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THE
GREEN
BOOK

FRESHMEN
RHETORIC
CLASS
1939





"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain
is over and gone;

The flowers appear on the earth; the
time of singing of birds is come, and the
voice of the turtle is heard in our land;"

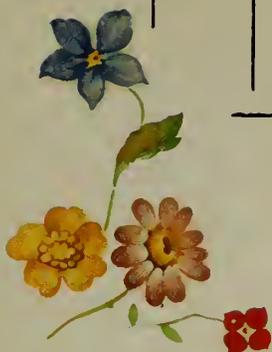




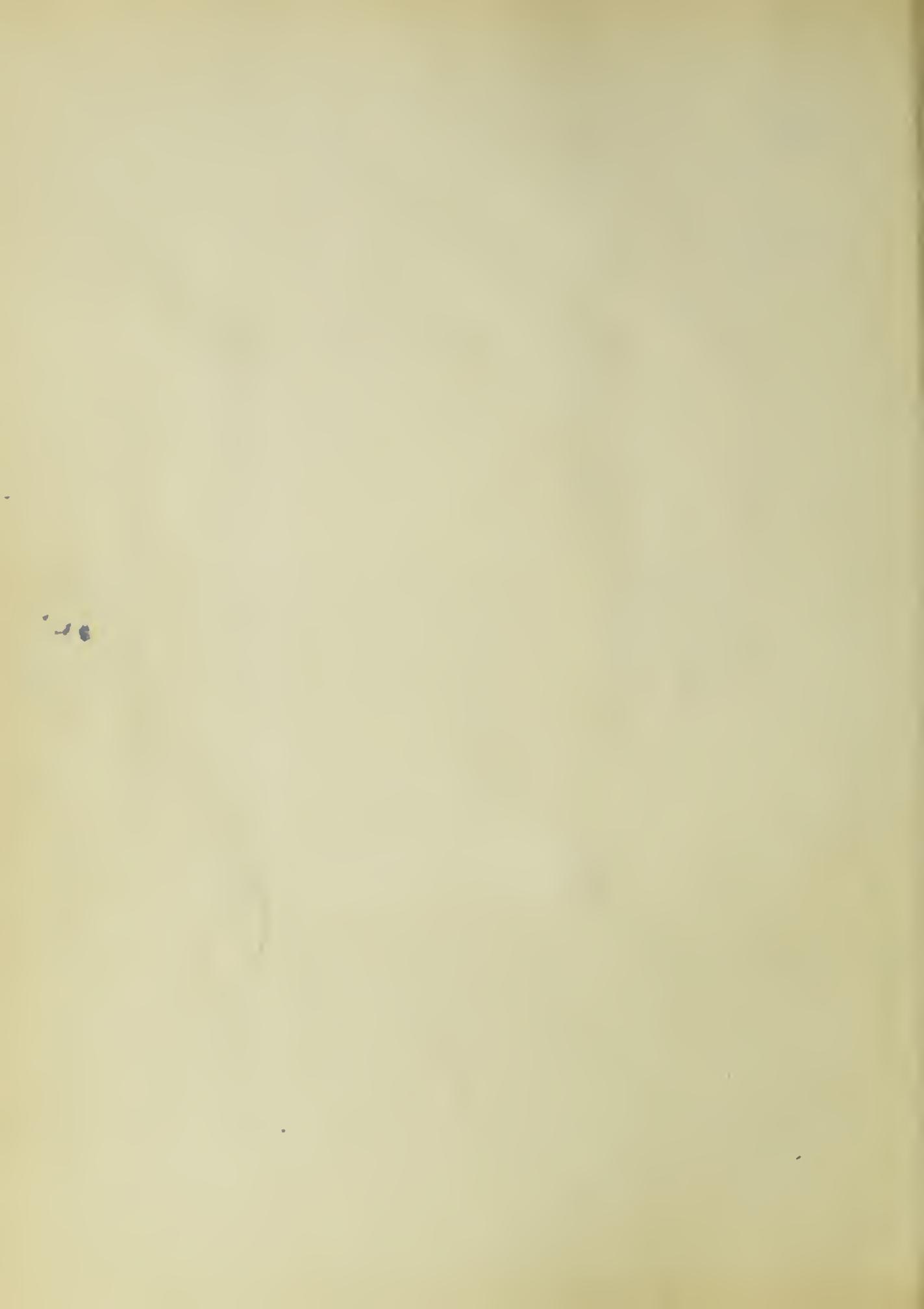
FOREWORD

As the fresh green of nature returns with Spring and the green so characteristic of every freshman begins to fade, the freshman rhetoric class of 1939 delights in contributing its share to E. N. C.'s lengthening row of Green Books. We believe we have given you a picture of ourselves, to entertain you and to leave behind us a concrete record of our pranks and our achievements, our faults and our virtues, and whatever there may be in us of literary talent and creative ability.

DR. S. S. WHITE



To our kind and understanding professor, our humble, Christ-like pastor and guide, our profound thinker and distinguished doctor of philosophy---to our beloved Dr. Stephen S. White, we dedicate this book.



J. H. GARRISON



The joy of spring is tinged
with a little of sadness this year
because our freshman adviser, Professor J. H.
Garrison, is leaving E. N. C. We are grateful for the
spirit of devotion, sympathy, and helpfulness that Professor
Garrison has shown us, and we sincerely wish for his happiness in
his new undertaking.

