

The Pentimist Crier

Volume V

Madison College, Tennessee, November 3, 1938

Number 1

Madison Host to Kentucky-Tenn. Teachers

A FRESHMAN SPEAKS

By L. MENEKER

College graduates are a plentiful crop. They cluster thickly around our employment bureaux and relief stations. Among this bewildering crop there are comparatively few, in my opinion, to whom the word "educated" can be justly applied. For education is infinitely more than superficial veneer. Long ago we chose education as a symbol of the harmonious development of the physical, mental, and spiritual powers, and around her pedestal we have hurled innumerable associations. For us, education is truly the keeper of the mysteries and the appeaser of many hungers.

In America today we are on short rations, starving for genuine education. We breed an apparently endless supply of graduates for the most menial jobs. But too often, these graduates are shallow, thin-souled creatures, spiritually anemic and intellectually underdone. Quite bluntly, our large universities' ideals of education are characterless, skin-deep, and as two dimensional as a postage stamp. Their lives, utterances and ideals are utterly lacking in significance. Thus, education is externally decorative, but inwardly a bleak and sterile vacuum.

There are, however, some students whom I contemplate with the greatest of admiration. These students follow the true lines of education—physically, mentally, and spiritually. Their lives are motivated with the spirit of Christian service. The principles of truth, integrity, honor, and purity are theirs.

Madison College provides the opportunity for each and everyone of us to receive, not only intellectual, but spiritual power, and contributory manual skills. Madison is by tradition and prevailing purpose dedicated to the ideals of Christian education.

Here the privilege of association with men of high ideals is ours.

Here the ability to sustain ourselves like the people of Israel, by tilling the soil, or in some mechanical employment is ours. As in Israel, we believe that a knowledge of practical life is essential. To grow up in ignorance of useful labor is sinful.

Here, too, the true "higher education" can be achieved. The true "higher education" is that imparted by Him with whom "is wisdom and strength," out of whose mouth "cometh knowledge and understanding."

Freshmen, let us take up the torch. Let us carry out the objectives of this institution. Let us consecrate ourselves in service to Him. For then, and only then, will the riches of true education and the power to discern and to appropriate these treasures be ours.

There are persons so radiant, so genial, so kind, so pleasure-bearing, that you instinctively feel in their presence that they do you good, who coming into a room is like the bringing of a lamp there.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Harvest Ingathering Field Day Held FRESHMAN WEEK

To be a freshman is majestic. Many unforgettable memories were had by all freshmen of the class of '42, memories of incidents which occurred during the week specially arranged for us. Tuesday, September 27, we had the great honor and privilege of informally meeting with our president, Dr. E. A. Sutherland, and his eminent staff of co-workers, our faculty. Dr. Sutherland delivered a most beneficial talk on how our institution was founded. We were reminded of the purpose for our school, self-supporting missionary work. If our imaginations moved along with his words we saw a picture of our admirable Miss DeGraw feeding chickens or a building at different points beginning to form our beautiful campus.

Gaily colored signs stating the different places we hail from attracted our attention in chapel on Wednesday night. Approximately forty-six states and seven foreign countries were represented with Tennessee leading and Florida and Texas close behind. During this assembly we enjoyed the short yet fully covered orations of our noble professors. Each included in his address the important details which we shall expect to find in his individual subject. Our Student Government very generously welcomed us on Thursday evening. Our seating arrangement was according to the year of college we are in; we freshmen overloaded our section. Each member of our Student Government briefly outlined what his duties

are. One of our upper classmen, Charles Hanzel, amused us with a clever imitation of Professor Quiz. Unexpected questions were ventured to everybody in the audience; unique answers aroused the assembly to a merry mood.

At the regular Vesper Hour on Friday evening we underwent a most satisfactory Praise Service. We could not help being moved spiritually from the presentation of Elder Welch's very worth-while sermon. Offering of testimonies by many of our students closed this restful service. We awakened on a beautiful Sabbath morning to attend our regular Sabbath School and Church services. Elder Howard H. Russell gave the sermon to the large congregation. As usual our choir sang a special song.

Our reception on Saturday evening was composed of many enjoyable minutes. A talk by Dr. Sutherland, and Mrs. Sutherland, poems read by Mrs. Wallace, songs by Mrs. Goodge accompanied by our orchestra, speeches made by our Student Government president, Holady Neafus, and a new freshman from Pennsylvania, Elaine Fichter, were included in this program and each received much applause. Freshman Week for the class of '42 closed with a hearty welcome from our faculty. Although we are referred to as "green" freshmen, we wouldn't mind experiencing another week of pleasure such as our faculty and upper classmen gave us during this past week.

Auction Climaxes Annual Event

Tuesday, October 18, dawned with the beauty and freshness of a typical fall morning in Tennessee. Why was it a beautiful day? Don't you know? It was Harvest Ingathering Field Day. The weather man had promised us rain, but the good Master who quieted the tempest on the stormy Sea of Galilee, once again raised His hand and the elements remained quiet. It was truly a wonderful day, with the sun shining forth in all its glory. The rain did not come Tuesday, but waited until the harvest was home and then came Wednesday.

