

The Crow's Nest

By DICK WELCH

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIFE

Two hundred years before Christ, the Emperor Chin established a dictatorship over China. The builder of the Great Wall, in his zeal for a new China, ordered the burning of ancient books and manuscripts. Scholars who protested against this sacrilege were buried alive. This was considered a major tragedy and now another cruel blow is being struck at the peace-loving Chinese. The Great Wall that was so successful in keeping the Mongols out is broken through in scores of places and a more deadly foe is trampling in the dust one of the most ancient and beautiful civilizations the world has ever known.

The object of the Son of Heaven is to spread abroad Nipponese culture and influence so that all the Orient might someday be united in one common cause. Whether a country of 80,000,000 people can successfully absorb and dominate a country of 300,000,000 remains to be seen.

* * * * *

To cultivate the dictator's favor, Soviet editors began calling Josef Stalin "Our Sun." Stalin's effigy was plastered all over Moscow and his life's story enlarged in the newspapers. On every parade day, huge posters with his likeness are carried through the streets. Almost the entire country will swear by him.

All this homage to a mere man seems ridiculous and reminds one of the French revolution with its consequent bloodshed, mob-violence and exaltation of the Goddess of Person.

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If you were a radio fan on the continent of Europe, instead of tuning in on the "Hit Parade" or "Time Marches On" program you would no doubt be subjected to an intense ordeal of propaganda. Every night finds the ether filled with distorted news broadcast; nations occupied in poisoning men's minds. Instead of educating, their object is to keep the truth hidden as far as possible. There is one light in this darkness however, for the British Broadcasting Corporation has announced its intention of broadcasting the truth in form of straight news, and in several different languages. It is a real privilege to live in a country that is not ruled by some neurotic demagogue and where a man is still permitted to do his own thinking.

* * * * *

The word *periscope* usually calls to mind the sinister picture of a half-submerged U-boat awaiting its unwary, defenseless prey, but scientists have used this instrument to a much better purpose. By use of an inverted periscope with a tiny electric bulb, it is possible to study in detail the growth of plants.

"A great heart and a great mind has no room for memory of a wrong."

Dr. Bralliar Outlines Plan for Remodeling Chapel

As those of our readers who have visited Madison in recent years already know, we have outgrown our chapel. What to do about the matter has been a problem for the past two years.

Three years ago when we realized that we must enlarge the library, several thought it would be well to use the old chapel for a library and build a church large enough to accommodate all students and Sabbath visitors and to hold our chapel exercises in it. But when we came to consider the matter, it was found that this would cost much more than to build a library and it would never be as satisfactory. We moved into our new library over a year ago, but this did not settle our chapel problem.

After much consideration, it was decided to remove the partition between the old library reading room and the auditorium of the chapel, and the partitions between the chapel and the two classrooms at the rear. By doing this and moving the rostrum back into the old library wall, we would have ample room for five hundred good theater chairs in the main auditorium. Then, by removing another partition, it was possible to make a room in the southwest wing that would be large enough for fifty or more seats. By putting a sliding partition between this and the pulpit, this room need

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Mountain Pastor Tells of Work in Highlands

The rediscovery of a land and a people looms as a challenge for America to produce pioneers who will once more grapple with the forces of nature and free six million people from their mountain fastnesses of poverty and hardship.

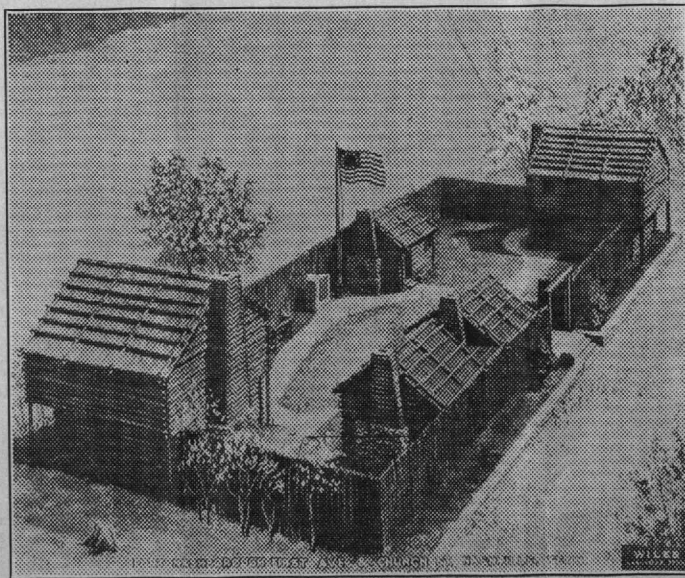
Such was the message of the Friday evening hour, December 17, given here by Edwin E. White, Congregationalist pastor of the Pleasant Hill Community Church, Pleasant Hill, Tennessee.