STAFF



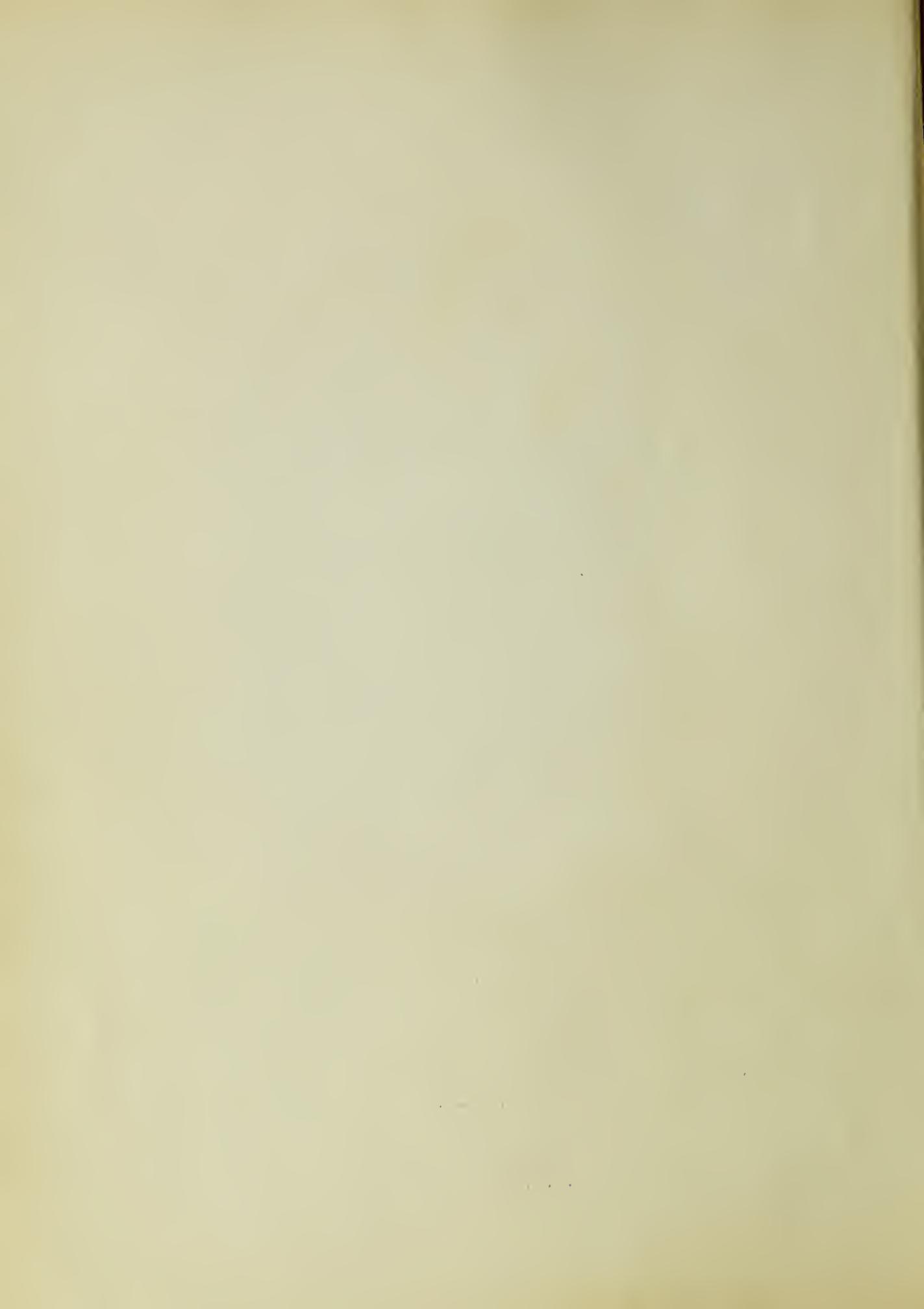
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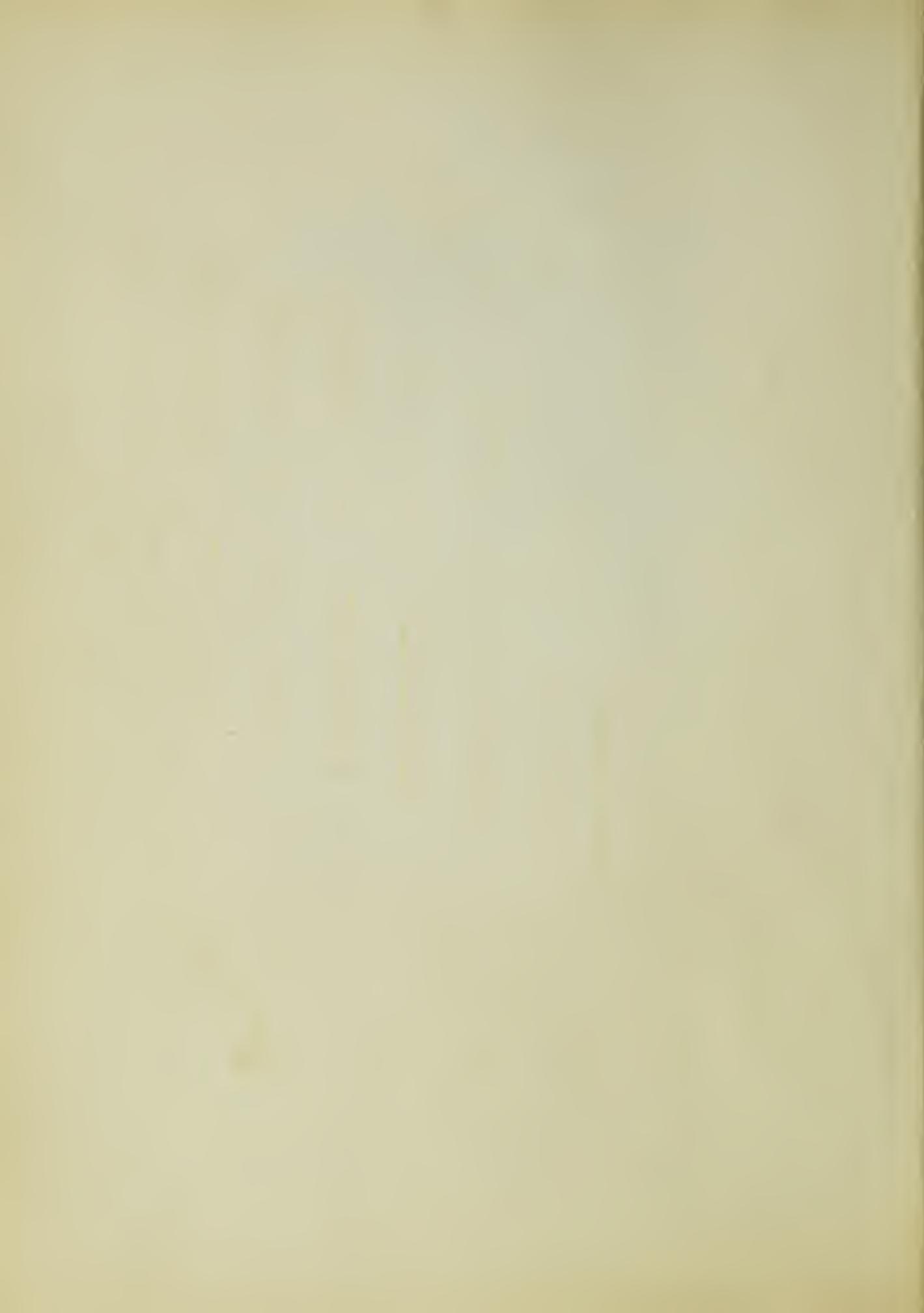


SPRING

When Nature takes off her
flowing robes of snowy whiteness
and puts on the youthful garments of
green, then it is that Spring has come.
The year turns young once more and becomes
vibrant with a fresh sensation of renewed life.

