

NOVEMBER



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THE

PEPTIMIST

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Crier Staff

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Ross J. Sype

Associate Editors

Donald Christman

Edna Young

Briefs Editor Elaine Fichter

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Why Not Be Kind?

In a recent best seller one of the striking quotations reads as follows, "Any fool can criticize, condemn, and complain—and most fools do. But it takes character and self-control to be understanding and forgiving." The author of this statement certainly shows an understanding of human nature. Without question one of the commonest faults, even among brethren in the church, is that of fault-finding and criticism.

Selfishness, just plain miserable, mean selfishness explains most of our faultfinding. We criticize and look for flaws in the character of others as an unconscious effort to justify our own lives. A sheet of gray paper held against a background of black may appear almost white by contrast. Even so by blacking the other fellow's reputation we may seek to make our own conduct appear white and beautiful. On the other hand, when seen against a background of dazzling pure white the gray will appear to be dingy and unsightly.

"The closer you come to Jesus, the more faulty you will appear in your own eyes; for your vision will be clearer, and your imperfections will be seen in broad and distinct contrast to His perfect nature."

—Steps to Christ.

There is something seriously wrong in the experience of any man or woman who becomes cynical and critical towards his fellow men. We may recognize that actions are wrong. We cannot and must not fail to discern between good and evil, sin and righteousness, but we still have no right to be judges of the other man's motives. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." We must have faith in our fellow men as well as faith in God. Kind consideration for the rights and feelings of others is one of the first lessons of Christian living. It is the golden rule put into practice. Nowhere is this more needed than in institutional life, where we rub elbows so closely with our fellow workers. Let us all be kind. We can be, if we will; it costs nothing but it pays a thousand-fold.

War - for What?

For the first time in history men go to war with no banners waving, no shouts and cheers, no military bands. Like a condemned criminal to the gallows, the armies of Europe march to the conflict, to certain death—and for what? To stop Hitler, to make the world safe for democracy!! But they won't! We fought the last war to end war, and no single day has passed since 1918 without armed conflict in some corner of the globe. But still they march, hoping that some intervening Providence will stop the struggle before civilization collapses—although knowing in their hearts that no compromise could long endure while the forces that rule Europe today maintain their awful sway. Why do they fight? Because they know not what else to do, because they know no other way to solve their unsolvable problem.

And as they struggle, these blinded, thwarted, hopeless men in the East, the Great Russian Bear waits and licks his chops. Russia wants peace, but she doesn't believe peace possible in a capitalistic government where contest for personal gain is the way of life. She has, moreover, always thought that out of world conflict will come world-wide Utopia—communism for all. So she cheers Adolph Hitler, "eggs" him on, plays upon his vanity, makes double-edged promises, and watches him destroy himself and western Europe so that she may benefit without cost and without bloodshed for the cause of world revolution.

Who will win the war? The same one who won the last world war. Death! Starvation! Disease! Moral degradation!! No nation will win; none can with the cream of its manhood, its brains, its ambition, its achievement sacrificed upon the altar of war. Who will lose? All will lose and man will be poorer, more helpless and more degraded.

Is it Armageddon? Who knows but He who guides the destinies of men. It is certainly the end of all those dreams for world peace, for League of Nations, for World Courts, for arbitration, for council tables, for disarmament talks, and fair dealing among nations. And don't blame Hitler! We're all to blame, for we made the conditions that brought him forth. Now—too late, we see our mistake, so we saddle him with all the blame and start to stamp him out. But if he dies, will not another, and another, and another arise, until sin will consume the world. History teaches two wrongs never make a right.

Will we join the combat? Yes? When? 'Tis not for us to say. There is only one bit of advice, that of the hangmen before they kicked the support from beneath the feet of the condemned, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

Ingathering Campaign

"If you don't have any change, or feel that you can't afford to give it, any produce would be gladly accepted—canned corn, tomatoes, fruit or food stuff of any kind."

"I'll see if I have any corn," was the reply to the plaintive request.