During this short hour the speaker presented the history of these highland dwellers, their geographical situation, and their present problems. An appeal to doctors, nurses, and teachers to respond to the needs of an isolated people who have neither means to secure medical care nor access to schools for education, stirred the hearts of many to intensify their preparation here so that they may be better able to answer the call of this Southern district.

Rev. White's work as a leader of extension work in religion and social service for the welfare of the Appalachian highland region enables him to present with force and authority the wants and needs of the mountain people. His book, "Highland Heritage" gives a most interesting presentation of the Southern mountain problem. Mr. White is also the author of "The Story of Missions" and of a book on Presbyterian missions called "Our Church and the Spread of the Kingdom."

Episodes of Frontier Life Centered Around Log Fort

Near the heart of Nashville's business district and on the bluff overlooking the Cumberland River, stands a replica of Fort Nashborough, as it was in 1780. General James Robertson, with seven white men and one negro, established his headquarters near the French Lick. Here they built a fort, laid off their fields and planted corn.



FORT NASHBOROUGH

This fort, as Mrs. Robertson found it when she arrived in the late spring of 1780, consisted of a log enclosure, two blockhouses, and three cabins. This was to be her future home, and her protection from all the dangers of the untried forest of what is now termed "Middle Tennessee." She must depend on the produce of the few small fields and the game brought down in the woods to furnish the food and necessary articles of clothing for her family as the supply brought with them diminished.

From time to time different articles of furniture were added to make the cabins more comfortable and to help manufacture some of the necessities of life. A few of these were brought over the long water route down the Holston, down the Tennessee, up the Ohio, and up the Cumberland Rivers to this frontier post of homes and civilization; but many were fashioned with ax and jack-knife from the trees growing up to the edge of the small cornfields.

On April 2, 1781, about a year after the "Adventure" had brought

Sanitarium Group Meet in Celebration

On the Wednesday evening before Christmas, a happy group of patients and nurses mingled around a beautifully decorated Christmas tree in the sanitarium parlor. Gay lights, presents beneath the tree, and a musical program conducted by Mrs. Goodge, helped to make a pleasant evening for those who had to spend their Christmas away from home. Miss Roberta Harvey, surgical supervisor, played the role of Santa Claus and distributed comical and useful presents. The serving of refreshments took up part of the evening, and the program ended with everyone wishing everyone else a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

the wives and children of the men to the fort, the Battle of the Bluffs was fought. A band of Cherokee Indians had been in ambush near-by the night before, and early in the morning they slipped out, fired at the fort, and ran. The pioneers considered this a challenge to fight, and after much consideration twenty of them rode out of the fort in pursuit of the Indians. Before they had gone very far the Indians turned to fight. As the white men dismounted

to make a stand they were fired upon from ambush. The horses, of course, ran off, passing near the gate of the fort with most of the Indians after them trying to head them off.

Mrs. Robertson, along with the rest of the inmates of the stockade, was watching proceedings, and at the opportune time released a pack

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Senior's Present Moving Pictures

The Seniors are beginning to function as a class. It was first noticed when posters were seen on the campus advertising that the motion picture "Life and Times of George Washington" was to be presented by the Seniors in the Rotunda on December 28. Everybody, of course, wanted to help the Seniors by paying the small entrance fee and everyone wanted to see the picture, so the Rotunda was filled to capacity.

The film depicted the life of the Father of our Country from the cradle to his death. He was seen as a young surveyor in the wilderness, a soldier under Braddock, and as Chief Commander of the American forces, driving to a successful conclusion the rebellion against Great Britain. Highlights in the picture were the famous ride of Paul Revere, the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The audience felt like cheering with the people of the picture when Washington was elected first president of the United States and succeeded in unifying the colonies.

It's all right to "keep your feet on the ground," but be careful they don't get stuck in it.

Winter Quarter Opens With Much Activity

Resolutions are Again Expressed by Students

The first few days of 1938 proved to be quite important ones to the residents of Madison College. Students returning from vacations, new students, and the usual hustling and bustling occasioned by registration could be seen all during the day of the third. There seemed to be in the air a feeling of excitement and expectancy. Groups of students gathered around the bulletin boards in an attempt to select classes and arrange their programs for the following quarter. The business office was crowded with young people making financial arrangements for another term of classwork. Reunited friends gathered in groups on the campus.