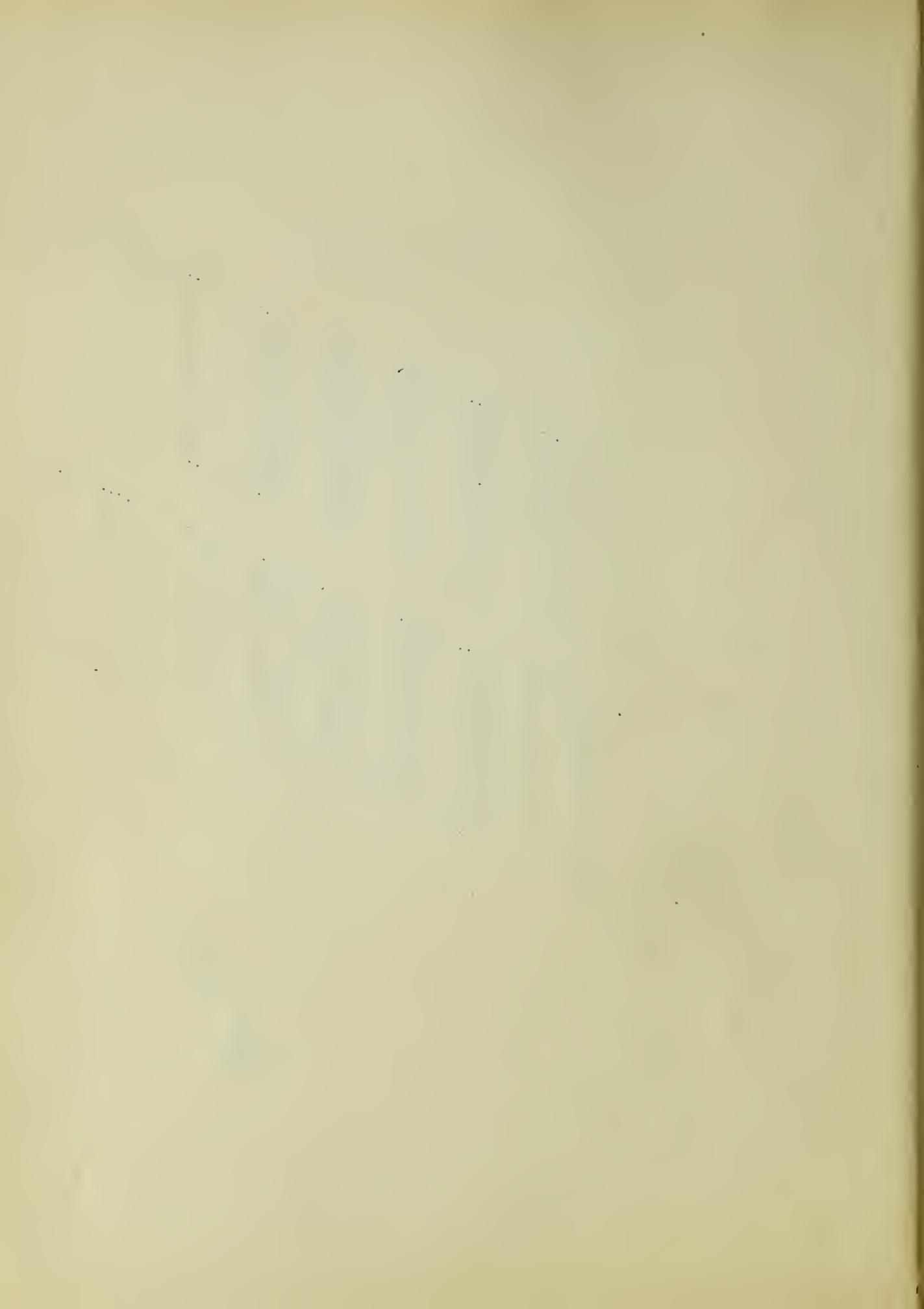
The contented twittering of the birds, the budding of the trees and flowers, the babbling of the stony brook, the hum of incessant activity, and over all a sense of supreme rest and peacefulness--this is Spring. How it thrills our very souls with the expression of Nature's handiwork ! How glorious is the great outdoors when Spring releases the woods and fields in the atmosphere of youthfulness ! To the nature-lover this verdant season of the year affords the greatest enjoyment. Outdoors, where no calendars are hanging, he sees the evidence of a Hand mightier than man's.

Spring is the season when God smiles most brightly on Nature.



PENNED
THOUGHTS





SEEING EYES



We of the earth all "see through a glass darkly"; but peculiarly, as we peer through the glass, we each observe something different. If we were to inquire of a number of people what they saw when they looked at the E. N. C. campus, every answer would represent a different point of view.

Were such a question to be asked a botanist, he would doubtless be eager to tell of our magnificent elm trees and rugged evergreens. He would hasten to commend the quality of our tree surgery and to lament the loss in the hurricane of so many trees of value for study and experiment. He would comment on the location and construction of the hothouse and on the selection of plants for our "ENC" flower bed.

To a man of affairs, possibly one of the college trustees, the trees and flowers of the campus would not be particularly impressive, except as they required money and care if they were to attract favorably a possible financial supporter. The trustee would instead notice that the roof of the Mansion needed repair and that the campus crew was putting in a sidewalk--very inexpensively, he had heard. He would rejoice that the campus itself could provide work for so many students, perhaps adding indignantly his rather uncomplimentary



opinion of the morals of a few boys who could stand talking idly like the proverbial WPA worker when they ought to have been sawing wood or digging holes in the ground.

On the other hand, a haughty college junior on a week-end vacation from Princeton or Bryn Mawr would notice almost immediately the unromantic grimness of Munro Hall, the bare, muddy ugliness of the unloading space behind the kitchen, the amazingly small athletic field with its utter lack of a football stadium. Later he would probably see the white stateliness of the Mansion and remark almost condescendingly, "That must have been a great old place in its day." He might even praise the simple dignity of the Administration Building, explaining that it reminded him of the Biological Research Building on his own campus and was nearly as big.

A dreamy-eyed poet would probably be rapturous over a visit to our college grounds. "Think of the whole campus in bloom in the Spring," he would exclaim. "And think of night, when a gentle wind reaches up to brush a cloud from the face of the new moon and descends to shake a few leaves down on two absorbed young lovers strolling unhurriedly along a shaded walk." Then he might become a little more practical,



and comment on the beautiful symmetry of our wood-pile, the graceful usefulness of the meandering sidewalks, and the picturesqueness of the old log bench by the fountain.

And were we to ask a Middle Western business man, a Pennsylvania coal miner, or an enthusiastic high school freshman, we can be sure that their impressions, too, would differ. After all, it's not so much what we look at as what we see when we look that reveals us to others.



MR. EFFICIENCY

He dropped like a bomb in our midst one sunny morn and took first place in our thoughts and actions for days. The peaceful homelike atmosphere of the Recording and Statistical Corporation was rudely shattered. Its urbane heads blinked their eyes and shook themselves, suddenly becoming industrious. Its girls frantically did their work, and did it mostly wrong, under his searching gaze. He came and went like an ominous thunderstorm. His presence among us awoke that resentment often felt toward superiors. We feared the disaster that he might leave behind him. He became a symbol of everything that was evil and unjust, as correctly he was, for one day he went, leaving a trail of panic-filled girls searching hopelessly for work.

THE KEYSTONE



Nowhere else does Nature lavish such restful beauty as in Pennsylvania. This beauty is never wild nor terrible, neither garrish nor odd. It never grows monotonous. The mountains--vast, enthralling, estatic in color and form--unfold their natural glories, while through them sparkling lakes are scattered like mirrors. Each stream has a beauty of its own. The most famous of our rivers, the Susquehanna, casts its dreamy spell of romance over all. The Bushkill Falls, over one hundred feet high, flood the solemn and awful depths with dense mists and fill men with wonder and awe. Nature, the master architect, has made Pennsylvania the keystone of beauty.

The Swedes, who under Johan Printz first settled in Pennsylvania, started white civilization in America. People came from all parts of the world for freedom when William Penn threw open wide the doors of religious tolerance. Thus it became the big melting pot of the United States.