Hopefully the canvasser awaited the return of the proposed donor from her cupboard—oh, for a can of corn! Why corn? Because last year he, namely Landry Creighton, received a half can of corn and was unfortunate enough to make the unforgettable remark that he intended to get the other half this year, and thus the request for corn during this year's Harvest Ingathering.

President Creighton was not the only one who had a story to tell, for John Spencer's eyes still refuse to stay put when he thinks of the nonchalant way he accepted a ten-dollar bill from a storekeeper—thinking all the time that it was a one, but hoping for the ten, of course.

Who needed the instruction—Elder Welch or Vesta Dunn on the process of extracting a donation from worthy citizens? That question was foremost in the mind of Elder Welch after he had tried to encourage Vesta on her first soliciting trip and had attempted to teach her a sales talk. Elder Welch was so capable—in the manner of giving instruction—that Vesta became a more capable extractor than he.

Everyone that went Harvest Ingathering came back filled with enthusiasm over the people with whom they came in contact and the situations with which they had to cope, and they wonder who received the greater blessing; the cause for which they labored, the kind people who gave, or they themselves, who gave the time and energy to solicit these funds.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree. The earth is carpeted and fringed not with forests but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero or a saint.—Beecher

* * * *

Greater than keeping silent is the answering of angry words with kindness. Self-control is magnificent, but forgiveness is divine.—Anonymous

* * * *

"A fine manner more than compensates for all the defects of nature. The most fascinating person is always the one of most winning manners, not the one of greatest physical beauty."

Literary Sparks From English Students

Democracy a Fact

Bernard Stern

Theodore Parker once said, "Democracy means not, I am as good as you are, but you are as good as I am." To one who has followed and is familiar with politics both in New York and in the national government where a few leaders sit in a smoke-filled room and select a candidate for some high office and then overrule all suggestions and objections by the lesser lights, this seems a bit farfetched.

Going a bit nearer home, our so-called democracy seems to be composed of several classes of people, each of whom feels quite supreme in his own strata. For instance, the Vanderbilts and Astors look down their noses upon the ordinary Joneses and Smiths and this feeling is passed with haughty disdain upon the less fortunate people living on the other side of the railroad tracks. Another example may be one which usually exists in probably all schools and large business establishments. There the students and lesser employees dine in a public cafeteria located on the premises while a more ornate dining room is set aside for the use of teachers and executives.

It is therefore refreshing to journey to a place where students, teachers and employees rub elbows with each other in the workshop, dining room and classroom. What can be more democratic than to breakfast or dine with your teacher or employer who has waited on the same food line you have, who sits before the same bare table you do and who has the same privilege of washing his dishes instead of having some fawning sycophant attend his every whim. Yes, democracy truly is a fact in Madison College.

A Need for Christian Education

Walter Shilstone

There is a great need today, more than ever before, for a sound Christian education. Great demands are being imposed upon the young people of today, challenging their principles and ideals, and frustrating their endeavors on every side. Indeed, there exists a false atmosphere involving the future happiness of young people and they must be perfectly fitted to overcome these growing problems.

A Christian education is the one thing that can develop and prepare young men and women for a useful life, and at the same time implant strong principles and fervent desires to help them meet their daily work both cheerfully and successfully. Discouragement in solving life's problems will be replaced by encouragement, and above all, a materialistic world will then become a Christianized world.

What Do We Get Out of It?

Dorothy Dawson

Whether it be life in general or some menial task that falls our lot, we are inclined to stop and ask ourselves this question. It is not a selfish question for whatever it may be, there is a reward even though we do not anticipate one. It may be only the joyful satisfaction of work well done or a life filled with pleasant memories.

Someone has said, "We get out of a thing just what we put in it." I have no doubt as to the truthfulness of this statement. The richest characters I have known have been made even richer because they have stooped down to lift somebody up.

Why do we help others? What do we get out of it? It is God's plan that we live a useful life, and no one lives a useful life without enjoying its benefits. Truly life is a mirror that reflects what we are and do, so it behooves all of us to put our very best into it and we shall get the best out of it.

Reflection

Alvena Diehl

I had a heartache which I wrapped,

In fragrant, fragile lace,

Put it away quite tenderly,

And then forgot the place.

