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4  
▼

CHIMES

7:30

8:30

9:30

monday



tuesday



wednesday



thursday




10:30

1:30

2:30

3:30





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Hutchins Library  
of  
Berea College  
Berea, Kentucky

THE CHIMES  
BEREA COLLEGE  
BEREA, KENTUCKY  
1947



College 378.7691 B487c 1947

Berea College Collegiate dept. Senior  
class  
Chimes.

We ask no pledge of love!

We ask  
the reason why the sparrow hawk  
goes to meet the morning sun  
on eager wings and cries aloud  
the pain that hunger breeds.

We seek  
to know the hope that taught the hawk  
to fly.

We ask no pledge of love!  
We do not seek to know a day  
of rest from pain, or sleep so sound  
that dreams shall not recall the ache.

We dream, we march, we seek, we live  
to meet the dawn on mighty wings.

# THE CLASS OF 1947



Al McKelfresh, President; Jean Clark, Secretary; Oscar Davidsan, Social Chairman; June Settle, Project Chairman; Nat in picture: James Gilreath, Vice President; Frances Vandivier, Treasurer.





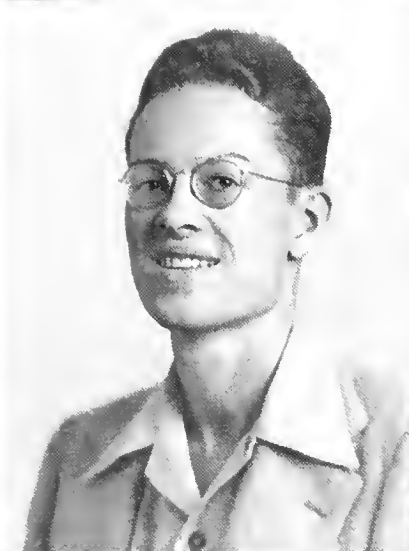
Another campus. Another year.



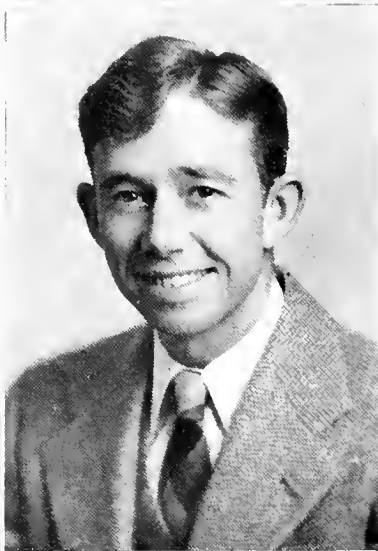
**Kathryn Alice Abels**  
Parkersburg, West Vo.  
A.B., Philosophy



**Harold C. Abney**  
Richmond, Kentucky  
A.B., Mathematics



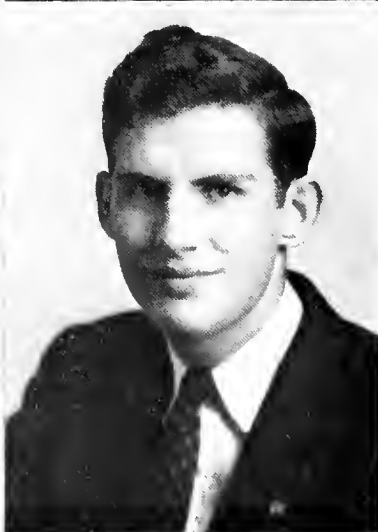
**Robert Kirkpatrick Adams**  
Tulsa, Oklahoma  
A.B., Economics



**Willard E. Arnett**  
Rose Hill, Virginia  
A.B., English



**Mary Ellen Ayer**  
Pleasant Hill, Tenn.  
A.B., Biology

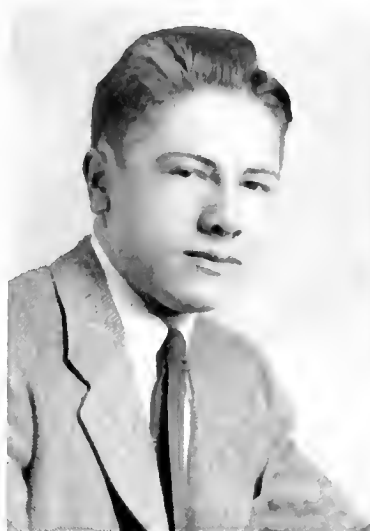


**Garrett Dixon Bailey**  
Burnsville, North Carolina  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

Climb the creaky stairs of Liberal Arts Building or sit in intent absorption over The Iliad, Economic Geology or Marriage and the Family, or eat a sack supper with a group of friends perched on

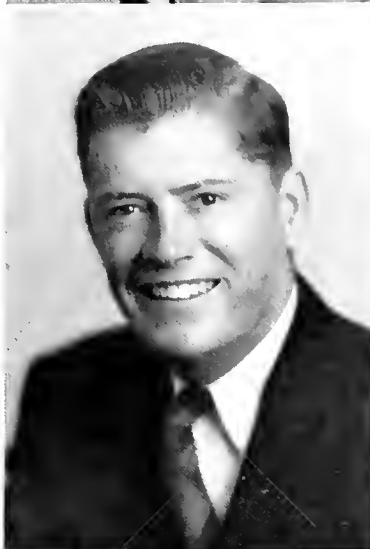
the edge of East Pinnacle, then state in simplest terms what being here has meant: Another campus . . . another year . . . . Yet, it has meant much more than the passage of hours into days.

**Harry C. Bailey**  
Tip Top, Kentucky  
B.S., Agriculture



**Frances Elliot Barkley**  
Trinity, Kentucky  
A.B., Biology

**William V. Baxter**  
Vanceburg, Kentucky  
A.B., Mathematics



**Mildred Beverly**  
Drift, Kentucky  
A.B., Economics

**Delmas H. Boen**  
Guntersville, Ala.  
A.B., Biology



**Leonard Charles Brewer**  
Mentor, Tennessee  
A.B., Economics



**Jean Ellen Bright**  
Marlinton, W. Va.  
A.B., English



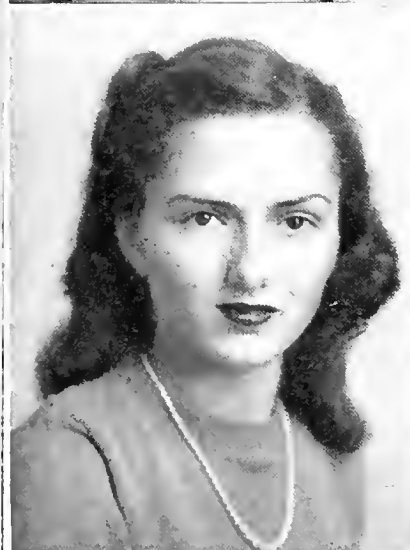
**Katie Frances Brown**  
Harts, West Virginia  
A.B., English



**Gladys Virginia Buchanan**  
Estatoe, North Carolina  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



**Ruth Ann Burnette**  
Clio, Kentucky  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



**Anna Elizabeth Clair**  
Berea, Kentucky  
A.B., Home Economics



**Elizabeth Jean Clark**  
Berea, Kentucky  
A.B., Home Economics

It has been buildings and fields, books and bullsessions, wisdom and foolishness; most of all it has been the faces, voices and minds of our friends.

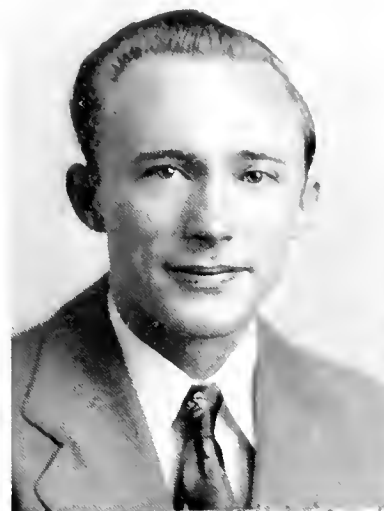
We have learned of the power that the combination of buildings, books and people can exert, and we now realize that it is through an intelligent function of the three that we are able to attain com-

**Carol Ann Coapman**  
Punjob, Indio  
A.B., Sociology



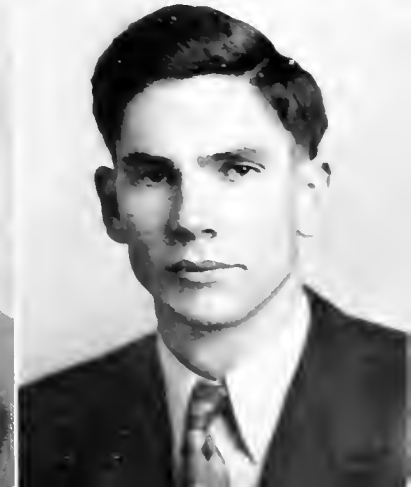
**Lacy Ernest Cochran**  
Williamsburg, W. Va.  
B.S., Agriculture

**Henry Clay Coldiron**  
Twilo, Kentucky  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

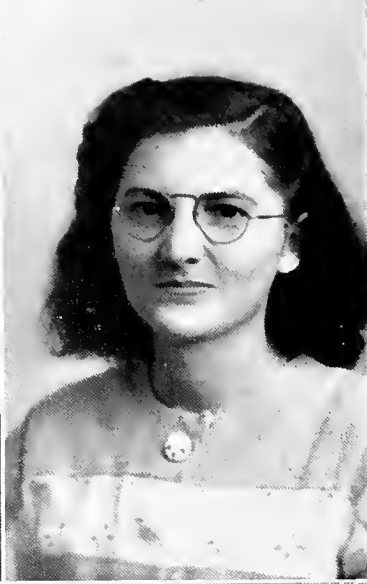


**Richard H. Comer, Jr.**  
South Boston, Virginia  
A.B., Physics

**Cleora Ruth Conley**  
Gollipolis, Ohio  
A.B., English

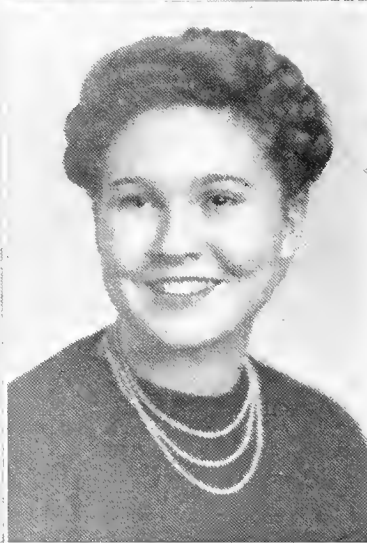


**Lester J. Cooper**  
Lickburg, Kentucky  
A.B., Education



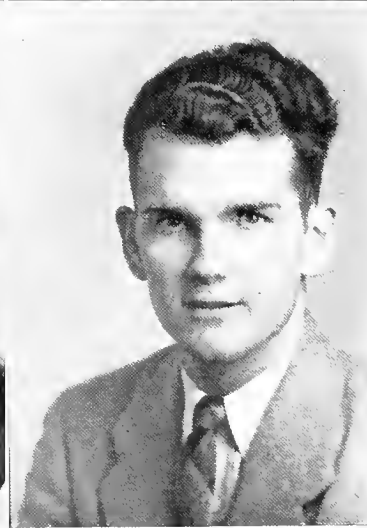
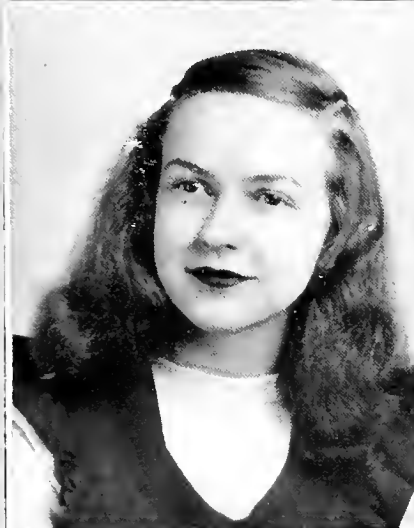
**Mary Elizabeth Cordier**  
Stanford, Kentucky  
A.B., Economics

**Sadie Katherine Cordier**  
Stanford, Kentucky  
A.B., Mathematics



**Mildred Gabbard Cotton**  
Berea, Kentucky  
A.B., English

**Elizabeth Turner Crumbley**  
Colquitt, Georgia  
A.B., Sociology



**Florence Lucile Crumpler**  
Wayland, Kentucky  
A.B., Economics

**Oscar Davidson**  
Brutus, Kentucky  
A.B., Economics

prehension and conversation, the very bases of our civilization. The buildings were our first sight of Berea. Coming on the bus from the south we saw the white columns of Presser Hall and

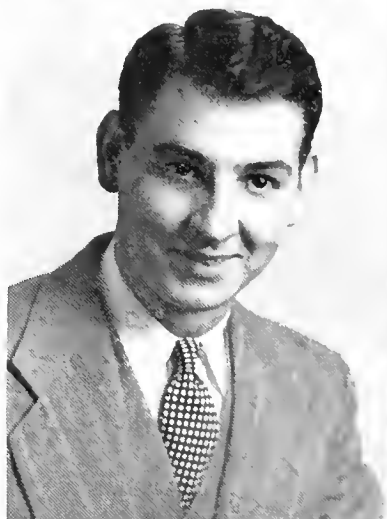
the massiveness of E.R.; from Richmond and the north the rectangular brick blocks of Cumberland and Blue Ridge met our curious eyes; if we came by train we saw Draper Tower spiking

**Margie Davis**  
Parcoal, W. Va.  
B.S., Agriculture



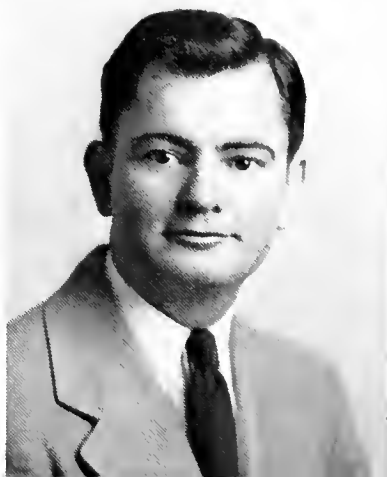
**Gertrude Partain Day**  
Knoxville, Tennessee  
A.B., Education

**Marvin Buford Dillon**  
Oak Hill, West Virginia  
A.B., Biology



**Frank Duff**  
Chavies, Ky.  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

**Paul Eugene Elam**  
Corbin, Kentucky  
A.B., Biology

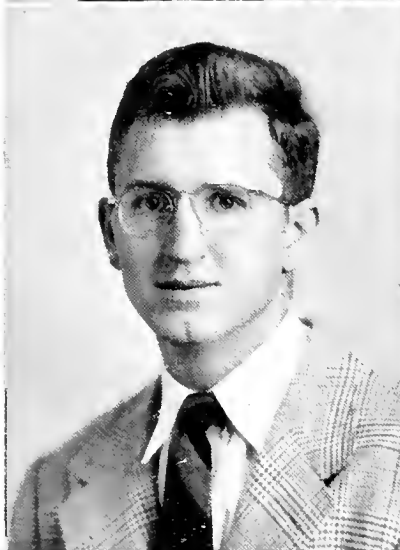


**George Lynn Fallis**  
Malad, Idaho  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



**Ernest Benson Few**  
Taylors, South Carolina  
B.S., Agriculture

**Frances Finnell Vandivier**  
Berea, Kentucky  
A.B., Music



**Porter Henderson Gilbert**  
Samaria, Kentucky  
A.B., Economics

**James E. Gilreath**  
Corbin, Kentucky  
A.B., Economics



**Hunter Dale Griffin**  
Shinnston, West Va.  
A.B., Philosophy

**Roberta Verne Halcomb**  
Viper, Kentucky  
B.S., Home Economics

the sky. We wondered, a little anxiously, what these new shapes held for us. We inquired their names and locations timidly from those who appeared to know, and felt a warm sense of comrade-



ship if they didn't. Imperceptibly we became acquainted with each of the structures of iron, wood, and brick that were to be our homes and our laboratories. Gradually each one came to have a

**Margaret Honsel**  
**Pine Hill, Kentucky**  
**A.B., Home Economics**



**Albert E. Hartley**  
**Seattle, Washington**  
**A.B., Economics**

**Eileen Barnowell Hartley**  
**Maryville, Tennessee**  
**A.B., English**



**John D. Haun**  
**Crossville, Tenn.**  
**A.B., Geology**

**Lois Culbertson Haun**  
**Surgoinsville, Tenn.**  
**A.B., Geology**

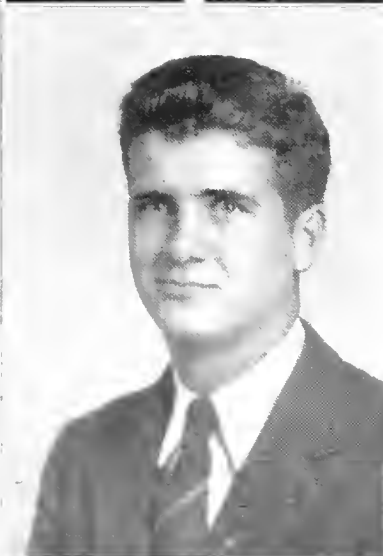


**Peggy Hicks**  
**Bryson City, N. C.**  
**B.S., Home Economics**



**Harriet Lucia Hoffman**  
Meshed, Iran  
A.B., French

**Oliver Raymond Hunt, Jr.**  
Gastonia, North Carolina  
A.B., Chemistry



**Reuben A. Hunter**  
Knoxville, Tenn.  
A.B., Sociology

**George Samuel Hurst**  
Pineville, Kentucky  
A.B., Physics



**Elizabeth Louise Imrie**  
Long Island, New York  
A.B., Sociology

**Dorothy Elizabeth Ison**  
Ashland, Kentucky  
A.B., Sociology

personality and meaning of its own.