Our story really starts with Monday night when we held a rally for the Field Day. The evening's program started with some lively march numbers by the Madison College band under the direction of Professor Leland Straw. The music enthused the crowd and all readily entered into the spirit of the occasion. Elder McClure, the Missionary Secretary of the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference, gave a rousing talk on the development of our mission work throughout the world. Later, he gave instruction on how to promote the work.

Tuesday morning, shortly after seven o'clock about one hundred students and faculty members loaded into about twenty cars and started forth to reap the harvest. Using Nashville as a base, the cars went out for about fifty miles in every direction from the city. Highways,

Professors Russel And Libby Are Main Speakers

The elementary school teachers and the intermediate instructors in the church schools of the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference of Seventh-day Adventists held their annual institute in the Demonstration building, Oct. 12 to 15.

Professor C. A. Russell, Educational Secretary for the Southern Union Conference and Professor R. H. Libby, Educational superintendent for the local conference led out in the discussions and institute activities. Mrs. Grace E. Green, Normal Director at Southern Junior College was present and gave pertinent advice. Miss E. Clyde Williams represented the Palmer Method Penmanship people and presented helpful aids to teachers.

As a result of the teachers institute, the first ever held on the Madison campus, and the revealed need for more and better trained church school teachers, Madison College is planning to enlarge its curriculum to meet the needs of the field. A summer training course for teachers is to be offered. This will provide opportunity for those students who wish to enter the teaching field to do so with more adequate preparation than they would normally possess. The summer session is to be somewhat of the nature of a glorified Teachers Institute, with demonstration school, and practice teaching and observation as some of the featured offerings of the course.

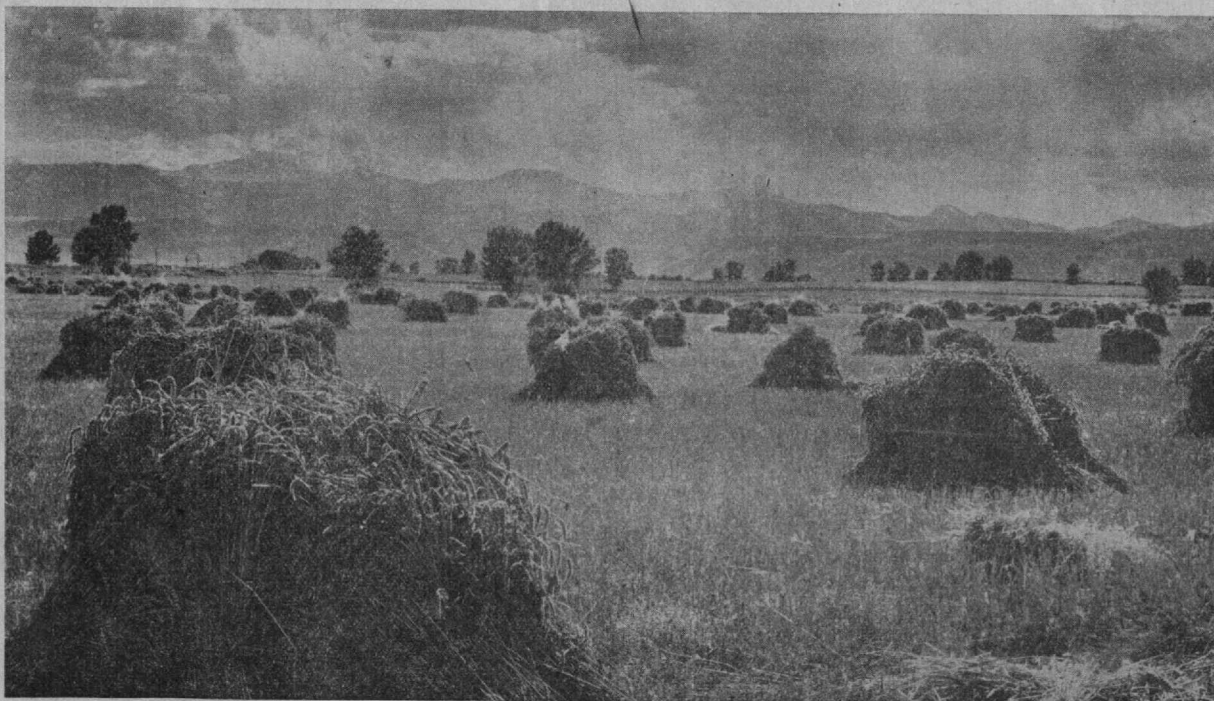
The Management of Madison College has invited the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference to hold its teachers institute on the campus again next year. The teachers and workers united in expressing their appreciation for the cordial hospitality accorded them by the faculty and students of the college.

Among the highlights of the Institute were addresses given by Miss M. Bessie DeGraw, "Professional Improvement of Teachers"; "Making the Normal Course More Practical," by President E. A. Sutherland; "Spiritualizing the School Program," by C. A. Russell, "Creating Budding Naturalists," by Dr. Floyd Bral-liar.