On Pennsylvania soil in the city of Philadelphia the United States was born. Here American liberty was cradled. Here the Declaration of Independence, stating in clear and forceful English the determination of the colonies to be free



from Britain's rule, was drawn up. A few years later America's political Bible, the Constitution, was written. It was in Pennsylvania that the Liberty Bell rang out glad tidings of freedom, liberty, and peace, and where was made the flag of our nation, emblem of peace, purity, and courage. The state stands well to the front in the profitable things. Through Franklin she had the first hospital, the first public library, the first insurance company, the first foreign language newspaper, the first art school and museum in America. She is known the world over for the Hamilton watch factory, for the Hershey chocolates, and Heinz' "57 varieties". Every day in some manner she is helping to weave the history of the nation as well as her own.

Nature made this land beautiful; God planned that energetic, industrious people settle here; for them He filled the land with vast treasures, so that the Keystone state has become the Industrial Titan of America. Pennsylvania with these natural resources, her location on water-ways, and the miles of railroads has become a great commercial center.

Some states boast of their Hall of Fame, but Pennsylvania's many illustrious people have helped to make it



the Keystone of culture. The base of this Keystone has as its outstanding founder Franklin, the versatile statesman. Among builders in the literary side are Bayard Taylor, Pennsylvania's man of letters, John Bach McMaster, the historian, Mary Roberts Rhinehart, and Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The story of music in Pennsylvania is not only interesting but most important because it records an achievement not approached by any other state in the union. Among these accomplishments are the noted Bach choir given us by Bethlehem, the Ephrata Cloister which has produced over a thousand hymns, and the only Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra in the world. Those who have gained individual prominence are Ethelbert Nevin, Joseph Hopkinson for writing "Hail Columbia", and Stephen Foster, America's troubadour, the founder of our folk songs.

Pennsylvania was the Keystone of the colonies-- six to the north, six to the south. It is the Keystone connecting the Atlantic Ocean and the Great Lakes; the Keystone in cultural, industrial, and political growth. Pennsylvania is the Keystone of liberty, brotherhood, and reverence for God.

ON NEW GLASSES



The oculist gave them a final swish with his polish cloth and placed them carefully on my nose. A tingling sensation stung my eyes. Across the bridge of my nose they lay, shutting me in like casements. I was decidedly uncomfortable. Then I discovered that I could see a cleaner, clearer atmosphere. I started down the street, airily, when I found myself growing taller. The ground drew away from me; things seemed far off. I found I must pick each step carefully, and deliberate at the curbs. It was those glasses ! Must I endure this every time I wore them? I was miserable, as I took faltering steps nearer home. Then suddenly I missed the curb, and was down, to my brother's evident amusement. I took those glasses off, and it was some time before I'd experiment with them again.

BE YOURSELF



I have heard it said that a woman would rather be called "different" than "beautiful". I doubt if this statement is correct, in general, but I, for one, admire a person who does a thing because of a good reason, and not because everyone else is doing it. I admit, however, that I am not always that brave myself.

It would be hard on the stylists if everyone should decide that, not being in Rome, he will wear what is most becoming, even though it is not the latest thing the Romans are wearing. But there will never be more than a few staunch individualists. Everyone is wearing short skirts and tall hats at present and will continue to do so until Paris or Hollywood decrees a change.

Young people and grown people alike follow the fashion in music, entertainments, and sports. So called "fads" have two good points, and that is all: they furnish variety, and they are a subject for conversation. Because of their lack of value, "fads" are characteristically short-lived. There are some people who like to play bridge and golf, but I know some others who agree that bridge is a dull game, and still others, who agree that golf is silly. Yet



they are the leading pastimes for grown-ups today, because they are fashionable.

I think that at E. N. C. there is more individuality than I have seen at many other places, because there are students here from several parts of the country. Members of each group think the customs and habits of their section superior to those of other localities. They also like to show up those from the other sections by making fun of their accents, ideas, and ignorances.

This practice, since it is usually taken in the right spirit, is beneficial. It shows us the necessity of standing for what we think is right no matter what the crowd does.

ATTITUDE



What controls my life? What is that which determines whether I'll be contented, cynical, loving, cowardly, or heroic? My answer is attitude. I may be sinful, but the proper attitude is the remedy which will bring righteousness into my life. Petty things may annoy and "get" me, but an attitude that will treat these as petty will eliminate ninety-nine per cent of my frets and worries. I may be dull, but the correct attitude in my studies will bring progress. If my problems are overwhelming, the attitude of a conqueror means half the victory won. It is the attitude toward life that really matters.

YORKSHIRE PUDDINGS



No one but a true Yorkshireman or a descendent of one, or someone who has visited Yorkshire, knows what Yorkshire puddings are. It is a sad state of affairs, but, alas, true! No one could even guess what they are without having heard of them.

Yorkshire pudding is not a sloppy milk pudding, or something like an overcooked rice pudding, that you could eat with a knife and fork; although in truth, Yorkshire puddings are eaten with a knife and fork by all, except young children, who are so eager to start on the delicious dish that they plunge in with their hands without waiting to think of conventionalism. Of course, I, a model child, never even dreamt of doing such a thing.

Some people who know just a little about Yorkshire puddings call them Yorkshire leather puddings; but these people could never have eaten Yorkshire puddings made by a good cook. Yorkshire puddings do get leathery, however, if they are left to get cold.

The best time to eat Yorkshire pudding is at dinnertime on Sunday, after you have sat through a long, boring, sermon, and walked home through deep snow, with the wind



stinging your cheeks, eyes, and chin. When you open the door, this delightful odor strikes you. You take off your wraps and without pausing to warm your toes by the fire, you sit down at the table and urge everybody else to hurry up. When everyone is seated an expected sigh comes from the lips of all as each one watches father putting a Yorkshire pudding on each plate and then on the top of that a scoop or two of creamed potatoes, onions, carrots, cabbage, and peas, a piece of roast, and last of all a good supply of gravy poured over the whole plateful. The dish is complete! At last every one is served and you all attack your platefuls with a voracity with which you don't attack anything else. When all is finished another sigh comes from everyone's lips, but this time it is a happy, contented, well-fed sigh.

Yorkshire puddings are a part of Yorkshire. Indeed ! Yorkshire would and could not be Yorkshire without them. Yorkshire women do not follow a recipe; they follow their own "gumption". Foreigners of course have to follow a recipe. A foreigner in Yorkshire is just anyone who is not a native.

When making a Yorkshire pudding you take some



flour, some shortening, some soda, some milk and some eggs. Mix them all together and beat them into a batter. Then take some cake tins and put a piece of lard in each. Put the pans into the oven, and then leave them there until blue smoke arises. Take them out of the oven and pour some batter into each. Let them bake until they are big and fluffy, and a lovely golden brown. Serve piping hot. Behold ! Yorkshire pudding !

SUNNY



He was only a little undergrown rooster. From the moment I chose him out of a brood of over a hundred fluffy, yellow chicks, he and I became inseparable.

Sunny was so young when he first came to live at our house that he demanded about as much of our time as a baby would have. Often while my pals were out having fun I have stayed at home to play with Sunny and keep him from being lonesome. Sometimes he was a bit thoughtless, and often in the night he would cry for food which meant that poor I, his servant, must tumble out of bed and wait on him.