Draper has been the center of our more serious life. It well fitted that role. Its tower could be seen from every part of the campus

and from the hills, a reminder of the upward aim of our work. At times we were inclined to be skeptical about that upward aim when confronted by the multitudinous forms of the Lower Division

**Maxine Irene Jennings  
Prenter, West Virginia  
A.B., Psychology**



**Leon Felix Joyner, Jr.  
Woodcliff, Georgia  
A.B., Economics**

**Mary Louella Keener  
Berea, Kentucky  
A.B., Biology**



**Eleanor Louise Knotts  
Vienna, West Virginia  
A.B., Music**

**Edith Christine LoFon  
Oneonta, Alabama  
A.B., Home Economics**



**Edna Lee Lombert  
Durbin, West Va.  
A.B., English**



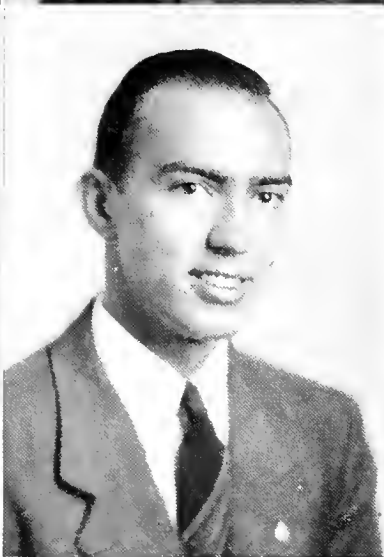
**Dalton C. Lane**  
**Kingsport, Tenn.**  
**A.B., Mathematics**



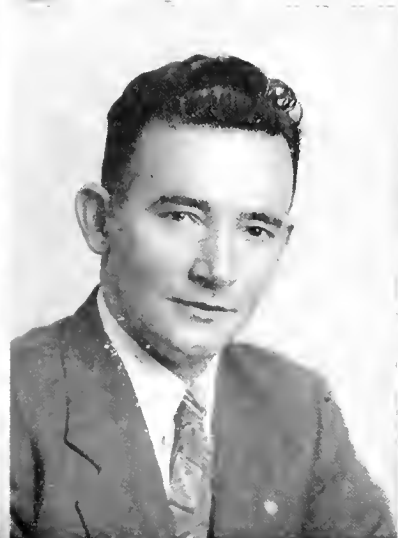
**William Ransom Ledford**  
**Franklin, North Carolina**  
**A.B., French**



**Ruth Mary Liddle**  
**Madison, Wisconsin**  
**A.B., Home Economics**



**Reavis Pinkney Lowman**  
**Cannelly Springs, N. C.**  
**A.B., Geology**



**Joe Andrew McClung**  
**Rainelle, West Va.**  
**A.B., Education**



**Nancy McGuire**  
**Beattyville, Ky.**  
**A.B., Sociology**

Office, but we were acutely conscious of it while learning the subtleties of Greek thought or the inspired beauty of Shelley. The long tiled halls and the dark brown doors symbolized the dispas-

sionately analytical and the unhurried sober qualities of the scholar. Draper was purposeful, as we wanted to be. We went out of its doors sometimes confused, but eager and realizing what there was

**Albert Leon McKelfresh**  
Sumner, Illinois  
A.B., Economics



**Dorothy Price Medich**  
South Bend, Indiana  
A.B., Sociology



**Margery Ruth Murphy**  
Yonkers, New York  
A.B., Sociology



**Doris Louise Neol**  
Bristol, Tenn.  
A.B., Sociology



**Mildred J. Nelson**  
Corbin, Kentucky  
A.B., Biology



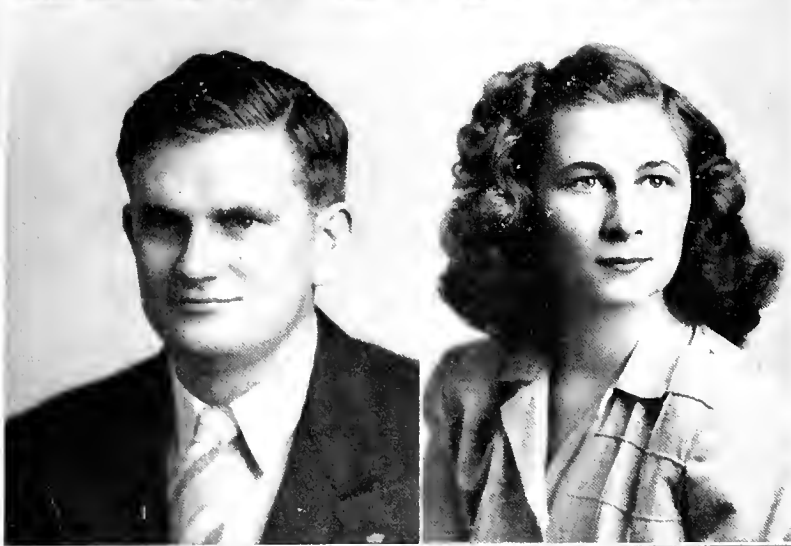
**Chester Arthur Newsome**  
Biscuit, Kentucky  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.





**Alice Helen Nicholas**  
Waynesville, N. C.  
A.B., Psychology

**Juanita Downs Noland**  
Waynesville, N. C.  
A.B., Psychology



**Rolph Emerson Norman**  
Miami, Florida  
A.B., Economics

**Annie Sue O'Daniel**  
North Belmont, N. C.  
A.B., Education



**Eloise Oliver**  
Clifton Forge, Va.  
A.B., English

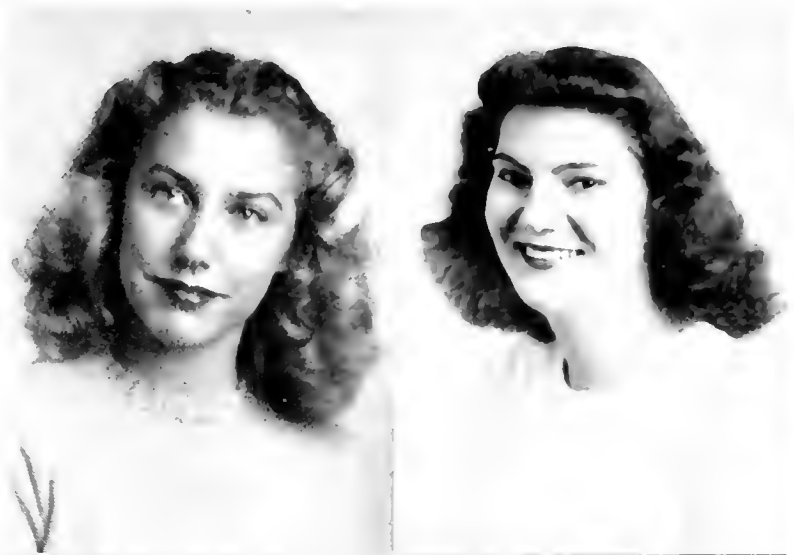
**Scharlene Oney**  
Road Fork, Ky.  
A.B., English

to be learned.

The staidness of Lincoln Hall reflected the security and respected position that we wished to gain. Lincoln was also the place where

registration really hurt and where we tried to convince the Dean of Labor that our talents were too great to be spent on institutional labor. The hollows worn in its wooden steps stated eloquently that

**Dorothy Palmer**  
Oak Park, Illinois  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



**Emil Foy Penley**  
Gate City, Va.  
A.B., Sociology

**Ethel Irene Pigman**  
Wayland, Kentucky  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



**Betty Lou Powers**  
London, Kentucky  
A.B., Music

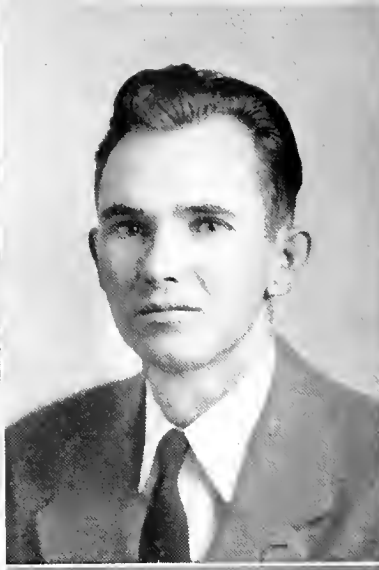
**Lillie Margaret Pressley**  
Jefferson, South Carolina  
A.B., English



**Violette Louise Proffitt**  
Burnsville, North Carolina  
B.S., Home Economics



**Moggie Frances Puckett**  
Old Hickory, Tennessee  
A.B., English



**LaRue Rawlings**  
Ringos Mills, Ky.  
A.B., Economics



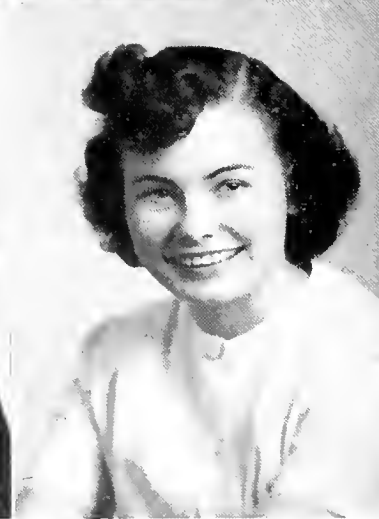
**Woodrow Wilson Reed**  
Lexington, Kentucky  
A.B., Psychology



**Robert R. Rickard**  
Thomo, West Va.  
A.B., Chemistry



**Colette Justine Rieben**  
Bereo, Kentucky  
A.B., Sociology



**Constance Roberts**  
Concord, N. C.  
A.B., Home Economics

we were but a few of the many to climb toward some goal with its help. And our spirits were humbled by that thought.

In the Library we found the true riches of our ancestors: their



thoughts, ideas, emotions. The close rows of the stacks clasped wealth for the mind, enough to maintain us and our children and their children. The spaciousness of the Reserve and Reference

**Joan Steele Rowe**  
McMinnville, Tenn.  
A.B., English



**Alice Marie Russell**  
Hadley, Massachusetts  
A.B., Sociology

**Earl B. Rynerson**  
Harrodsburg, Ky.  
B.S., Agriculture



**Lorraine Salyer**  
Hiltons, Virginia  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

**Virginia Maie Sanders**  
Pleasureville, Ky.  
A.B., Education

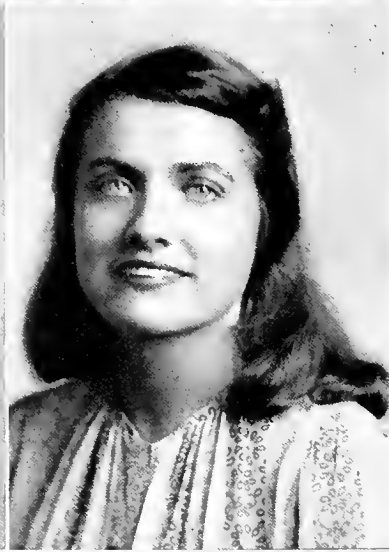
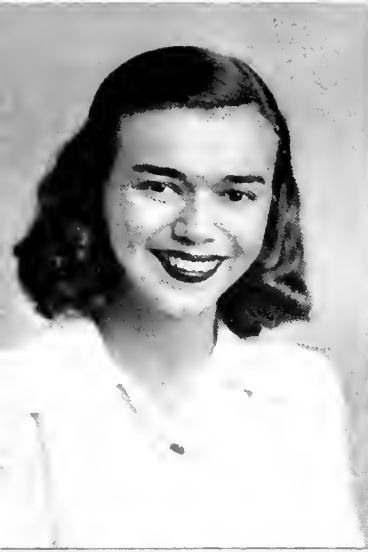


**June Elise Settle**  
Parkersburg, W. Va.  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



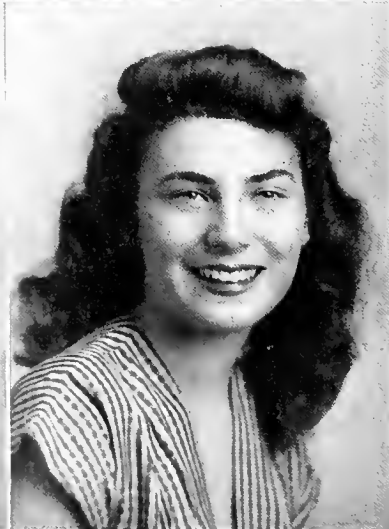
**Garneta Shannon**  
Charleston, W. Va.  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

**Betty Shufflebarger**  
McDowell, Kentucky  
B.S., Home Economics



**Jane Markarian Shutt**  
Berea, Kentucky  
A.B., Philosophy

**Carrie Poulaine Sloane**  
Mouthcard, Kentucky  
B.S., Home Economics



**Almo Estelle Smith**  
Pine Hill, N. C.  
A.B., Psychology

**Gayle Asher Smith**  
Pineville, Kentucky  
B.S., Home Economics

Rooms with their high ceilings inspired study; we went to the Library with that inspiration in mind, but we often exchanged whispered ideas without feeling guilt.

Presser Hall, the Art Building and Science Hall each had its exclusive following, but we all knew them. Often on Sunday afternoons we have sat in Gray Auditorium at Presser and listened until

**Norreen Alison Smith**  
East Claridon, Ohio  
A.B., Psychology



**Esther Louise Spence**  
Berea, Kentucky  
A.B., Music

**Hughes H. Spurlock**  
Bar Creek, Kentucky  
B.S., Agriculture



**Arietta June Stanley**  
Toler, Kentucky  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.

**Ruth Steinberg**  
Newark, New Jersey  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



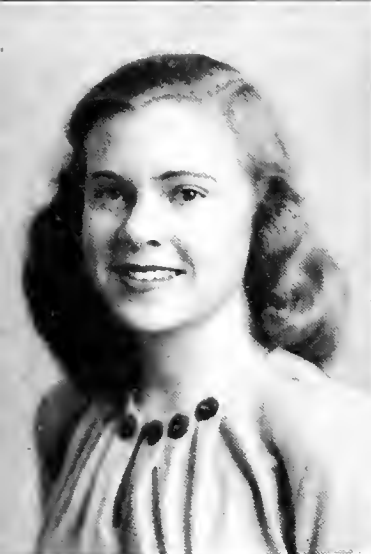
**Frank Stuart Stillings**  
London, Kentucky  
A.B., Mathematics



**Jean Gibbs Stillings**  
Detroit, Michigan  
A.B., Mathematics



**Sammye June Sturdivant**  
Hindman, Kentucky  
B.S., Economics



**Laura Frances Sturgill**  
Cherokee, Kentucky  
A.B., Sociology



**Alexandria Mary Stylos**  
Boston, Massachusetts  
A.B., Home Economics



**Margaret L. Susong**  
Jonesboro, Tennessee  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



**Sarah Elizabeth Talbot**  
Burkesville, Kentucky  
A.B., Chemistry

the coming of twilight to the quiet music of a string quartet or to the rolling power of Bach on the organ. We have found beauty in shape and color or gazed raptly at an inner urge which has found

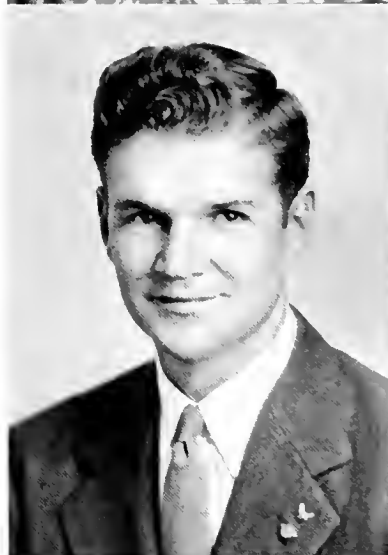
expression in the exhibit rooms and studios of the Art Building. Science Hall has furnished the key to the intricacies of frogs, rocks, and the qualities of matter; through its telescope we have

**Rachel Taylor**  
Pineville, Kentucky  
A.B., Education



**Lyell Jerome Thomas**  
Owingsville, Kentucky  
A.B., Economics

**Lewis Edward Waddle**  
Somerset, Kentucky  
A.B., Economics



**Frank Haff Walker**  
Mt. Sterling, Ky.  
A.B., Geology

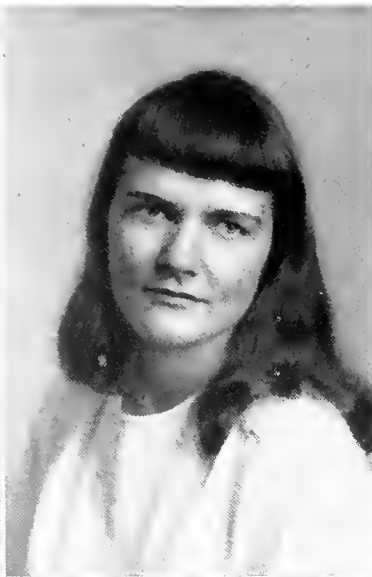
**Alta Whitt**  
York, Ky.  
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Sci.