The other day 'twas just by chance

I came upon the thing;

I looked and looked, but strange to say

I could not find the sting.

And really, dear friend, how much like this heartache are most of our trials. They seem to loom upon our life's horizon like a great tornado cloud; when if we will leave our lives in God's keeping; trusting Him to carry us through while we are endeavoring to do His will by serving others—we will find our trials are very small in comparison to those others have to meet.

So even though our trials and disappointments may be rather bitter at times they will "lose the sting."

Memories

Frances Mole

How well do we remember the stories Grandmother used to tell. How eagerly we sat at her feet and listened! So often we've wished that life would stay as simple and as sweet as those days were. No matter how ardently we long to return, we know we never will.

Now we've passed our high school days. Life is marching on and we must move to keep apace. Although we did have fun, we must remember that we are growing up. Life is stretching before us and we must make ready for it.

(Continued on page 6)

Briefs

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Bensen, for thirty-three years missionaries in Japan and Korea, are visiting the institution and their friends, Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Webber and Japanese students at Madison College.

Mr. and Mrs. Bensen were accompanied to the institution by Mr. Boggs, Mrs. Bensen's brother of Battle Creek and Dr. Mosier, for many years physician at the Battle Creek sanitarium.

October 17 and 18 were Harvest Ingathering Field days at Madison College. At this time many groups of students visited Nashville and outlying territory and were successful in gathering in money and produce to finance foreign religious projects. They relate many interesting experiences which they had with people whom they met.

A group of five faculty members of Bethel College in Northern Kansas were visitors on the campus October 24 and 25.

Dr. H. A. Webb, head of the chemistry department of George Peabody Teachers College, Nashville, gave a very interesting lecture Saturday evening, October 21, in the college chapel.

Mr. M. C. Huntley, executive secretary of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, was a visitor on the campus Thursday, October 26.

Mr. Hemelreich, a native of Belgium who is a student at Scarritt College in Nashville, has enrolled for some agriculture classes in Madison College.

The thirty-second Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Goodge was celebrated on Monday evening, October 23. A group of the college teachers gathered and surprised the couple. A pleasant evening was spent on the lawn playing games.

The wedding of Miss Erma Jackson to Dr. James Trivett, dentist at Madison Sanitarium, was celebrated October 12. The couple are now located in their new home on the college campus.

Dr. P. A. Webber, head of the chemistry department of Madison College, is spending a little time with various Nashville groups in presenting his program on Japan. He was accompanied by Miss Masako Yamagata and Mr. Yoshio Seino, Japanese students at Madison, October 19 and 20, when he presented his program to the Lions and Kiwanis clubs of Nashville.

ALAS! Prof.—"What three words are used most among college students?"

Weary Freshman—"I don't know."

Prof.—Correct." —U. of Mich. Awgwan

Fire Prevention Week

With the coming of cold weather and the consequent desire for warmth it creates, it little behooves us to ignore the danger signals — namely those of fire.

Therefore, last week in harmony with the entire nation, our school observed, during chapel, the national custom of Fire Prevention in a most delightful and unique way.

Hardly had the words issued from our Fire-Chief — one Professor Bayard Goodge — who had been winding up his tale of the qualitative response of our efficient little Fire Department to signals than the audience was electrified into action by the moaning crescendo of the fire siren.

Filing out excitedly at the disconcerting and unexpected interruption, those of us who remained witnessed an excellent demonstration, for out near the new dormitory, grappling with a huge fire hose gushing forth torrents of water, were our firemen, subduing a mock fire.

However, we mustn't let the prevalent mood of gaiety created diminish our caution. An iteration of Fire Prevention Rules, though never unnecessary, will not be given here due to lack of space. We direct you therefore to the mimeographed sheets available to the students living respectively in the cottages heated by stoves in Boys' and Girls' Cabin Courts.

We trust that as Christian college men and women you will be conscientious in the strict observance of Care.