A popular topic of conversation seemed to be last quarter's grades. Everywhere one could hear comments on various marks, and almost invariably these would be accompanied by remarks showing a strong determination to study more thoroughly and accomplish more in the ensuing quarter.

So, it may be said that Madison College has begun the New Year right, with a new quarter, a new chance to do bigger and better things, and a new determination to accomplish more during this year.

Elder F. C. Gilbert Talks on Sanctuary

We were especially privileged to have as guest and speaker for several days, Elder F. C. Gilbert, of the Home Missions Department of the General Conference. Elder Gilbert spoke to the school family at the regular evening chapel services. The theme of his talks was the absorbing subject of the sanctuary service and its important place in this present age. Perhaps no living individual is better equipped to present this topic. For many years he has labored in behalf of the Jewish people. As a youth he was educated for the rabbinical service and his knowledge of Hebrew history, tradition, and custom is profound indeed. The acceptance of Christianity as a young man naturally meant complete separation from his people, but throughout the long years he has worked faithfully to present the blessed gospel and hope of salvation through Christ, to the Jews.

Elder Gilbert is the author of several books; one of the latest is "Messiah in His Sanctuary." A number of these were sold at special prices through the courtesy of the Nashville Book and Bible House.

We recognize and appreciate the timeliness of these lessons on the prophecies of Daniel and the vital question of the Sanctuary Service. On December 16, he concluded his lectures here and left for further work in Georgia. Elder Gilbert is an old friend of Madison, and we wish him godspeed in all his endeavors.

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Editor-in-chief.....JOSEPH H. BISCHOFF
Business manager.....FRANK E. JUDSON

Associate editor.....JUNE BENDER Associate editor.....RICHARD WELCH
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Proofreader.....EVA RUTH MARLEY
Stenographers.....AUDREY HILL
ANNIS HILLIARD

Activities of other Colleges from the Plains to the sea

"Two percent of the people do the thinking for the remaining 98 percent and you are a part of the 2 percent." Dr. William F. Quillian, Director of the General Board of Christian Education of the Methodist Church, South, flattered students at Birmingham Southern College.

"The educational spoon in America is handled by competent and understanding teachers but the students should do the feeding themselves." Dr. Alexis Carrel, ranking scientist, is interviewed by the Dartmouth student newspaper.

"Unemployment today constitutes the greatest threat to democracy and all democratic institutions." Dr. Paul W. Chapman, Georgia vocational guidance director, advocates widespread substitution of occupational education for traditional studies of doubtful value."

Duquesne coeds are unanimous in declaring that they would not regard a man refusing to go to war as a coward, while men students prefer to be "living cowards than dead heroes." The DUQUESNE DUKE, student publication, conducted the poll.

A "Candle Light Brigade," 250 strong, marched into the library of the University of California at Los Angeles in protest against the inadequate lighting facilities of the building.

Studying at night, they maintained, was extremely difficult by the bad light, so they had brought along their own candles to add to the illumination.

"A recent survey of 93 New York advertising agencies revealed that a little more than 20 percent preferred to train men just out of college for future executive positions—the general consensus, however, was that a man with a college background is better fitted to fulfill the creative requirements of general advertising work."

HATTIESBURG, MISS. (ACP) A shipment of new biology text-books at Mississippi State Teachers College produced some fireworks recently.

A chapter on evolution annoyed John M. Frazier, biology teacher, to the extent that he ripped out the offensive pages from 60 books.

His action, a decade after Tennessee's famous "monkey trial" renewed the evolution discussion. Mississippi fundamentalists in 1926 had enacted a law forbidding teaching or use of books which related the theory that man "ascended or descended from a lower order of animals."

The first snow in many a moon at the University of Texas at Austin, precipitated a free-for-all snow battle which took the police riot squad to break it up.

FOUR THINGS I LOVE

*Four things drain the fountain of my life
and cause to spring up in my eyes
a flood of tears:*

*A farmer's song at dusk reverberating
through these scarlet hills
and lonesome coves.*

*The staggering trust with which a baby's hand
can clasp my thumb
and cling to it.*

*A house of logs—with holly-hocks—
a tottering mother at the door
to greet her child.*

*The persistent grapple of an old man's feet
upon the hill
at summer's end.*

Mildred Davidson

The Pastor's Study

By Howard J. Welch

Before the pastor takes pen in hand to write another message for these pages the year 1937 will have gone into history. It is customary for each of us individually to make New Year's resolutions. But this time we take the privilege of suggesting some resolutions, not for individuals, but for our entire family. These suggestions grow out of a sincere feeling on the part of your pastor that we all need to come on higher ground in these particular matters. If you agree in regard to these resolutions, help to make them effective in the school and the church. Here they are. Think them over.