**Vera Mabel Wright**  
Myra, Kentucky  
A.B., Sociology



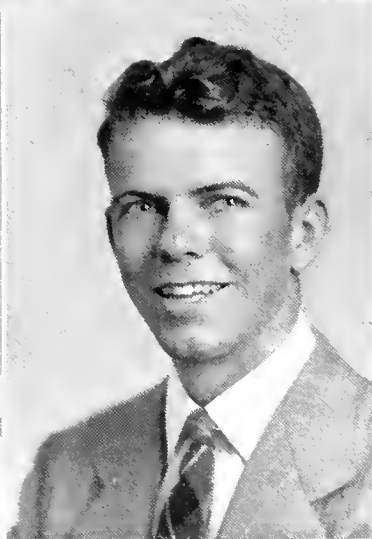
**Norma Aline York**  
Waynesville, N.C.  
B.S., Home Economics



**Gretka Young**  
Abbeville, S.C.  
A.B., English



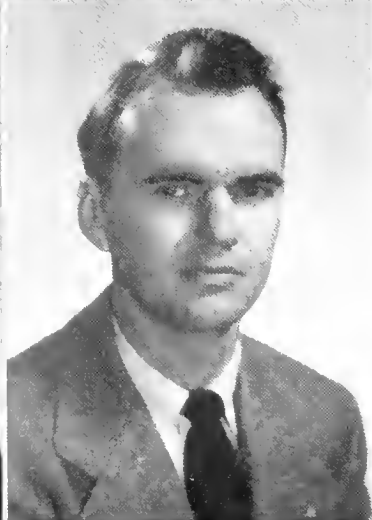
**Elinor Joan Zipf**  
Cleveland, Ohio  
A.B., English



**Gene David Barber**  
Paintsville, Ky.  
A.B., Physics



**Mary Frances Bradshaw**  
Drexel, North Carolina  
A.B., Biology



**Karl Warming**  
Jellico, Tenn.  
A.B., Economics

seen the stars.

At TP's, Elkin's, and the Hangout we have drunk our cups of coffee and voiced our half-formed thoughts while relaxing for a pitifully

few moments. At Pearsons, Cumberland, James, Seabury, we have lived, slept, and played.

And we remember now that buildings will be our last sight of Berea.

**Mavis Engle**  
Hindman, Ky.  
A.B., Education



**Marita Maxine Burton**  
Monticello, Ky.  
A.B., Education

**Nina Clark**  
Brownsville, Ky.  
A.B., Mathematics



**Hollis B. Copeland**  
Birchwood, Tenn.  
A.B., Chemistry

**Dorothy Elizabeth Baldwin**  
Fletcher, North Carolina  
A.B., Home Economics



**Zenobia Hope**  
Dayton, Ohio  
A.B., English



From the cradle on . . .  
Berea doctors and nurses ore on the job  
to make the journey longer.





# SENIOR NURSES

**Margaret Browning**  
Chattaroy, W. Va.

**Lenora Judy**  
Springfield, Ohio

**Normo Lykins**  
Edna, Kentucky

**Rita M. Matheson**  
Grayson, Kentucky

**Virginia K. Norris**  
Parkersburg, W. Va.

**Mildred T. Ranker**  
West Liberty, Kentucky

**Helen Vastine**  
Flat Lick, Kentucky

**Gloria J. Wanland**  
Los Angeles, Calif.





Miss Martha Wylie (supervisor), Fannie Patrick, Jessie Higginbotham, Jean Emerson, Jean Haring, Alma Kipp, Ivaleene Caudill, Helen Parker, Flo Fugate, Mary Ruth Smith, Mrs. Chase and baby.

Betty Sizemore, Loretta Peterson, Ilene Stanley, Alice Hook, Syble Fever, Wilma McConnell, Helen Winfrey, Miss Ruth Collins (ass't. instructor), June Allen, Virginia Gerwig.



Doctors Hafer, Armstrong, Hutchins, and Paine



"And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly  
teche."



**President Francis S. Hutchins, Mrs. Hutchins, Ann, Didi, and Billy.**

**Louis Smith**  
**Dean of Upper Division**



**Julia Allen**  
**Dean of Women, Upper Division**



**Charles N. Shutt**  
**Dean of Lower Division**



**Kotharine True**  
**Dean of Women, Lower Division**



**Roy N. Walters**  
**Dean of the Foundation School**



**Grace Wright**  
**Dean of Women, Foundation  
School**



Though buildings can be lost around curves in the road and their images eventually recede to infinity in our memories, books are as intimately useful and as present as our shoes. We have carried



**Luther M. Ambrose**  
Education

**Mary E. Anders**  
Music

**Alice J. Anderson**  
Music

**Agnes M. Aspnes**  
Home Economics

**Virginia L. Auvil**  
Asst. Registrar

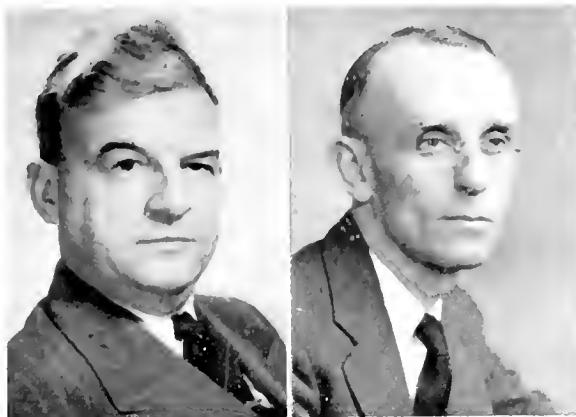
**John S. Bangson**  
Biology

**Esther L. Beck**  
Business

**Lawrence D. Bibbee**  
Treasurer

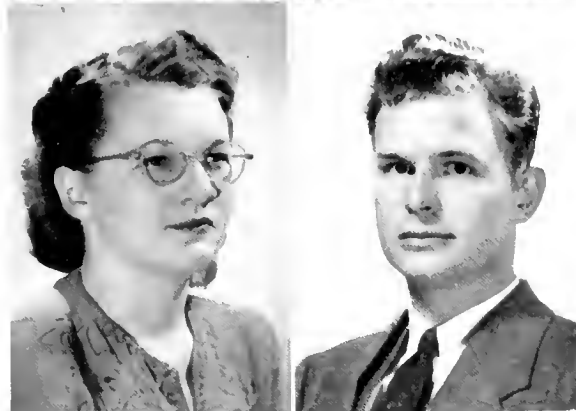
them to meals and to the classrooms and even on hikes to the hills, hoping to have a few minutes of communion with them. We have read them while listening to the Capehart; at two hours past midnight we have turned their pages; some of us have pondered their

meanings until the sun brought forth others to read again. Often in our books we have recognized ourselves peering back at us through the grill-work of words, and those words assumed a per-



**Earl W. Elank**  
**English (dramatics)**

**Wilbur Greely Burroughs**  
**Geology**



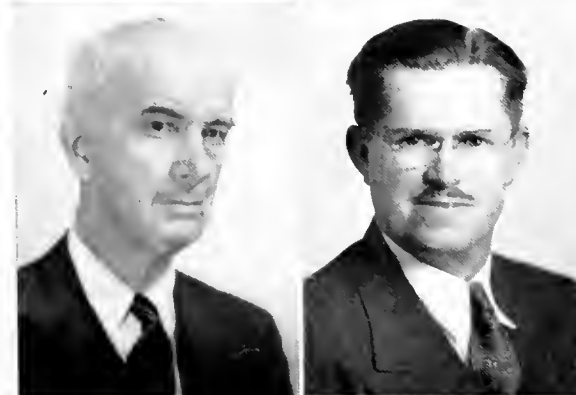
**Mary Louise Caldwell**  
**Physical Education for Women**

**Ernest Q. Campbell**  
**Psychology**



**Julian Huntley Capps**  
**Chemistry**

**Margaret G. Chapin**  
**French**



**Albert Joseph Chidester**  
**Education**

**Lee Forbes Crippen**  
**History and Political Science**



**Albert O. Dekker**  
Chemistry

**Helen H. Dingman**  
Sociology

**Irvine M. Dungan**  
Psychology

**Mary L. Ela**  
Art

**Wilson A. Evans**  
Alumni Secretary

**Paul F. Geren**  
Economics

**Charles C. Graham**  
Education

**Adelaide Gundlach**  
Registrar

sonal significance, for they revealed what others had never seen in us. We have discovered comfort, joys, and intricate possibilities. In them we have found wisdom and startling truths that have compelled us to think and to reconsider what we had previ-



ously accepted. Such portions we marked with black, blue and red leads, hoping that we would remember the meaning of those lines, not merely in order that we might compose some essay but



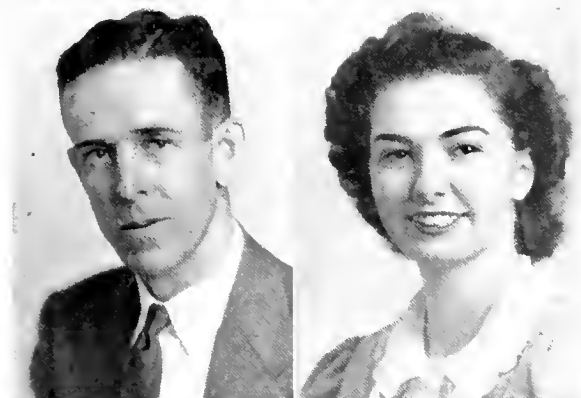
**Rose Maureen Faulkner**  
**English**

**J. Clayton Feaver**  
**Philosophy and Religion**



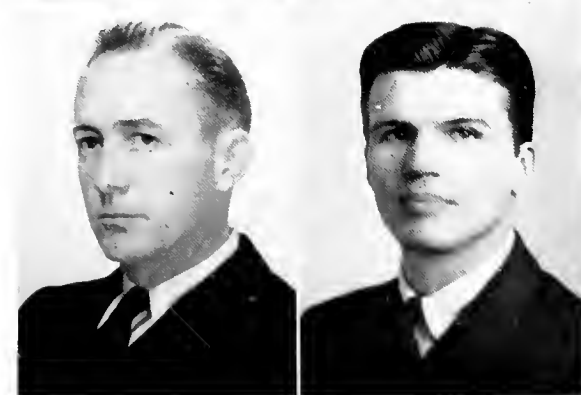
**Grace Grether**  
**Art**

**Oscar Henry Gunkler**  
**Physical Education for Men**



**Willard N. Hogan**  
**History and Political Science**

**Billie Bert Huffsmith**  
**Music**



**Jerome William Hughes**  
**English**

**Dayton D. Hulburt**  
**Director of Admissions**



**Herschel L. Hull**  
Biology

**Wm. R. Hutcherson**  
Mathematics

**Gladys V. Jameson**  
Music

**Orrin L. Keener**  
Social Studies

**Martha M. Kelsey**  
Phys. Ed. for Wom.

**Marian Kingman**  
Home Economics

**Minnie L. Ledford**  
Ger. and French

**Charlotte P. Ludlum**  
Ancient Languages

that later they would assist us in acting more intelligently as human beings.

After those final phases of study were ended, we walked away from the examination rooms, came home and showered, then ar-

ranged our books in neat rows on shelves, realizing that what we had actually learned would now be a part of us and would be manifest in our thoughts and in our responses to other people. The



**Minnie Maude Macaulay**  
**Physical Education for Women**

**Ira J. Martin**  
**Philosophy and Religion**



**Virginia P. Matthias**  
**English**

**Robert G. Menefee**  
**Economics**



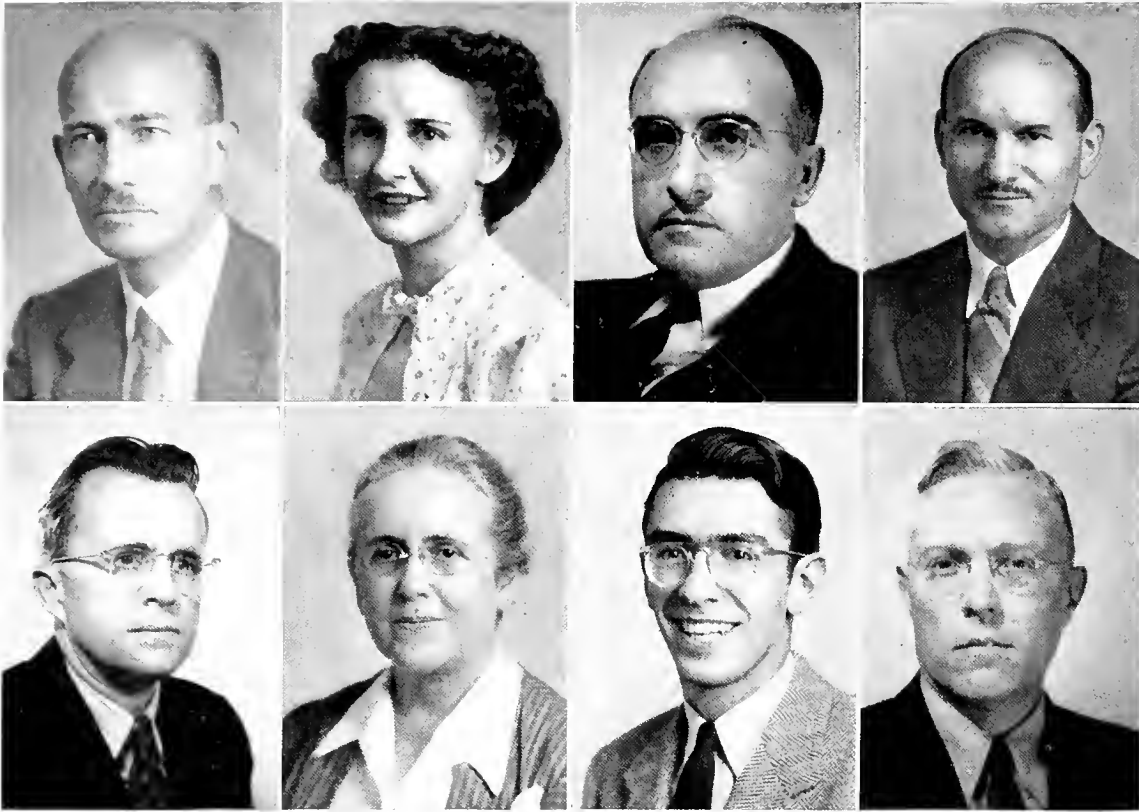
**Howard Brandon Monier**  
**Agriculture**

**Harriett Julia Naylor**  
**History**



**William Edward Newbolt**  
**Economics and Business**

**Waldemar Noll**  
**Physics**



**George S. Noss**  
Phil. and Relig.

**Bonnie N. Oden**  
Music

**Ray Orr**  
Agriculture

**Merton D. Oyler**  
Sociology

**Charles E. Pouck**  
German

**Elisabeth S. Peck**  
Social Studies

**Lester F. Pross**  
Art

**Donald W. Pugsley**  
Mathematics

written words we had left behind for the professors to read were only keys that would not fit.