S.N.A. Election

At their regular meeting last week the S.N.A. elected their new officers. After the votes had been counted and the shouting had died away the following results were announced: Charles Kantzer, president; Nellie Tilghman, vice-president; Freda Burger, secretary; Leonard Parfitt, chairman of the program committee; and Katherine Windermuth, assistant to the secretary.

A nice program was spiced by the excellent rendition of "Shortenin' Bread," by the Construction Quartet, and a guitar duet played very ably by George Simonds and Don Kirkwood. The Entertainment committee is to be congratulated on this program and the S.N.A. are looking forward to many programs of the sort in the future.

Our Friendships

The choosing of friends is a very important thing in our lives.

As friendships grow and gain an influence over us, we need to test them carefully. Do they come up to the highest standards, or do they lead us to lower standards? Do my friends ever interfere with my work, with my worship, or with the doing of my duty?

Jackson - Trivett Wedding

Dr. J. C. Trivett and Miss Irma Jackson were united in marriage, Thursday October 12, 1939 at the Methodist Church, Madison, Tennessee.

The bride wore a very beautiful gown of white moire and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The bridesmaids, Misses Jeane Trivett and Joyce Jackson, both brunettes, wore peach taffeta and each carried a bouquet of Talisman rosebuds in maiden hair fern.

The matron of honor, Mrs. Bayard Goodge, was dressed in turquoise taffeta and carried a bouquet of yellow roses with maiden hair fern.

The best man was Mr. Ralph J. Teinman. Donald Christman and Oscar Meissner acted as the groom's attendants. The bride was given away by Mr. Burton Jackson.

The nuptial musical selections were a solo by Mrs. Clara Davenport Goodge, vibra harp selections by Mr. Burton Jackson, duet by Mrs. Clara D. Goodge and Mr. Bayard Goodge with Miss Bessie McCorkle at the organ.

Elder Welch performed the ceremony.

Student Government

Three new board members have been placed into office and hence two new committees have come into being. As Director of Education we find Johnny Kayner, replacing Russell Myers, and as the remainder of the educational board there are Paul Saxon and Betty Fleming.

Curtis Scoville takes the place of Howard Nix, the newly elected Social Director, and on the committee with him are Jean Irwin, and Loyd Davis.

Minnie Albarian replaces Beatrice Newkirk as Director of Finance and Records.

Members of the board who have completed their terms are Landry Creighton, president, and Otto Koenigsfeld, Director of Monitors.

Craftsman Club

The Craftsman Club met Sunday, October 15, 1939, and elected a new set of officers which consist of the following:

President—Paul Saxon

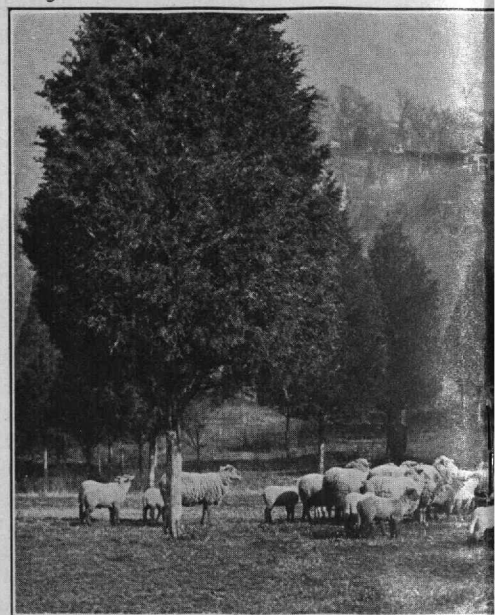
Vice-president—Donald Anderson

Secretary—Margaret Perkins

Assistant Secretary—Georgia Seymoure

Social Committee—Donald Christman, acting as chairman with committee members to be chosen later.

The club is expanding as time goes on and many educational lectures on printing are being planned. Those who wish to attend are cordially invited. The meetings are held Sunday, 5 P.M. in the Rotunda of the Science Building.

