

THE PEPTIMIST CRIER

Longin'

By Mildred Davidson

Got a longin' fer the homefolks,
Fer the cornfield an' the hoe,
Fer the ole board roof above me,
They're a-wantin' me, I know.

Got a hankerin' fer the hillsides,
Fer the mule an' homemade plow,
Fer the mattock an' the brash-heap,
Fer the pastur' an' the cow.

Got a cravin' fer some water
Frum the drippin' mossy spring.
Want ter ramble on the ridges;
Want ter try the grapevine swing.

Want the soun' of frien's aroun' me,
John an' Jane an' ma an' pa;
Soun' uv good ole mountain music
Fiddlin' "Turkey in the Straw."

Want to feel the hills aroun' me—
(Days er goin' mighty slow)—
Got a longin' fer the homefolks,
They're a-wantin' me, I know.

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THE PEPTIMIST CRIER

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Editorial

The end of another school year is at hand. With the publishing of this issue the present staff of the PEPTIMIST CRIER will have completed their year's work.

It is with appreciation that I acknowledge the help and assistance of the staff, both editorial and business. Many of the real burdens in connection with the publication are borne by those who receive very little recognition.

I am also indebted to the Rural School Press for their cooperation in the publishing of our school paper. Mr. A. Burnell Burdick and Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Schueler have contributed many profitable suggestions in the layout and style which has characterized the CRIER the past year.

The editor for next year has been selected by the student body. To him I wish the best of success. If his staff and associates cooperate with him as well as the present staff has cooperated with me, I am certain that next year will find a better publication.

Greetings

At the student election held on June 6, Joseph H. Bischoff, college junior and senior nurse, from St. Petersburg, Florida, was made Editor-in-chief of *The Peptimist Crier* for the school year of '37-'38. Mr. Bischoff has very ably served in the capacity of advertising manager for our paper since the first of the year, and is an active member of our student government.

Other members of the staff will be appointed in the near future. Our hearty good wishes go to Mr. Bischoff, our new Editor-in-chief.

Medical Evangelism

Christ has commissioned us to go into all the world and preach the gospel. He has called men into various lines of service all for the one supreme purpose—to save souls. He is perfecting in His people a character that will reveal His love and mercy in this cold, dark world of sin. He would have us reveal Him to others, pointing them to Him, the Saviour.

The one great need of the world today is personal evangelism. The need of our youth is the spirit of true evangelism. These needs challenge us. What shall we do in this greatest hour in all history—the last hour of the end of time? Let us be vastly more concerned about heaven's appointed task—the gospel message of winning souls.

Christ calls His people to obedience but obedience can come only after knowledge, and knowledge by the Word of God. Before they can fully obey the divine commands of the moral law they must first become willing to obey all His laws. These include the laws of God, that if obeyed, give health to the physical body. God is anxious that we glorify Him in our bodies with health of soul, mind and body, demonstrating the results of obedience to His laws. He calls us to be a pure people, free from every degrading habit of life. Our appetites and passions must come under the control of reason and reason under the influence of the Spirit of God. It is the work of redemption to bring this about in our lives. Thus Christ would give us strength to be obedient to all His laws and witness for Him.

Medical evangelism incorporates two fundamental principles—precept and example. However important the precepts of the message may be they will carry little weight unless backed by the example of their promoters. Many of us fail to advance to the world our great religious principles, but far more of us fail to back up this evangelism by a conscientious example devoted wholeheartedly to the cause of truth.

Some may not realize the import of their example; others may not themselves understand these principles; while others may not recognize or rightly interpret their degree of indifference or disloyalty. But the final analysis remains—that until we can bring up the "example" phase of our cause, until we can back up our principles of Christian living by our example of loyalty and devotion to them, our success in medical evangelism will be greatly hindered. But we can not allow such a condition to long exist among us. We must arise, to our task of personal evangelism.

Medical evangelism is broad in its scope but singular in its purpose. If the ultimate purpose of any evangelism is not soul winning, then it is not true evangelism. The one whole purpose of institutional work should be to advance God's message

of mercy to the world. In individual work, opportunity should be made to speak words of love and sympathy. Often the sick are anxious for sympathy and prayer or words from the Book of Books. Each worker in God's vineyard should watch and pray for such opportunities to work for his employer, his patient, his neighbor or friend. In this personal way, God's message of love, demonstrated in the lives of His people will quickly spread to the ends of the earth. In precept and example let us be loyal to God in obedience to the gospel commission to go unto all the world.