But Sunny had his own way of repaying me for my kindness. He became perfectly confident in me, and his confidence was all that I wanted. He would follow me everywhere--to church, to school, to the store--until everyone knew us.

How we did love our hikes in the country where far before us the dusty, unfenced road stretched, while cattle were quietly loafing in the shade of old, weather-beaten trees. The bright cloudless sky, the motionless air, the still peacefulness, all put us on good terms with the world.

Strangers going by laughed at Sunny and me strolling down the road. I suppose a tall, lanky girl with a



little red rooster trotting at her heels looked odd;
but we didn't care.

The mean old dog next door found great pleasure chasing Sunny, so the little fellow usually kept under cover when Buster was around. But the minute he saw me he would start out perfectly confident that I would protect him. Many times I have dashed up the street with books and papers flying to save him from Buster's teasing.

By this time Sunny had won such a large place in my heart that I often declared I could never get along without him. Every night after school he would come to meet me. The "kids" laughed at me but I knew they envied me.

One night I came home from school and there was no little red form waiting at the corner. Mother met me at the door. I knew in a minute what had happened. Sunny had left home early to wait on the corner. Something attracted his attention in the street and he did not notice the big yellow truck !

As I looked down at his little mangled body I couldn't say a word. No more Sunny ! No more happy chirp !

I saved several of his beautiful, glossy feathers in a box and whenever I go home I always get that box out.

Probably I shall never have such a fine little friend again.

WHAT IS RELIGION ?



There are many different forms of religion, but all religion is for the purpose of binding the spiritual nature of man to a supernatural being. The word religion comes from a Latin word religare which means to bind. Religion includes worship whether it be external and formal, or the adoring reverence of the human spirit for the divine, seeking outward expression. Religion is the reverent acknowledgement both in heart and in act of a divine being. Piety and a loving obedience and service to God are primary requisites for true religion. Devotion, self-consecration, morality, godliness, and holiness are outstanding attributes of a godly, truly religious life. Faith, which is the belief and trust a soul exercises toward God, is the basis for the whole system of religion. The Word of God gives an unbiased and authentic definition of religion. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

PRAISE TO TATTERS



Have you ever laughed at a vagabond, (perhaps tramp to you, but I prefer to call him vagabond)? Yes! Perhaps, like many people you have sneered at and even worse have pitied the vagabond. I used to. But now I have ceased to look down upon him; I envy him for what he is and what he is free to do.

When I think of our daily life, I see every reason for envying the vagabond. We get up at a fixed hour; eat breakfast at such an hour; go to work at such an hour; eat dinner at such an hour; come from work at such an hour; go to bed at such an hour. And for what? To get up the next day and the next and the next until Mr. Burymequick, the undertaker, is ready to dispose of our carcass. Most of us do not realize what a closely scheduled life we live until we take a good account of our daily routine.

What about the vagabond? He does as he pleases. He never has to be tied down to an old cut-and-dried schedule. He goes to bed when he pleases and arises when he pleases, instead of being scared out of his wits every morning by the clamoring of that alarm clock which we have all learned to love.

When the vagabond isn't hungry he doesn't have to sit down and eat dinner to please his mother or a fickle



wife. He never thinks about his meals until he gets hungry and then he uses his power of persuasion to get a dinner.

He never worries about getting his meals; he lets the law of averages ease his mind. He knows if he tries hard enough he can always get something to eat.

At the end of every week or month, we who sneer at and pity the vagabond have to worry about every kind of bill imaginable. The butcher, the baker, the grocer and everyone else seems to want money. Those who have enough money so that they don't have to worry about bills worry themselves sick trying to make more money than the Jones or Hardy family and be the "big shots" of the town. Does the butcher, the baker, or the grocer chase the vagabond? No! Unless he has just stolen some sausage, bread or a can of fruit. He doesn't let anything worry him at the end of the month except a bath, perhaps. Yes, even the vagabond is not wholly free from his worries.

Every now and then in the summer we take a frolic with nature and enjoy her pleasures, but these are too infrequent. In the winter we stay near home and venture outdoors only when we have to. Nearly all of us prefer the mild spring and summer days to the cold, blistery days of winter, but when



we have those wonderful days we cannot enjoy them to their full extent. We are tied down by our schedules. How many times I have wished I were out in the fields and spaces instead of being tied down to my work. Not so with the vagabond. He realizes that the world is his home and the heavens his roof. He follows the seasons so that he may stay with the season that is most agreeable to him. Many times I have wished I could live with "Season Spring" all year round. But such is not my lot; I am not a vagabond.

As I go on in life I feel more and more the urge of vagabondage. I fear, though, that I shall remain just another cog in this machine that is running so to schedule. A slave to traditions, family ties, worries, and ambitions; all these are keeping me from becoming a vagabond. I realize I would be happy as a vagabond, but I have been taught to go the other way, like others who have followed the pointing finger instead of their heart's desire. I am destined to become another part of the schedule. "What fools we mortals be."

AUNT MARY



You cannot sympathize with one unless you have one of your own--the one being my Great Aunt Mary. We three children would sit with Mother, who listened as solemnly as we, to the sound of Aunt Mary's voice drifting down from the wing upstairs. Wherever she visited, it was Aunt Mary's custom to sit in her room and sing hymns. She would put her rocking chair in the middle of the room and sing at the top of her voice. Sometimes we could hear her all over the house--the faint thud of her heels as she rocked, her voice rising louder than ever, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow--"

ALL WRONG



A college freshman gains little sympathy from an upper classman. He is ridiculed for his preconceived ideas, his greenness, and his know-it-all attitude.

The college freshman considers it a great blessing if the instructor fails to be present at class. Little does he realize that he is paying hard earned money to attend what he is glad to miss. He rejoices with vim and vigor when the traditional fifty minutes has passed by. Instructors try without success to fathom the college freshman's mind in an attempt to understand this contradiction.

The dilatory freshman soon discovers what he considers another blessing. He finds out after attending a few lecture courses that he can come to class without preparing his lesson, as he is never called upon to recite. He can devote more time to recreation which he thinks he needs after his strenuous class periods. Thus he goes on for a few weeks until suddenly the professor springs a "snap quiz". The poor mystified student wilts at the task confronting him. He pictures the folk at home proud of their son, and he bows his head in shame.

The allowable absences before the deduction of



"quality points" is another so-called blessing. Seemingly with sincere eagerness he boasts of his absence from class. He says as long as he has enough "quality points" he might as well take advantage of this opportunity to skip and take an extra nap. He will soon, however, awaken to the fact that he receives zero for the day's work. In desperation he tries to argue the instructor out of a zero or a deduction of grades. In vain he protests to the professor who in a gentle manner tries to explain the rules to the perplexed student.

After a few startling revelations the college freshman begins to learn how to conduct himself while at college. As he reaps the results of his indulgence in false blessings he begins to lose the glaring external signs of greenness and to act like a full fledged college student.

Sometimes I believe that the upper classman should act as a father to the freshman and, in a kind, yet firm tone, tell him the do's and don'ts of college life. How much embarrassment on the part of the freshman could be avoided if he were told of the false blessings that lie in wait to ensnare him.