Many other topics were presented by representatives both from the conference and Madison. Demonstrations and talks were followed by open periods in which the groups asked questions and made suggestions or additions to the material presented. Teachers were urged to raise questions and gain all possible assistance from the person leading in the discussion.

The final meeting of the institute consisted of an entertainment presented jointly by the college student body and the visiting teachers. "Professor Quiz," Mrs. Larson, Professor Russell, the Madison Ensemble, "The International Round," and other numbers were presented for the entertainment of a large audience in the Demonstration Building Auditorium.

WE THANK THEE



*We thank Thee, O Father, for all
that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars
of the night,
The flowers of our youth and the
fruits of our prime,
And the blessings that march down
the pathway of time.*

*We thank Thee, O Father, for days
yet to be;
For hopes that our future will call
us to Thee.
Let all our eternity form, through
Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the Man-
sions above.*

—Will Carleton

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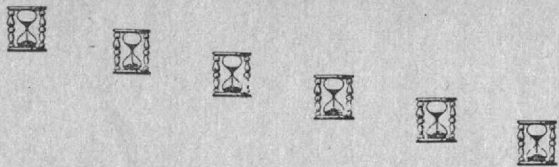
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Time Marches On

Another year has come and with it come the opportunities that every school year offers. It is with anticipation we look on the pleasures that await us in the different activities of the campus. Do we recognize that the more we enter into things the more we enjoy life? What satisfaction does the indolent, slothful person receive—one who notices not what happens unless it is to pass a critical comment on the works of his fellow students?

I'm sure we're starting out with a purpose, not to be lost nor thwarted by a few obstacles. The main thing is not to lose our vision. We all want to make a success of our school paper. There is only one way to do it — *everyone cooperate*. In order for a student publication to be a success, it is necessary to have the help of the students. With your help we can plan a good future for our paper.

* * * * *

As the paper goes to press with a new skipper at the helm, we wish to give the retiring editor a few bouquets. Joe Bischoff, graduate nurse of the September '37 class, turned out an interesting paper. We looked forward to each edition and discussed it, sometimes pro and sometimes con.

Joe, as we take over, we say "Thanks for what you've done to establish the Peptimist Crier." And we only hope we can equal your record.

The Pastor's Study

by Howard J. Welch

Recently several campus residents were discussing a certain problem that had arisen on the campus. One of them said, "Well, that thing must be stopped; we had better make a rule against it." Another replied, "What good would a rule do unless it were enforced?" Another, joining in said, "The best plan is to get people to thinking right and you will need neither the rule nor the enforcement of it."

Most rules are made because someone doesn't think straight. If we all lived as true loyal Christians, about the only laws necessary would be those defining the program as to when, where, and how all might cooperate for the good of the group. The fellow who loves his neighbor as himself needs no monitor to tell him to turn off his radio when his neighbor wants to sleep. The man or woman with a true spirit of loyalty doesn't need the campus patrol to keep him from conduct unbecoming a student in a Christian college.

He who grumbles about rules and resents the presence of a monitor either is ignorant of the true prin-

ciples of government or is wilfully disloyal to the community in which he resides. If the latter is true he should either get a new heart or else move on to a society more to his liking. It is not likely that his presence will be greatly missed and he will be more happy elsewhere.

True self-government arises from a love for truth that constrains and guides the possessor of that love to good, noble, and generous deeds. No amount of legalism can ever replace this constraining power. Any one who is obedient to right laws because he is afraid of being caught has not yet learned the kindergarten lessons in self-government. May every student of Madison College be loyal to the principles of right and truth and be a real missionary in helping others to find the way of truth through Christ, who demonstrated the value of that love that constrains men to righteousness. Jesus taught and lived the principles of true Christian democracy. He is our example. Are you following in His steps?

HOWARD J. WELCH

Construction Gotzian Home Being Remodeled

There's a poem that starts something like this:

Early in the morning, 'bout half-past four
I pull on my pants and sneak out the door. . . .

Well, we don't get up at four, but we are in full swing by six. Our department worship starts at six-thirty and a half-hour has just thirty minutes. We make a grand rush for breakfast and then head for work. We always feel better on construction after we spend the first ten minutes in Bible study and prayer. We feel we have divine protection against the many dangers in the building trade.

And then the hammers and saws sing out the rhythmic tune of "Men Working." We are also learning the use of the square and level scribe and rule. "Accuracy first, then speed" is our motto. We are taught by our leader that our work should be an education, while it is also a means of obtaining education. While Mr. Gorich is showing us how to be accurate, the girls are urging us to speed. Now that we are putting in the doorways between the old portion of the dormitory and the new one, we are having numerous visitors from among the fair sex as they are anxious for their new rooms. (Perhaps you would be too if there were anywhere up to six of you in one room!)

We have a common saying on our job, "You can always tell when it's 10:30 for then you think it's noon." But after all, noon does come even in the longest days. By mutual consent we drive no more nails after the dinner bell rings.

The afternoon is here. We must work a little harder this afternoon or we won't get the closet done in that last room. Here come the girls again to find out our progress and to demand the early completion of their rooms. 'Tis five minutes until five when we hear the quickly obeyed command, "Close the windows. Put away the tools." A hot and cold shower will have us ready for supper and chapel to follow.