H. F. Davidson

Student Government

The term of office of two of our Student Assembly directors expired the first part of this month. Election was held June 6, and as the result we have Albert McCorkle for President. Herbert Hewitt was re-elected as Director of Monitors.

Our retiring president, Joseph Karlick, has done a very noble work in launching this new government. No one but he really knows just how much work it was.

Some of the things we have to accomplish yet are the printing of a rule book and securing a permanent office. A swimming pool must be built soon, too, and if possible two electric drinking fountains should be purchased and placed in the library and science buildings. This will take effort on the part of each citizen, but it will be well worth while, so let us all get busy and do our part so that our projects may be completed as soon as possible.

President, Albert McCorkle

The Pastor's Study

Without question, one of our most prolific sources of trouble is thoughtlessness. The old stand-by of excuses is, "I'm sorry, I didn't think." That is seldom true because we do think something all of our working time. Let's test it. Begin now and don't think anything for two minutes.—Did you succeed? Of course you didn't. The truth is that too often we fail either to think right or to think long enough about the right thing to get results.

Take this matter of making a success of Christian living. Would you succeed at business if you put the same thought and planning into it that you do into being a Christian? The secret of the whole thing is in your thinking. Do you look yourself squarely in the face, so to speak, and think things out or do you try to drown your more serious or disturbing thoughts in a giddy whirl of activity? It is up to you to decide which. Then God will help you to carry out the decision.

The following from the pen of James Moffat, D.D., is very much to the point:

"We need more thoughtfulness in our lives. We must find time for meditation and contemplation. Thinking alone is a great gift. Do we set aside the leisure time to think about God? Unless we turn our stream of thought upon our inner lives, our religion becomes a mere ritual. The resources of the religious life are centered in prayer and meditation."

I invite you to put some real thinking into your religious life.

Howard J. Welch

THE PEPTIMIST CRIER

Madison College High School

Class Night

Commencement activities for the high school seniors began Thursday evening, June 10, when they presented their Class Night program.

The members of the class took their places on the platform while one of their number, Vera Noss, played the stirring processional, "Grand March De Concert," by Wallenkaupt. The class colors of blue and white were carried out in the beautiful but simple decorations.

Fay Littell, as salutatorian and vice-president, introduced the members of the class by having those from the various states and countries rise as he called the names of the places from which they came. Then he told something of the professions and occupations which they hoped to prepare for and to follow in the coming years.

In the class president's address, Elwood Sherrard set forth the necessity of having and following high ideals. He made it clear that it takes courage and perseverance to put in practice the class motto which is, "Follow the Gleam."

The class poem, given by June Burleigh, compared humanity to ships which had lost their course on life's sea and were in need of a beacon to guide them safely home.

Frances Harris reviewed briefly the history of the Madison College High School, told of its objectives and developments, and presented the need for such schools to be scattered throughout the Southland.

"High School Student Government" was the theme of an address by Henry Whitham, who has been the head Prefect of the Student Prefect Court during the past school year. He explained the workings of the Court and expressed the desire of the class to unite their energies and co-operation with the college student government now that high school days are over.

The valedictory, by Marie McCall, presented some of the characteristics of true wisdom, and urged all to seek for the wisdom of God that they might some day be able to attend the school of heaven.

Otto Faudi spoke the appreciation of the class for the service and sacrifice of the faculty in our behalf when he presented the class gift, a new edition of "The International Atlas," to be placed in the library.

The program was much enhanced by music produced by several members of the class. The ringing chords of Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" thrilled the hearts of all music lovers when it was played as a piano solo by Venessa Standish.

In keeping with the class motto, "Follow the Gleam" was sung by Grace Feng, Evelyn Sperry, and Vera Noss. The beautiful strains of "The Old Refrain" were ren-

Graduates

M. DeLayne Bowen	Texas
Olga Burdick	Arkansas
Martha P. Burleigh	Tennessee
Donald R. Christman	Ohio
Otto H. Faudi	Texas
Grace Y. P. Feng	China
Margaret F. Harris	Tennessee
Charles Holverstott	Wisconsin
Robert E. Jacobsen	Alabama
Fay Littell Jr.	Tennessee
Margaret E. Livingston	Tennessee
Mark I. T. Ma	China
Kenneth Mathews	Tennessee
Matildia M. McCall	Canada
Benjamin A. Morgan	Arkansas
Vera L. Noss	Tennessee
Dorothy V. Province	Michigan
Elwood Sherrard	Texas
Evelyn F. Sperry	Tennessee
Venessa J. Standish	Tennessee
Hugh J. Stinchfield	Tennessee
Laurence E. Sufficool	Pennsylvania
Reba Todd	Missouri
Henry Whitham	Oregon
Motto	Follow the Gleam
Aim	Saving Others
Flower	White Rose
Colors	Blue and White

dered in a violin solo by Donald Christman, whose mother accompanied him at the piano.

