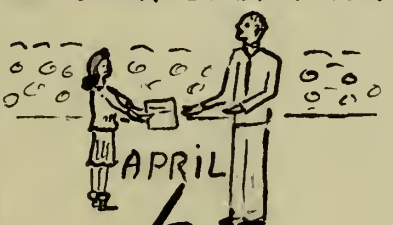


Freese, Paul	Shy, likely to succeed, executive
Friend, Esther	Nurse, "friendly" like her sister, athletic
Gale, Irma	Red-winged nightingale, responsive, laughter
Greene, Virginia	Winning smile, friendliness, religious sincerity
Grimm, Lena	Blonde, friendly, chatty
Grimm, Rebecca	Poise, easy going, friendly
Hall, Viola	Expressive, sincere, hard worker
Harding, Ruth	Talkative, assertive, "Mainiac"
Hardy, Christine	Navy girl, dimples, violin
Harris, Mary Belle,	Colorful, laughing eyes, charming
Harris, Mary Elizabeth	Johnnie's sister, quick thinker, neat
Harris, Paul	Serious, on the double, tall and lanky
Harvey, Priscilla	Vivacious, strictly New England, blonde
Haselton, Frank	Happy-go-lucky, always on the go, homely philosopher
Herrschaft, Patti	Individuality, shirts n' shirts, skating, sloppy socks
Higgins, Betty	Eyes, rosy cheeks, Ipana smile
Hilgar, Gilbert	"Flower girl" of the '44 Leap Year Party, blushing, very obliging
Hurless, Launa	Ready smile, small, twinkling eyes

Horton, Ellis	Quick at repa'tee, amiable, grinning
Hurlbutt, Marjorie	Interesting, studious, likeable
Jones, Theda	Feather cut, Irish, chatterbox
Jordan, Donald	Hearty laugh, humorous, tall stories
Knox, Iva	Ready smile, friendly, attractive
Lee, Doris	Interested, perpetual smile, talkative
Lunn, Sylvia	Earnest, sincere, reserved
Lusk, William	Money man, "Bebe", whiffle, capable
Marta, Helen	Sunshine, gobs of gab, petite
McPherson, Walter	"Deacon", obliging, nice to know
McCusker, Doris	Originality, personality, impersonator
Mobberly, Bernadine	"Bunny", strawberry blonde, canary complexion
Moore, Paul	Tall, blonde, smooth dresser, unpredictable
Musnog, Vivian	Expressive, dependable, quick
Olson, Howard	"Chaplain", serious, family man
Otis, Florence	Curly top, tiny, midnight letters
Palmer, Vera	Giggle, guitar, Maine farm-girl
Park, Irene	Friendly, intelligent, pleasant smile, good sport
Parks, Lucille	Guitar serenades, heaps o' hair, witty, statusque
Patton, Jay	Prexy, preacher, pleasing air
Retter, Donald	Athletic, skater, "Down Maine"

Richael, Florence	Small, gum chewer, brilliant
Rogers, Lloyd	Care-free, soldier boy, fun to know
Scott, Eileen	Mischievous, pee-wee, twinkling eyes
Scott, John	Handy man, sleepy-head, tenor
Sharpe, Mary	Canadian, skating, "Sharpie"
Smith, Dorothy	Quick, industrious, unforgettable
Smith, Elizabeth	Blushing, friend to all, industrious
Smith, Emogene	Slender, tender, tall
Smith, Janet	Capable, gay 90's, magnetic personality
Smith, Keith	Boyish, serious, puns
Starnes, Jane	Artist, Tennessee, dry wit
Stetson, Thelma	Shorty, talkative, up-sweeps
Stiles, Marilyn	Vim n' vigor, loafers, dreamy
Sumner, Mary	Lady-like, wide-eyed, sweet
Taylor, Doris	Bashful, easy to like, domestic
Taylor, Lila	Violinist, demure, brown eyes
Terwilliger, Eugene	"Twig", curly tops, eyebrows
Turner, Bette	Velvet skin, deep South, purposeful
Weaver, Erlaine	Athletic, fun loving, accordianist
Webster, Louise	Shy, musical, intellectual
Wiggins, Beulah	Friend to all, helpful, hearty chuckle
Williams, Oliver	Courteous, smart, capable

Ward, Audrey	Puritan, apple cheeks, efficient
Wood, Jean	Reserved, neat as a pin, appraising
Woolledge, Emma	Serious, deep thinker, intent on life purpose
Wright, Anne	You-all, sports, giggles

FRESHMAN CALENDAR 1943-1944

<p>ELECTION DAY</p>  <p>SEPTEMBER 22</p>	<p>RUSH DAY</p>  <p>OCTOBER 4</p>	<p>INITIATION DAY</p>  <p>OCTOBER 5</p>
<p>BREAKFAST</p>  <p>OCTOBER 15</p>	<p>YOUNG PEOPLE'S</p>  <p>NOVEMBER 7</p>	<p>FRIDAY PROGRAM</p>  <p>JANUARY 21</p>
<p>HISTORICAL TRIP</p>  <p>MARCH 27</p>	<p>PARTY</p> 	<p>BLUE HILLS</p> 
<p>G. BOOK DEDICATION</p>  <p>APRIL 6</p>		

Epilogue

We'll have reached our goal if this Greenbook has given you of '54 some small idea of what a war can mean to young people. If we have made you see in some measure the sorrows of war, the petty inconveniences and the real sacrifices we've felt, and if we have made you understand and hate war as we do, then we can feel that we have accomplished our aim.

Our main purpose has been to show you what war is, and what it means, so that you'll do everything in your power to keep the peace our boys are fighting for now. Our class of '44 may have to help make the peace, but it will be up to you of '54 to cherish and preserve that peace, to appreciate it, and do everything in your power to make it a lasting one.