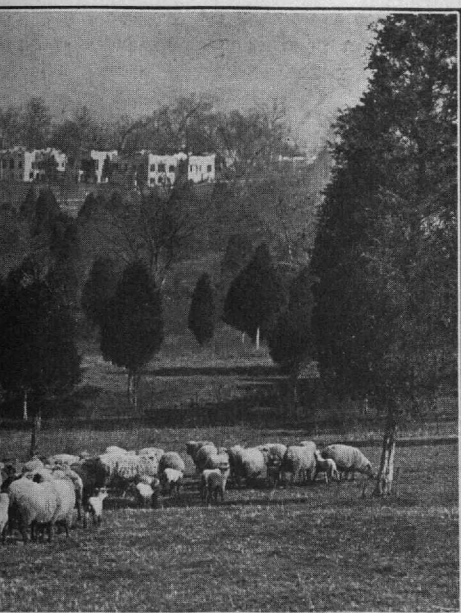


Land of So

Here we are as per agreement, in the charming city of Knoxville in eastern Tennessee, all ready to tour the Volunteer State. Before beginning this interesting adventure let us rest a bit while I tell you something about this land of charming diversity, for there are few states so varied in scenery and conditions as the one we are about to explore. Tennessee is divided into three distinct regions or sections, each very different from the others.

Eastern Tennessee is a part of that enchanted land of azure skies and verdant mountains over which there hangs, especially in Autumn, that illusive haze which has given to the highest range the name, "Great Smokies," and which seems to make one feel that these bewitching valleys and awe-inspiring peaks must still be haunted by the ghosts of those primitive sons of the forest who made, in these fastnesses, their last stand against the encroachments of those hardy frontiersmen of long ago. Long before the musical name, "Tennessee" had thrilled the hearts of its loyal denizens, the first white settlers had founded a settlement at Jonesboro on Watauga Creek, which was then in what was called "the west of the mountains section of North Carolina."

The Tennessee River is a most interesting stream, twice transversing the state. It rises, by way of its two eastern tributaries, the Clinch and the Holston, in Kentucky and Virginia. These two streams unite in eastern Tennessee to form the Tennessee.



enic Charm

It then crosses the state in a southwesterly direction breaking through a scenic and rugged chain of mountains at Chattanooga to change its course to a westerly one after crossing the line into Alabama. Here it flows through the rich Alabama cotton lands, turns the great turbines at Wheeler and Wilson Dams, cuts off a tiny bit of Mississippi and in the most temperamental way turns north and again transverses the state of Tennessee and on across western Kentucky to empty its waters, now dyed brown by the cotton lands of Alabama and west Tennessee, into the mighty Ohio.

Having attempted thus to stimulate your interest in this noble state we will begin our journey. We shall spin along magnificent highways; first traveling through the eastern section, visiting Greenville where we shall see Andrew Johnson's old tailor shop and down the lovely valley near Johnson City to Jonesboro which has witnessed so many thrilling incidents in Tennessee's history, then on up into the very northeastern corner to Bristol, the main street of which city forms the boundary line between Tennessee and Virginia. We turn westward and after traveling several miles through some of the richest scenery of this enchanted region we reach the Clinch river and visit that notable piece of engineering—Norris Dam.

We turn South and follow the great valley of the Tennessee to Chattanooga. Just before we reach that city, we find ourselves in a maze of scenery, for all

Music

To my mind music is one of the most beautiful ways of expressing the emotion of one's soul. It takes the beautiful passages of the great poets and adds to it the colorful touches of loveliness and charm that go to make up the fulness of one's deepest thoughts.

Music and Art go hand in hand. Art is the visual scene of beauty while Music is that which deals with our sense of hearing, and a combination of the two has a loveliness that creeps into one's soul.

Also, music can be made the background of a descriptive word picture and add to it a feeling of beauty which otherwise would be dull and uninteresting.

Music is a lovely prayer.

around us are mountains and we soon cross the Tennessee River at the very foot of Signal Mountain and find ourselves in the heart of the city.

How shall we begin to tell of the interesting places we visit here? for every lover of American history has heard of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Signal Mountain and other noted landmarks which have become shrines, visited by thousands of pilgrims each year. Not only does Chattanooga abound in historical shrines; but the surrounding country is a scenic wonderland.