When Professor Covert offered the benediction, the Class of '37 felt that truly they had been blessed, and the appreciation shown made them feel well repaid for their efforts in striving to present a program that would be worth while.

Consecration

The Consecration Service at the vesper hour Friday evening opened as Miss Bessie McCorkle played the processional, and the class in gray caps and gowns were led to their places by three ushers. H. J. Welch, pastor of the Madison church, led the service. He defined consecration as the devotion of the entire individual to the master. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

The class in giving their response expressed the sincere desire to live for the Master and to be true and "follow the gleam" that would lead them to the harbor and home.

In his "Counsel to the Graduates," President C. G. Anderson of the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference, said in part:

"I advise you, 'Present your body a living sacrifice.' Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

The consecration prayer for the graduates, by E. C. Jacobsen, closed the service.

Baccalaureate

Sabbath morning during the baccalaureate service, our thoughts and emotions were lifted in the spirit of worship as we listened to the beautiful "Seraphic" song rendered by thirty members of the Peabody College Chorus, directed by Professor D. R. Gebhart, head of Peabody Department of Music.

In Joel 2:7,8, the text chosen by Elder George Butler for the sermon, our attention was called to mighty men who followed the gleam like men of war—every one marching in his way, and yet not breaking the rank. In their upward struggle toward higher attainments, it will be noted, that ascent was not made by stepping upon the ruins of those about them. "Neither shall one thrust another," as each walks his own path, climbing to the highest plains of success in life. A mutual comradeship is maintained as each struggles to obtain the prize, and encouraging others to do the same.

In his dedication to the class Elder Butler said, "May you find your place in the furrough of the world's great need, strengthened and fortified by your three-fold aim to follow the gleam to the highest degree of efficiency in spiritual, mental, and physical power to meet those needs."

Commencement

The Commencement program on Sunday evening, June 13, climaxed the very pleasing exercises of the last graduating class from the Madison College High School.

John Robert, instructor in piano at Madison College, played a beautiful piano solo. In the address given by Elder J. E. Shultz, who had had years of experience in Europe, he gave some appalling statistics on world conditions. He admonished the graduates to strengthen and fortify their characters to meet the demands of the present and future conditions by abstaining from habits of cheap reading matter, music that is not elevating, and to shun the theater, that they may ever keep before them their motto to "Follow the Gleam" and carry out their aim of "Saving Others."

The graduates stood and Mr. Bayard Godge, principal of the high school, presented to each his or her diploma.

This class represented ten states as well as Canada and China. Wherever they go they may rest assured that the interest of teachers and friends here at Madison follow them and they join me, I am sure, in wishing for them God-speed in their future undertakings.

Mrs. Nis Hansen, Jr.
Senior Class Sponsor

Watchman - What of the Night?

The cool, dark mantle of evening drops silently and swiftly over the sun-baked earth ending, for many, the toils of a lengthy day. But like the great, tireless orb itself, and like the chaste, unchanging moon with its vast immeasurable tiara of fiery, burning stars, one pair of watchful human eyes guards the lives and property of this institution. All nature opens to his sight, from the first long pointed shadow of early dusk to the triumphant wolf-like victors of the blackest night. The first radiance of the newly awakened dawn and the awful silence of the ghost-like hours, these are his heritage. Over the rock-filled roads, past sleeping cottages, with here and there a midnight lamp still gleaming over the pages of some musty tome, he treads with tireless footsteps.

For him alone, no slumber, no sleep; for him alone, the glories of the irradiant night. He hears the searing cry of frogs, the throating of a thousand crickets. Reflections, thoughts, moods, all become his life as he moves, sombrely crunching the pebbled earth beneath. The thin crescent of a moon, like a sail boat in full array, floats majestically, silently, over a sleeping populace, as totally unaware of their existence as they are of its cold, alabaster beauty.