As we rapidly disperse, someone remarks, "Don't worry about working yourself out of a job. When this is finished we can start the new women's treatment room at the sanitarium." Yes, the construction department will always be busy at Madison.

Jail Band Activities

The Jail Band was begun Sabbath, October 8, after having been discontinued for some time. This missionary band, under the leadership of Herbert Hewitt, will visit the county jail each Sabbath afternoon, with gospel songs and spiritual talks. The Jail Band has been of great service to the prisoners in the past and already fruit has been realized. The band is looking forward to a bright future in gospel service.

The Jail Band is only one of several other groups of Missionary Volunteers who go out each Sabbath. The Sunshine Band visits the crippled children's home. The Literature Band distributes three or four hundred tracts each week. Many Bible studies and gospel meetings have been held as a result.

The M. V.'s are carrying on progressive classes in Friends, Companions, Comrades, and Master Comrades. An investiture service is being planned for the first of the year.

A University of Georgia fact-finder has estimated that students spend 21,000 hours a year standing in lines during registration periods.

AFTERWHILE

J. W. RILEY

*Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends—
To walk with them, in the hush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields and stand
Long at parting, hand in hand.
One, in time, will joy to take
New resolves for someone's sake,
And wear then the love that lies
Clear and pure in other eyes—
He will soothe and reconcile
His own conscience—afterwhile.*

*Oh, the endless afterwhiles!—
Leagues on leagues, and miles on miles.*

*In the distance far withdrawn,
Stretching on, and on, and on
'Till the fancy is foot sore
And faints in the dust before
The last milestone's granite face,
Hacked with: Here Beginneth Space.
O far glimmering worlds and wings,
Mystic smiles and beckonings,
Lead us through the shadowy aisles,
Out into the afterwhiles.*

Library Adds New Books

There is something so fascinating about new books, their bright, artistic jackets, their colorful bindings and just the feel of them as we turn the leaves, that it has made us want to sit down and read all sixty of the shiny new volumes that we have received at the library, during the past few weeks. In fact the greatest problem is to decide just which ones to select to read first.

With all the discussions of peace and war and with all the conflicts that are going on in Europe and Asia, most of us would perhaps be interested in Bisson, "Japan in China," Tobenkin, "The Peoples Want Peace" and Jacks, "Cooperation or Coercion." As college students, we would find a great deal to help us in our problems while in school, in Lloyd, Jones and Smith, "The Student Personnel Program," Cabot, "Honesty," Jones, "The Education of Youth of Leadership," Bell, "Youth Tell Their Story," and Hand, "Campus Activities." For those who feel the importance of the confused economic conditions of today, there are Babson, "The Folly of Instalment Buying," and Denison, Filene and Others, "Toward Full Employment." In the collection, there are books on many phases of psychology, all the way from Rhine's "New Frontiers of the Mind," which gives the Duke University experiments in extra-sensory perception, to Seashore's, "Psychology of Music." Those whose interests run to science or literature have not been neglected and even those who want to improve their business letter writing or who want to take an "arm chair" travel journey can find books to their liking.

Sketches from a Freshman's Diary

10/20/38 It's a perfect October evening. I wish I could describe it. But I will remember it whenever I read this reminder.

It's the atmosphere that's unique. Of course, there's a bright blue ship, and white clouds, and russet flora, and a golden sunset, but these are different only as they are bathed in the clean, cool, spicy, crisp, snappy air. It's a night to go a-hiking with your true love; it's a gala day, or a day for adventure.

My adventure is from Gotzian Home to Druillard Library. That seems no adventure at all except that I walk through October; so, on my way.

Let X equal the Unknown Freshman

Missionary Volunteer Society

What about your Missionary Volunteer Society?

Are you a member?

If not, why not?

Come be a member. It means to serve; to serve means to develop leadership of the highest order. The college Missionary Volunteer Society is not only an enjoyable place to spend your Sabbath afternoon, but it is also a most profitable place.

If by any chance you could not be at last week's M. V. meeting, ask your friends what it was all about, and plan to be with the rest of us for the following programs. It is the aim of the M. V. Program Committee to present such topics of current interest as "What Is Wrong With the Movies," "Is There Anything Wrong With Dancing?" "Life's Greatest Adventure," and many other such interesting topics.

Your Society needs you and you need your Society. Check with your older friends if you will. Ask them where they received their earliest and most valuable training for public work and Christian leadership. I have not gone to any of them to place the answers in their hands. However, I am confident of the replies you will receive. We learn to do by doing.

Some have asked me recently if church membership is a requirement for enlisting in this army of missionary workers. I am glad to say that the only requirement to join this Society is that you be willing to do and learn to do better work for your fellow man.

The interesting part about our Society is that we are not wasting a lot of time in preparing to do missionary work, but we actually are getting the work done while we are learning to do it better. Each Sabbath afternoon about two o'clock, the Missionary Volunteer Society meets in its various bands and goes out to the neighboring towns to help in any way it can to make this world a better place in which to live.