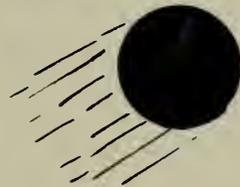
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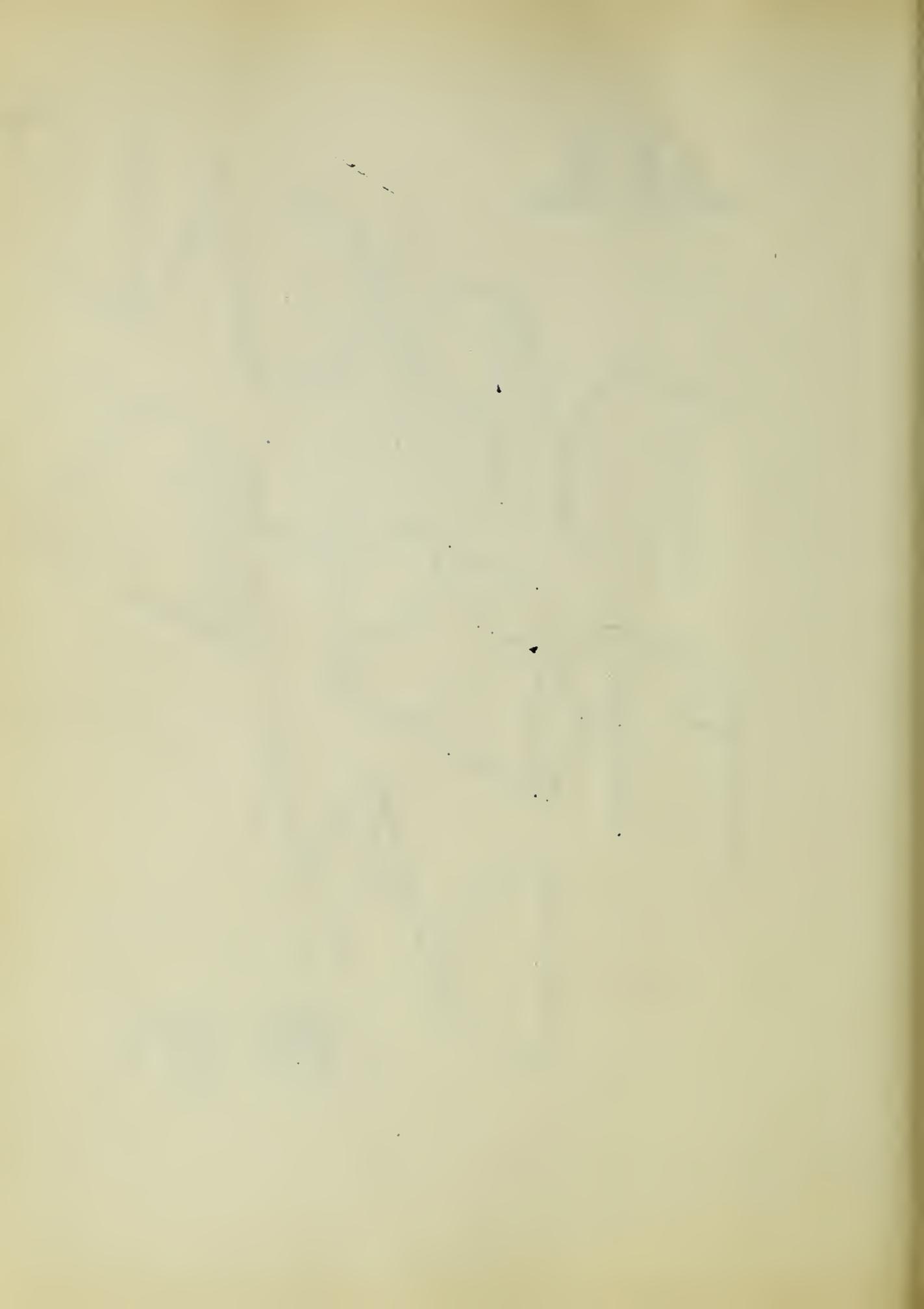


The office girls in every office in town cover their typewriters and close their desks. The business man dons his coat and hat and scurries for the nearest elevator. The stores put their merchandise away and close their doors. The housewife turns the fire a little higher under the potatoes and the children hurry to the bathroom to wash for dinner. The traffic policeman at the corner is more alert than ever now that the heavy traffic has started. Even I tuck my books a little farther under my arm and quicken my pace. Why all this sudden rush and stir? Simply because the clock in the courthouse has chimed 5:30 which stands for the close of a working day. Everybody is rushing back to home, sweet home.



TYPICAL FRESHIES DAY





FRESHMAN MERRYGROUND



"If you'll plan to go to school all morning, work all afternoon, and study all night, you'll make the grade." This timely bit of advice was given me by a former student a week before I came to E. N. C.

It is eleven-thirty. I've worked all evening and am still so deep in the contributions of Greece to our civilization, the mysteries of that insignificant language, French, and the elements of good theme writing that I wonder if I'll even approach the end.

I'm so tired I am like an old woman who has stood straight and firm for many years, despite strong, rampant winds which nearly swept her off her feet, who has come a worn, gaunt, exhausted old woman, ready to topple over almost any minute. But I can't afford to stop.

I've been here only one month and am already afraid to stop a moment for fear I shall be tempted to spend more than one.



ONLY FIVE DAYS A WEEK

What's that racket? Oh, why can't I sleep in the morning? I don't even finish one of my dreams any more. Why doesn't that crazy clock stop ringing? Oh, I'm supposed to turn it off. Why did I put it across the room so that I would have to get out of bed?

Goodness, the floor is cold! I wonder where I put that little trouble-maker. I suppose I had better see what time it is. Where's the lamp? Oh, yes, I would have to push it off the desk. Hmm, half past four. Wonder why I set it so early? Let's see, six pages of German and some history. I have an idea! I'll set the clock for five and get up then.

Oh-h-h, I can't keep my eyes open. It's so dark now that I can't even find the covers. Here they are at last. My, how soft and smooth my pillow is! How it soothes my tired head! What bliss!



WET OR DRY

Breakfast at E.N.C. at seven o'clock is usually attended by a few brave students whose eyes are only half open; their scarves and neckties need last-minute adjusting, and their shoe-strings are waiting to be tied. The lone little plum, which we are each served, seems to feel it his duty to skate around in the thin red juice of the sauce dish when we try to cut him in half. Cooked or cold cereal with thin milk over it and rubbery toast complete the menu. Occasionally, we have hot muffins to break the monotony. Then on Sunday mornings we all turn out for delicious syrup and heavy pancakes which we hope will be warm. Breakfast at school at seven o'clock is merely a teaser. It tells you that you ought to get up on time and then it awakens your appetite but fails to satisfy your hunger.

"A's"

I think that I shall never see
A grade as lovely as an "A".

An "A" whose twists and curves so fine
Are pressed against the coal black line;

An "A" that stands for nights of work,
An "A" that's not for those who shirk.

