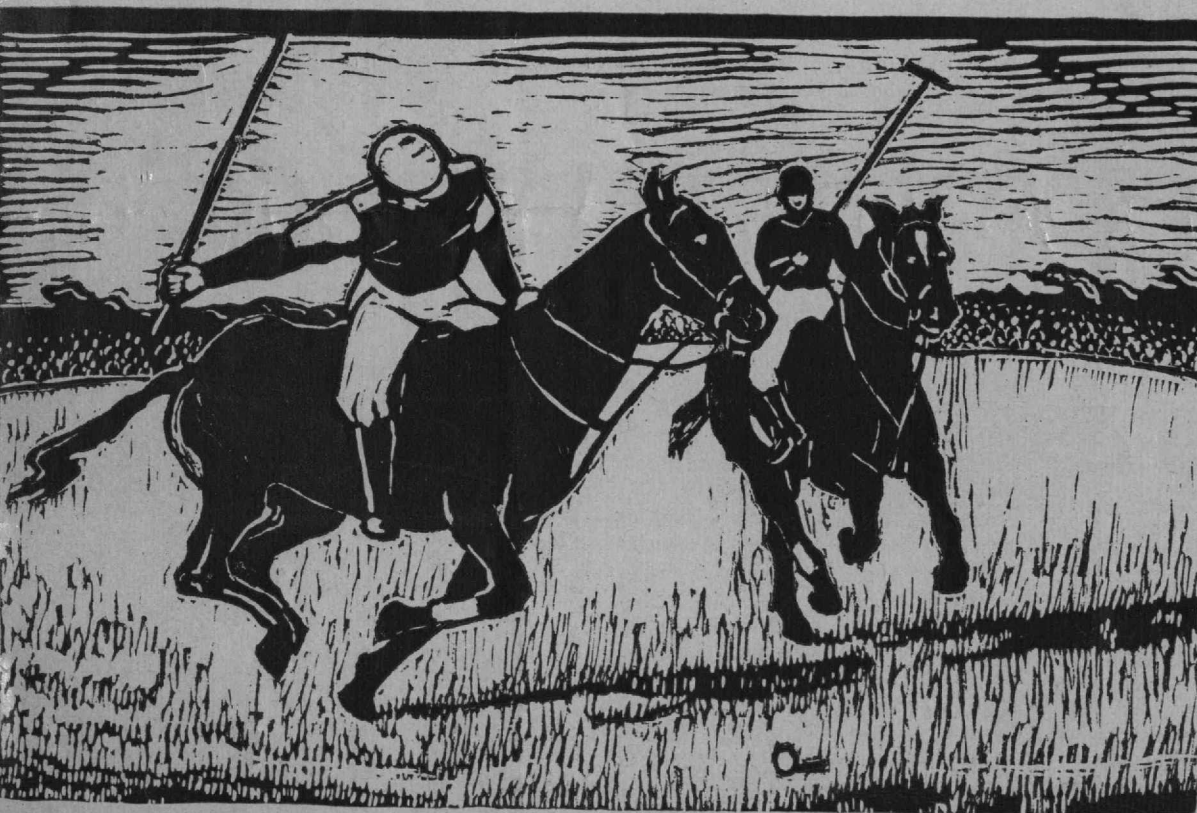

THE PEER-
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CONTEST
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DECEMBER 1939

The Peptimist Crier

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After War - What?

"It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of which shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." — **President Wilson.**

It would seem almost strange, if it were not so tragic, that this same cry, as given by President Wilson when we were hurled into a war that had no winner, is heard today as the reason for war.

With the last war as our example we should think very carefully before we again make that move. We got absolutely nothing from the last war except the death of many of our finest youth, and billions of dollars in war debts, which will never be paid.

We are apt to be rather gullible in believing the propaganda of the Allied powers, because naturally our sympathies are with them but if we examine the facts, will we not find that the result of the last war was but to lay the foundation of this one, which may develop into a war much more disastrous to humanity than the World War. Let us be cool and collected about the situation. If our country needs our help in protecting our country from a "putsche" from Adolph we shall be only too willing to "come to the colors," but we should be sure that our decision is based on facts and not upon propaganda.