Make your M. V. Society a part of your weekly program.

It has been well spoken that "we better not be than be nothing."

So, be an M. V. and be happy.

Younger Set Shows Enthusiasm

If we senior students had the enthusiasm and zest of the junior boys and girls in this Harvest Ingathering Campaign, I am sure much more would be accomplished.

Last Sunday evening, October 9, 1938, these children, under the leadership of Mrs. Ard and Mr. Mathews, went to the little town of Goodlettsville. They arrived there about seven-thirty and by nine o'clock had collected five dollars and seventy cents by their song and solicitation. And what singing! Ear never heard more vim and vigor put into song than was put into some of these. Off-pitch, sometimes, no doubt, but straight from the heart and appreciated, too.

This year so far, these boys and girls have gathered twenty-seven dollars, over one-third of their goal of seventy-five dollars. Good work, Juniors; keep it up!

"Every college student today should learn whatever he can from teachers, courses, and books about human relationships. They are far more important just now than the control of nature, for if we lost control of ourselves, nature would quickly go wild again. But no college student can shift his responsibility on to books and science. He has to find out for himself how human relationships work for him." Dr. Henry Seidel Canby urges more attention on human living.

Harvest Ingathering Have You Seen?

sideways, villages and cities were canvassed. It may be truly stated that on that day, Madison shed her light over a large portion of Tennessee. Everyone went forth armed with courage, papers, and their noon-day lunch. The spirit was one of joy, and the results were most gratifying.

Experiences were varied and vitally interesting. An experience meeting was held at the chapel hour on Wednesday night to give all an opportunity to tell of their work. Many were the stories that were related of people giving until it hurt. Surely the power of God touched the hearts of the people and they opened their pocketbooks and their storehouses. The cars came back loaded down with produce. The following are examples of the results: One car returned with twenty dollars in cash; another, with twelve dollars in cash, eight pumpkins, one and one-half bushels of sweet potatoes, forty-two quarts of fruit and vegetables and one and one-half dozen eggs. These are just a few examples of the bountiful harvest that the reapers returned to the granary.

Not one of those who had a part this year will fail to take part next year. The group voted to an individual that they would all work again next year. They each gained a rich blessing which more than amply repaid them for their expended energy.

The produce was auctioned off on Saturday night, October 22. The results of the auction showed a return of over thirty dollars from the sale of produce. This thirty dollars added to the one hundred and twenty-five dollars taken in on Field Day made a grand total of one hundred and fifty-five dollars for the day's work.

Brother Mathews deserves much credit for the promotion of Harvest Ingathering this year. His untiring efforts have made the campaign successful to date. At the present time, one thousand dollars of the fourteen hundred and fifty dollar goal has been raised. As missionary leader, Brother Mathews needs the support of every loyal Madison student and faculty member.

We wish to sincerely thank Elder McClure and Elder Libby for their participation in the Field Day.

The truth of God marches on. Let's all get into the line of march.

MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

Alumni Nurses

Miss Vesta Pifer, Class of '37, is supervisor in the Lutheran Hospital at Sioux City, Iowa. She went from the Chicago Lying-in Hospital to this position the day she finished her work there.

Miss Gertrude Carleton, Class of '38, is acting as supervisor of the surgery at Madison while Miss Harvey is ill.

Miss Roberta Harvey, Class of '36, has been ill for several days and it was necessary for an operation.

Miss Dorothy Cannaday, Class of '38, is employed at the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles, California.

Miss Augusta Ezell, Class of '38, employed at the Edwin Shaw Sanitarium at Akron, Ohio, enjoys her work very much.

Mrs. John Peters, Class of '18, was on the campus during the teachers convention of October 12-14.

Mr. Glenn Velia, Class of '36, was on the campus for a while Tuesday, as he was passing through Nashville with his patient, and they stopped over for a few hours.

Miss Louise Hoyt, class of '36, has returned to Madison to help in the Sanitarium while she is finishing her college work.

Students with dejected looks on their faces going toward the Dem. Building on Wednesday nights about 8 p.m.?

Embarrassed ones being made to retrace their steps in dining room when they chance to walk between tables?

Miss Clark standing and commanding, "Quiet in the library, please"?

Folks briskly stepping off the lawn when Mr. Walker appears?

Freshmen of English Composition class peering studiously through magazines, comparing advertisements?

Students drawing maps of Palestine in any conceivable place, for Bible History?

Girls moving over the campus to new quarters, carrying their worldly possessions?

Crowding around the laundry on Friday after dinner?

People carrying around sack lunches all Friday afternoon to sustain them 'till Sabbath breakfast?

Anyone worrying about outside reading the night before it is due, when the books are all in use?

Dr. Johnson in the Physiology class explaining to students why he would be expelled if his muscles did not contain cartilage, or ligament, or something?

