

# THE PEPTIMIST CRIER

*A Reflector of the Spirit of Madison College*

Vol. II

Madison, Tennessee, March, 1936

No. 3

## BELOVED FACULTY MEMBER DIES

### Mrs. Tolman, Active Missionary Worker, Buried March 3

Mrs. Ethel B. McDonald-Tolman was born in Salem, Massachusetts, December 28, 1878, and passed away on the morning of Sunday, March 1, 1936. With her brothers and sisters, seven in number, she was educated in the schools of Everett, Massachusetts. When a child she became a member of the First Congregational church in Boston. In her young womanhood she was soloist in that congregation. It was there she became acquainted with Wilfred R. Tolman, then a deacon in the church. They were united in marriage on December 23, 1902.

For several years they lived in Boston, where their only daughter, Dorothy, was born. For a short time they resided in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where Brother and Sister Tolman became Seventh-day Adventists. Together they decided to devote the remainder of their lives to some phase of the Master's work, and with their little daughter came to Madison, which was then in its infancy. After a year of service here, these young people moved to Sand Mountain, in the northern part of Alabama, which was then one of the neediest portions of the Southland.

For twelve years they lived with the people and for them in that desolate region—lived for them as many of us have never learned to live for others. Isolated, alone, they learned a trust in God that knew no wavering.

The last eighteen years of her life, Sister Tolman has spent at Madison with her family. It was here that her only son, Wilfred, was born and has grown to young manhood—one of our own. Her life here has been filled with never-failing generosity and kindness.

*(Continued on page 3)*

### Nurses' Capping Exercises

The probationary period of the first-year nursing class was climaxed by the capping exercises held Saturday night, March 14, in the assembly hall of the Demonstration Building.

The program was made colorful by the marching of forty nurses, all in uniform and with lighted candles.

Following Dr. Sutherland's address, each freshman received her cap and light from a senior nurse.

Those receiving caps were:

Brost, Emily—North Dakota  
Canaday, Dorothy—Nebraska  
Carlton, Gertrude—Montana  
Darrow, Alene—Wisconsin  
Dierks, Audree—California  
Ezelle, Augusta—Tennessee  
Faudi, Phillip—Texas  
Frank, Johanna—New York  
Garner, Gaynelle—Ohio  
Heiner, Bernice—Oklahoma  
Huff, Creswell—Tennessee  
Karlick, Joe—Texas  
Kendall, George—Tennessee  
Kinzer, Bernice—California  
Kivette, Cleo—Minnesota  
Klasen, Julia—Ohio  
Lausten, Frances—Indiana  
Leslie, Helen—Tennessee

*(Continued on page 4)*

### Dr. Bralliar Now Teaching at Peabody College

One of America's foremost teachers of agriculture, Dr. K. C. Davis, died March 4, 1936, after a week's illness. Dr. Davis' sudden death left a great vacancy in the faculty of George Peabody College, where he was engaged in teaching. Our faculty agreed to loan Dr. Bralliar to meet the emergency until further definite plans are developed.

A. M.

### Former Patient Here Wills \$50,000 to School

Mr. William H. Magness, a prominent banker of McMinnville, Tennessee, died recently. He was a patient at Madison upon several occasions and deeply appreciated the efforts which were being put forth here in the interest of education and health. He counted Madison worthy of receiving a portion of that which he had acquired in life, and willed a trust fund of \$50,000 to this institution, the income of which is to be paid bi-yearly for use where most needed. Although this sum will not be large, yet we know its difference will be felt when the budget must be balanced. We feel that the Lord has had a hand in impressing this man with our needs and prompted this benefaction.

A. M.

### Les Americains Francais

"Parlez-vous francais?"

"Yes, some."

Very well, then to you we are extending a cordial invitation to join our French Club and help us enjoy its various activities.

Yes, it is true we have a real club. It was organized last quarter by the French II class, and Paul Woods was elected president; Francois Cordier, vice-president; Helen Hoyt, secretary; and Miss Frye was chosen as faculty adviser. The Club has nearly thirty members and is sponsored by the French classes.

We try to have one special activity each month. In February the French classes entertained the honorary members by giving them a short program. The French I class sang the "Marseillaise" and the French II class presented a typical Friday-afternoon program of a French grammar school. Then the honorary members were welcomed into the Club by Mr. Woods, our president.

HELEN HOYT

### Horses Vs. Tractors

Were you one of the listeners present at the debate Thursday night, March 12, in the Rotunda? If not, you missed something. Presented by the Agricultural Seminar, it vividly contrasted the merits of the horse with those of the tractor.