We are resolved: 1. To show as a school family a greater degree of reverence, and to that end we will endeavor to be more regular and punctual at all religious services and to do all in our power to preserve a quiet, worshipful attitude in the place of prayer.

2. To develop as far as lies within our power a real spirit of scholarship within our ranks, raising higher and higher both spiritual and scholastic standards.

3. To make better use of our recreational time to remembering that true recreation refreshes body, mind, and spirit, but that amusement, as has been said, is but "the idle wastage of empty hours." Therefore we shall strive to keep our recreation

on a level becoming Christian men and women and shun the cheap, silly, and degrading.

4. To spread abroad a spirit of loyalty, by our example and words making it unpopular in our midst to express words of disloyalty to our school or the principles for which it stands.

5. To encourage a spirit of good neighborliness. To let the sunshine of kindness, thoughtfulness, and sociability shine with greater warmth among us than ever before.

Will you help us make 1938 a happy and prosperous year for Madison College?

MEDICAL EVANGELISM

The twenty students who are enrolled in the Medical Evangelism course have seen the great need of bringing relief to the physical suffering of mankind and are preparing to go into this field of labor.

Since this field is large and uncrowded, thousands are afforded the opportunity to go out in this most honorable work and to be received with outstretched arms by the hungering public.

The majority of people have become awakened to the necessity of correct eating for good health. This gospel of health is a most excellent "entering wedge whereby the diseased soul may be reached." C.H., p. 535.

Have You Read?

Peace With Honour. By A. A. Milne *Midstream.* By Helen Keller

"The American nation will not be able to escape either its share of responsibility or its share of disaster, if another Armageddon brings about the disruption of civilization." Mr. Milne makes this statement in his preface to the book in which he presents war in its true light. He tears all the glamour and sentimentalism from so-called "patriotic" war expressions and propaganda. What nations choose to call "national honour," he exposes as plain selfishness.

Mr. Milne's language is so plain and forceful that even those unversed in the subject will have no difficulty in following his logic. The vein of humorous sarcasm which runs throughout the book makes the reader wonder why he ever imagined a topic such as "world peace" could be dry or uninteresting.

This is a story of one of the world's most remarkable women. She writes with wit, charm, and deep understanding of the men and women she has known—Mark Twain, Caruso, Charlie Chaplin, Alexander Graham Bell, and others. In this story of her mature years, the woman who has triumphed over the double handicap of being blind and deaf, tells of the full, fascinating years of her life.

"The book will be read in nearly all the languages known to civilization," for it contains a "wealth of experiences, a lesson of faith, and an inspiration of courage."

The Americanization of Edward Bok
An Autobiography

"Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it," was the admonition of Edward Bok's grandmother to her children. That her grandson tried to carry out that injunction is proved again and again in the story of his life.

The author writes of himself as a little Dutch boy unable to make himself understood in the America in which he was unceremoniously set down, and then as a man who, although his education was negligible and he made no pretense of style, for ten years edited a magazine that went to the largest body of American readers ever addressed by an American editor.

This comprehensive autobiography is fascinating, and those who take the time to read it will find themselves reading with interest and enthusiasm.

New Year Presents Challenge

If Aristotle, Galileo, or Newton were to come to life in our day, and if they could stand upon a high pinnacle surveying all the wonders of the modern world—the mechanical achievements, use of electricity, conquest of the air, sea, and land—what would be their reaction? They might answer that in spite of all the great progress man has made, he has failed notably in one thing—his sense of balance and self-control seems to be entirely at odds with progress in other fields. Advancement is one-sided, with the consequent inhibition of our general sense of equanimity.

The world with all its great educational centers has little to offer as a panacea for humanity's ills. The last cry of the great philosopher Goethe as he lay on his death-bed was "Light more light." Not even his brilliant mind could penetrate the settling gloom. In contrast let us view the heroic figure of the Apostle Paul, alone and unafraid on Mar's Hill, defying all the pagan gods.

Brains and genius are cheap enough compared with the rare jewel of character, and yet the latter is within the reach of all.

As we enter the new year, let us not look upon the past with remorse, or sorrow over broken dreams or disappointments, but rather look forward to the coming year as to a pleasant journey, a voyage in friendship, happiness, and self-development. The world needs upright citizens—men and women of judicial temperament and soberness. Where could we find a more propitious time or place to develop these qualities than now, at Madison?