Nashville Offers

To those of you who prefer serious music in its various manifestations, we have a wide selection to offer, especially during the fall quarter. Beginning October 17, the Nashville Community Concert Association began its annual membership drive covering the '38-'39 season. To those of you who are not familiar with the Community Concerts allow me to say that this organization is nation-wide with headquarters in New York City. Through its branch members located in key cities, they present outstanding performers and organizations in the field of music. Nashville will offer four outstanding attractions this season including the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Alex Goossens, and Helen Jepsen, the leading Metropolitan Opera Company soprano. Those wishing to attend may secure a Student membership for the nominal sum of two dollars through the College Music Department. Through the efforts of Mrs. Clara D. Goodge, Madison College students receive many concessions for outstanding musical events of the year. Announcements are usually made throughout the year concerning same.

The Metropolitan Opera on Tour is presenting Gounod's "Faust" in November. This should easily be one of the year's best. Osa Johnson will present on the thirty-first at the Ryman auditorium, her latest wild animal pictures including a lecture on field problems and experiences in Africa. Matinee and evening Yehudi Menuhin will perform in Nashville for the first time this winter. This should be of especial interest to those who were thrilled by the Fritz Kreisler concert last winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bischoff, classes of '37, '38 respectively, have returned to the Sanitarium to work after spending their vacation away from the school.

Printing is--

Printing is called "the art preservative of arts." We read our newspapers, magazines, and books with very little thought of how they are made. They are taken for granted even as we do the telephone, radio, and air service. The following will illustrate how simple some of our friends think printing to be. He was showing some visitors around the plant. They had seen some stacks of paper, cases of type, and the small job presses. When they stopped in front of our newest automatic cylinder press he paused and said, "Now folks this is a fully automatic press; all you have to do is to grease it up and push the button." To us who are familiar with the painstaking care required in getting forms of type ready for this press, the careful adjustments of its intricate mechanism, the small seemingly inconsequential things that can make it produce bad work instead of good--this seemed rather amusing. Truly the machine was fully automatic--a child could stop or start it. However, to put jobs of printing through this machine, of varied type sizes and colors requires a knowledge and skill not quickly gained or easily mastered.

And of course there is PRINTING and printing. It is the difference between the grocery handbill that is thrown on your porch and the brochure of some million-dollar concern on its 50th anniversary. Both can, and are, printed on ordinary printing presses. The materials used and the amount of careful work put upon them are the difference.

Printing is keeping pace with the other things in our modern world. There are machines which today are much more rapid than previous ones. Time and labor-saving devices are lightening the printer craftsman's load. Yet to produce good printing it takes keen minds and clever hands. The idea is prevalent that because of the tremendous strides in newspaper production one should be able to hand copy to a printer and presto! as our friend thought, you push the button and out roll thousands of copies of pretty printed matter as if by magic.

Time and space will not permit a discussion of the problems of moisture and dryness, or humidity, heat and cold, dust and dirt, electrical charges in paper commonly known as static. In the long ago when printing was young, the printer was looked upon as a co-worker with the supernatural evil powers. In trying to overcome the difficulties presented him I don't wonder that he earned such a reputation. Printing is an art. Yet it is the servant of business, the Mother of Progress, and civilization. Without printing we would still be in the Dark Ages.

I AM THE PRINTING PRESS

By Robert H. Davis

I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.

I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time. I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die.

I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal. When I speak a myriad people listen to my voice. The Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu, all comprehend me.

I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge, power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter.

I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening.

I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

I am the printing press.

Quips

Do all Englishmen refer to the War of 1812 as the "second revolution"? (Heard in Prin. of Ed. class)

Is it true that an organization known as the M.B.I. (Madison Bureau of Investigation) exists here? Neglect to turn in a town slip before leaving the campus and you'll find out.

New York State banks have unclaimed moneys totaling \$5,413,790. Oil up your remembering apparatus.

It is not the formation of a person's face that denotes character. It is the play of expression on his or her face. Observe the young person across from you at the table at Kinne Kitchen, the next time you eat.

People don't want advice. They want you to support their theories.

I think that I shall never see-- 60,000,000 trees have been planted out west to form a shelter belt that runs north and south. The amazing amount of 70% of these are thriving, and effectively preventing dust storms and erosion.

It is not enough to be busy, so are the ants. The question is: What are we busy about?--Thoreau.

Don't lose courage. Pleasing personality is not an accidental gift, but an achievement.

Has any member of the faculty ever made a welcoming speech without "looking into the faces" of his audience?

Going in the Hole

No, not getting in debt, but working on the swimming pool.

The hole is nearly large enough now, but needs some finishing touches. We appreciate the labor which has been donated on this project and hope that there will soon be a good swimming pool to show for it. We will soon be ready to build the forms and pour the concrete so don't forget, fellows, plan to come out and help us as much as you can.

Who's Who in Madison

A few days ago, I was introduced to one of the youthful students of the year. Her name? Perhaps I had better tell you more about her first and then let you guess. The particular day I met the young lady, she was pleading with the Student Government President for a morsel of something to eat, which he had hinted he had in his room. Just what it was I couldn't guess. Perhaps you'd better ask Mildred Sorin. Oh my, there I've gone and told her name. Well, I might as well continue now.