Herbert Hewitt and Ben Brost, on the affirmative, maintained that the working life of a horse is longer than that of a tractor; that the farm machinery using horse power costs less; that you can use the six horses equivalent to a tractor on several jobs at the same time while the tractor is limited to one job at a time; that there is little cash maintenance cost on horses because their feed can be produced on the farm; that besides the labor they render they are a means of two sources of income—the manure is returned to the farm and in a year amounts to quite a saving, and there is the income from colts raised.

The negative, represented by Sauerhammer and Roger Cochran, maintained, with an array of magazines, bulletins, and even Dr. Bralliar to back them, that the tractor is better because of its low original cost, its actual proportional cost of maintenance to the work performed, and its use of low cost fuel; that the tractor accomplishes much more in a given length of time when time is an important factor; that it is easily operated by one man, which is a great advantage when labor is high; that the tractor is versatile and can do many jobs, such as belt work, that horses are incapable of performing; and that, last, the tractor is a sign of progress and it is the progressive farmer who wins in these days of specialized competition.

*Resolved*—That horses are better than a tractor on the 160-acre farm.

Who won? You weren't there? What would you think? The affirmative!

JACKIE SOULE

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## WHAT'S YOUR GOAL WORTH?

Have you ever heard that whatever one wants enough he can get? That saying has followed me in all my occupations and pleasures. It haunts me when I'm confronted with defeat in a certain undertaking; it faces me when I'm making my decisions as to which course to follow and what results I want.

Sometimes the question presents itself, just how much is "enough?" After many of the degrees of "wanting" fail to secure the desired objective, one wonders just how much he will have to forego, how ardently he must wish, before success is realized and the far-off goal made his own.

In some instances I have found that when the issue is finally brought to the climax I really do not care about the objective as much as I thought. There is perhaps some other thing I would have to give up, that I find I care more about than the one I thought I wanted so much. And when it comes to giving up one thing in order to get the other—that's where one should really know his own aim in life!

Did you ever, almost unthinkingly, throw away a big chance by a small act, a careless word, or flippant gesture? Did you ever miss an opportunity by having been occupied otherwise and not being in the right place at the right time? Some things like this are unforeseeable and unavoidable, but too often we unthinkingly make deliberate choices and follow paths which, were we to stop to reason, we could ourselves realize were foreign to our aims and desires.

Too often our choices in small things wreck our chance of ever attaining that one big desire of ours. This is transparently apparent, even to those who are not given to deep thinking, when they stop for a moment to question whether the results they want can be expected from their present course. But this forethought and directed course of action is usually the price one must pay for his goal, if it is at all worthy.

Are you really in earnest? Do you want that goal of yours enough?

B. Mc.

## Forum and Aginum

DEAR EDITOR:

First I wish to say that the CRIER is indeed a good student paper and has an excellent aim, "To create a true school spirit and a working interest in student activities." In order to live up to that aim, I suggest starting an open forum column for letters from readers and students, which will express their views on matters of interest that they feel should be brought to general attention.

I believe this will give the students and other readers a more personal interest in the paper and will give everyone a good chance to get good things started. What do you think about it?

Very sincerely,  
A STUDENT READER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thank you, Mr. "Reader"! Here's the column, folks! According to the name, its for both sides of any question of interest. So let us know your views and we'll try to print your side, whichever it is.

## Where Are You?

We'd like to keep track of you, —all you readers. So don't forget us when you move or have your address changed. You see, they don't forward papers of this kind the way they do letters, and if we send one to your old address it will be lost to both you and us. So please keep us in mind and let us know where you are!

To improve the golden moment of opportunity and catch the good that is within our reach is the great art of life.

## Hum-Bugs

A story is told of some small boys who decided it would be "great sport" to play a joke on a noted naturalist. Catching a centipede, they glued on to it the head of a beetle, the wings of a butterfly, and the legs of a grasshopper. Then they took it to the professor, who examined the strange insect very carefully. At length he asked, "Did it hum when you caught it?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "it hummed like everything."

"Then," said the naturalist, "it must have been a hum-bug."

"Speaking of hum-bugs," said the president of a large construction company, "there are a good many varieties. I have in mind a young lady who applied for the position of secretary in my office the other day. She waxed eloquent as she told me of her various and sundry accomplishments. She had a thorough knowledge of economics, of accounting, of shorthand and typewriting—all of which aptly proved her qualifications and fitness for the position. In fact, she did a good bit of 'humming.'