The Mail Box

To the Editor:

After reading in your issue of December 15 a letter signed "Patriotic Student," it seems ridiculous to me that he should criticize the students as not having enough loyalty to see that an American flag should be flying from our flagpole.

He also asks why the Peptimist Club wasn't busy doing something about this lack. To this I reply.

First, inasmuch as he is one of the students, why does he not get

busy and see that a flag be presented to the school?

Second, he should attend the meetings of the Peptimist Club and find out what they are doing before he criticizes.

The Peptimist Club has asked me to take up the matter of getting a flag. I have seen the man in charge of the presentation of flags to schools, and may I ask the "Patriotic Student," when he sees the flag afloat again, to remember that the Peptimist Club was not asleep but working hard.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Derby

Fort Nashborough

(Concluded from page 1)

of fifty dogs. This so discomfited the Indians that the white men were able to get back to the fort, with two wounded, but leaving five dead.

Fort Nashborough owed its continued existence to the constant watchfulness of General James Robertson, later called the "Father of Middle Tennessee." In 1783 the Cumberland settlements were organized into Davidson County, with Nashborough as the county seat. The name was changed to Nashville in 1784 and it became the state capital in 1827.

The enclosure and houses are all made of logs pierced and splintered by many bullets. There is a great iron kettle and iron tripod in the yard near a lye-hopper made of split logs, with a small iron kettle sitting under the drain. Inside the cabins muskets, rifles, and powder-horns hang above the fireplace. Large andirons stand in the fireplace, while copper kettles and large iron skillet sit on the hearth. A coffee-mill, candle-mold, spinning-wheel, and a small loom give evidence of skill and industry.

A neat sampler hangs on the wall, a large rag-rug is on the floor, and on the tall four-poster bed is a quilt of patchwork. An old English clock stands on a shelf, and fine china dishes are arranged in their cupboard. A cradle and a high chair are among other homemade furnishings such as tables, chairs, and stools.

Fort Nashborough, as it stands today, is a memorial of the hardy pioneer men and their faithful wives who gave the best of their lives to establish and maintain what was then an outpost of civilization.

Items of Interest

In the rotogravure section of a large Sunday newspaper, there recently appeared the picture of a man in uniform surrounded by a group of school children. The caption was "School Children receive a present from government." These presents which a benevolent government was so magnanimously bestowing on its youth was in the form of weird, gargoyle-shaped gas-masks. If you could be unfortunate enough to be born several years hence, chances are you would be reared in a gas-proof, bomb-proof shelter, seeing the light of day only through some hideous piece of apparatus. Psychiatrists might be interested in the inhibitions and abnormalities such conditions would produce.

Several weeks ago Beverage Alcohol was placed on trial. The trial was held in the Baptist Temple of Philadelphia, and drew a crowd of 3,500. Dr. Howard Hyde Russel flounder, and one who helped to build the Anti-Saloon League into a powerful political force, was the prosecuting attorney. The jury of twenty returned a unanimous verdict of guilty. Dr. Russel is an old friend of Madison and we follow his great work with interest.

Christmas Eve

The age-old custom of carol singing at Christmas-time found its way to Madison again on Christmas Eve. The carolers began their tour on Dr. Sutherland's front lawn by singing the favorite of them all, "Silent Night" and ended their evening of song with "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" for the benefit of the Central Heat boys.

Many of the listeners opened their windows wide and exchanged greetings with the songsters, while others, remembering the hearty appetites of the young people, distributed candy and fruit, seeming not to mind the slightly muddy footprints left on their rugs after the carolers had gone. Such is the spirit of Christmas!

Football . . . Does It Pay? *

Frank Scully, author of the famous "Fun in Bed" books for convalescents, and known as the world's most famous shut-in has been graduated with honor, unflinching courage, and unshakable good humor from thirty hospitals, sanatoria, and clinics.

He traces his breakdown in health to his athletic excesses as a student. Once, when he was seventeen, he played three league basketball games in one day. Such activities as this in various sports led to his first major illness and landed him in a tuberculosis sanatorium. An amputation years later failed to dim his journalistic ambitions or his exhibition of fortitude and cheerfulness.

During his nonhospital career he has been a sports writer on the *New York Sun*, contributor to many magazines, a press agent collaborator on the Bernard Shaw and James J. Walker biographies, dialogue writer for British Pictures, and screen writer for Fox Films. He says, "For 25 years I've watched the annual cycle of college football . . . and as far as I can see there has been no change through the years except in the size of the box-office grosses and the number of half-backs who, by ceaseless pounding of heavy linemen, have been reduced to 'half-wits.' After careful study I have come to the conclusion that you don't have to be half-wit to be a half-back, but if you are a half-back long enough you will be."