Clyde Vance

A man can do his best work only when he feels enthusiasm for the task at hand.—**Charles Evans Hughes.**

School Spirit

School spirit is the life blood of any college. Any school which lacks that indefinable element is dead—entirely worthless as an institution of learning. School spirit is in reality that element which creates a college from a group of buildings, a few teachers and some educational books.

We, the students of Madison College have more incentive for school spirit than have the students of any other college in the entire world. Our college has a quality possessed by no other institution. It has the ability to take in an assorted group of young people—rich and poor, Christian and non-Christian, cultured and non-cultured, Americans, Norwegian, English, Chinese, Niponese, Swedish—and creating from this assorted group a united student body. It has the ability of educating that body—without cost if necessary—and turning them out into the world within four years, leaving in their minds a single purpose, in their hearts a single ideal—the determination of leading to the best of their ability a good Christian life.

Madison College may not train the best engineers in the world. She may not educate the best journalists, or win the most football games. But there is an educational field in which Madison leads, and I think that field to be the most important in the world. I think that we may truthfully state that Madison College does more to educate the SOULS of its students than does any other college.

Therefore we have a school of which to be proud. Not only does Madison train the body and the soul; she trains the mind to the true Christian manner of living. Madison College has higher ideals,—ideals abandoned as too difficult by most of the colleges in the world today. So push Madison—make her activities your activities—help her to grow, and you will grow with her. If someone should ask you what college you attend, don't

just say Madison College. Tell him that you're a student of Madison, the school which gives you more education in more States—the best school in the United States. If the entire student body gets behind a school, and pushes, there is no limit to the things that can be accomplished.

Don't be a professional griper. Nothing is perfect. There are things everywhere that aren't exactly what they should be. We realize that Madison College has its defects, but we feel that these defects are entirely overbalanced by the assets we offer. If you don't like Madison you can always find another place—the ocean is still full of fish, as the saying goes. Possibly you have been complaining about some things thoughtlessly—without thinking that you were lending a dissatisfied atmosphere to the school. If you really feel that the Madison ideals are not your ideals—that you just weren't built for the Madison life—if you feel that you would be hypocritical if you pushed the school, we have just one thing to ask of you—don't drag your feet! **John Dodd**

Good Manners

Civility and good breeding go together to make up a person who is to become successful in both a social and financial way. Good breeding embraces mostly the art of politeness, but this is usually developed by the individual person and not given to him at birth. A beautiful face although adding a grace and beauty to social life is quickly overshadowed by good manners which adorn and make one agreeable to companions whether in business, religious, or social life.

One of the hardest of things for some people to overcome is bashfulness. This robs a person of all grace with which he is endowed, and results from ignorance of society, or a feeling that he is not accepted into society. One who is accepted into a new society should watch the most distinguished person present, and conform to his or her actions without an obvious attempt at imitation. One of the important prerequisites is the first impression. Above all try and make this favorable.

The fundamental requirement for all success is politeness. This means that you must respect the views of others with an open mind, but also when asserting yourself you should do so without an apology, but with poise and self-control.

In conclusion I would say that manners are the one outward sign by which our status in society is ascertained.

Clyde Vance

"The real test of our spirit is not the way in which we do what we want to do, but the way in which we do what we do not want to do."



Sees nothing — knows nothing — tells all!

Kibitzer

Bon Jour everybody! This is old Mr. Kibitzer himself, bringing you timely views of the news at dear old Madison. It's probably been a long time since the historic halls of this educational institution have echoed to the profane blasting of an overly ambitious columnist, but I guess you'll just have to sort of reconcile yourselves, because old K. K. hopes to be around to annoy you each and every single month in the future.

GOING UP? You know, our new Dormitory is beginning to react like the price of sugar—every time you walk around the block it jumps up a couple of notches. In fact, the more I look at this towering edifice, the more I marvel at the ingenuity of our construction department.

Last August, our now smooth running construction machine consisted chiefly of about twenty-five miscellaneous and assorted freshmen, possessing more ambition than skill, and more appetite than anything else. The tenth of August found these very hot, very bedraggled and very tired freshmen laboring with great effort upon the foundations of our now two-story structure. Patiently, day by day our unskilled workmen struggled along, making mistakes, sometimes doing good work, but always improving, until today, lo and behold! A skilled construction crew such as to warm the heart of the student body, and put cheer into the soliciting of our good Doctor Bralliar. We might not eat our Christmas dinners in the new dining room, but we have hopes tht the Easter bunny will find a group of steady customers installed snugly under the spreading roof of the new edifice, and right now this correspondent wants to take a little time to give credit to the good bosses, the boys, and especially to Doctor Bralliar for the splendid work that has been done on that new building.