The organization of the Great Books Discussion Group has brought to the campus a consciousness that should be brought to

every campus of the impact which certain books written ages ago have had upon our modern concepts. The universality of human thought was made evident at those meetings where students



**Elizabeth Richardson**  
**French and Spanish**

**Ruth Rietveld**  
**Home Economics**



**George Gilbert Roberts**  
**Mathematics**

**V. D. Roberts**  
**Physics**



**William Gordon Ross**  
**Philosophy and Religion**

**John William Sattler**  
**English**



**Marguerite Sloon**  
**Lower Division Office**

**Emily Ann Smith**  
**English**



**Cloude O. Spillmon**  
Agriculture

**Hottie E. Stowe**  
English

**Dorothy W. Tredennick**  
Art

**Eunice M. True**  
Home Economics

**Worner M. Vernon**  
Agriculture

**Ernest J. Weekes**  
English

**Albert G. Weidler**  
Economics

**Virginia R. Woods**  
Home Economics

and professors read and discussed, among others, the writings of  
Aristophanes, Machiavelli, Rousseau.



Norris Woodie, Hilda Lane, Co-Social Chairmen; James Shaffer, President, Sammie Sturdivant, Treasurer, Margaret Myers, Secretary, Barbara Gaddard, Vice President

CLASS

THE JUNIOR



Floyd Slettvett, Eleanor Hall, Maxine Kennamer, James Kennamer, James Edwards, Jean Hudson.

Joan Lykins, Tom Finney, Sam Scruggs, Clyde Worley, Theda Taylor, Phyllis Jones, Modine Smith, Jose Rubio.





On this campus and on other campuses there has been a revival of interest in Thomas Wolfe, not because his books have been carried unchecked from the library shelves by admirers, but because no one has ever written as he did. No one has ever interpreted with such lyricism and poignant insight what it means to be young, to be young and lonely and full of wanting to do something.



Dean Cadle, Charlotte Johnson,  
Robert Blanton, June Jasper, Albert  
Shufflebarger.



Elmer Sanders, Ella Foster,  
Grant Banks, Wanda Eskew,  
Wintz Jenkins, Nancy  
Furry, Edith Melton

During the year we've also read Chaucer, Shakespeare, Edith Wharton, Feeds and Feeding, and translated the symbols and dia-



Dorothy Davis, Ramona Layne,  
Clay Whitaker, Margaret  
Southard, Kenneth Perkins,  
Lilburn Goode, Margaret Davis



Joseph Sumner, Betty Jean Morgan, Lois Rowe, Joyce Lockhart, Curtis Keener

grams in Engineering Surveys. We've read The Hucksters and Hiroshima and have become acquainted with Robinson Jeffers and Robert Frost.



Helen Storsand, William Welsh, Florence Baker, Reva McMillan, Frances Hawes

Our reading of books has been a search and a means toward that search.

People are the agents that transform buildings and books into a



Merle Stanley, Dorothy York, Helen Smith, Lottie Pollock, Elizabeth Broadbooks, James Taylor, Juanita Turner, Risse Layne.



Hilda Karlsson, Clinton Sager, Irene Baker, Ellen Watts, Helena Walters, Dora Campbell  
Arletta Norton, Ray Davenport, Mary French, Julia Pearl Thomas, Doris Swingle, Mitchie  
Duff

college; they have done more than vitalize stone and ink: they have shaped our own personalities, and we in turn have altered theirs. Without them there would be no campus, no books, no buildings; without them there would be nothing.

This year has seen an appreciable increase in the number of those

Joseph Houston, Alma Tankersley, James Hall, Joyce Reedy, Betty Pierce, Harold Reynolds, Mae Watts





Juanita Cooper, Marietta Purkey, Robert McNeill, Elsie Coffey, Betty Lou Chandler, Helen Barnes, Joan Stephens

Silvia Sewell, Marian VanWinkle, Catherine Snyder, Eunice VanWinkle, Ernest Raines, Mary Lou Smith, Walter Stark



Cordelia Slusher, James Hines, Clinton Romey, Lois Speer, Mary Lou Baker, Cecilio Stalnaker

who walk along the paths of the campus and attend classes; for



Sue Kilbourne, Mock Adams, Nancy Clem, Jean Croucher, Elmer Anderson





Virginia Kearns, Freddie Fugate, Juanita Ketchersid, Frisby Smith, Joanne Bridges

the first time since the war there is a near-equality between men and women. We meet many who dropped from our circles to disappear into the anonymity of serial numbers for one to four years



Virginia Watts, Jesse Miracle, Jeonette Austin, Jean Justice, Walter Cox, Hugh Morrison



Clinton Clay, Hilda Outlaw,  
Dean Lambert, Glenn Lively,  
Conrad Kimbrough, Robert  
Boehm, Robert Lufburrow

and longer. They have traveled far and have felt the utter, awful



Billie Sue Davis, Ola Massey,  
Anna Johnson, Jeanne Hardy,  
Virginia Morris, Harold Adams

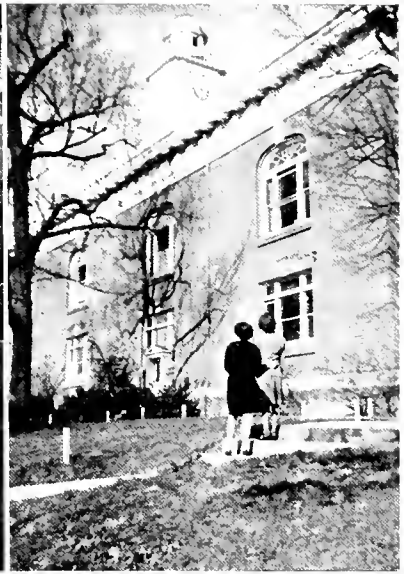
Marvin Mise, Polly Brooks,  
Nancy Brooks, Jenny Belle  
Fitzpatrick, Margaret Frye



loneliness and futility of men waiting for the unknown to happen.  
Those students have returned.

Frances Edwards, Gladys  
Ogle, Doris Dungan, Kath-  
erine Ogle, Elinor Crawford







## THE SOPHOMORES



John Browning, president; Peggy Talbot, secretary; Rossie Drummond, treasurer; Harold Dowdy, vice-president



Harvey Rutnoski, John Robbins, Mary Baucom, Bill Baucom, Robert Lang, Patricia Prater, Dewitt Creger, Robert Webb, Fred Chapman, Pat Moore

For each of us the majority of people on the campus have only colored the backdrop against which our personal little clique enacted its tragicomedy. Aliens to our group only formed the faces that filled the chapel seats or made up the long lists of alpha-



Glenn Harris, Catherine French, Roberto Casablanca, Jessie Downs, Dorothy Brannan, James Yowell, Margaret Trumbo, Beatrice Lovette, Dale Dedman, Margaret Templin

betically-arranged names on file in the various offices.

With a few persons we have become especially intimate and with

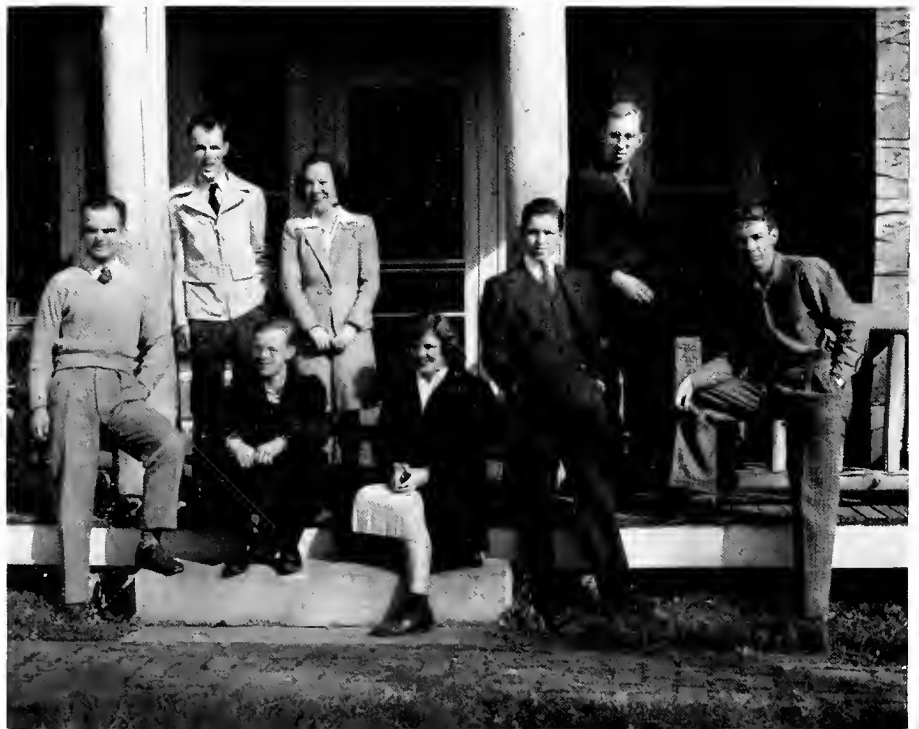


Lucy Stewart, Bill Atwater, Louise Corn, Fred Cooper, Winston Bowling, Lavaun Halsey, Bill Dunn, Pauline Deal, Rosa Lee Case, Roy Wilson



Emogene Miller, Herbert Moore, Mary Sue Baker, Charles Lineberger, Marbeth Peters, Imogene McConkey, Ralph Michael, Lucille Martin, Ford Mink

them we have had our dates and our love affairs. Some of us viewed love as a spiritual experience producing exaltation; others regarded it as something to be pursued with the same continuity



Russel Dean, Benjamin Frye, Harry Dodd, Nadene Gosser, Clara Eppard, Badgette Dillard, Julius Hayes, Charles Elliott



that we breathe. To those whom we loved we laid bare our fears and hopes, wanting desperately to find understanding; often we



Dennis Tipton, Charles Keyser, Sue Storm, Naomi Eppard, Jerry Crouch, John Benson, Doris Messer, Helen Bowman



Burgin Wood, Virginia Jo Crutchfield, Helen Hardesty, Christine Chadwell, Janet Marsh, James Bandy, Kenneth Calmes, Virginia Hylton



Herbert Tuck, Tom Van Sant, Lawrence Via, Norvell Sharp, Helen Webb, Juliet Lewis, Effie Taylor, Cloyd Eastham, Emmy Vaden, Peter Stellos, Helen Sweet

tried hard to say what we meant, but never got beyond a joke or a laugh. In those affairs we were sometimes deeply cut, both



Marjorie Gabbard, Otha Howard, Wayne Proffitt, Gene Ballenger, Amanda Clark, Mary Ruth Mills, Gladys Walker, Janice Osburn, Orville Pearson, Barbrea Hill, Kathleen Banks, Homer Banks

Faye Feltner, Norma Holder, Esther Richardson, Jean Watson, Jane Propps, Martha Fry, Marjorie Harrison, Enola Belle Foley, Georgia Roberts, Betty Mayfield



angered and hurt, through forgetfulness or blunders. From such intimacy we have learned the delicacy of the human soul.

Among the people we met on the campus and in the classrooms

Joe Patton, Carl Jenkins, Ruth Boggs, Linley Stafford, Carol Anmuth, Ben Pendleton, Tobie Woolums, James McNeer, Elena Cipolla



Charles Blevins, Charles Zimmerman, Bill Rickard, Charles Rickard, Jesse Hibbits, Mary Frances Yount, Lillian Miyachi, Mabel Pallard, Wanda Hammons



Margaret May, Mary Esther Tally, Nara Pickett, Doris Watson, Chessie Wright, Randa Allen, Eleanor Panter, Lillian Moore, Argie DeSimane



were some whom we desired to know better than by name; ye

through indifference or an assumed politeness they kept us at distance. We were pained because we did not know why, but we ourselves revealed why when we likewise avoided persons who wanted to know us better.



Thomas Bilotta, Helen Swanson, Mary Abodeely, Herman Patterson, Nila Mae Blair, Patricia Rae, Potricia Brooks, Sarah Ann Hutcherson

Jack Wilson, Jo Anne Watson, Eugene Parr, Eugene Troutman, James Hesselgesser, George Allen, Bill Parks, James Dickerson, Elbert Miller, Marjorie Keener, Aloma Barnes



Many of us have felt a sense of futility on the campus. We have worked on tangents, not knowing the true way nor that for us there

Loyal Hogue, Mary Alice Neal, Glenna Ray, Russell Hennessee, Carolyn Henderson, Betty Isaac, Virginia Hewlett, Marjorie Holcombe





Richard Pettit, Franklin Parker, Altan Nablett, Jean Bennear, Janice Pigman, Harry Kilbourne

even was one, and still don't. Too much attempted; no solution found; time not compensated. We have gone away from lectures



Mildred Allen, Peggy Talbot, Harold Dawdy, Billie Allen, Oma Burns, Allen Franke, Dorothy Branham, Janice Wells, Caleb Hurst



Rose Adachi, Jo Ann Gouge, Ruth Schultz, Mary Frances Barnes, Rachel Chaffin, Marian Haynes, Lewis Barbour, Cornelia Loven, Ross Andrews, James Warrick

or closed our books confused and wondering; it has seemed that we were being rushed through college without being given time to



Joseph Bush, James Dowdy, Dorothea Noss, Hildred Brandenburg, Jimmie Ann Mallonee, Arnold Buckley, Peggy Ann Johnson, John Hibbard



absorb what we should. At those times we were despondent and longed to get away, anywhere just to be away. Time in which to rest and rebuild our shattered foundations was precious. We



Janrose Sherman, James Salter, Ouida Hughes, Rossie Drummond, Daisy Lisenbee, Printess England, Jack Bower, Edna Sims, Robert Haight, Vandeta Vanover

would even have accepted the killing loneliness of a Sunday afternoon just to be free for a while so things could straighten themselves out.



Edith Claytor, John Browning  
Nella Walker, Nancy Lisenbee  
Flora Cofield, Elizabeth Shepard,  
Norma Morris, Gladys  
Reece, Jewell Phillips, Kenneth  
Bibbee, John Thayer



Peter Smellie, Robert Fowlkes  
Russell Cornelius, Sam McNei  
Ray Feltner, Forrest Jarrett  
Arthel Gray, Robert Lewis, Ar  
menda Robbins, Walter Size  
more, Edwina Chiles, Alber  
Richardson



## FRESHMAN CLASS

Bill Manning, vice president; Wilfred Howsman, treasurer; Calvin Baird, president; Mary Bowling, secretary.