The chief complaint most critics direct against college football is that it debauches sports-loving young Americans into paid amateurs. But that's a very superficial criticism, considering how much deeper the indictment can go.

Fortunately for the case of culture, some colleges have got on without football, and some of their students have even reached high places without ever knowing the difference between a safety and a touchback.

Nothing reminded me so forcibly of this as a banquet which I attended a few years ago at the Columbia club in New York. Columbia had been my alma mater. As an undergraduate and a class president I had started a drive in the years before the war for the restoration of college football at Columbia. They hadn't played the game there in ten years, and there were many of us still romantic enough to want college football.

I myself was among these romantics. Though I had been knocked about as a high school athlete, injuring a leg which eventually had to be amputated, I still swooned with delight at the mere mention of college football.

In the end my propaganda won and football was restored to Columbia.

At the banquet previously mentioned was the captain of the Columbia team and the star end, who was to be the team's captain the next year. These were at the speakers' table.

But the thing that shocked me was that none of the old-time football stars from Columbia were at this table. Twenty years before the football stars would have monopolized the seats of honor, but on this occasion those gathered at the speakers' table were the nobodies of 20 years ago.

I couldn't help wondering what had happened to the football heroes of my day. What discreet inquiries I made developed that this one was a chronic drunkard, that one wasn't quite bright and wasn't going out much any more, and a third nobody had heard from in years. The remaining gridiron heroes of my day had almost all been killed, within

"THIS YEAR," YOUR SHIP

God built and launched "This Year" for you;

Upon the bridge you stand.

It is your ship, aye, your own ship, And you are in command.

Just what the twelvemonth's trip will do

Rests wholly, solely, friend, with you.

Your time log, kept from day to day, My friend, what will it show?

Have you on your appointed way

Made progress—yes or no?

The log will tell, like guiding star, The sort of captain that you are.

Contrary winds may oft beset,

Mountainous seas may press,

Fierce storms prevail and false lights lure,

You e'en may know real stress.

Yet does God's hand steady the helm There's naught can e'er your ship o'erwhelm.

For weal or woe, this year is yours,

Your ship is on life's sea;

Your acts as captain must decide

Which ever it shall be.

So now in starting on your trip,

Ask God to help you sail your ship.

—George W. D'vys

a year of their graduation, trying to recapture the Morgan loans in the World War.

But research has revealed more morbid statistics, at other camps, on the subject of manufacturing half-wits.

The first time my curiosity was aroused as to what happened mentally to football players was on observing assistant coaches. These were always old players who never quite got over it, and if most of them weren't studying to be morons, they weren't studying to be Ph.D.'s either.

A dictaphone transcription of their dialogue would surely have rated them as something less than a group of Einsteins. The more I listened to them the more I was convinced of either (a) that they had no brains to begin with and must have been dragged through college on their football ability alone, or (b) that their brains had been jellied by their junior years and the college had given them assistant coaching jobs on the theory that they were industrial casualties which had to be taken care of.

The next time I was shocked in my romantic attitude toward the great college game was at Tuscon, Arizona, where one of my friends—a fellow cougher—was Charlie Barrett. He had been All-American quarterback at Cornell and captain of the 1916 unbeaten team. I wasn't shocked half so much by the sight of this athlete being used as a battleground between tuberculosis bacilli and their anti-bodies as I was by the fact that he told me six members of the championship 1916 squad had also broken down with tuberculosis. Barrett's confession was the greatest mass indictment of varsity football I had run into up to that time.

"But I guess," said Charlie philosophically, "that's better than walking on their heels."

At the time I didn't quite get the significance of that remark, and I never did get it out of Charlie, as not long afterward he died.

I got the significance much later on the Pacific Coast when I was able to observe a Coast championship team in action in the Rose Bowl. Of the three stars in the backfield, all named on one All-American team or another, subsequently one broke his neck in his last season and therefore missed his chance of ending a complete stumble-back; the second ended his undergraduate days walking on his heels;

and the third was so punch-drunk from too much football that he could see no way out except by playing more football, either as a professional or as an assistant coach.

Coaching this pathetic trinity was an all-time American fullback claimed by his coach, who had coached no end of stars, to be the greatest football player who ever lived.