ACQUACADE: To swim or not to swim? That is the question and that has been the question here at Madison for the last four years, as far as can be discerned by this very young and very inexperienced columnist. Ever since 1935 ambitious Madison students have made plans, dreamed dreams in hopes that some day our fair school would be blessed with

the addition of a sanitary swimming pool, and now (oh joy) due to an awakened student body (Charles Derby being chief arouser) it seems that our hopes will be fulfilled. But hold! There's still work to be done in "that there hole!" Come on students, let's get behind this thing before old mother nature starts to water the crops and makes a mud hole out of our pet project. If all youse guys and gals will lay off the football and the romance mags long enough to throw in your two-bits worth of work, we'll soon be all wet—and I do mean up to our necks.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE: The meetings of the various and assorted parliamentary bodies at Madison have always been marked with a great deal of completion, due to the eccentricity and complexity of that nemesis of all good Madisonians, parliamentary procedure. This condition reached its climax in Men's Senate last Tuesday night when Ned Zacharias arose and proposed that a motion be made to rescind the motion before the floor suggesting that somebody make a motion that a revote be made on a motion to make a motion that a motion which had been made last year to pour some sidewalks in front of the men's showers be rescinded to make room for another motion. After that, I suggest that we get together and start all over again, trying to remember some of the rules which lubricate the relationships of the common student with such arch enemies of rightful justice as chairmen, president and secretaries, who insist upon formality.

Yours truly,

K. K.

Without Rhyme or Reason

A customer once called the photographic department of Macy's, New York City, to ask if they would enlarge a snapshot of her son. Of course they would. Then she wanted to know if they could remove his hat—she would rather have the enlargement without it. That, too, could be done; but on which side did he part his hair, and was it straight or curly?

"Don't be silly," snapped the woman, "You'll see that when you take his hat off!"

A negro funeral was attended by a ventriloquist whose peculiar powers were not known to the others present. Another negro told what happened at the cemetery.

"Well, suh," he started, "when they begins to lowah Joe into the hole, he says 'Lemme down easy, boys.'"

"Did they go ahead and bury him?" asked the listener.

"Man, how do I know?"

The Peptimist Crier

The PEPTIMIST CRIER is YOUR school newspaper. It must in the nearest way possible, express the sentiment of all of you—the entire student body. Today as in the past, we endeavor to bring to you a well-balanced news diet—current events, religion, features, columns, and now and then a few jokes. The CRIER staff is working to please YOU if we are not succeeding in doing that our whole endeavor is a failure.

What do you think of the CRIER? Are there too many features? Do you think the Editorials appropriate? Is there too much humor? Not enough news? Don't hesitate to tell us if you think we're wrong. Good honest criticism never hurt anybody. Let's all work together to build this CRIER into a REAL SCHOOL NEWSPAPER, expressing the opinions of the student body. If you have any suggestions just hand them to one of the editors, and something will be done; we'll promise you that. Don't hesitate! If you have any ideas, hand them in! That's the only way we can make the CRIER a better college newspaper in the future than it has been in the past.

Japanese Program

The Land of the Rising Sun, The Island Empire beyond the calm Pacific, seems a little closer after attending the program given Saturday evening November 18, by the Japanese students of Madison College.

One by one the members of the entire family assembled and supper was served on the low table. The dishes of lacquer and porcelain were seen deftly emptied by the skillful use of chopsticks. The evening meal ended, John Suzuki took the four-hundred-year-old sword from its resting place and accompanied by the singing of Stephen Ito demonstrated the classical method of taking the sword from its scabbard and its use in actual combat.

Rhythm in movement was artistically portrayed by Mary Hirabayashi in the native Odori as Masako Yamagata sang softly a beautiful nature song.

Our magic carpet moved on this time back through the ages to the early days of Japanese history. Dr. Webber, with the aid of beautiful colored slides portrayed the beginnings of the Japanese religion, *Shinto*, "The Way of the Gods" and explained the fundamentals of that faith which plays such an important role in the lives of the Japanese. He traced the influence of this ancient religion on the various phases of native life.