A new consciousness of the importance of world events has entered the campus mind. Many among us have been to foreign countries and have learned different customs and attitudes; they have



Edward Akers, Walter Gardner, Roy Thompson, Doyle Rogers, Jean Hayes, Phyllis Daniels, Nancy Ey-  
mann, Ali Touba, Walter Salyer, Sally Hollin, Odell MacDonald, Doris Beam

Ernest Woolum, Pauline Pettit,  
Lucy Pennington, Elsie Shuttle,  
Kate Thomas, Alma Powers,  
Don Mentzer, Joline Vickers,  
Lorene Sherman, Joe Yancey,  
Mary Shigeta, Thekla Rosen-  
berg



seen the misery and injustice which a few uncontrolled men can  
inflict upon nations and how conditions in those nations event-



Faye Trail, Charlie Stone, Bessie  
Spurlock, Anna Wickline, Lee  
Wickline, Evelyn Smith, Harold  
Spencer, Agnes Rice, Billy  
Moores, Margaret Taylor, Melton  
Wise, Lillie Peterson

Marders Lovejoy, Kenneth O'Dell, Kristjan Kogerma, Sidney Miller, Phyllis Mann, Ruth King, Lucille Lewis, Rena Ketchersid, Russell Hoernlein, Florene I s o n , Donald May



ually affect the world. The dramatic efforts of the United Nations to build a basis for world order has excited wide interest;

Ruth Kouns, Dolores Melton, Betty Jean Mayfield, Carrie Lee Hall, Jeanette Huff, Nancy Stevenson, Jack Hodge, LaVern Huie, Elberta Miller, Frank Harris, Violet Baker, Eugene Howard, Dan Harman, Clafis Hurst





Pat Brothers, Alan Biggerstaff,  
Ann Bishop, James Bentley,  
Nell Berry, Norma Codisotti,  
Alice Leonhart, Pat Smith,  
Mary Deadrick, Jean Banks,  
Shirley Hiser, Shirley Beatty

we wondered how men could be so foolish as to argue bitterly over apparently trivial matters when the future of world culture lay in



Billy Maltbv, Willie Love,  
Evelyn Ayers, Pat Napier,  
Peter McNeill, James Peace  
Lilas Neal, Lenore Gabler  
Vera Spickard, Louise Archer,  
Vivian Adams, Martho  
Bailey, June Puckett, Betty  
Jo Melton, Martho Shurtleff



Woodie Vaughn, Ralph Wigginton, Miriam Crowe, Windle Arms, Thomas Hall, David Gilreath, Willie Howsman, Ernie Hogue, Betty Jo Pearl, Elbert Robinson, Debelou Isaac, Sara Byles, Leila Cain, Robert Arrington



Foster Burgess, Lona Cochran, Keith Hubbard, Wayne Cornett, Yolanda Ander, Mildred Crunkleton, Bill Gosser, Frances Stillings, Gerardo Guarch, Calvin Baird, Jeannette King, Harold Terry, Glenn Cornette, Billie Chambers, Artie Combs



Eugene Wesley, Jean Morgan, Bob Williams, Georgia Richie, Bill Manning, Ethan Freeman, Dan Baugh, Helen Turner, Ruby Duff, Ursula Simons, Robert Wesley, Frances Barnette, Harold Riley



their decisions. One midnight as we sat in our rooms studying we heard the words that in theory may have significance on wars to come. The radio announcer said, "We now interrupt all NBC programs to bring you this special announcement: The eleven Nazi



Colleen Singleton, Claudia Kaler,  
Dortch Worriner, Montague  
Tennyson, Woodrow Phillpott,  
Nora Garret, Scott Warrick,  
Edith Melton, Keary Sutherland,  
Jewel Shelley, Isabelle Tucker,  
Helen Tucker



Jimmy Pigg, Courtney Phillips,  
June Craft, Otis Gabbard,  
Harry Stambaugh, Ramona  
Booth, Barbara Hefner, Bill  
Rolland, Jacky Hopper, Yvonne  
Fish, Bob Hart

war criminals met death tonight . . . ,”and the regular program continued as the dance band vocalist sang “This isn’t sometime,



Curtis Haverly, Artur Jurs,  
Clifton Marshall, Randall Mc-  
Conkey, Sylvia Null, Marilyn  
Hubbard, Virginia Kyer, Lois  
Kyer, Betty Shaffer, Alan Miller,  
Thomas Hancock

Betty Pingley, Ben Whitmire, Myrtle Tonne, Ronald Noel, Russel Patton, Louise Shultz, Evelyn Wolfe, Kathleen Fyffe, Doris Wa'ker, Amelia Shusher



Emmett Graves, Lean Moore, Clyde McCall, Ernest Morrow, Kenneth Dickerson, Margie Forte, Marsha Hammond, Walter Hunt, Marders Lovejoy, Wanda Howard, Althea Gollihugh



this is always." But we knew so well that "always" can be such a short time and that the death of eleven men is just the death of eleven men.



Bill Burkle, Beverley Hays, Walter Shelton, Doris Edmundson, Dorothy LeFevers, Barbara Hurst, Charles Flowers, Lola Shalar, Jack Deyton, Gilda Bower, Betty Caldwell, Jean Fain, Jacqueline Show



Colleen Wheeler, Donald Lainhort, Frank Sligh, Joyce Pennington, "Skid" Johnson, Phyllis Pennington, Mary "Jim" Trail, Charles Warnock, Marie Day, Edna Hughes, Eudis Singleton, Glodys Chaney, Orlin Singleton, "Dac" Stevens



Richard Taitano, Gilbert Girdler, Eleanor Louke, Dorothy Talbot, Burnis Banks, Margaret McKinney, Sam Hodges, Margaret Bradley, Lorene Hudson, Beverley Taylor, Helen Pruitt, June Hubble, Joe Craft, Nellena Davis, June Turner



Barbara Cassell, Ladye Craddock, Hazel Dause, Minnie Sanders, Gilmer Callison, Bob Cornett, Bill Farmer, Max Chance, Jeannette Carr, Pat Dawson, Josephine Beck, Shirley Flynn, Hager Arnett, Bryant Brown, Leno Yowell

When we think of this year in terms of a year and weeks and days, it may not mean much. And when we think of it in terms of ac-



Bert Clark, Betty Casto, Myrie McNeeley, Virginia Zicafoose, Naomi Narris, Suzanne Tewell, Evelyn Hammonds, Oreta Allen, Dorothy Jenkins, Charlene Sewell, Jean Grider



Denis Ball, Marguerite Baker,  
 Bill Edwards, John Basham,  
 Helen Brumit, Leonore Nall, Bill  
 Webb, Margie Blevins, Patsy  
 Hamilton, Joyce Alcorn, Okra  
 Abbott, Peggy Hamilton, Don  
 Funkhouser, Virginia Burgin,  
 Dorothy Dorton



Yvonne Perkins, Mary Elizabeth  
 Ferrell, Martha Burks, Clotilde  
 D e s c h a m p s , Virginia Lane,  
 Dorothy Flowers, Maxine Banner,  
 Glenna Kiser, Richard Parker,  
 John Rass

complishments, it still may not mean much. There were days when we knew we would do greater things than we had ever done before,

Joe Ella Wolfe, Nancye Rose,  
Earl Woods, Jean Dawson,  
Rachel Teague, Gladys Sose-  
bee, Ruth Barnes, Jane Mid-  
kiff, Rubye Teague



Cleta Brook, Joseph Cornelison,  
Clyde Burchette, John Combs,  
Fletcher Bray, Elaine Charles,  
Wina Lee Little, Jolley Duncan





SPECIAL STUDENTS—James Bentley, Arthur Reynolds, Joe Smith, Burnis Banks

and there were days on which we died, and because we did die we are what we are today. Days on which we were biased in our criticisms, not realizing that most of us continue to live more by our emotions than by our minds, not that our minds are weak



# HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS



John Bradbury, president; Bernice Smith, treasurer; Pat Langford, secretary; Bill Hanger, vice president

but that our hearts are imperious. Days on which we chanced to talk with someone for whom we had never found interest, and from



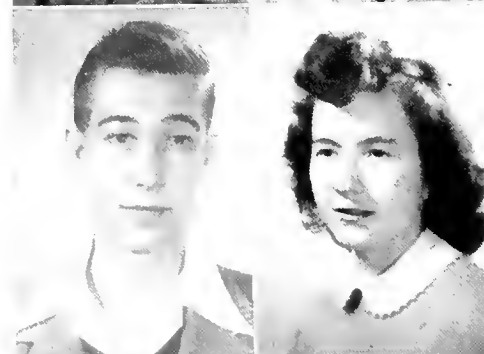
**Nora Edith Adkins  
Leck, Virginia**

**Winifred Allen  
Orlando, Ky.**



**Clayton S. Anderson  
Wheelwright, Kentucky**

**Lawrence Harold Arnett  
Louisville, Kentucky**



**William E. Arrowood  
Spruce Pine, N. C.**

**Mabel Lucille Baker  
Norwood, Ohio**



**Shirley Marie Baker  
Berea, Kentucky**

**Inez Black  
Bakersville, N. C.**



**Margaret Louise Blizzard  
Jenkins, Kentucky**

**John I. Bradbury  
Wheelwright, Ky.**

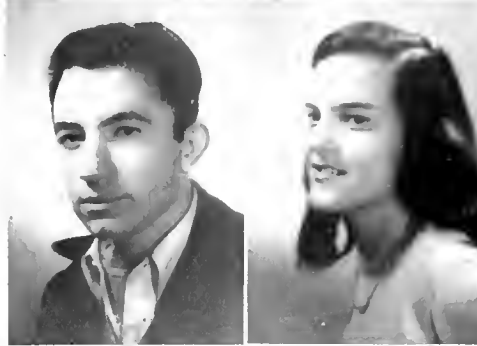
**Numia Bradley**  
Paintsville, Ky.



**James Evans Burchfield**  
Jellico, Tennessee



**James Ralph Burton**  
Kodak, Kentucky



**Buena Jean Carrithers**  
Bushnel, Florida



**Joyce Casey**  
Spartanburg, S. C.



**Vivian Clarkston**  
Berea, Kentucky



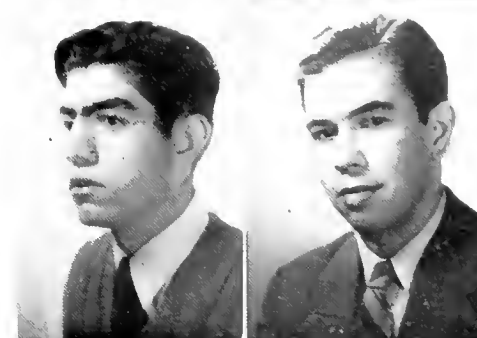
**Donald W. Claypool**  
Campton, Kentucky



**Jeane DeLany Cochran**  
Miami, Florida



**Edward Colwell**  
Kodak, Kentucky



**Gene Hurst Combs**  
Hazard, Kentucky



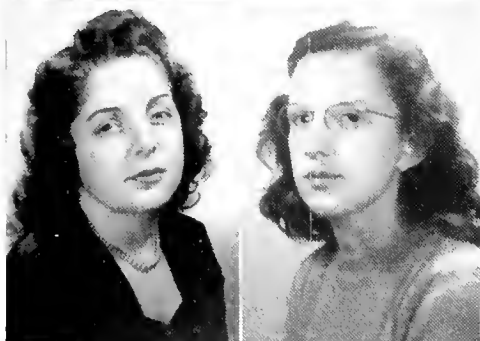
trivial remarks at this meeting we understood deeply. What is

most important is that those were days on which we were looking for an answer of some kind. One answer is enough. We are fortunate



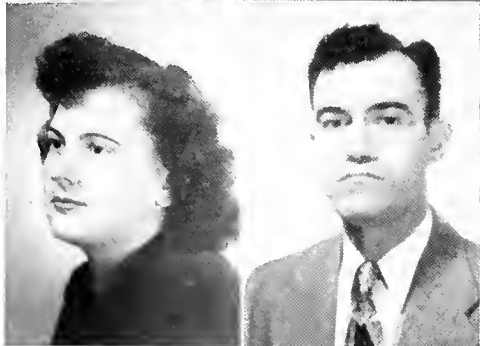
**Charles Raymond Cooper**  
Houckville, Kentucky

**Mabeline Coots**  
Cumberland, Ky.



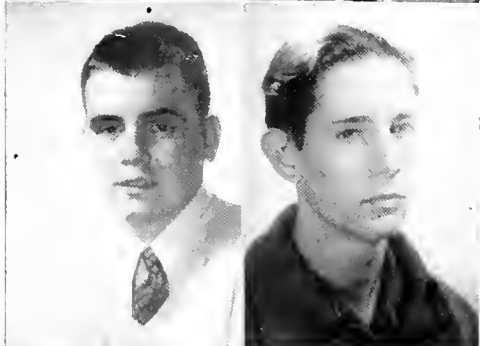
**Ruth Annelle Cunningham**  
Harrodsburg, Kentucky

**Mary Maxine Davis**  
Appalachia, Va.



**Marjorie Marie Day**  
Mill Pond, Kentucky

**Truman Denham**  
Tompkinville, Ky.



**Jack Eric Dobbins**  
Spindale, N. C.

**David A. Douglass**  
San Francisco, Calif.



**Wanda Jean Doyle**  
Millstone, Ky.

**Jean Easterling**  
Louisville, Ky.

**Glenn Ray Elkin**  
Berea, Kentucky



**Mary Elizabeth Eubanks**  
Glacier Park, Montana



**William James Evans**  
Olive Hill, Kentucky



**Jenny Lind Fain**  
Kingspart, Tenn.



**Dillard Bruce Feltner**  
London, Kentucky



**Bette Finley**  
Jellico, Tenn.



**Bettye Jean Finnell**  
Berea, Kentucky



**Elizabeth Ann Fortner**  
Berea, Kentucky



**Eva Lee Fothergill**  
Berea, Kentucky

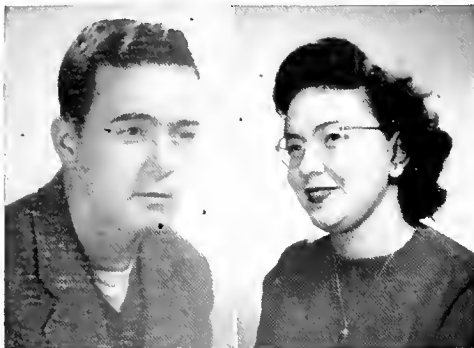


**Joyce Teleatha Gander**  
Cannon, Kentucky



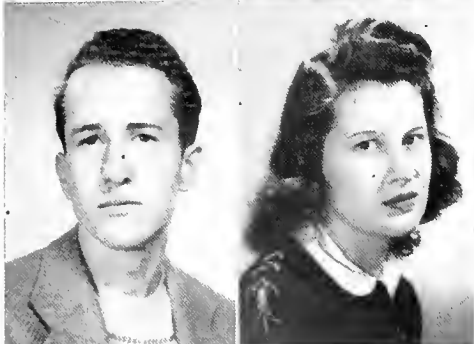
nate if we each have found one answer, and it is great enough and

correct and so strong that we know we won't lose it. Too many fail to find even one answer.



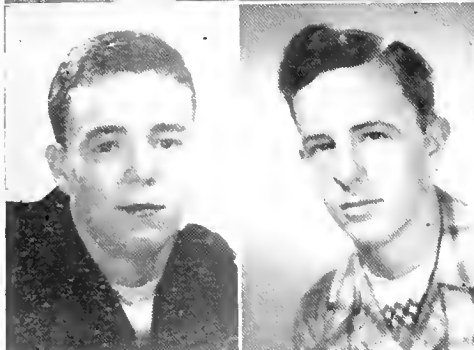
**David Robert Gentry**  
Quail, Kentucky

**Bette Jo Gevedon**  
Oklahoma City, Okla.



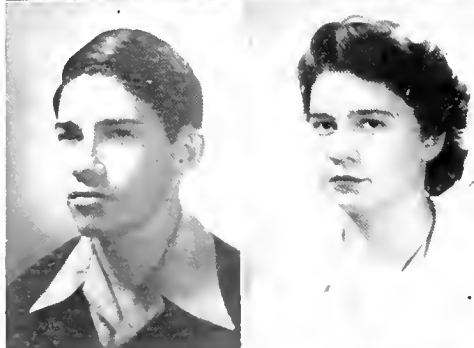
**Edwin Gibson**  
Oceana, W. Va.

**Hazel Christine Graff**  
Monticello, Kentucky



**Charles William Hanger**  
Wheelwright, Kentucky

**Robert Harmon**  
Wharton, W. Va.



**Howard Milton Henline**  
Spruce Pine, N. C.

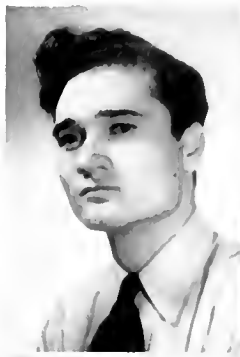
**Ted Katherine Hesse**  
Berea, Kentucky



**Gladys Hubbard**  
Bright Shade, Ky.

**Gloria Morgan Hudlow**  
White Sulphur Springs,  
W. Va.

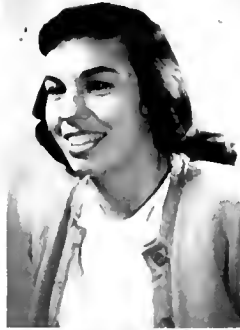
**Jerald Huff**  
Krypton, Ky.