Stark and empty, the cold, charred, mist-enfolded ruins stand as a constant reminder of his duty and a shudder of anticipation shakes his dream-wrapped mind at the thought that this night might see again the triumph of the flames. The piercing light intently searches each niche and crevice where subtle fire might begin its devastating work, its brilliant gleams attracting a host of fluttering insects which go scurrying away to more friendly environs as a metallic click plunges him once more into the darkness of night. Plodding on, he enters the darkened building, through deserted halls, his footsteps re-echoing like the stamp of stallion's hoofs, awakening to noisy reverberations those stolid, lifeless corridors.

Now past rows of rooms filled with the sick and suffering, guarded by uniformed sentinels, whose nightly vigil is to ease their pain, and lend able assistance in time of crises. There other denizens of the night sit comfortably ensconced in wicker chairs or dozing fitfully on hard green-painted benches almost indistinguishable from the night surrounding them. A gentle, almost noiseless, clatter of rubber-tired wheels brings to the vicinity of the nearest light a host of unsuspected white-garbed nurses, to answer this call for their assistance. This period of brief but intense excitement soon subsides and the substantial forms of humanity drift away again like shadowy wraiths amid the mass of stone architecture, only to arise at the next emergency.

Further on, the perpetual watcher of a board of buttons and buzzers, his sonorous sonata of somnolence proclaiming his

peace of mind and conscience, slumbers as long as a cruel fate permits. On, past thick banks of green and verdant foliage, his journey almost done, he dreams of sleep and repose. Weirdly-beckoning fingers and the dim shadows of the night give way at last to the first faint blushes of dawn, as Aurora opens wide the gates for the great chariot of Apollo. His flash-light flickers, faintly responding to the greater glory of a new day and a new light, as he stumbles sleepily to the couch of Morpheus, so long deserted.

Charles Hanzel

College Juniors Organize

One morning there appeared on the flag pole a pennant with white letters, spelling "Juniors," on a maroon field. Then everyone realized that the College Junior Class had organized and become a live working body.

The Class chose as its officers Ralph Martin, president; Fred Baroudi, Vice-president; Bernice Simon, secretary; and Frank Judson, treasurer. They have not fully decided upon their motto, but have made some plans for—wait a minute—I nearly told a secret.

Peptimist Crier

The Peptimist Crier will not be published during July and August. The college and nursing seniors will combine to publish the Commencement number in September.

Dr. Washburn Speaks

The Student Evangelists' Seminar had the pleasure of Dr. Charles Washburn's presence at their last meeting of the season, June 4. In fact, he was more than present—he was the speaker of the evening. Dr. Washburn is instructor of music and voice culture at Scarritt College. In his subject, "The Use of the Voice," he made vivid the comparison of the fundamental tones of speech with the primary colors of the rainbow. Thus, he illustrated the principle of harmonious tone production in speech as the artist blending these colors to produce a beautiful painting.

Dr. Washburn is a man of deep religious conviction. His mother dedicated him to the cause of sacred music at his birth. He has traveled extensively in the interest of sacred music and hymnology, and at present is a leading member of the Hymn Society of America. As an authority in Hymnology, he is outstanding, having been one of the group which has compiled the new Methodist Hymnal.

At the close of his instruction, he left with us a feeling of the sacred trust of reading the Bible distinctly in public, since this may result in someone's acceptance of Christ. We look forward to the time when Dr. Washburn can be with us again.

George Kendall

Conning Tower

People have short memories. Back in the decade preceding 1929 the country enjoyed a large degree of prosperity. As soon as the depression hit the nation a wail rose from a million throats and immediately a thousand cure-alls were recommended. One of the most preposterous of these quack remedies was repeal. All of our social and economic ills were laid at the door of the 18th amendment. According to some warped minds, the only thing that could possibly save us was to drink our way back to prosperity—a sophism as preposterous as a fly trying to drink his way out of a bowl of soup. Today we see on all sides glaring evidence of increasing lawlessness. There are three million five hundred thousand criminals in the United States. Seven hundred thousand of these are boys and girls under voting age. These may be dry figures to some; however, they are startling facts. J. Edgar Hoover, in viewing the situation, says, "There is no suitable explanation for this condition." Do we agree with him on this?

Rome, the great Iron Empire, rose to the heights of world power through the ruggedness of her agrarian population and sank into equally great oblivion worshipping at the throne of Bacchus.

* * *

For some years Dr. Max Talmey has been working on an international language to take the place of deceased Esperanto. This language which has been greatly simplified will incorporate many English, French, and German words. Still English, spoken by two hundred and twenty million people, seems to be the most popular language.