To show you how fast the all-time All-American's intelligence had run down, I need only to cite a sample of his thinking at the beginning of his football career, and compare it with his mental inertia a dozen years later.

Our Hero, six feet tall, weighing 200 pounds, a terrific line plunger but not too fast a sprinter, was behind his own goal line, all set to punt out of danger. His center got off a bad pass. The ball bounded crazily many yards off to the right. Our Hero started after it.

In the opposing line was the fastest player on the West Coast. He also started for the ball, and in a few strides more would have passed Our Hero.

Also in the race, but quite out of it up to this point, was another back on Our Hero's team.

Our Hero made a split-second decision. He knew he couldn't beat his opponent to the ball in a straight race, so he dived in front of the opponent and took him out of the play. That left the field clear to his teammate, who retrieved the ball and saved the day.

When you consider the general hysteria of an enormous crowd, the fact that if the ball was recovered by the opposition it meant a touch-down, and the human desire to get the ball at any cost, you will get some ideas of how smart Our Hero's thinking was in this particular play.

But here's the sad sequel to such a brilliant beginning. By the time he was a senior his brains had been so knocked about that it was impossible to get him through his final exams even with all the king's ponies and all the king's men. It was decided by the coaches and faculty to let him stay on as an assistant coach, and maybe he could "bone up enough" in time to slip the nooses off his various conditions.

But unfortunately he played some professional football betweentimes, and as a result got dumber and dumber. Finally, in a desperate attempt to stop this rapid descent into the maelstrom of "stumble-backery," they stopped his professional football altogether and gave him a job as full-time coach. He has been trying now for 12 years to get the credits for his degree, and is further away now than he was when he started.

To get back to these three All-Americans Our Hero coached on that championship West Coast team, the most outstanding case history among modern-day stumble-backs was in this group. He was a half-back we will call Joe Doakes.

Joe came to college a great baseball player, able in addition to sprint a hundred yards in 9.7 seconds. He was so fast and so good that in high school he had got an offer, to play professional baseball. But the college topped the offer, so he became an amateur football player instead. He was a fine student to begin with, a logical and convincing debater.

Though he could run a hundred yards under ten seconds when he entered college, today he couldn't make up what's left of his mind in that time. Though he began as a fine student and debater, today he doesn't know his elbow from his elbow.

Picked as an All-American in his sophomore year, Joe went downhill each succeeding season. But football experts are reluctant to admit

Remodeling Chapel

(Concluded from page 1)

not be used except in case of emergency, but when the partition is opened, those seated in this room have a good view of the platform and will be able to hear as well as those in the main auditorium.

It was finally decided to make all these changes, including altering the ceiling to make it all of uniform height, and the inclining of the floor from the rear so that those in front may have no difficulty in seeing the platform.

Enough money has been raised to make these changes and the work is going rapidly forward, but it is now necessary to raise money to buy five hundred chairs.

After much investigation, we have finally located just the chairs we want. They are almost identical with those used in seating the new chapel at Pacific Union College. They were purchased new about six months ago at a cost of \$6.50 each at the factory. For some reason, the purchaser decided that he must have a different type of chair to meet his needs, and as it is difficult to sell this type of chair except to institutions, he was willing to let us have five hundred of them at the surprisingly low rate of \$1.75 each, laid down here. Those who have examined these chairs carefully say that they look like absolutely new chairs and have not been injured in any way.

We are asking our readers, and especially our former students and their parents, to come to our rescue and pay for one or more of these chairs. If all of our readers will respond to this call, no one need put out very much, and the chairs will be paid for. Will you not respond to this call either by sending a check or writing that you will make a donation so that we will know where the money is coming from? The Conference has very kindly helped us to remodel the chapel. Will you help us purchase the chairs?

FLOYD BRALLIAR

either that they have made a mistake or that men so young can deteriorate physically and mentally so fast. So they kept picking Joe as an All-American.

One player had so pulverized his native mentality that in his final year he was in fact so affected that he was making flying tackles at his fraternity brothers.

Fortunately for what remained of his sanity, instead of landing on his head on the sidewalk, he always landed on his knee instead. That put his knee so completely out of commission that he's never been able to walk like a normal man since.

So much for latter-day All-Americans.

The earlier ones, frequently breaking down with tuberculosis, rarely exhibited themselves as advanced cases of stumble-backs; but the present-day crop, what with the progress the medical profession has made in cutting down the death-rate from tuberculosis have a better chance to go through life tackling imaginary opponents, or viciously kicking the nearest pedestrian in the groin whenever they hear a cop's whistle.