**Robert William Huff**  
Cincinnati, Ohio



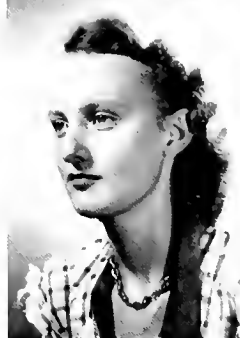
**Martha Lou Hutcherson**  
Berea, Kentucky



**Dorothy Hyde**  
Manchester, Ky.



**Helena Jacobs**  
Halls Gap, Ky.



**Inez Joan Jenkins**  
Ravencliff, W. Va.



**Margaret Louise Johns**  
Harveyton, Kentucky



**Grace Johnson**  
Jabez, Ky.



**Ora T. Johnson, Jr.**  
Irvine, Kentucky

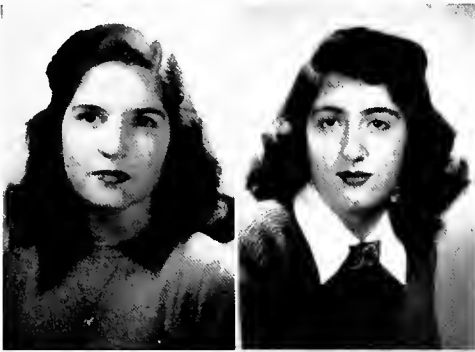


**Rose Ann Johnson**  
Berea, Kentucky



A few of the persons we've known have been inestimably influ-

ential; they are our teachers, our roommates, our friends. With those people we have lived our campus lives. We have discussed



**Faye Kegley**  
Olive Hill, Ky.

**Patricia Langford**  
Albany, Kentucky



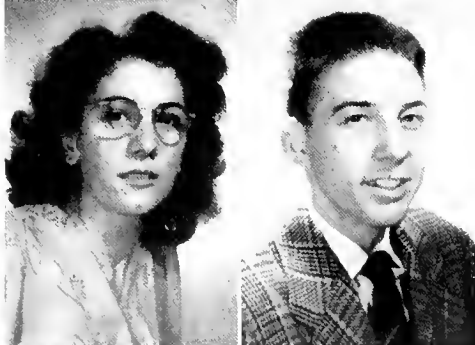
**Elva Langseth**  
Long Island, N. Y.

**Carlos P. Lopez**  
Havana, Cuba



**Myra Laferne Louthan**  
Sneedville, Tennessee

**Mollye Elizabeth Lovelace**  
Berea, Kentucky



**Lois Elaine McMahan**  
Louisville, Kentucky

**Hugo E. Miller**  
Drift, Kentucky



**Edith Rose Morgan**  
Wyoming, Ohio

**Etta Mae Neal**  
Berea, Kentucky

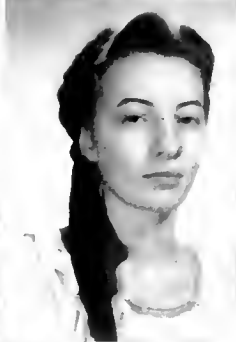


**Andrew H. Nicholas**  
Hyden, Kentucky



**Clyne Nolan**  
Pine Mountain, Ky.

**Helen May Patrick**  
Berea, Kentucky



**Ethel Nolene Pearsan**  
Moravian Falls, N. C.

**Mildred D. Pennington**  
Fielden, Kentucky



**Orie Perkins**  
Jellico, Tenn.

**Martin Potter, Jr.**  
Louise, Kentucky



**Patsy Marie Pullins**  
Berea, Kentucky

**Christine Purcell**  
Plato, Kentucky



**Forrest Winfrey Rice**  
Cane Valley, Kentucky

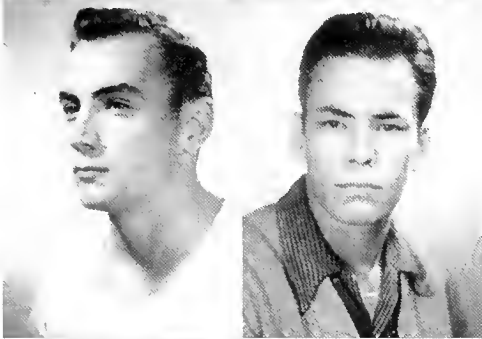
and argued with them, and eaten and smoked and gone to the

street for coffee and ice cream. We've gone together to Saturday night movies, to special West End shows, and have cheered the



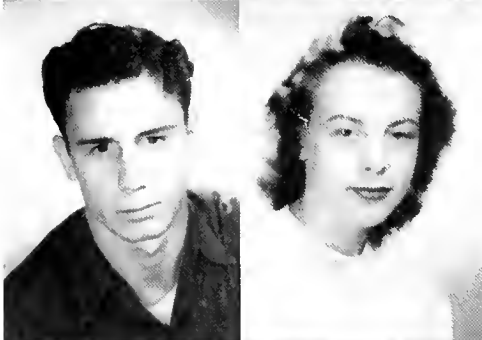
Jane Robison  
Bakersville, N. C.

Ray Rose  
Eerea, Ky.



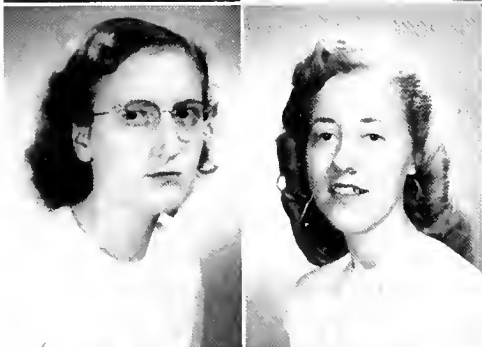
Rufus Saylor, Jr.  
Akron, Ohio

Bales Silas  
Lexington, Ky.



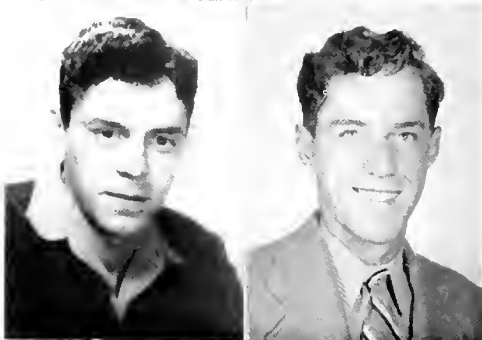
Oliver Singleton  
Emmalena, Kentucky

Bernice Smith  
Hindman, Kentucky



Olivia Mary Smith  
Disputanta, Ky.

Anna Lee Sparkman  
London, Kentucky



Shelby Spicer  
Willow, Ky.

Irving H. Thornton  
Maitland, Florida

**Ruth Ann Van Cleve**  
Berea, Kentucky



**Willie Van Horne**  
Buchanan, Ky



**Verna Van Winkle**  
Richmond, Indiana



**Ralph Norman Varhaug, Jr.**  
Kankakee, Illinois



**Sarah Louise Via**  
Denver, Colorado



**James Thomas Warming**  
Jellico, Tennessee



**Phyllis Weaver**  
Corbin, Kentucky



**Clara White**  
Gate City, Va.



**Clinton W. Williams**  
Henderson, Kentucky



**Roberta Lee Williams**  
Middletown, Ohio



Varsity at evening games. We've taken early morning walks



**Randall P. Williams**  
**Berea, Kentucky**

**Ruth Wyldine Williams**  
**Berea, Kentucky**



**Eddie Kay Wilson**  
**Columbus, N. C.**

**Helen Mae Workman**  
**Bluefield, W. Va.**

along the field behind E.R. and have climbed Noah's Ark in the afternoons, and after dark we have walked with our hand on someone's arm across the campus and under the catalpa trees along Estill street, scuffling the big brown leaves in autumn; we have walked through the snow of winter and we've walked in the spring-time with our hearts gone to glory.



# THE FOUNDATION SCHOOL

FOUNDATION FACULTY — Grace Wilson, Reading; John Harman, Bible and English; James Durham, Mathematics; Mrs. Waldemar Noll, English; Harriet Schroeder, Home Economics; Grace Wright, Social Studies; Mary Williams, Latin; T. M. Wright, Mathematics; Florene Brooks, English; Nancy Barnett, Mathematics; Mary Louise Caldwell, Physical Education; Dora McCowan, Business; Mrs. Anna Barnett, Ungraded Classes; Cleo Withrow, Home Economics; Helen Nichols, Social Studies; Mrs. James Taylor, Secretary, Foundation School Office; Lucille Troutman, Science



## ELEVENTH GRADE



Doris Gilbert, Janis Wells, Martha Holroyd, Lois Davidson, Geneva Smith, Ann Calmes, Salustiano Ortiz, Effie Gilbert, Mary Goodrich, Lottie Gilliam, Vianna Miller, Norma Jean Crase, Margaret Gray, Betty Sergent, Nadene Wade

What those people mean to us is a precious knowledge possessed by each of us individually. We have learned to interpret their par-



Ursula Boehm, Esther Allen, Faye Black, Edna Spicer, Hershel Beck, Sandy Chalmers, Corban Goble, Virgil Cook, John Coyle, Ramona Combs, Sue Austin, Betty Christopher, Harold Dorf, Hugh Card, John Biggerstaff, John Atkinson

Orville Helterbrand, Janie Ragland, Betty Redmond, Emogene Gilpin, Kay Cooper, Henry Hamilton, Betsy Churchill, Ernest Day, Dolores Noll, Julia Eymann, Dorothy Renchen, James Back, Bruce Brooks, Burton Archer, George Glisson



ticular actions and words, and we know their gestures and the significance of the tones of their voices; we know when the kidding

Fred Shrader, James Smith, Juanita Sizemore, Walter Jacobs, Sheila Strunk, Bourbon Sing'eton, Virginia Miller, Jean Martin, Edna Mae Ruckel, Robert Knox, John Snyder



ends and what comes after. And we know to what degree they have assisted us in realizing that the aim of this past year has been to learn how to make better buildings, better books and bet-



Jerry Elkin, Chester Turner, Nova Kuntz, Bill Paty, Christine Fields, Glenn Ison, Sheila Strunk, Walter Jacobs, Ethel Reynolds, Ed Strong, Mahala Smith, Joyce Jones



## TENTH GRADE

Jack Ambrose, Jason Cornett, Gilbert Thomas, Sam Morrow, Billy Oyler, Donald Vanderpool, Robert Lee Jones, Wayne Hymer, Betty Robbins, Janice Stephenson, Sylvia Bates, Charlene Abbey, Sallie Bates, Edmond Roberts, Geraldine Lyttle



ter men. However, since impure men have constructed some of

Roy Walters, Jr., Owen Schumacher, Bob Hamilton, Isaac Musick, Enos Browning, Kenneth Fultz, John Shupe, Libby Card, Mildred Holbrook, Mae Durham, Carl Graham, Audrey Thomas, Willa Smith, Jean Phillips, June Moss, Zimmer Luttrell, Betty Jo Hendricks





Joyce Gregory, Rosemary Cook, Eugene Wilson, Don Jarrell, Doyle Taylor, Cleone Sparks, Rose McNeese, John Jones

the world's best buildings and since men plagued with the various

Tommy Kincaid, Bill Chapman, Charles McGraw, Frank Calmes, Virgil Blackburn, Lester Acree, Don Brooks, Bob Capps, Walter Huff, Herbert Bell, Helen Litton, Norma Gentry, Polly Bryant, Daisy Davenport



weaknesses of the earth have composed masterpieces with words, our primary responsibility is to make better men. It is at times a

## NINTH GRADE

Walter Hoskins, Manie Gobbard, Edith Potter, Lois McDaniel, John McDonald, Everett Raines, Gerald Gravett, Paul Wright, Toby Taylor, Betty Whitaker, Pat Williams, Louella Phillips, Ernestine Lamb, Juanita Kilbourne, Jack Vance



Hirschel Allen, Raul Mieres, Martha Ortiz, Ruby Cornett, Mae Baker, Evelyn Redmon, Estill Barger, Mary Armstrong, Helen Baker, Francis Bonney, Billy Bryan, James Baker, George Akens, Gordon Acton, John Abney





Dorman Litton, Lillian Shepard, Lena Wells, Imojean Stollings, Sharon Pollock, Jo Stafford, Mary Jo Walters, Lucille Tutt, Allene Wade, Ralph Wade, Irvin Spurlock



Everett Kilbourne, Sturm Carroll, Edna Callahan, Robert Ellenberg, Ray Edwards, Jack Belcher, Bill Foley, Gladys Jennings, Bill Evans, Roy Deck, Wilma Fortner, Reva Ja Fowler, Mitzi Churchill, Ruby Catchen, Verlie Jones

discouraging responsibility, but even the man that God Himself made was far from infallible.

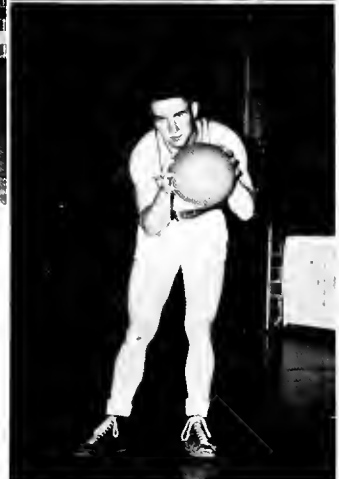
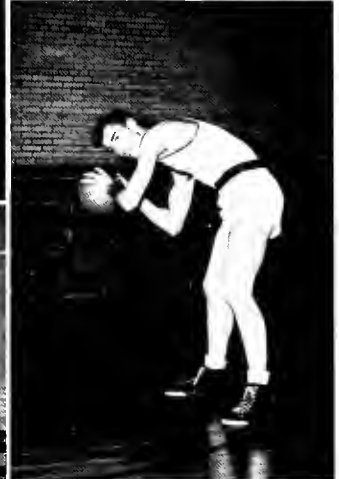
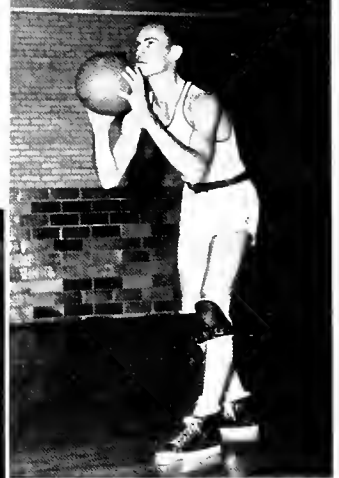


Mgr. Reynolds

H. Adams

Craft

Williams



Gilreath

Robbins

Kilbourne

Lovell



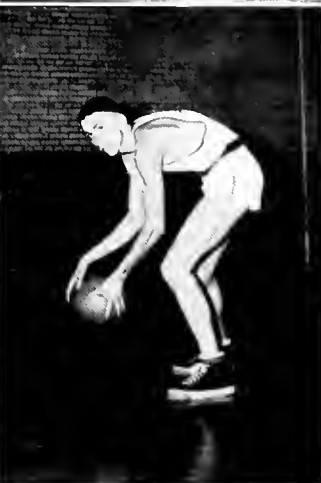
I. Adams



Brawn



Hale



Coach Wyatt

Hill

Rutnoski



Hall





### FOUNDATION BASKETBALL TEAM



Harry Kilbourne, coach; Ray Rose, Salustiano Ortiz, Don Jarrett, Owen Schumacher, Dillard Feltner, Roy Walters, Gunkler, Howard Hayes, Bill Huff, Hugo Miller, John Bradbury, Bobby Gentry, Bill Hanger, Forrest Rice





**W. A. A. Board — Evelyn Pennington, treasurer; Doris Neal, president; Margaret Susong, secretary; Irene Pigman, vice president**







**Co-editors**

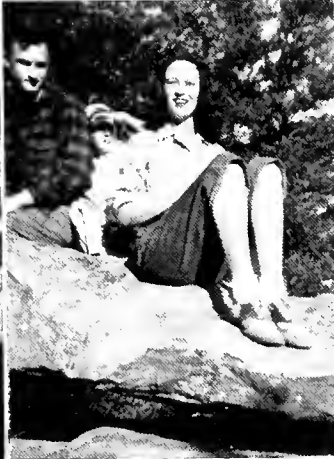
**Willard Arnett**

**Ruth Steinberg**

## THE STAFF

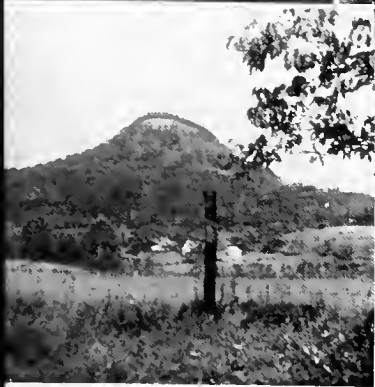
Frank Seto, art editor; Jean Justice, Elena Cipolla, June Sett'e, Corban Goble, Betty Sizemore, Leonore Noll Maxine Jennings, co-business mgr.; Joyce Lockhart, Lillie Margaret Pressley, Norris Woodie, Elinor Zipf, Jerry Crouch, Dean Cadle, literary editor; Gretka Young, Woodrow Reed, co-business mgr.; Winnie Allen Reed, Bill Welsh, photography; Theda Taylor, Dick Bailey, Betty Jean Morgan, circulation; Jone Bishop, Eileen Hartley, Noreen Smith, Joyce Reedy

NOT IN PICTURE—Mary Ellen Ayer, Ruth Burnett, Rosebelle Follis, Joon Lykins, Alta Whitt, Tobie Woolums, Mr. Roy Walters, Mr. Ben Welsh