Esperanto was invented by Professor Lazarus Zamenhof (the name probably explains the idea for something simpler). Speaking on behalf of the language students, especially those of German 11, we can say that any ideas to simplify things will be warmly and most heartily endorsed.

* * *

For many weeks the whole world has been watching the terrible internecine trouble in Spain. "A once proud and beautiful nation has become the private battle ground of dictators." A student of world politics can see significant and portentous facts behind the scenes. For an unusual graphic picture of this "little world war" read "I Live in Madrid" in the April issue of *Current History*.

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Instead of paying people to destroy crops and raise less hogs, etc., the German government has endorsed a new four-year plan in which the farmers are to receive larger subsidies to produce more. They realize that man's right to the soil is his greatest heritage.

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Friendliness

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." The virtue of this old proverb has been tried and tested ever since the wise man said it, and to this day it is the keynote of every chord played in the lovely melody of friendship.

Did you ever sit down with that person you didn't like very much, and visit with him in a friendly way? Find out where he is from, and whether he knows anybody with whom you are acquainted. Perhaps he is interested in things you like and has a hobby that might also become yours. Or was there a little misunderstanding between you that should have been straightened out a long time ago? If the latter is so, then talk things over, and you are sure to become better friends.

Are you enthusiastic about your friends? While walking down the street one day a man spied another whom he took to be an old friend. He rushed up behind him with a friendly greeting and a hearty slap on the back, and as he reached out to shake hands, he looked into the face of a stranger.

"I beg your pardon; I thought you were . . ."

"Never mind," said the stranger, as he gripped the other man's hand; "if you're as glad to see your friends as you seem to be, I would like to be counted as one of them." Whereupon the two became very close friends.

Are you as careful and considerate of your friends now as you were at first? Do you stand up for the absent one who is being talked about?

But there remains something as yet left unsaid—something deep and significant, for Jesus has shown us in word and deed this supreme qualification of a friend:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Herbert Hewitt

New Faces

Glenn Bartell	Minnesota
Alfred Cockrell	Tennessee
Raymond Coolidge	Texas
R. L. Cromer	Arizona
Elsie Crowe	Florida
Dorothy Doty	Tennessee
Carmen Guglielmo	Arizona
Mary Claire McColrey	Tennessee
Gretelle Merrow	Florida
Doris Wineland	Tennessee
Pauline Burke	Texas
Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Potter	Ohio
Doris Meier	Tennessee
Stella Pajakowski	Arizona
Lule Belle Pendley	Arizona
Doris Smith	Wisconsin
Marjorie Stiles	Arizona
Dorothy Wayne	Iowa
Stella Williams	Alabama

Was It You?

Someone started the whole day wrong,

Was it you?

Someone robbed the day of its song.

Was it you?

Early this morning someone frowned,

Someone sulked until others scowled,

And soon harsh words were passed around.

Was it you?

Someone started the day aright,

Was it you?

Someone made it happy and bright,

Was it you?

Early this morning, we are told,

Someone smiled and all through the day,

This smile encouraged young and old.

Was it you?

Graduation

Commencement exercises of the college and nursing classes will be held September 3, 4, and 5.

Teachers and Teachers

"Variety is the spice of life," they say. According to that, the high school students should have received well-seasoned education this past school year for they have had several changes in teachers. When Mr. Goodge found it necessary to go to the State University at Knoxville, his wife and Mrs. George Taylor carried on the work which he had been doing as principal of the high school. They filled this position well as everything seems to have run smoothly.

There were also vacancies in the Chemistry and American History departments caused by Mr. Goodge's absence, so Mr. Richard Walker taught the balancing of equations and formulas to the chemistry class and Professor Jacobsen made certain that the history class was keeping its dates straight.

Front Page

Several years ago, Mildred Davidson came to us from the Kentucky mountains. She is now a school teacher and is with us again for summer school work. We can fully realize, as we read "Longin" the deep love she has for her home-folk. This poem was written after she had been away from them for two years. She writes many poems on various subjects but her best ones are those that portray so vividly life and the people in the mountains. They are even more beautiful when she reads them in mountain dialect.

Birds

How many people stop to think how valuable the bird is to civilization? What would this world be without the cheery chirp of the robin, or the call of "Bob White?" Everyone would miss those birds and they are only two of the many varieties. However, their chirping and calls are a small item. Let us see how valuable the bird really is. Space will not permit me to note all the varieties of birds; therefore I will take just the more common and mention a few of their outstanding qualities.