We leave this city of scenic marvels and historic shrines by way of Highway 41 toward central Tennessee. The highway, itself, is a thing of beauty, as it cuts its way between the great bend of the river and Lookout Mountain and then dashes off into the hills and forests only to emerge soon on a shelf above the great river, and soon spanning it on a modern suspension bridge. After crossing a couple of beautiful ridges we are in middle Tennessee and three hours or so brings us to the capital city, Nashville. This city is not only a great commercial and manufacturing city but is rich in scenic and historic shrines. It was founded in 1777 by men who had braved the greatest dangers known on the continent and who had payed a terrible price in suffering and hardship to establish a settlement on the Cumberland. One of the first places we visit is the site of old Fort Nashborough where has been built an exact replica of the original fort. Among the other places we visit is the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson; the old Inn along the pike toward Louisville which was a famous hangout in the early days and where Jackson is alleged to have stopped to eat on his way to fight the famous duel with Dickinson. All around the vicinity of Nashville one finds numbers of old ante-bellum homes and the country north of the city abounds in beautiful hills and small valleys through which flow myriads of lovely little streams.

Doors

There are many kinds of doors. Open doors, closed doors, French doors, revolving doors, doors without hinges, doors that squeak, and doors that open to knowledge and success. Through some doors, we may not enter.

Others we may enter anytime we will, for the doors to friendships, learning and success are ever open. They do not have the "keep out" signs on them. Do we use these doors often enough and to our best advantage?

If we do, wider doors of success and satisfaction will open of their own accord and we may pass through triumphantly.

In Centennial Park is an exact replica of the Athenian Parthenon, the only building of its kind in the world. It is visited each year by thousands of people from all parts of the world.

From Nashville we will drive some seventy miles down the Cumberland to the small town of Dover just beyond which is located the remains of old Fort Donaldson and the battlefield, there, where U. S. Grant won the victory which brought him to the attention of the country and the president and without which we probably would never have heard of him.

A few more miles and we cross the Tennessee into Western Tennessee and drive through very fine farmlands and nice towns. We are heading toward Memphis; but when we reach the thriving city of Jackson, we leave our course and drive some miles out of our way to visit the great battlefield of Shiloh. Here we contemplate much upon the fortunes of war and the changing course of history. How different might have been the story had the Southern generals pressed the advantages which seemed to be theirs at Shiloh; but such was not to be, so Shiloh goes down in history as a decisive battle with later advantages resulting from it on the side of the North so that one Southern writer has said that from Shiloh we look down through a series of peculiar events to Vicksburg, Atlanta and finally to Appomattox and the failure of the Confederate cause.

We find Memphis a splendidly built city, standing on a bluff high above the mighty "Father of Waters." After a visit to the wharves along the river and the many other places of interest in this great metropolis we bid adieu to Tennessee and head for the states of Mississippi and Louisiana where we shall meet you in our next issue.

Literary Sparks

(Continued from page 3)

Mike — My Roommate

William Swatek

He stumbled in late one Tuesday evening several weeks ago, dog tired, and yet he had a broad, friendly grin radiating (as I later found) a spark of his inner cheerful, lighthearted disposition. As usual I was sleeping—in this instance—in bed. The introduction was short and grossly misleading. Finally the preceptor left—leaving behind him in the room two totally unacquainted individuals.

"Your name's Marion?" I sleepily queried, making a poor attempt at a conversation. "The last name wasn't clear. Would you repeat it for me, also?"

"Mike is the epithet; known in full as Myron Marks," he said in tones and accents unmistakably Eastern. "I come from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania." The usual line of conversation ensued. "Gosh, I'm tired. Hitch-hiked all the way from Pitts. Did it rain here today? Rather cool, isn't it for this section of the country at this time of year? The baggage? Oh! It will arrive by freight in the next few days. All that I have with me is this sleeping bag, soap and towel, few other personal effects and the clothes I have on. How did I hear of Madison? A mathematics professor at the University mentioned it to me after class one day. At first curiosity alone prompted me to write the college asking for the catalogue and answer to a few questions included in the short letter to Miss Degraw. That was three years ago. Only within the last few months did the desire to become a student in the pre-medical course materialize. No, I have had one year at the University of Pittsburgh already; worked my way through. Wasn't particularly simple either. When do we sleep? Nine-thirty, huh. What say we both turn in now?"