Moving pictures of modern Japan were then shown, and the words of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" in Japanese were sung to close a delightful evening.

Alfred Webber



Hear Ye!

Hear Ye!

Hear Ye!

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! Step up closer ladies and gentlemen and observe the wonder of the twentieth century. The PEPTIMIST CRIER offers absolutely free and without cost exactly twenty-five dollars in prizes. Prizes which **you** may easily win. Have you talent? Did your mother ever tell you that you could write? Did you ever draw pictures on the wall paper at home? Here's your opportunity. Just let yourself go, and see what happens. (We hope this won't be too drastic.) In short, good students, we have a CONTEST A CONTEST which anyone can enter. Gather 'round and listen closely while I give you the details.

For the best essay written upon the subject, "Life at Madison" we are giving away a beautiful Divinity Circuit Bible, bound in genuine leather and worth at least \$5. The second and third prizes consist of your choice of valuable books, worth at least \$3 each. This essay must consist of at least 1,000 words, must be in ink, or typewritten (double spaced), and will be judged upon your originality, sincerity, and neatness.

For the best picture handed in upon Madison Campus life we will award a folding camera of standard size and make. The second and third prizes will consist of photographic material. Your picture must be original in good condition, and may not be returned to you.

For the best cartoon depicting campus life we will award a \$4 fountain pen. The second and third prizes will consist of drawing material. Your cartoon must be original, must be 6 x 8 inches, and may be drawn in either ink or pencil.

Now all you good Madisonians go home and write us an essay or draw us a cartoon so you can hand them in by January 15th. We can't pay off on anything presented after that date, so don't procrastinate! Use some of that vacation time to a good advantage. Don't forget, there's cash at stake! And what's more the winners of this foray will have the distinct and decided honor of seeing their name and their work in print! It's as easy as falling off a log (almost). So go on and get your shots, write your essays, draw your cartoons. Be serious, or candid—it makes no difference—but above all, show life at Madison as it really is!!

The results of the contest will be judged by the CRIER staff, with the help of Mrs. Taylor on the essays, Professor Goodge, and Professor Hansen on the photography, and Mrs. Bertram on the cartoon. Everything's fair and square—no racial, color, or religious lines drawn, so haul out that old pencil of yours, think up a good subject, and **don't forget to write.**

Elder J. K. Jones Speaks

The theme of the Convention was wonderfully carried forward during the church service Sabbath morning by Elder J. K. Jones, president of the Southern Union Conference of S. D. A. "The work must be finished by the laymen" were the words he left ringing in the listener's ears. This timely subject was carried right through from the beginning. This great movement was begun by simple laymen who received a vision and acted upon it. Thus, he pointed out, it must be finished. There was a note of warning in the thought Elder Jones expressed—that just because we help to support a minister, our duty to God and to our fellow man is not complete. Paid ministry cannot do the layman's work. The burden must be shared by all, for the work can never be finished until the rank and file line up. The laymen's movement, he emphasized, will close this message.

But success depends upon the cooperation of laymen and ministers—a demonstrating ministry. As an example he told of the disciples of Jesus and the common vocations from which they had been chosen, but they had zeal in their hearts and with training they became real workers for God. So also it behooves us to train ourselves and take an active part in this movement.

Finally, as a last important need, Elder Jones advocated the "out-of-the-city movement" for the layman and his family. And this he stressed, that it was not only to save self alone, but to help the masses, to raise the standard of rural life in education, health, and religion.

Investment Sale

Sunday evening November 19, Sabbath School investment week terminated with the customary investment sale conducted by the ladies of the Dorcas Society, in the basement of the library.

Mrs. Christman and Mrs. Hansen had charge of the function. The room was filled with neatly decorated tables laded with the handiwork of many willing and industrious individual workers. One table contained neckties made by the ladies of the society, while on others were fancy work, and novelties, and one large table contained a beautiful array of Japanese novelties in charge of Mrs. Webber. Grandpa Boynton and others had made sundry articles for the home and school from wood and these occupied another corner.

To make a long story short, this ladies society cleared nearly \$60.00 for the Sabbath School Investment Fund and we predict that when the investment offering is counted next Sabbath we will have a hundred dollars.