The Bluebird is a very common vertebrate of the Avis group, but how many people know what this bird lives on? You never see it in orchards or in the grain; this alone tells us it is not detrimental to crops. No, indeed not; to the contrary, it is very valuable as it feeds entirely upon harmful insects and worms.

The Quail, also a very common species, is known to the farmer as "Bob White." It raises three broods a year. These birds are quite beneficial as they feed on harmful bugs, and are especially fond of the farmer's worst enemy, the chinch bug. A mother quail and brood will eat half a gallon of chinch bugs in a day. The third brood of quail hatch about the time the Colorado potato beetle is doing its worst damage, and the quail live upon these insects and also the fallen grain.

Finally I mention the Sparrow. I can hear you say to yourself, "No good can come from that screeching little pest, but hold your thoughts. I am speaking of the American Sparrow, not the English Sparrow. You ask, "What is the difference?" The noticeable difference is the patch of black on the throat of the English Sparrow; however, the English Sparrow is of some value as it feeds on bean beetles, and insects. The American Sparrow is of greater importance as it lives in the fields and lives entirely upon weed seeds. Four-fifths of weed seeds on the ground in the fall are eaten by these little birds. One lone sparrow consumes 10,000 weed seeds a day. It sounds unbelievable, but it is very true when you consider how small a weed seed is and the vicious way these birds pursue those little seeds.

May I appeal to everyone to consider our friends, the birds, as being very valuable instead of as pests.

Charles Derby

On Coronation Day, Queen Mary's crown with the one million dollar Koh-i-Noor diamond was carried through the streets of London. This stone has the reputation of bringing bad luck to all who touch it. A jewel of an infinitely greater value and one with no superstitious legend attached is within the reach of all who would possess it. Have you ever heard of the "Pearl of great price?"

Contest

The results of the proofreading contest that appeared in the May issue of the **Peptimist Crier** have been received from Miss Mary Moore of the Southern Publishing Association. Miss Opal McKinney is the winner of the prize for the best re-written story. To Miss Marie McCall goes the prize for having found the greatest number of mistakes.

Miss Esther Lehto and Miss Gladys Calender did so well that it is planned to reward them for their efforts.

The **Peptimist Crier** staff wishes to thank Miss Moore for the efforts she has put forth in conducting this contest.

The Corrected Story

In this story the mistakes have been corrected, but no attempt has been made to improve its language or make it less colloquial. I have just endeavored to show that language can be perfectly grammatical, exactly punctuated, and correct in meaning of words, and yet conversational and familiar in style. **Mary H. Moore.**

My wife and I have gone to many a state fair in our day, but we have never had such an adventure as happened when we were at Chicago at the Century of Progress Exposition.

My wife isn't quite as slim as she once was, and I can't tie my shoestrings as easily as I used to. But there isn't any woman in ten countries as good as my Susie; she is very pretty too. And Susie says I meet her mind as well as I did the first day of our marital life, only there's more of me. We enjoyed that trip as if we were honeymooners.

At first, she and I planned that we were going to walk till our feet wore out before we began spending any of our hard-earned money on one of those queer-looking foreign rickshaws. So we set off down the Avenue of Flags, and we came to a building with the name Sears, Roebuck and Co. on the front.

Said I, "This name's an old friend of ours; it seems as though we've written to them once or twice. Let you and me go across the street and call on them."

"They can't do any more than throw us out," said Susie, "or slam the door on us, or tell us we should have come by mail." She's very witty.

So she and I went in; and Susie became so absorbed in looking at the display of pieced quilts, I could hardly get her away. She loses her good sense when she sees pieced quilts.

"They are they!" she squealed. "That's what I came to see. I'm planning to get some new patterns."

"Come on, Susie," said I. "I wonder if you are going to stand there all day."

After a while I separated her from those quilts.

"I'm very warm," said she. "Let's look for a drink."

"There's one of those new drinking fountains," said I. "You turn a knob, and the water comes out. Let you and me try it. Only let's not act as though we were

from the country and go hunting all around for the knob, as those folks are doing right now. Let's walk right up as if we had seen a drinking fountain every day."

So Susie sailed up to that square box with a shiny pipe sticking out of the top, and put up her hand to turn the knob—only there wasn't any knob, and the water didn't come. She looked all around the end and the side of the box, but no knob was there; and she marched back to me looking much put out.

"You came up to that creature on his blind side," said I. "Why didn't you look all around?"

"Go yourself and look," said she. "I'm not thirsty."

So I walked up to that box from behind, and I declare there was no knob on that side either. There were many persons looking on though, by now.