An "A" that efforts great reward,
As was the knight's reward, the sword.

"F's" are made by fools like me,
But only wizards make an "A".



BOX FROM HOME

What? A box for me? "Perishable !No delay ! Keep From Heat or Cold." My, that's a good-sized box. Hmm, something rattles. That's a good sign that there is something inside, but it is also a sign that the carton isn't so full as it might be. Well, I'll carry the prize to my den and open it where there are fewer hungry eyes looking on.

Hmm, Ritz. I have saved my peanut butter and currant jelly for a month now. Hurrah ! Two cans of chopped fruit and a bag of cookies, and a big homemade fruit cake with juicy red and green cherries on the top. Then there is a can of spaghetti. For stimulation I'll warm that up when I start my twelve pages of German translation.



MARCHING OUT

The benediction has been pronounced. Chapel is over. The martial notes of "E.N.C., dear E.N.C.," pervade the air. My feet want to march, to keep step with the throbbing beat of the song. My pulses quicken as I imagine myself joining the procession of those who have marched victorious through four years of college life; those to whom the school has come to mean all the song conveys, "E.N.C., dear E.N.C., school we love the best;" those who have made the college what it is, an institution of learning, teaching us how to live here, and how to live hereafter.

To me it has already become "dear E.N.C." I want to keep its banners of high morals, excellent scholarship, and Christian stewardship soaring high above me. I want to sing from the depths of my heart,

"E.N.C., dear E.N.C.,
True to thee we'll be;
One and all,
We'll heed the call
Of dear old E.N.C."



CAMPUS CREW

Working on the Campus Crew has its advantages and compensations. As extra pay for shoveling early-morning snow there's a fried potato and frankfort breakfast. And often a kind cook distributes mid-afternoon refreshments in the form of peanut butter sandwiches.

Then the presence of a good-looking girl who pauses to talk gives one excellent chance to rest one's weary bones. Such company in quieting to my muscles and stimulating to my queer nature. One girl who chatted with me had to say something about a rhetoric theme, and thus seemed to take away part of the joy I had felt in her charming presence.

Afternoons pass very quickly most of the time with very little exhaustion seizing hold of me. Altogether,-----

At close of day,
And with my pay,
I can sing the same song
As if I had played ping-pong.



SOCIAL LIFE

There appears to be a general sentiment on campus against the practice of having a date with more than one person a month. This attitude has the marks of eternal security--"once with a fellow, always with him".

If one confines himself to one person for a whole semester, one cannot know which type of person of the opposite sex would suit his personality best. All girls are not made after the same pattern. Thus to pick one out of the vast variety of girls one must be in the company of several. However, in making a choice one should not crowd too many patterns before one's eyes in too short a time. Too many pictures in an art gallery become confusing.

Some E. N. C. students think that just because a fellow has a date with a girl he is madly in love with her. The chances are that he has probably asked her out for a little variety and fun.

I would whole-heartedly enlist in any movement designed to destroy the foolish idea of "once with a man, always with him".

SPORTS

We have never seen thousands of people jam our Gymnasium, but the basketball games have as much zip and pep as any large college in proportion to the crowds that attend.

The boys of the basketball teams are splendidly outfitted in colorful uniforms, that could be compared with any that have graced the basketball courts of the country.

Not one of us who attended the last game between the students and the alumni will forget that game which had us all on our feet shouting and cheering to the last minute.

We at E. N. C. may not have glamour, color, nor financial gain in our sports activities, but we do have spirit and fair play which after all is the essence of all sports.

We will cherish the memory of the athletic activities of the Alphas, the Betas, and the Gammas in the years when we have hardly much more pleasure in life than reminiscence of the days gone by.



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BEAUTIFUL
BABIES



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“Magazine Rack”

FEATURES

“Jokes”

W
E
B



MAGAZINE RACK

- Agnes Cubie.LIFE
- Mary Jane Keffer.GENTLEWOMAN
- Stacy Finefrock.TIME
- James CelenderAUTO-MECHANICS
- Hazel BriggsMADEMOISELLE
- Harold ParsonsYALE LAW JOURNAL
- Betty KoehlerVOGUE
- William RestrickPHYSICAL CULTURE
- Lucile ChatfieldAMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHILOLOGY
- Douglas Acton.AMERICAN MACHINIST
- Robert YoungAMERICAN BOY
- Fred HughesHERALD OF HOLINESS
- John SmithNEW YORKER
- George Wolf.WEAR-EVER
- Edith FaderCHILD LIFE
- Phyllis ReynoldsEDINBURGH REVIEW
- Abbie-Jean KauffmanHARPERS
- Howard MillerCOACH
- Ruth Amos1000 NEW JOKES
- Sam ColePOPULAR MECHANICS
- Muriel PughNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK



Muriel PayneSCRIBNERS
Beatrice SavageHYGEIA
Arpod ArtwohlCOLLEGE HUMOR
Florence Jenkinson.GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
Jessie DutyAFRICAN WORLD
Evelyn HallNEWS WEEK
Charles AkersNEWSPAPERDOM
Spencer WellerCOUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Marian Buckley.TRAVEL
Helen BrighamYANKEE
Paul HortonOPEN EXHAUST
Alvin Kauffman.BROOMS, BRUSHES, AND HANDLES
Lee PowellESQUIRE
Rachel Emery.REDBOOK
Esther CrossleyLADIES HOME JOURNAL
Don Brickley.WAR CRY
Ruth KinseySCHOOL AND SOCIETY
Paul PepperETUDE
Helen Strait.GREGG WRITER
Betty ZimmermanPOPULAR MAGAZINE
Harry Weikel.ARTS AND DECORATION



Rogena ChatfieldFARMER'S WIFE
Edward EdwardsAMERICAN JOURNAL OF SURGERY
Maxine FawcettJOURNAL OF HOME ECONOMICS
Florence FootFOOTLIGHT
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George MarpleUP-TO-DATE
Phyllis CogleANIMAL'S FRIEND
Richard HowardRELIGIOUS HERALD
James ShieldsSCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
Ruth Friend...FRIEND AND GUIDE
Alexander Cubie.POPULAR AVIATION
Arnold WoodcookRURAL NEW YORKER
Laura McKinneyNATIONAL FOOD MAGAZINE
Franklyn Wise.PRINTING ART
Lavona WaytsDELINEATOR
Phyllis Johnson.OHIO ASSOCIATION NEWS
Gwendola Haines.WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
Geraldine Morrell.MAINE WOODS
Mae ThompsonHEALTH
Ted SavageAMBITION

JOKES



Bob Young (on street car): Hey, let me off! Let me off!
Conductor: Whaddaya mean? You just got on.
Bob: I know. I thought this was the diner.

Mr. Shields: Gosh, this is terrible.
James: Wat's the matter, dad?
Mr. Shields: I've lost my glasses and I can't look for them
until I find them.

Professor: Can you name five things that contain milk?
Ruth Friend: Sure. Ice cream, cheese, butter, and two cows.

Ruth Kinsey: How old is your little brother?
Beatrice Savage: One year.
Ruth: My goodness! I didn't think it was possible to get so
dirty in one year.

Sam Cole: What kind of radio have you?
Spencer Weller: Railroad type--it whistles at every station.