EAST PINN

WEST PINN



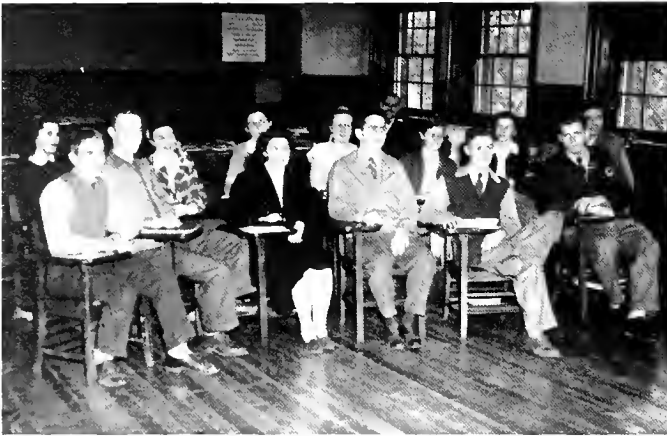




# STUDENT GOVERNMENT



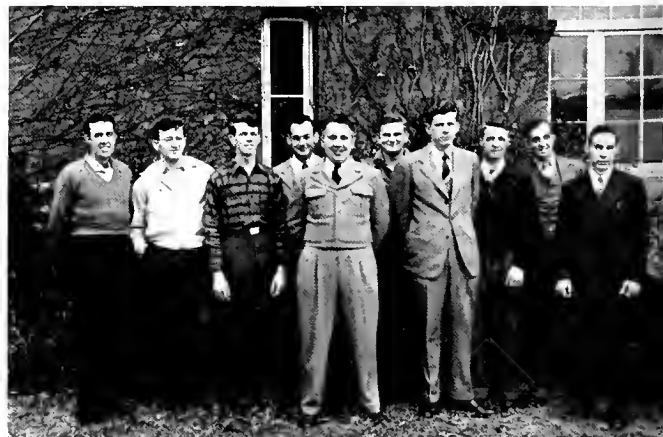
**L. D. SENATE**



**U. D. STUDENT COUNCIL**



**U. D. WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION**



**U. D. MEN'S ASSOCIATION**





SIGMA PI SIGMA



PI ALPHA

# HONORARY SOCIETIES

TAU KAPPA ALPHA



PI GAMMA MU





THESPIANS

## BEREA PLAYERS





SCENE FROM HOME-COMING PRODUCTION "BLITHE SPIRIT"

ALPHA PSI OMEGA



TAU DELTA TAU





HI-Y

LIFE SERVICE



YMCA CABINET



YWCA CABINET





**VETS' ASSOCIATION COUNCIL**



**"B" CLUB**



**FIRE DEPARTMENT**

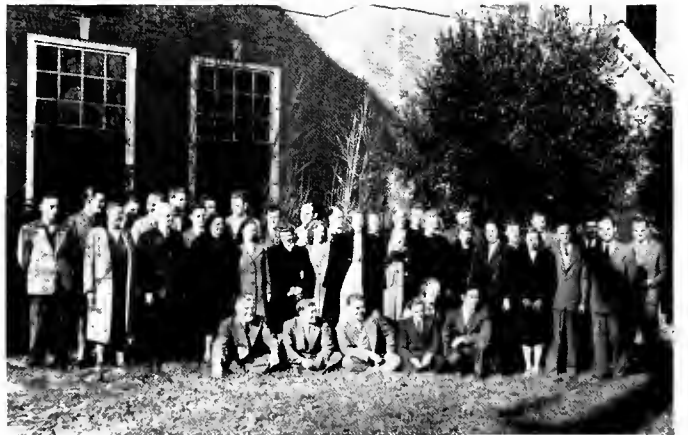
**FRENCH CLUB**



**COSMOPOLITANS**



**ECONOMICS AND  
BUSINESS CLUB**



**COUNTRY DANCERS**



**PUBLIC AFFAIRS FORUM**

**SOCIOLOGY CLUB**





STUDIO ENSEMBLE

MEN'S GLEE CLUB



WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB





**ORCHESTRA**



**BAND**



**STRING QUARTET**

**FOUNDATION  
GLEE CLUB**



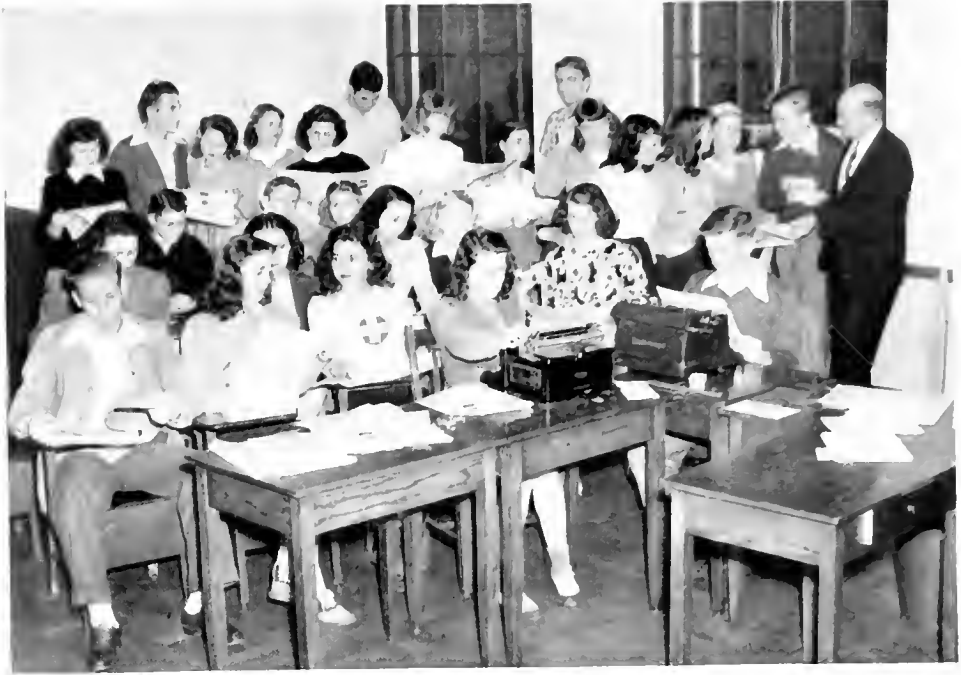
**AG CLUB**



**HOME-EC CLUB**



**ROYAL COLLEGIANS**



**THE WALLPAPER**

**TWENTY WRITERS**



**"Varying expression**

**From simple phrases to new vibrant sounds,**

**We build patterns of young living . . . ."**

## NOW

These are the times of the year for man's wondering,  
watching his being, his living, his love.  
Now while earthforms return fast to earth,  
now when the leaves on the branches are tinged,  
    now when the leaves on the ground smell earthy, now  
    when a bare branch climbs up from the rest,  
    not hidden by branches and showing its own,  
naked and delicate  
sharpness delineate,  
now when the wetness of rain just come,  
past,  
is still on the grass, and the leaves on the grass and  
    the wet groundy smell comes pungent and fiery,  
these are the times of the year for all wondering.

What can man wonder about being and loving, asking his being  
why  
truthfully  
answers not given,  
not in the seeing, the smelling, the touching can be there  
quietly  
staying  
quietly?

Now when he sees and he smells and he knows  
he comes in his natural form and his being,  
feels elation, exuberant happiness, love in the change  
    of life to earth sleeping  
sleeping, not going,  
changing and growing,  
preparing another frostier beauty,  
making ready another cold and sharp looking,  
the same yet in difference coldly forlorn,  
he  
forsaken by all but his sense and his knowing  
that this is for him, this happiness his  
in his foundation changing  
seeing and smelling  
wondering  
wondering

—Lester Pross

## EVENING RHYTHM

Coming  
From the room across the hall:  
Music  
Sliding up and down the wall  
Snake-like,  
Pulling dreams and lovely scenes  
Slowly:  
Kings and queens and guillotines  
Somewhere  
In a land where strangest things  
Happen,  
Where birdies bloom and flowers sing  
Sweetly.

Always  
When I am tired and sleepy  
Evenings,  
And the music's soft and weepy,  
Sighing  
In the room across the hall  
Softly,  
Then I hear the flowers call  
Sweetly  
And see the birdies gently wave,  
Nodding  
While kings and queens misbehave  
Gladly.

But I know it's all a dream  
Surely,  
For things may often seem  
Truly  
What they never are at all  
Really  
When music plays across the hall  
Softly.

—Willard E. Arnett

## WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN

Yesterday I met a Man.  
He was the hope of the world  
Yet he held no hope for it.

"What straw do you extend to me?"  
I cried.  
"Will man catch himself in mid-air,  
See before it is too late  
That his brother's hand  
Is his own hand?"

"I doubt it," said he complacently.  
"The opposing forces will probably  
Blow each other to bits  
And leave those who want  
To live in peace  
To live in peace."

I sat mute with pained astonishment.

This Man, whose name has been  
On the lips of the hopeful—

But teacher—But teacher—  
I ached to shrill—

This Man who for weeks and months  
Had endured a physical torture  
Worse than the uncertainty of battle  
Yet who called his spirit free;  
This Man of renowned faith  
In the world of the hopeful  
Silenced me with his despair.  
Not his despair—  
My despair.

—Gretka Young

## DEAR MAMA

You have been waiting for me to grow up.  
I have seen you looking at me from baby-  
hood to adolescence and now that I am al-  
most a woman you think that your time is  
near to see in me, your only daughter, all  
the things you never had a chance to be.

When you were my age, Mama, you were  
on a boat coming to America. You had run  
from your village to Warsaw, and at Brussels

you had caught an old American liner on  
its last run. You and a little brother and  
sister, a disheartened father and a sick  
mother. Like thousands of immigrants be-  
fore you and after you, you crowded to the  
rail of your ship and stretched out your hand  
to the Statue of Liberty. There on Ellis  
Island two older brothers met you and took  
you to a small farm in New Jersey. You were

smelling freedom air for the first time in your life, Mama, and you felt it was enough to keep you alive forever.

But I was born into freedom air. You told me that, and all these years I have been waiting for the same kind of revelation you had when you put your foot on this country. It hasn't come, and today I am writing you to ask if there is something you forgot to teach me, or if there is actually nothing new under the sun for me.

When I was a child I used to say, "When I grow up I will do this," or "When I am big this will happen to me." I expected each new experience to be a revelation, and when it wasn't, I thought the next one would be. I am fortunate. I have had a chance to do everything. I have roller skated and I have studied Latin. I have been to a senior prom, and I have grubbed potatoes before the sun came up. I have had close friends. I have been loved, and I have been well taken care of. I like my vegetables and my milk and I like to brush my teeth. I don't want to smoke and I don't want to drink and I don't want to hang out at roadhouses. You brought me up well, Mama, but today I am asking you for something more.

Today I am suspended between caring and not caring. You must do something more for me. I have come away from home and in another peoples' church I have looked for what they call the universality of man. They have made their religion a very personal thing and I have expected to find it shining out of each one of them separately. Now that it has passed, Mama, I can tell you that if I had found it shining out of each one of them separately, I would have made it my own, at the risk of never seeing you again. It would have been a fine thing, don't you think, to have had it shining out of each one of them separately, but I am so glad that I did not find it, for then, like the leader in their church, I would have sent a plague of missionaries upon the world, not in the name of God, but in the name of Western culture.

Today, although I am almost senseless, there is one thing I do know, and it is that I am of my own people. On this Sunday morning with my head bowed to receive what they call a 'benediction,' Mama, I am sick for the words of my own, and I know that I can never leave again the reality of who I am.

Mama, they have here teachers, and I have listened to them carefully. Once I thought I heard one of them saying the things I needed to hear, and day after day and month after month, year after year I have gone back to hear her, hoping that each day she would say more. But each day she has said only what she said in the beginning and that is no longer new for me. It was never new under the sun. I do everything she says, Mama. I hold the brush so, and I mix the paints so, and I hold the paper first as she holds it, and then as my own spirit dictates, because she has said that is the way it must be. And she tells me that I have come into her house with an open mind and an open heart and she admires my intelligence, but I have not learned, she tells me, what she has tried to teach me. As if I didn't know. If I had learned, Mama, I would not be writing you today.

And they have here, Mama, people who would be my friends. I would tell you that some of them are, and I will carry them with me wherever I go. One is like me, and she helps me to take all this out of me and say it to you so that I may receive an answer quickly. And one is not like me, and she gives me the hope that I will come out of this. And one is a poet and he eclipses us all. And one is a scientist, and only he knows what it is all about.

Isn't it funny, Mama—words are the only things I know, and they reveal nothing to me. My words or anybody else's words. Nor symbols. Nor words and symbols together. Somewhere I read, "abstractions to a lonely eye, grow intimate as hedge and stone — Democracy, to boys who die, wears shorts and eats an ice cream cone." I held on to it for a few days—until the boys came home, like they say. But Mama, the boys are the people who were here before they left and the people who are here now that they have returned. They have come back with nothing new under the sun.

Certainly, Mama, the mountains are nothing new under the sun. Nor the trees, nor the fields, nor the little rocks. Heavens, Mama, they are the oldest things, and perhaps—I think as I write this—the oldest things in the world are the things I am asking you to teach me again or to teach me for the first time if you have not. I am sick of searching in obscure places, I am tired of

straining for strange-sounding words, and I will not hold the brush so any longer. Pretty soon, Mama, I will come home, and though I am supposed to be coming back with this something big I have been sent away to find, I tell you now that it is nothing. Nothing as compared with putting your foot on free ground for the first time in your life.

—Ruth Steinberg

### MUSEUMS AND TOMBS

Tread reverently on this hallowed ground?  
Speak softly in these venerated halls?  
Reach lightly toward this old dead splendor?

Are they then dead and silenced who left  
for you  
This place, these things?

Not dead, nor in their graves!

They live in the echoes of your scuffling feet;  
Their joy goes on through your gay laughter;  
Their hands touch yours across the years  
In ever-growing immortality.

—Emmie Voden

### FIRE IN THE NIGHT

I spread my nostrils and snuff deeply of the  
night air.

Somewhere there is a fire burning:  
A pack of starving hounds that have run down  
their prey,

Devoured the flesh, and unsatiated  
Are licking the bones, cracking them between  
long fanged jaws;

Pungent clouds of steam rise supernaturally  
From their heated bodies, give a bloody tint  
to the moon.

The workings of invisible principles,  
The mystic interplay of matter  
Which changes form but not content.

Someone's expression of life,  
The countless, small, intimate articles and  
intangibles

Dissolving into fine ash and smoke  
While he looks on,

Clutches too tightly a charred remnant,  
Futilely, without realizing.

—Jerry Crouch

### THE LOONY

It was a funny kind of job, I thought. I was sitting there waiting for Mr. Voorhees in his study. Nursemaid to a lunatic; I sure had sunk pretty low. But it would pay well, and that was what counted. I always figure I can take care of myself. Just why Mr. Voorhees wanted to keep his loony son here in the house was something I couldn't quite figure, but that was none of my business.

The leather chair was comfortable, and I relaxed and watched the flames dancing under the new log in the marble fireplace. I guessed it was the same fireplace where the loony had killed his mother, and I remembered the news stories that came out seven years ago—"eighteen year old only son of wealthy furniture manufacturer implicated in murder . . . ." The story was a sensation and the papers made the most of it. "Servants rushing to the scene found the body of Mrs.

Voorhees, her head horribly crushed against a marble hearth in the study . . . used a metal andiron . . . doctors report son as victim of epileptic disorder . . . ."

He didn't know he'd done it until later. He was all right most of the time, and his father said he would take all the responsibility—kept him under watch all the time now. I wondered how it would feel to know you were crazy.

Funny how I wasn't afraid about this job; but I always figured I could take care of myself. The idea was to watch carefully all the time, and don't let him sneak up on you.

When Mr. Voorhees came in I stood up. "You're Mr. Harris Nicholson?" he said as he held out his hand. His grasp was firm and slow and somehow sort of, well, genuine. Everything about him was sincere, and kind



of sad even when he smiled at me as he sat down.

His hair was young looking, thick and black, but his face in the firelight looked tired and like it had had a tough time of it. He looked at me gravely and I felt sorry for him; I guess he'd really been kicked around pretty bad.

"It may seem odd that I should talk to you this way, but I want you to know how it is." His hands, that looked gentle and sensitive, helped him express what he was trying to say.