In 20 years the only change one can see between the championship teams of 1916 and those of today is that the present-day football stars are knocked about the head so much that, when they break down later with some disease, their minds are so anesthetized that they are spared the mental anguish which normal patients have to endure.

*Editors Note: This article is condensed from a similar one appearing in the *Campus Chronicle* of November 18. Its timeliness has influenced the Staff to present it to our students.

North East West South

Announcing!

Wayne Boynton

Born December 13

Weight 7 lbs. 5 oz.

This boy belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Gerry Boynton.

Miss Bernice Hiner was surprised to have her mother, brother, and sister drive here from Oklahoma to take her to Texas for her vacation.

The janitors have been putting in long hours waxing school floors during vacation. "Watch your step" might be a good slogan until the first slickness wears off.

Winafred Rushing, Miss DeGraw's stenographer, has returned to work after a few weeks' illness. Georgia Sutherland has been assisting with that work during Winafred's absence.

Professor Sidney Smith, of La Sierra Junior College, gave a very encouraging message at vespers on Christmas Eve.

Professor and Mrs. Leland Straw spent a few days in Michigan recently. Old friends were glad to see Ronald Straw when he returned with them to spend his vacation at Madison.

Miss Ruth Frye, a member of our faculty for the past two years, is attending the University of California at Los Angeles, where she is working toward a degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Mr. Byron Steele recently received a diploma from the American Registry of X-ray Technicians, granting him a degree of R.T. in X-ray. That he is digging a cellar under his new home with pick and shovel shows the versatility of our laboratory and X-ray technician.

One of the founders of the Paradise Valley Sanitarium and Hospital, Dr. T. S. Whitelock, spoke at the Young People's meeting on Christmas Day, relating some of his early experiences in Georgia thirty-seven years ago, when there was only one Seventh-day Adventist in the whole state. He inspired those present with his presentation of the thought that each one of us should dedicate himself more completely to the service of God.

The latest graduates of our high school recently mailed out the third issue of their class letter "Thirty-Seven."

Professor Jacobsen's reports show that eighty applications for Christmas vacations were filed with him. This exodus was most apparent at Kinne Kitchen during noon hours.

Ralph Moore, who is working on his M. S. at Vanderbilt University, spent one day of his vacation correcting physics papers here. The reason for this unique way of spending part of a vacation is the fact that Ralph is majoring in physics.

California seems to have lured the Matthews family during the holidays. We are sure they are having a delightful time. We are glad to welcome back Mrs. E. C. Jacobsen, who has just returned from a visit to California.

Witness the modern milkman in Charles Derby! He starts his daylight saving route at 9 A.M. and finishes by 11:00. He feels that he can thus economize on his alarm clock, and on the flashlight that would be needed for early morning hours.

Mr. and Mrs. Nivison, formerly of Madison and now of Pewee Valley, Kentucky, were welcome visitors during the Christmas holidays. They came to visit their son, Mark, who is a junior in college.

While on a recent trip to southern California Roger Goodge reports having seen and visited the following persons who have been Madison students or faculty members.

Seen at Loma Linda

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Styre
Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Moore
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cummings
Willis and Eleanor Dick
Lyle and Marie Herrmann
Robert and Fannie Kellar
Miss Ruth Frye
Albert Dittes
Joseph and Ruth Karlick
Willis and Ruth Baughman
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Standish and daughters, Venessa and Juanita
John Toppenberg
Miss Genevieve Alexander
Herbert Henken

Seen in Los Angeles:

Kenneth and Cleo Sherriff
La Mont and Alice Yeager
George and Louise Schumacher
Mr. and Mrs. Other Speaker
Cletis Hanahan
Charles Stuart
Wayne McFarland
John Solomon
Howard Cookson

Wedding Bells

Bogar—Thomas. A quiet wedding at the home of Elder Welch on the evening of December 18 united Mr. Harold Bogar and Nina Thomas, affectionately known to students as "Ma." After a reception at the Welch home, they were Florida-bound for a two weeks' stay in the land of sunshine.

Marshall—Beck. Frank Marshall and Katherine Beck, former students, were married on the evening of December 26, at the home of Katherine's sister in Birmingham, Alabama. A group from the college attended the wedding.

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Nashville, Tennessee

Several 1938 Jubilee Plymouths have recently taken their place on the Madison campus.

This car, Walter S. Wilson says, "is the greatest car Chrysler has ever built." To satisfy everyone that this is so he invites all to take the most sensational ride they ever had in a low price car.

Mr. Wilson is the Madison College representative for Amqui Garage, Amqui.

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