Yes, we turned out the light. I dozed off to sleep again and Mike turned in for some much-needed rest. Mike has proven himself a fine fellow; extremely friendly and having the aptitude of making friends easily. His conversations are interesting and they show a remarkable trait of clear, direct reasoning and logic. Intelligent and being an apt student, Mike will be a credit to any institution of which he is a part.

An Aim

Gerald Wheeler

A great aim is a powerful protection to a youth. It frees him from many temptations which otherwise would be likely to sweep him down to failure.

If you have an aim to work toward, every little daily duty takes on a different aspect, and consequently you will find yourself a methodical worker, perhaps not brilliant, not imaginative, but thorough—and thoroughness is sure to bring success.

Speaking Correct English

George Allen Jackson

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." The processes are obviously closely linked. It is necessary to be an exact speaker and a ready writer. Speech underlies writing; books feed both. College offers unusual opportunities for the practice of oral expression.

In college we have the opportunity offered by association with persons of different types of experience. If the student narrows his friendship to a small group of those most like himself as is commonly done in fraternities, or desires to have but a few friends he will get nowhere. If he deliberately seeks the most interesting companionship he will find himself growing in both knowledge of human nature and in expressive power. A cosmopolitan place as Madison surely affords a rich field of natural resources of this type.

We should take full opportunity to bring our language and writing habits into conformity with the customs of educated people in America.

On Doing Homework Assignments

Kurt Freund

At the end of each class period, the teacher very obligingly gives us poor unsuspecting students an assignment. It was at this point that I solemnly resolved to do the lesson during my first free minute; then I would have it over with, and also I would not have to rush through it just before class and earn for myself a poor grade. When the first opportunity arises, I grab my book and, with good intentions, sit down to do my homework. However, before I have had a chance to open it, my roommate dashes in and says, "Turn on the radio. Quick! Charlie McCarthy's on," or "Will you do my trig. for me? I have a class in five minutes."

The next day, after eating my dinner, I have about seven minutes before class. I snatch up my pencil and with the aid of someone else's paper finish my assignment just before the late bell rings.

On Building a Conscience

John Dodd

The Book of Etiquette states that the first rule of good table manners is this: "Any method of eating which soils one's hands, clothes, or the property of others is socially incorrect." What holds true

with behavior at the table is also true with one's religious life. It would be well if every Christian were to take, for his moral motto, the statement: Any deed which causes harm or discomfort to any human being, is unacceptable in the sight of the Lord.

The World Has Heard

Grant Tolles

Tonight at an hour when, by rule, I should be in bed, I sit down to write about something, I know not what. I'm stalling for time, you can see that, but as I beat around the bush I am hoping that an idea will jump out and we can be on our way. It's here! "The World Has Heard," shall be the title.

In the beautiful hills of Tennessee thirty-five years ago a cherished ideal began to materialize. There were the usual, "It can't be done," pessimists that make the way hard, but sometimes they unknowingly furnish the determination to see a thing through. It wasn't the pessimist, though, that caused the forward steps here, but a sincere faith in God. His work laid the cornerstones, they must not, they cannot crumble. Quietly, calmly, and confidently the forward steps have been made until now the whole world knows of this Christian school. Men from every walk of life read of it and wonder. The curiosity of some prompts them to investigate. It can't be true! They come and find out for themselves that it is. The mind, the spirit, and the body are nourished here in a way not found elsewhere in this modern world. The world has heard, and the world has come to see, and seeing understands that the spirit of Madison is the way to light.

Pal

Edna Young

"Pal" in the Century Dictionary is said to be slang, but even though it may not be accepted by the best of authorities there is no other that can take its place when it comes to describing a person with whom you can share your joys and sorrows, your desires, and experiences—all of your physical and mental activity.

Benjamin Franklin said "To have a true 'pal' increases one's riches two fold, but to be a true 'pal' to someone else triples your worth."