"Do you know what loneliness means?" His eyes begged me to understand. I could see right away he was trying to put something across to me about taking care of his lunatic son. I was thinking about the times I had been in the ring with the Kid and how I got so I could get him on his heels with my old right cross to the chin. That made me feel good about this lunatic. But I was listening all the time I was thinking about it, so Mr. Voorhees would know I was sincere about this thing. He kept on talking.

"You are born lonely, and when you die you are alone. And some people are more alone than others. There is no escape when you are shut up inside yourself." He looked at me and hesitated. "What I mean is—some people are set apart, with an extra wall of loneliness around them that normal people don't have." I nodded, and he looked back at the fireplace and went on like he meant to try to say it whether I got the drift or not.

"No language can penetrate that void of loneliness—no hand can touch the place where your soul hears nothing but its own music." He wasn't talking to me anymore; it was like he was reading words from inside himself. He was sitting there real calm, but you knew he meant it, and I guess he knew what he was talking about, although I was waiting for him to get down to where the lunatic came in.

"You speak words, but only with your tongue, and the words you speak are only an appeal for bread, for warmth, for existence. And that isn't what you want. You can't tell them what you really want. The most articulate word you have for that is only a whimper—or silence—or if you are by yourself, tears—to express your voiceless fear for the solitude you don't know how to break."

He stopped and stared at me. "Do you see what I mean? Everybody's like that. Some of them may not realize that this is what they have unconsciously known from the beginning of understanding. But you see what I mean?" I nodded but I wasn't really sure what he was driving at, except to tell me that maybe his son got sort of blue sometimes and I was to expect that.

"You want to touch another person's warm body with your own—some way to get away from the loneliness, but even here is no release. Love—love, even if you could have it, is just a futile desire to share what is in your own soul with someone else—even only one other. Because inside you there is something exquisite, delicate as a snowflake crystal, and it is beautiful and sad and too big and wonderful to express. That's what you really are inside. And no one knows what you are—no one knows!" He paused, and when he started again his voice was soft.

"Do you like the feel of sunlight? You want to drink it, get it inside you some way, to make what you are clear and luminous as day—or you want to be in a crowd—you want to know a lot of people, or just one. Just one living soul. Just one. You try to break through the walls of silence. Or failing that, forget that there is the loneliness inside. And then, right in the midst of the noise or light or people, the stark emptiness of your own soul strikes through and wipes all pretense away." His hand gripping the arm of the chair relaxed.

"That's what loneliness is—an eternal wash of solitude inside your soul. And the beauty and pain inside you. Beauty is a sad and lonely thing . . ."

He was tired now. The firelight made deep shadows in the hollows of his face. I guess he was afraid he hadn't made it clear to me after all. But I knew what he meant, even if he did say it in a fancy sort of way. I had known all along that this loony was a special one, and I was prepared without all this.

The door from the hallway opened. A white-haired man came in, gently closing it behind him.

"Mr. Nicholson," he said as I got on my feet. "I'm sorry you have had to wait. I see you've met my son."

—Eileen Hartley

## HARMONY

Let me not exist long,  
But often,  
In the dominant tones  
    of the scale of life.  
Because these:  
Desire,  
Seeking,  
Expectation,  
Are what make life beautiful.  
These tones pull the soul towards  
Satisfaction,  
Peace,  
Quiescence:  
The tonic members of life's scale.

Yet—

When there is no ideal to demand expression,  
When there is no zeal to demand action,  
When there is no passion to demand attention,  
May I be satisfied to live  
In the every-day, sub-dominant tones  
Of faith, hope, and love.

—Marjorie Keener

## THE CRITICS

I heard you play this evening.

Network of directors, embryo musicians,  
    chairmen of Departments  
    of so and so;  
Critics of Preparation, Practicing, Rehearsing,  
    Performance,  
And I . . . .

"Does his approach imply a working know-  
ledge of French and German?"  
Provocative suggestions regarding tone qual-  
ity.  
Demands of penetrating knowledge, "refined  
sense of musical styles . . . ."  
Splendid analysis of perplexing bifurcation.

Midst the educated nods of critical approval  
I smiled at you,  
And noticed the graceful cooperation  
Of your music  
    And your body.

—Frances Bradshaw

## ANTHEM OF THE LOCUSTS

He left Child's restaurant, and as he walked hurriedly down the cavern-like street in New York's summer nighttime he suddenly realized that for the past two days he hadn't noticed the heat; he realized that he had noticed hardly anything since Anne had come. He had on several occasions even put the wrong food on the plates.

This was the second night that he had hurried down the street, past the soft lights of Radio City and through the solemn darkness of Rockefeller Plaza, his heart a tight ball of fear from knowing that one night soon when he climbed to his room she would not be there. Anne would be gone even more mysteriously than she had come, leaving unexplained this mystery that was so much a part of her and that had swept from him all initiative to sit down at his typewriter and link written words on the blank sheets.

He turned left on Third Avenue near the Rendezvous, the bar where he had met her two nights ago, knowing now that when she was gone he would come home by another street. He had gone in for a beer before going home, and she was sitting in a booth with a mug in front of her and was studying

a map of the city. He had stood looking at her a moment, not debating, for he knew he was going over and sit with her. But he was observing her slender body and the nervousness she displayed as she looked at the map.

Later, when they had entered his room, she threw herself down across the legless day bed that sat flat on the floor and he went behind the curtain partition and made coffee. And when he brought the cups in and set them on the table beside his typewriter, she had removed the cheap brown dress and lay on the bed naked.

It was stiflingly hot in the room, and through the front section of the building that was stored with antique furniture came the noise of a passing El train. Then it was eleven o'clock in the room and quiet and hot.

He brought his cotton bath robe over to the bed; she stood up, and as he slipped the robe about her shoulders she locked her arms around his neck, pushed herself against him, and kissed him hard. She dropped her arms to his waist and held him tightly and laid her head on his chest. He swept the robe from her shoulders and placed his hands on her

thin back. She was trembling and the skin of her back was moist and cool.

"I knew I'd find you," she whispered against his sport shirt. "Not actually you. But you know—you know, don't you?"

He lifted her face and, holding it close against his, saw the play of a slight twitch across her lips. She took her lower lip in her mouth, and with her chin resting in his hand she stood leaning against him with her eyes closed.

He picked up the robe for her. She sat down on the bed and stared at him all the time they were drinking the coffee, and when he began questioning her she said she had come from Chicago.

"Is your home there?"

"No. I was going to school. I was a divinity student."

She had been with him two nights now and that was all she had said about herself.

He climbed the narrow stairway past the rooms filled with antique furniture to the third floor and paused a second with his hand on the light switch, afraid that in the lighted room he would find himself alone. He snapped the switch. Her Bible lay beside his typewriter, and Anne lay naked on the bed under the open window. She turned her head and stared at him but didn't speak. She had her lower lip in her mouth.

Long after he thought she was asleep she turned and, close against him, began whispering.

"Carl?"

He placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Do you ever sell any of your stories?"

"I haven't yet."

"How long have you been writing?"

"So long I don't remember. Much over five years, though."

"Why do you continue writing, then?"

"Mainly because I keep hoping that I may write something important."

"Yes. That's what keeps us all going on, isn't it? Hope that the next mail will bring the letter we've been waiting for all our lives. But people like you and me are miserable, Carl. We're never able to say the things we want to say, but because we feel them so strongly we never stop trying. A few people, though, are able to say things just right, and to me they are the golden children of the earth."

He lay unmoving, listening to the language of this strange girl with the pale, nervous body, who never smiled and who said so little. She was lying on the far side of the bed and was talking distinctly into the dark, hot night of the room.

"But what is most important, Carl, is that we try to understand each other. In all the towns and in all the cities we are saying in loud voices that we have understanding, but our words are no more than the noise of a million locusts. We aren't able to understand each other if we will not accept explanations and try to realize that we do all the things we do because we hope to bring ourselves a little more happiness."

"I know, Anne. But it doesn't work that way."

"That's because there are too many people who profess to goodness and really have no goodness in them. I've found too many such people everywhere I've been. My father was a pastor in a small town in Illinois, and he was one of them. Divinity school was full of them."

"Why did you leave school?"

"Because I couldn't stand it any longer. There was nothing but long hours of lectures on the values of doing right—Carl, are you listening? There was nothing but talk, and talk alone is no good, Carl. You know that. Everybody talks too much. Maybe that's what's wrong with your stories—maybe you talk too much. Most writers do. Even the writers of the Bible talked too much."

She turned in bed and moved her cool body close against his and slipped her arms around him.

"Will you write a story about me sometime?" she whispered.

"What kind of a story?"

"One about people hunting all their lives for someone to love them, and never finding anyone. That's the way it is for some people, and all they ever find is just a lot of people."

"I'd like to try it sometime."

"It seems that it would be so easy."

"No, it would be hard to write."

She ceased talking then and, as on the two previous nights, the nervousness of her body mounted and grew into prolonged passion there in the darkness of morning.

The lights were on the next night when

Carl came into the room, and the moment he walked over to the bed he knew she was gone. He had never suspected that her leaving would be like this, though, and he knew now that she would always, through all the years, be too much with him, like immature bits of talent whose companion is misery, to be always a part of him, torturously alive but inarticulate.

He sat down on the bed beside the thin figure and gently traced his fore finger across the small lips. They were cold and there was no longer the softness of the other nights. He brushed a strand of dark hair off her cheek, and with the colorless face held between his hands he sat with his eyes closed, remembering her apprehensive silence by day and her language of the dark hours, wondering about the mystery of her coming and going and the mystery she had left here with him.

He stood up and looked dazedly about the room, remembering that she had had no purse and that he didn't even know her last name. Her dress was hanging on the wall, and on the table under the bright glare of the desk lamp was his typewriter with a sheet of paper rolled into it, and beside the machine were her Bible and the map of the city.

He sat down at the table; with his elbows in front of the typewriter he held his head in his hands, and it was not until he glanced at the words that he remembered with amazement that he had not left the sheet in the machine when he quit typing four afternoons ago and that the words of the paragraph were not his own.

He read the paragraph at least a dozen times, searching in the words for the meaning of Anne's life, and then he placed his fingers on the keys and began typing. He worked the remainder of the night and all the next day, oblivious of the heat and of the noise of the passing El trains. Only once he left the table, and that was to lower the window when during the heavy afternoon shower the rain came in and sprinkled her body.

Near dusk he knew the story was finished. He had been perspiring in his armpits during all the hours, and he discovered that he was trembling from the overpowering effect of a new excitement: that out of all the years he had been writing he was confident that this time he had been swimming with his head above water.

He gathered up the pages and began reading, again reading several times the first paragraph:

"Girls like Anne are the breed of the locusts. You'll find such girls drifting aimlessly within the confines of monotony that are the small towns; you'll find them walking precariously the defective webs of the great cities of the land. And you may meet them as strangers on hot summer nights, as I met Anne six days after her release from the Christian Detention Institute for Women."

—Dean Cadle

### THE VALLEY

Flesh love is like the sun  
And spirit love like snow;  
When sun becomes too warm,  
Snow tempers it,  
But sun, alone, can scorch  
And leave a desert,  
While snow becomes a glacier,  
Cuts and chisels  
The soil that holds it.

Blessed the valley touch by both:  
There Alpine gardens bloom.

—Nellie Crabb

### THE JWELED ANSWER

Most ceremoniously  
The minister  
Entered on the noiseless velvet carpet  
The presence of His Majesty.  
He presented the scroll  
On a pellucid cushion  
Of deep-hued royal satin  
To his Sovereign Lord  
And withdrew  
Discreetly  
To await the jeweled answer.  
"I have done well"  
He thought, adjusting  
A fold in his cardinal robe.  
"The reward will come."  
He stepped forward  
Receiving the glittering sceptre  
Inscribed with the sacred message.  
As he turned to depart,  
Sweeping the marble terrace  
With his gleaming tasseled hem,  
The bone of his ankle barked.

—Gretka Young

## PURSUIT

The strength to love was gone;  
Hate stalked his heart.

The wind was right and since noon  
he had walked the ragged hills;  
the cruel report of twigs that snapped  
beneath his feet had stopped him cold.  
He stooped, removed his shoes and went  
barefooted up the mountainside  
and lay on jagged rocks to sleep  
until the blood was dry.

He woke  
to spurt a curse and scream revenge  
and walked an hour, in front of hate  
a mile or two, and stopped to sleep  
again and dreamed he fled the hills  
down dusty August paths and fell  
with serpents coiled about his feet.

Pursued and caught and still pursued,  
he laughed and dreamed release would come,  
and laughed till dreams were frightened out  
and left the frenzied shape alone.

Beyond the slopes and terrible rocks,  
in fields of tasseling corn,  
strange and brutal death was found  
and charged to undetermined cause.

—Willard E. Arnett

## THIS IS WHY

Because  
My gold is the farmer's gold  
Is grain in moonlight  
Because I like sawdust  
And stardust and both  
When I am still one person  
And my music is  
Rain on tin and  
Wind  
And Beethoven and the  
Song of the hill-born and  
Black;

And for the  
Smell of train smoke and gasoline  
And gardenias  
For Whitman's joy  
For beauty's truth  
And for the  
Bleeding earth and  
White sand of a land I know  
Where the roots are deep to  
Half way down—  
I write.

—Ruby Teague

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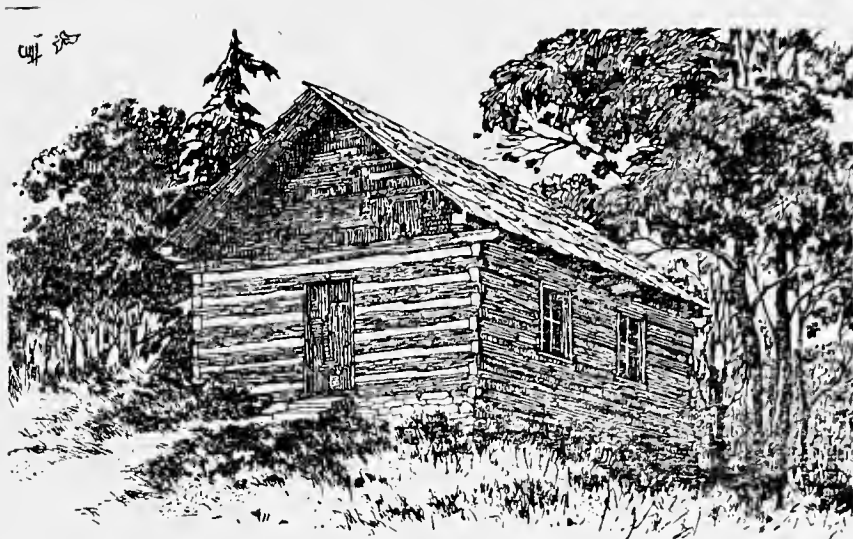
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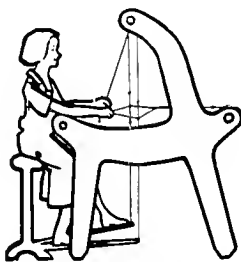
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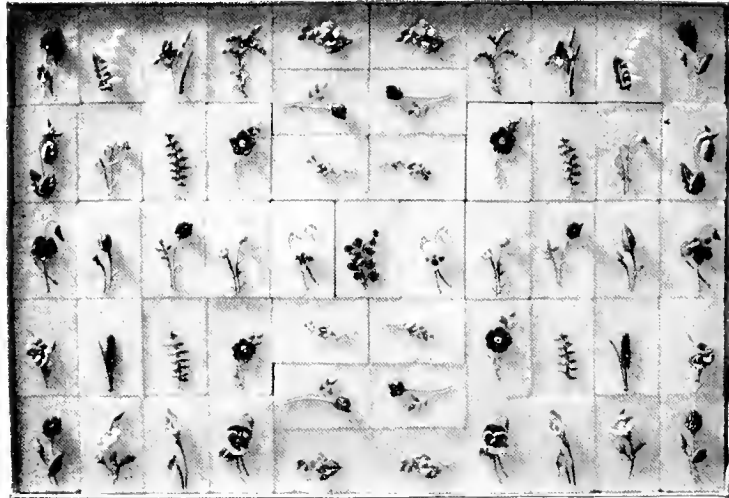
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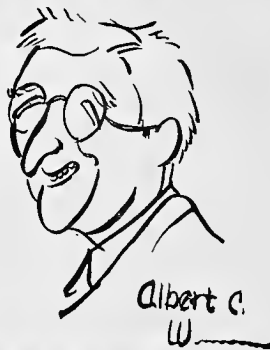
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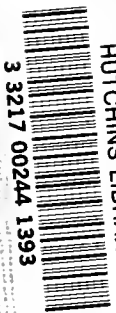
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