Charles Akers: I'm going to run around the track. Will you
time me?
Howard Miller: Sure. Wait till I get my calendar.

Mrs. Savage: What do you use for cleaning rugs?
Mrs. Cubie: I've tried lots of things, but I find Alexander best.

Oscar Stockwell: How much are your four dollar shoes?
Clerk: Two dollars a foot.

Librarian: Abbie-Jean, what are you doing with your foot on
the desk?
Abbie-Jean: I lost my eraser and I am using my rubber heel.



Mrs. Celender: How on earth did you get so freckled?
Jim: I fell asleep in the shade of a screen door.

Rachel Emery: Postman, is that letter for me?
Postman: I don't know. What is your name?
Rachel: Don't worry, it'll be on the envelope.

Phyllis Cogle: Everything is so sweet. Spring is almost here.
Father: And I suppose the sap is coming up tonight.

Muriel Payne (calling Geraldine for classes): Eight o'clock!
Eight o'clock!
Geraldine Morrell(burying her head in the pillow): You did!
Better call a doctor.

A POEM

When you
Started this
You thought it
Was a poem.
By now
You see
You were
Mistaken.
Isn't it funny
How people will
Continue to read
Something, even
When they know
They are being
Fooled?

Evelyn Hall: What happens when you cross nuts and pickles?
Agnes Cubie: You get Daffydills.

George Wolf: Sir, your car is at the door.
Harry Weikel: Yeah. I heard it knocking.

Betty Koehler: Pass the lump sugar, please.
Waiter: We haven't any lump sugar. Here's the granulated and
if you don't like it, you can lump it.



Harold Parsons: Waiter, there's a tack in this doughnut.
Waiter: Well, well. The ambitious little thing must think
it's in a tire.

Prof. Earle: What did Samson die of?
George Marple: Fallen arches.

Phyllis Johnson: Say, you're wearing glasses to bed.
Jessie McCullough: That's all right; I want to recognize the
people I dream about.

A GIRL'S ODE TO A GYM SUIT

One, two, three, skip;
Three, four, five, dip;
One, two, three, rip;
Please, may I borrow a safety pin?

Harry Weikel: Boy, Peffer sure is worried about his English
finals.

James Shields: Worried is right. Why, he's got so many
wrinkles in his forehead he has to screw his hat on.

Ruth Amos: If ignorance is bliss, you'd better have your life
insured.

Paul Horton: Why?

Ruth: Because you're apt to die of joy.

Professor: Name two pronouns.

Franklyn Wise (just waking up from a nap): Who, me?

Professor: Absolutely correct.

Muriel Pugh: My father was a great railroad engineer.

Norma Gelineau: Yeah--and I'll bet you were his first wreck.



Betty Zimmerman: Some marriages are a gamble--like a sweepstake.

Helen Brigham: Not quite. If you lose in a sweepstake you can always tear up your ticket.

Prof. Spangenberg: Give me three collective nouns.

Lucile Chatfield: Fly paper, waste basket, and a garbage can.

Prof. Ayres: Name some liquid that won't freeze.

Abbie-Jean Kauffman: Hot water. (giggle, giggle.)

Mary Jane Keffer: What is the date, please?

Professor: Never mind the date; the examination is more important.

Mary Jane: Well, sir, I-I wanted to have something right on my paper.

Employer: Are you speedy on the typewriter?

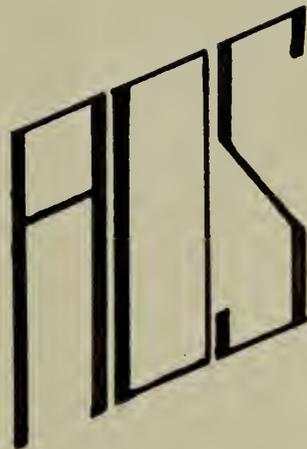
Helen Strait: I'm so fast I use a water-cooled typewriter and an asbestos ribbon.

Grocer: How much swiss cheese do you want, madam?

Ruth Amos: Eighteen holes, please.

Rogena Chatfield: Why do you always say "fair lady" when you speak to a girl?

John Smith: I used to be a street car conductor.



COMPLIMENTS
OF

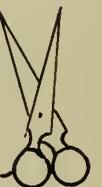
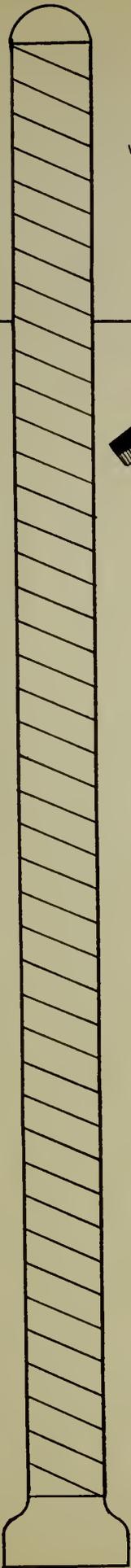


VESY STEMM

THE

COLLEGE

BARBER



BEAUTY SHOPPE

DOT JONES'

DIFFERENT

HAIR STYLES

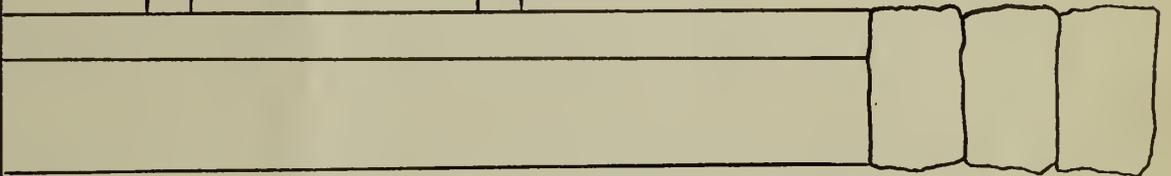
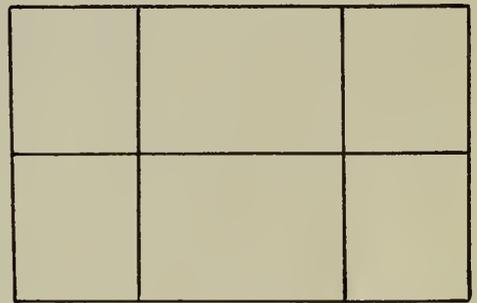
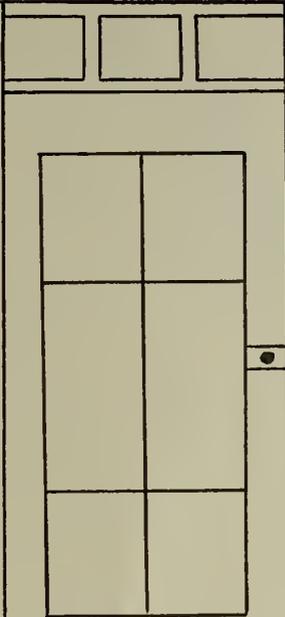
RUTH AMOS'

MODERN

HAIRDRESSING

REFRESH HERE

the
dugout
Sophie



WHERE WOULD
BE A BETTER
TO^PLA^{CH}GO





— FINIS —



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