One's pal may be difficult to choose—it may be one entirely opposite in temperament to bring about a balance, or it may be one who reacts to your every mood in a like manner. You may select an older person in which to confide because of his richer experience in life, and pick a person entirely different, with whom to share your social activities. Whether it be man or woman, boy or girl, if you have a pal trust them, uphold them, and above all—maintain them!

You are always Welcome so why not use
our waiting room to meet your friends when
in Nashville and leave your parcels with us
while you shop.

Make

"Massey's"

Your Headquarters While in Nashville

Bennie Dillon Bldg.

We Never Close

Coming Events

"Oh, what fun! What a wonderful time."

Games and a march—in a very short time. Looking into the future I see that is to be the recreational program for November 11. Only Madison College students realize what fun that will be.

On November 18, another treat is in store for us. It's Dr. Webber's lecture and motion pictures on the Orient. You will not want to miss them.

Coming! Coming! Coming!

Coming! Coming! Coming!

Oh, you have not heard? Well, it is being whispered around, and we are happy to announce that on November 23, Ed Christensen and his famous female dummy "Peggy" are to entertain us. Yes, Ed Christensen, winner of the national ventriloquist contest, who has been featured on all leading radio stations, is to be presented here.

Hobbyist

If you should happen, sometime, to find someone rummaging around in old boxes, trunk drawers, and trash barrels, don't call him crazy until you investigate a little farther. Listen to him for a moment and if he is muttering to himself about water-marks, chalk-paper, and double caps, he is only a full-pledged philatelist.

Collecting stamps is one of the most popular hobbies prevalent in the United States today.

Stamp collecting offers many modes of expression such as pictorial interest, history, design and technical detail.

One can make this hobby as inexpensive or as costly as he wishes, and no special training is needed to begin. There is an almost inexhaustible field to draw from and if you don't think it is interesting, ask any philatelist about his collection. If you do, you too may be looking in trash barrels before long.

The Domestic Cat

There is little doubt that the influence of the domestic cat upon American civilization has received less consideration than it deserves, for a great deal of the advance in agriculture, as well as of the spreading out over the vast woodlands and prairies of America, has been made possible by this much abused and misunderstood animal.

How much food cats have saved, how much property they have guarded from destruction, what plagues of vermin they have kept in check, from the time this country was first settled, it is impossible to compute. Through their sleepless vigilance the large cities are kept from being overrun with rats and mice.

The cat is a necessary adjunct to our civilization, a factor and institution, which if dislodged, would imperil our status as a nation; and until a substitute can be found the cat is an economic necessity in our daily life.

Student and Faculty Buyers' Guide

COAL

Madison Coal Company

Gallatin Road and Old Hickory Blvd.—Tel. 3-9154
Hardware, paints, garden seed, garden tools, also
Kentucky Coal

Old Hickory Coal and Ice

Zenith, Kentucky, Tennessee Coal
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DEPARTMENT STORES

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Men's Clothing, Furnishings, Shoes
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Old Hickory Drug Company

Drugs, Sundries, Prescription, Sodas, and Sand-
wiches, Jewelry and Watch Repairing, Greeting
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FUNERAL DIRECTORS & AMBULANCE SERVICE

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Phillips, Robinson Company

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The best in Fresh Vegetables

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Gary E. Greeson

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Life-Casualty-Fire-Automobile — Tel. 3-1316

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East Nashville Lumber Company

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Lunches a la carte — Toasted Sandwiches

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"See White and you'll see right." — Tel. 6-5970
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Plumbing and Heating Supply Company

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Old Hickory, Tenn. — Tel. O. H. 51
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Old Hickory Shoe Shop

Sullivan's Basement — Tel. O. H. 9109
Complete Shoe Service While-U-Wait

TIRE & ACCESSORIES

Goodyear Service Inc.

Old Hickory, Tenn. — Tel. O. H. 60

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U. S. Tires, Texaco Gas and Oil
Car Repairing—Greasing—Wash and Polish
Old Hickory, Tennessee—Tel. O. H. 111