Mildred hails from St. Louis, Missouri. She is a brilliant young lass of this "Show Me" state. When walking to or from classes she goes at a rapid pace. She is majoring in English and minoring in Education. No doubt Mildred some day expects to be a teacher; that is, if the twinkle of her chestnut brown eyes doesn't entice some young collegian.

The young lady's ability as a stenographer is above that of the average. At present, she is one of Miss DeGraw's three secretaries.

Welcome to our campus, Mildred. May you and all the other students, of whom you are representative, enjoy the coming year as the most profitable and happy ever.

Settin' — — Thinkin' by Aunt Mirandy

The girls wot jist moved into the new part o' Gotzian Home shore are glad taint cold yit. 'Pears as how they was so ankshus ta move in, they plum fergit about th' radiators not bein' unstalled. Anywho, they are good sports about freezin' a mite and I think we oughter congratulate 'em.

Speakin' o' Gotzian Home reminds me I shore ha' bin doin' a heap o' thinkin' about thet building. I went on one o' them thar "inspection toors" t'other day thru the place. My, but it shore were a pert site. The floors be like the chapel has-- all waxed up, slicker'n a whissel. Some o' the rooms has got 2 closets and 3 windows. I talked to th' girls and they telled me th' beds are so soft, t'were nesusary to git used to 'em a spell 'fore they could sleep cumftabel.

The downstairs part ain't quite done yit, but is 'spected to be in short order. The men be workin' as hard as they kin on the money that comes in, and I bin thinkin' thet those girls wot jist moved in oughter be very thankful for wot's bin done for 'em. 'N from the way they talk, they shore are.

Them folks wot don't want to study in the liberry shouldn't oughter come. They set 'n chaw the rag, 'n then wonder why they hain't never got no time to study. After they's bin warned a coupla times and still won't shet their clapper-traps, they git huffy 'kase the liberryun rites their name down. 'Pears t'me most folks wot's goin' to college shud no thet the liberry's a place to study in. 'Course I reckon ther's always a few morons wot slip in, even in the best o' places like Madison, and kain't git rules n' stuff into their craniums. (I larned thet last word in fzyziologie.)

You'd be surprised how many of the students are thinkin' o' Christmas vacations already, mostly the Freshmen, o'course. I've heard tell o' one girl wot's bin checkin' the days off in the almanac since the 16th of August, shore 'nuff. Cain't be the l'il gal is homesick, could it?

Got a missel from my pappy. Twarn't no bawling out, tho, 'cause I bin fairly regular about writin' home. 'Stead he were all het up 'bout thet thar tarnation Air Show. "Dear Mirandy: The harvestin's all done. Granpa got his second set o' store-boughten false teeth. He got so excited durin' thrashin' he swallowed his first set. T'other week we took him to see the Air Show. Fer a while we was skeered he was agoin' to lose that second set of teeth, too. He shore got powerful excited, especially when those big airplanes would come down rite quick like, toward where we was standin'. Wot made pore Granpa lose his toupee, tho, was them people wot took a bit blanket and held it over their heads and jumped out of the airplanes. Nobody was hurt and we was a heap glad 'cause you know how soft-hearted your granpappy is. Ma put up some of yur favorit pears, so's you kin eat 'em when you come home. She 'lows as how you probably don't git no canned pears there at school. Love, Yur afeschunate Dad."

Re-readin' that letter from my pop makes me think o' home 'n stuff. I 'member how far we used ta have ta walk to go to church, 'n sometimes we'd git there 'n there wouldn't be no minister. Here at Madison, tho, we hev the church just down the road a speck, and have a wonderful minister. Lotta times too we git speakers from other places 'n they give instructin' talks. Yep, we shore are lucky here at Madison, in more ways than one.

N_{orth} E_{ast} W_{est} S_{outh}

Thursday, September 8, the annual Junior-Senior Banquet was held in the beautifully decorated room of the Home Economics Building. Charles Hanzel acted as Master of Ceremonies and introduced such artists as Edward Tarpley, violinist, accompanied by the internationally famous John Robert; Professor Quiz, in the person of Dick Welch; and our own swingaroo trio composed of three of our loveliest juniors, Georgia Hale, Lily Lane, and Charlotte Stewart.

After the banquet, formality was abandoned in a harum-scarum dash to find the articles listed on the "Treasure Hunt" sheets. After the "Hunt," a few of the more energetic juniors straggled in to help with the dishes, during which several rather candid shots of the Madisonites in action were taken.

When most girls get married they at least demand a new name. But not so our unselfish Mary Brown. When she became Mrs. Gordon Brown on Monday, September 19, she was still Mary Brown anyway. To both Mr. and Mrs. we give our heartiest best wishes. For their honeymoon the Browns went to Michigan. Now that they are back and ready for work, we find Mr. Brown will go on with his school work and Mrs. Brown will take up her duties as head of San Kitchen.

Monday, September 26, Jean Irwin and Sidney Lowry were honored with a surprise birthday party in Girls' Cabin Court Parlor. Among the celebrities present were the Misses Lily Lane, Lois Irwin, Mildred Sorin, and Messrs. Albert McCorkle, Dick Welch, and Hans Gregorius. Although both the birthday children seemed shy about admitting their ages, we take it for granted they are both still in their early teens (!), and hasten to tender somewhat belated congratulations.