"I won't be beaten," I thought to myself. "Maybe I should have twisted the pipe."

So I stooped down to figure if there was any way to turn it, when,—whoosh!—up came the water right in my face till I was almost drowned.

Everybody laughed to split their sides, but I couldn't see anything funny. It seems to me it was a very mean trick to play on a good friend, as I had been to Sears, etc.

Well, Susie and I sat on some chairs we saw in a corner and fanned ourselves with a fan we found lying there, and the folks that had been laughing forgot about us. The reason was that we all were laughing at all the new folks who came along and had a time with that drinking fountain.

Then we saw one of those fellows with a badge meaning that you could ask him questions. We asked him why that drinking fountain squirted the way it did.

"It works by a photo-electric eye," he said shortly.

"My eye!" I said to Susie, "That thing can't see. It hit my nose, not my mouth, and the only 'photo' about it is the photo I wish I had of all those persons' faces when it sends that ice water in the wrong place."

Well, now, I surely feel bad I haven't the time to tell you about all the surprising things Susie and I saw on that excursion; but my pencil is broken, and you'd be worn out if you had to read about every little thing we've heard and seen. So I've just written about the first and most unexpected.

Picnic Time

The commercial classes started it, and when a thing like picnics gets started there is not much assurance that the first will be the last.

But more about the picnic: Of course it included all the members of Mrs. Hansen's typing, shorthand, and book-keeping classes. They made a lively group on the bright May morning which they had chosen as a day for studying some-

thing besides accounts and shorthand notes and business letter forms.

When they reached Shelby Park, the inevitable baseball game was soon in progress, with Mrs. Hansen acting as umpire. Boating, tennis, and croquet kept everybody occupied until the picnic lunch was spread. It is not known whether there was much lunch left to be brought home, but it was noticed that some other incidentals, such as sunburn, sprained ankles, and sore muscles, somehow found their way back to the campus.

Just ask any member of the class for his opinion of the senior class picnic. He will tell you that it was moved, seconded, and unanimously voted to be the best picnic possible. The seniors were all happy to have Delbert Andrus with them. Everyone will be glad to know that Delbert is well on the road to recovery and that he was able to attend the senior picnic.

Does It Pay?

Observing Student: Have you ever realized how much one is affected by an expression of appreciation?

Curious Visitor: No. How does it work here at Madison?

O. S. There is the Business Manager talking to his stenographer, who has just finished typing fifteen letters.

Business Manager: Thank you, Miss—, for getting these letters typed in time for the morning mail, and I notice they are very accurate and neat.

C. V. Say, did you see that? Talk about sunbeams and twinkling stars!

O. S. Oh, you mean Miss —'s smile. It is quite appealing, isn't it? She will carry that smile for the rest of the day, and forget the long tiresome hours she spent on those letters.

C. V. And all for a "thank you."

O. S. Come up here into the Administration building. The telephone operator, you will notice, is very generous with her "thank you's." She finds that it pays.

C. V. Who is this back here?

O. S. That is Dr. —. Listen, he is thanking the nurse at the Medical Desk for something.

C. V. Just see that Mona Lisa smile she gave him.

O. S. Yes, that smile is tonic for the patients while they wait for the doctor. Notice how the patients respond to her smile. Why, they are all smiling!

C. V. It's marvelous!

O. S. Come out this way to the lawn. There is a student talking with a teacher.

Student to the teacher: I want to thank you for the advice you gave me a few months ago. I took every bit of it and it did me good.

O. S. Look! Look! Watch that teacher's face break into a broad smile. Isn't it grand?

C. V. Isn't "thank you" wonderful!

Lucille J. Tibbets

NORTH EAST WEST SOUTH

ANNOUNCING

Charles Norman
Born: May 24, 1937
Son of Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus Kendall
Congratulations!

ANNOUNCING

Glenn Gentry
Born: May 19, 1937
Son of Willis and Eleanor Sutton-Dick now of
Loma Linda, California.
Congratulations!

En route from his home in Michigan to his
work in Wilmington, North Carolina, Dr. Arthur
Pearson visited friends on the campus. He tells
us that his sister, Anna, School of Dietetics' class
of '36, is to be matron at Cicero (Indiana)
Academy next year.

Arthur Edmister frequently spends a few hours
on the campus.

Neville Jones has returned for school work dur-
ing the summer. He has been working in New
York since leaving Madison about two years ago.

Eva Treece-Smith says she is enjoying keeping
house.