"I dictated a letter to her. She fussed and fretted at the typewriter for an hour or so, during which time she complained that she was not accustomed to that particular make of machine. Finally, she came to my desk with an anxious face and reluctantly handed me a letter evidencing many contacts with the eraser, and still unavailable. She explained that while she knew how to write every word that I dictated to her, she had studied shorthand only three months, and of course did not have sufficient speed to get the notes down as fast as I talked. 'But I will acquire speed very rapidly, I know, with the splendid practice I shall get in your office,' she blithely and confidently added.

"I quickly settled her in my mind as a hum-bug of the stenographic variety. I am too busy even to attempt to train stenographers. That is the business of the schools teaching shorthand and typewriting. . . .

"The thing for these young folks to do is to stay in school long enough to get specialized training, and then when they come out they will have no trouble in adjusting themselves to a business office."

## Fisk Jubilee Singers

The Jubilee Singers of Fisk University presented a well-chosen program to the music-loving students and friends of Madison on Saturday night, February 29, at the Helen Funk Assembly Hall.

The Octette displayed exceptionally fine technique in their rendition of the popular negro spirituals. The beautiful tenor solos of Luther King were especially appreciated for the fineness and clearness of tone and the brilliancy of range.

The program was successful financially as well as musically, which has helped to give a brighter outlook for the future of our school paper.

Members of the Peptimist Club are very well pleased with the success of the program—and why shouldn't they be, for didn't they sell three hundred tickets? Winifred Rushing proved herself a truly active member of the Club by disposing of seventy-three tickets. Lily Lane was a close second. The spirit of activity and cooperation was highly evident in all the members of the Club. Support of students and faculty was also quite evident. Things like this tend to cultivate a spirit of unity and concentrated effort, which is quite necessary in any democratic community.

S. C. H.

There are hum-bugs, however, in other walks of life. You will find them also in school—students whose sole thought is "getting-by." Their philosophy of life seems to be expressed in these familiar words: "Oh, if I can just pass this examination or this course, I'll be satisfied." To such a person nothing else seems to matter. But it *does* matter. The young person who learns his particular lessons or does his assigned tasks in school better than the average has little need to fear for his position in later life. There is a saying that one might fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but never can one fool all the people all the time. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and the attitude which we maintain in our hearts toward our daily duties will inevitably manifest itself, either for better or for worse, in the service we render to others.

M. K. GAFFORD



## Preview

March 25—New quarter begins.  
Latter part of March—Professor Earl A. Rowell, formerly an infidel, but now a Seventh-day Adventist, and Dr. James C. Muir, of the University of Pennsylvania and a noted archeologist, will give a series of lectures in Nashville on the scientific and archeological corroboration of the Scriptures. This will be given under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania.

March 29—April 4 (inclusive)—Spring Week of Prayer. Elder V. G. Anderson will spend entire week here.

## Where Did I Hear This?

"What's the matter with Velma? She's all right!"

"—circulating laundry—"

"Can't you read what's on the door?"

"If it isn't the ink, it's the shoe polish!"

"We'll have one more reel of pictures and after that we'll—have the lights turned on, please!"

"Put more feeling into it, Mr. Goodge,—you know how!"

"Nebuchadnezzar went to a country sanitarium—"

"The singers will walk on the stage at eight o'clock sharp—"

## "ARE YOU LISTENING?"

### Signs

You can tell a man who's funny by the dimple in his chin,  
You can tell the place of laying by the cackle of the hen.

You can tell when it is springtime by the mooning of the young  
As they stand beside the gatepost at the setting of the sun.

You can tell when it is rainy by the fuzzy-looking hair,  
You can tell a girl is anxious when she says she doesn't care.

You can tell when one is joking by the twinkle in his eyes.

You can tell when one is lonesome by the way he droops and sighs.

You can tell the kind of lover by the type of song he croons,

You can usually tell the weather by the aspect of the moon.

But when March comes a'blowing in this sunny Tennessee,

Even we, the native-born, cannot give true prophecy.

BEATRICE NEWKIRK

### To Be, or Not to Be

When life is just one great big mess  
And emptied of its happiness,  
You'll stop and think, (if you're like me)  
Ought it to be, or not to be?

When some official steps in view  
And you're afraid he's hunting you,  
And then you duck behind a tree—  
Now do you think that ought to be?

If you get by with many things  
Until no more your conscience stings,  
And then you're sentenced "first degree"—  
It's only right that that should be.