We are glad indeed to welcome into the faculty family Professor and Mrs. W. H. Beaven, formerly of Atlantic Union College, South Lancaster, Massachusetts. Professor Beaven, A.B., M.A., will teach Modern European History this fall.

Recently the following were brought into the Truth: Evelyn Sue Hillen, Helen Biggs, Dorothea West, Mabel Armit, Raymond Coolidge, Doyle Martin, and Anita Johnson.

Charlotte Stewart and Raymond Richard Coolidge were married Monday, September 12. They then left for the home of Mr. Coolidge's parents in Texas.

This year Madison inaugurated Freshman Week. In celebration of this, the dining room and chapel were decorated, placards welcoming freshmen were hung, and special entertainment and lectures were planned. The faculty dined at Kinne Kitchen with the students. Old students went out of their way to make the new-comers feel welcome. And welcome the freshmen did feel, if their remarks can be an honest gauge. What appealed to them most was that almost all feeling of homesickness was dispelled by the friendliness and genuine Christian cooperation here at Madison.

The high spot for the freshmen was the faculty reception held Saturday night. Holady Neafus represented the old students in his speech of welcome to the "Freshies." Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Sutherland gave short speeches. Mrs. Wallace read a clever, original poem, "Optimist and Pessimist." And after a few musical selections by Professor Straw and the orchestra, the faculty lined up and the students were officially introduced to them.

In regard to the orchestra mentioned in the preceding paragraph, the student body and faculty wishes to extend a vote of thanks to Professor Straw for his splendid work in obtaining such a fine group of musicians on such short notice. Congratulations, Professor Straw; your efforts have not gone unobserved or unappreciated by any means.

Dr. Bralliar returned recently from an extended trip undertaken for the purpose of raising funds for additional student quarters. We were happy to see him here again and were very anxious to learn the results of his trip. These proved gratifying and encouraging. While not everyone he spoke to made a spot cash donation, quite a few people have promised to send their checks shortly.

Sybil and Lenna Smith and Irene Felice are back from Cincinnati. That they are "very happy to be back" seems to be the consensus of opinion. We in turn are very glad to see their beaming faces on the campus and at the sanitarium again.

Earline Thomas, graduate of the September '38 class, and Audrey Hill, junior, left to teach at Fountain Head. May the Lord go with them and bless their work at this excellent unit.

Madison College was indeed fortunate to have as a speaker Howard Hyde Russell, LL.D., founder of the Anti-saloon League. Westerville, Ohio, the town from which this venerable gentleman comes, is symbolic of how much his work is thought of and publicized, as it is known as "The Dry Capital of the World."

His speech was directed mainly to the freshmen, but all could glean kernels of applicable philosophy from it. He contrasted the lives of two one-time freshmen, one of whom rose to conquer and destroy; the other, to save humanity from needless destruction. To quote Dr. Crosland, "Napoleon was never known to do an unselfish deed in his life, while Louis Pasteur was never known to do a selfish deed in his life."

Johanna Frank, Ruby Ferguson, and Myrtle Thompson, junior nurses, left to affiliate at the Children's hospital in Cincinnati. We pray the Master will guide and direct them as they take up their work in such an entirely different atmosphere.

Dr. Russell delivered a Sabbath sermon and spoke to the students the following night in chapel. In connection with the latter, students were given pledges to sign, guaranteeing 100% cooperation in the cause of temperance.

Madison seems to have been extremely fortunate in securing outstanding speakers. Dr. C. E. Crosland, formerly President of Avery College at Danville, Virginia, and Vice-President of Ward-Belmont, Nashville, spoke to the student assembly. To say his little talk was

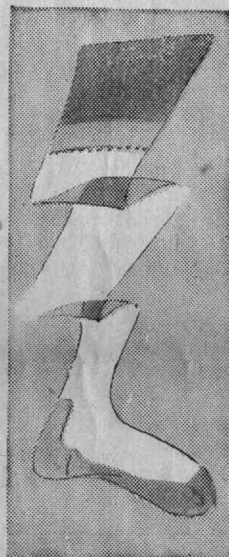
enjoyed is putting it mildly indeed. Some people have the gift of keeping even "doze-inclined" listeners in a wide-awake state of genuine interest; others can put even the most conscientious audience into the arms of Morpheus ere they have taken their second wind. We are indeed happy to state that the consensus of opinion is that Dr. Crosland definitely belongs in the former category.

Goose pimples, cold chills, and that creepy feeling seem to have a certain way of associating with dead men's bodies. Especially if they have been floating for three or four days in the muddy ol' Cumberland River. Anyway, that seemed to be the general reaction among a group of Madisonites who witnessed that gruesome sight last week. They happened to be on hand when a man's corpse was dragged out of the river.

* * * * *

CONGRATULATIONS!!! Professor and Mrs. E. C. Jacobsen were blessed with a healthy baby boy born Thursday, October 13, 1938, at 12:35 a.m. Lawrence Eugene weighed all of eight pounds. Both mother and baby are reported to be doing well.

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