Mrs. Nina Thomas and her son J. L. entertained
Miss Bessie West of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma,
who is Mrs. Thomas' sister. During her visit,
Miss West and Mrs. Thomas made a trip to
western North Carolina.

We are glad that Miss Roberta Harvey, surgical
supervisor in the hospital, is back on duty again
after convalescing from a major operation.

Dr. and Mrs. David Johnson have joined the
medical division of our institution. Dr. Johnson
has recently finished his internship at the Baroness
Erlanger Hospital in Chattanooga, and will be
remembered as one of Madison's pre-medical
students during 1931-'32.

The Kendall family enjoyed a reunion during
the month of June. Miss Edna Kendall, dietitian
at the Resthaven Sanitarium, Sydney, British Co-
lumbia, and Dr. and Mrs. John Kendall and small
son of Richlands, North Carolina, were visitors
here. We know that those members of the Ken-
dall family who are also members of the Madison
family, Mr. C. L. Kendall, Dr. Cyrus and Mrs.
Kendall, and Miss Sarah, were all happy to have
the other members of their family with them.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Knell, parents of Philip
Knell, who is a compositor in our Printing Depart-
ment, spent Memorial Day visiting their son, and
Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Goodge.

Each summer finds Hazel King, cheerful school
teacher from the Alabama-Mississippi Academy,
back to spend her vacation on the campus with
her parents and sister Audrey.

The report has come to the editor that Lee
Stagg has recently married. After being graduated
from the College of Medical Evangelists this
month, he will intern in Portland, Oregon.

Ruby Johnson entertained her mother, Mrs. D. S.
Johnson, her sister Frankie, and little nephew
David, from May 13-16.

From sunny Louisiana came Paul Hewitt to visit
his brothers, Lawrence, Lewis, and Herbert. The
members of the band counted it a privilege to
have him as guest conductor at a concert played
for the patients at the Sanitarium.

One rainy evening, Mrs. A. D. Moore, and
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sheckler, now of Takoma Park,
Maryland, drove up and asked for lodging. Later
we found that they were on their way to Cali-
fornia. They left the next day, and took Clara
Belle Culver with them.

Miss Isabel Tarpey, of Lincoln, Nebraska, re-
cently spent a week with Dorothy Jones on the
campus.

One of the former members of the medical staff
here, Dr. Merlin Nester, was here visiting his
mother and grandmother for a short time during
the latter part of June.

Several of our members are associated with the
Junior Camp, operated by the Kentucky-Tennessee
Conference, at Avalon, Kentucky. They are Dr.
Bralliar, Lily Lane, Albert McCorkle, Miss Signe
Dyrdahl, John Robert, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph
Martin.

A former Madison student, now Dr. Angus
Treece, who has recently completed his medical
course at the College of Medical Evangelists will
arrive in Nashville around the first of July to in-
tern at the Nashville General Hospital.

All of our friends will be glad to hear that the
Madison College Post Office will be raised, on the
first of July, from a Fourth to a Third Class rating.

It is one of our pleasures to have the privilege,
from time to time, of entertaining missionaries
from many parts of the world. Our most recent
missionary visitor was Dr. C. E. Westphal, director
of the Sanatorio Adventista del Plata, Puiggari,
Argentina. Dr. Westphal has served in South
America for thirty-eight years. His father was one
of the pioneer workers. We enjoyed having him
speak to our assembly on two different occasions.

Mr. T. Irville Rush, a former student, is now
pastor of the church at Ashland, Kentucky.

The Misses Emily Brost, Audree Dierks, Augusta
Ezelle, and Frances Lausten, nurses in training,
are now affiliating at the Children's Hospital, Cin-
cinnati, Ohio. The Misses Bernice Kinzer, Julia
Klasen, Margaret Pooser, Mary Pooser, Freida
Reinholtz, and Mrs. Joseph Bischoff completed their
affiliation, and have returned to Madison
College.

Dr. D. A. Swicord, head of the Presbyterian
Mission Board in Korea, was a guest at the sani-
tarium. He spoke to the college church during
a recent Sabbath service.

Elder J. G. White has returned to the campus
after a lecture tour through neighboring states.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Graves spent two days
on the campus. Mr. Graves finished his pre-
medical course at Madison College and is a mem-
ber of the College of Medical Evangelists gradu-
ating class of '37.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Nivison, and Mr. and Mrs.
James Van Blaricum, former members of our school
body who are at present connected with the
Pewee Valley Sanitarium, have been visiting on the
campus.

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