Then after you are caught at last  
And while you're feeling much down-cast,  
Just think this over: Can't you see  
You started what ought not to be?

*So watch your step and do your best,  
Since sinners never end in rest;  
And then let Fate decide for thee  
Which is to be or not to be.*

ALBERT MCCORKLE

### Spring Fever

'Tis eventide;  
The moon in twilight's azure skies  
Casts its dim inviting light across the tired landscape;  
Each happy feathered creature chirps  
a love-song to its mate,  
And calls the weary world to peace  
and joy,  
To lay aside the cares that press and dream awhile.

Yes, dream, I say, of days gone by  
and days that have not been:  
To be alone? No, never thus—the very air is filled  
With challenge to the carefree youth  
to stroll and muse and love,  
To leave behind the old world's care  
And find this night the answer to their heart's appeal

The morning breaks,  
And balmy zephyrs fill the air  
With perfume sweet from every flower  
and fresh green leaf;  
The dainty pansy turns her smiling face to greet the world,  
The lilac and the daffodil, the shy blue violet, too,  
Bid every mortal rise and breathe  
spring fever from the air.

Let come what will, the warm fresh rain of early morn may fall  
And drench the youthful strollers to the skin; they laugh it off,  
And through the day they croon and laugh and frolic.  
No doctor's aid is ever called to ease the stricken ones—  
Ah, no, it's nature's gift to earth; thank God we get spring fever!

ALLAN MUNROE

Editor's Note: The poems by Albert McCorkle and Allan Munroe have been contributed by friends, without the knowledge or permission of the authors.

## High School Notes

Speaking of world's records—Marie Lovins has not been absent or tardy from a class in three years.

- c -

What next! Professor Wheeler's Agriculture class is raising a hundred baby chicks as a laboratory project. In fact, they spent their first few weeks in the laboratory with the front yard of the Dem. Building for their runway, much to the perturbation of adjoining classes. When the chicks were a little over a week old, Professor Wheller proudly told us one of the roosters had crowed. We are wondering if the hens have begun to lay.

- c -

Our Home Economics teacher is learning things! As an answer to an examination question asking for some of the articles needed for the sewing basket, one member wrote "tailor tacks."

- c -

I wonder how the bulletin board would look without the announcement of the loss of an American History book by Joe Sandweiss?

- c -

Senior: "I'm not feeling so well today."

Junior: "Maybe you have auto-intoxication."

Senior: "No, I haven't; I haven't even been near one."

- c -

Basket-ball and volley-ball days are here again! Who wouldn't rather play than have long assembly periods?

- c -

Our Professor Goodge was seen emerging from the Surgery the other morning after the Senior sunrise breakfast. We can't say for sure, but we think it was egg-itis!

V. H.

### Guess Who?

She's been here now for several years.

While typing all these hours  
She should know all there is to know

Of plants and trees and flowers.  
She doesn't seem to care for men (We'd really like to know).

Her cheery smile and thoughtful word

Helps make your worries go.

Last month's—Ernest Bostleman

A. M.

## Personalities

Born in Boulder, Colorado, Calvin Bush is a melange of English and Scotch with a dash of German. His recreation time he spends in tennis and swimming during summer, and ice-skating during winter. His highest ambition is to be a psychological doctor, along with writing symphonic music and revamping his own novel on "Social Conditions." One of Calvin's estheticisms is poetry. He writes one while you wait. Characteristic of him is his contagious smile and winning personality.

Who is our tall, blond artist who is so cheery and happy?—None other than our Topeka, Kansas, Lily Lane. Greetings and salutations! Have you ever noticed the cartoons on the chapel cards or the Kinne Kitchen blackboard? This is just a hint of her highest ambition, but for her vocation she has chosen dietetics. Lily likes to go horseback riding so she can dangle her feet on the ground and help push. She plays the ukulele, and also the radio. When asked what her weakness was she replied, "Good looking clothes and banana splits." She'd better change her weakness as long as she stays at Madison. Bananas don't grow here!

I. F.

### Faculty Member Dies . . .

(Continued from page 1)

Of late years much of her time has been devoted to the kindergarten department of the Sabbath School. The little tots will miss her for she lived for them.

Our sister rests from a life full of service for others. Some may ask, Why did she choose this way? It was because she saw the Saviour beckoning, and heard His voice saying, "This is the way. Walk ye in it." And she obeyed.

"She rests from her labors and her works do follow her." "Blessed are they that die in the Lord." When the day of resurrection comes, like Lazarus whom the Master loved, she will hear His voice and come forth to life eternal.

Services were conducted by Dr. Sutherland and Elder Howard Welch, and burial was in Spring Hill cemetery between Madison and Nashville.

Mrs. L. N. NIVISON

## Chatter-Box

Two of our boys figured out that, at the rate things are going now, there will be no men left on earth in two hundred years more. . . . Some real fire-fighting ability was exhibited the other day when some volunteers put out an enlarged and spreading brush fire. It was all over but the shouting when the loaded Service Station car arrived with its noise. . . . Peggy (Margaret) Livingston thinks that a recent picture from the Violet Studio is surpassed only by its subject. Ask her! . . . Crops are going in the ground now for our supply of food and forage next winter. This past week potatoes, onions, peas, and parsley claimed attention. The farm boys were up until 11:30 one night, sowing oats (but not wild ones!). . . . According to reports, Mrs. Stella Erickson and Hannah Pomeranz spent a happy week-end at Lawrenceburg Sanitarium unit. Some of us wondered if they meant to come back. . . . Julius Paskan was favored by a special birthday party, rendered by the Kinne Kitchen crew on Saturday night, March 7. It was conducted in an unusually quiet and unassuming manner in the dining room. . . . "Always sing with spirit and understanding," was the instruction given by Professor Orrie Morse in chapel Monday, March 9. . . . Rafters are appearing on the library building—we'll get

that roof on yet. . . . A new kind of tag game was originated in chapel the other night when Mr. Walker was given the job of picking up litter on the campus until he caught someone who was guilty of scattering some, whereupon he was to turn the job over to him. We haven't heard how the game is going and who is "it" by this time. . . . Fay Dunn, Phillip Faudi, Russell Myers, and Gene Thomas decided to find out for themselves what Unit life is like, so they made a trip to the Pine Hill Rest Cottage and spent a recent week-end there. . . . Elder J. L. Shuler delivered two inspiring talks, one at Friday evening vespers and another at the eleven o'clock hour, March 6 and 7. "Do nothing that would strengthen human nature and anything that will strengthen spiritual nature," was his theme. . . . Donald Auten's happy nature doesn't seem to be saddened any by his recent trip to Atlanta! He spent some time at his home, too, playing host to Mr. Bisalski and Mr. Jones for the week-end. . . . Everyone seems to be in good spirits and really ready to welcome summer. . . . Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Jones, efficient helpers in the Food Factory for the past three months, drove away toward California on Thursday, March 12, with their house-trailer and dog, "Babe." Their cheery presence here will be missed by many of us. . . . Harriet Collison, who has been teaching church school in Pensacola, Florida, is back to stay a while. Ask her if spooks live in Gotzian Home attic!

. . . Another to return from Florida is Mary Pooser—did you realize that for the past few weeks we hadn't had a pair of twins on the place? . . . Mrs. Faith Evans-Mohling's parents and brother were visitors here recently. Dr. Evans spoke to us at an eleven o'clock Sabbath hour. . . . Sidney Lowry first met his aunt, Miss Mary Brown, last week, and had Sabbath dinner with her. Miss Brown has taught school in Nashville for some time. . . . Was that a permanent wave or a wave of permanents? . . . Did we hear something about some faculty member being about ready to flap his wings and fly away?

## Can You Imagine - -

Prof. Wheeler as tall as Bayard Goodge?  
Mr. Rimmer playing "Let Yourself Go?"  
Francois Cordier talking without his hands?

G. G.

## Capping Exercises . . .

(Continued from page 1)

Long, Erma—Iowa  
Miller, Quinto—Tennessee  
Morris, Florence—Michigan  
Peterson, Helen—Tennessee  
Pooser, Margaret—Florida  
Rice, Margaret—California  
Ritchie, Louise—Montana  
Williamsen, Ila—Georgia  
B. KINZER

## 7th Avenue Garage Installs \$1200 Brake Tester

The 7th Avenue Garage, centrally located at 145 7th Avenue, North, has just installed the new scientific Jumbo Brake Tester and Adjuster, at a cost of \$1200. This is part of the 7th Avenue Garage's contribution to the present Safety Campaign. Brakes are both tested and precisely adjusted by this piece of equipment.

In their spacious air-conditioned, steam-heated, fire-proof building, the 7th Avenue Garage offers one-stop service to motorists and shoppers. They maintain a free check room, ladies' lounge, rest rooms, and feature a new low price of only 25¢ for all-day inside parking. You can have your car washed and thoroughly vacuum cleaned while you shop, for only \$1.00, with no extra charge for parking.

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