The Land of King Cotton

Cotton! Cotton! Cotton! Let us imagine that it is early October instead of bleak December (although it is never bleak down here in Dixie, you know) and we are visiting the great delta country of Mississippi. The entire region lying between the mighty Mississippi and the Yazoo rivers known as the Delta, is, at this time of the year, almost a continuous cotton field filled with laughing and sweating darkies picking the fluffy white lint from the cotton plants, and the roads are crowded with mule-drawn wagons taking it to gin.

Perhaps we should tell you a bit about this delta land where the tall cotton grows and where there still exists a few unspoiled Dixie negroes, and where one may still see the great plantation houses and the tenant quarters beyond the farm buildings. This region comprises about a dozen counties in North-west Mississippi forming a rough triangle some fifty miles across at the north and coming to a point where the Yazoo flows into the Mississippi just north of Vicksburg. It is a low level region, much of it lying below the level of the rivers and protected from their floods by hundreds of miles of levees or dikes.

First, we will visit one of the large plantations. The plantation house or "great house" as it is more often called, is rather pretentious and of course the planter is a man of substance and importance. The plantation may comprise several hundred acres and have its own gin, railway station, commissary store, post office, blacksmith shop, garage and machine shop and mule barns. Beyond these stretch the cotton fields dotted with tenant cabins. Each tenant cares for so many acres and receives his living from a share of the crop raised on the portion which he tends. Usually, he owns nothing save a few personal belongings and a large family of children. Most of the delta tenants are negroes and the master exercises a paternal care over his affairs. The average negro is mentally suited for this status and loves to boast of the planter and his family as "my folks" or "my white folks." Since all the cotton is sold to the plantation gin and all his supplies are purchased from the commissary, the tenant needs little money. He runs a bill all through the year and when the great settlement comes at ginning time he may find himself in debt but why should he care? Master will take care of him and so he enjoys a carefree and happy life. There may be from twenty to fifty, and sometimes more cabins dotted over the fields of the plantation.

You will never forget a Saturday night in one of the small towns of the Delta. In a special sense that is show night for the negroes and the streets are full of them.

Some have come to make a few minor purchases but most of them are there to see and be seen. They are a jolly lot and the laughing, chattering and talking is incessant. In many of these towns one will see scarcely a white person on the streets on Saturday night. At a late hour, the negroes start for home, some on horse or mule back, in rickety mule drawn wagons and larger groups afoot, a few drive cars of ancient vintage; but all are happy and well pleased with life. As one listens to their jolly chatter he is impressed that they are heeding the admonition of Holy Writ "having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." This is one of the greatest "black belts" in America. It is claimed that in some delta counties there are seventeen negroes to every white person.

Convention

The week before Convention is a busy one for us at Madison College. For those in charge of the program it means many hours of careful planning for speakers and meetings, and rooming and boarding facilities for our many friends and visitors who are always present during convention.

What is the purpose of Convention Week? It goes back some thirty odd years when Madison College was very young, but still old enough to have sent out some of its trained workers into fields where schools were few and far between. These Madison-trained workers settled in pioneer style, in perhaps just one building, which served as a classroom as well as a home. However mean and small the beginning may have been, it was always organized on the same lines as the parent institution from which it grew. They purposed to provide the young people in rural districts who were outside the realm of the public school, with a Christian education that was both practical and broadening. In very few instances did the originators of these little units have even a small amount of capital with which to begin their training schools. When they felt that they themselves were sufficiently trained so as to enable them to be able to pass on what they knew to others less fortunate, a group of such people would band together, choose a likely location, build their first building and start to work. They had no worldly assurance that they would succeed. They trusted merely to the worthiness of the cause for which they were working. Their aim was the unselfish desire to do the kind of work that is most acceptable to God and man. Is it any wonder that such an institution as Madison has grown? that Madison's units engendered by such noble ideals, have sprung up rapidly and flourished?

With the beginning of our educational colonization of the backwoods came many

new problems and perplexing questions. Very often the founders of units found it necessary to consult the parent institution about some of the problems which arose or solicit the advice of someone with an older experience. Naturally they were always welcome at Madison, and the necessary information, advice or even financial aid was always supplied to the limit of capacity. However, as Madison grew, more units were founded and new problems arose. So it was decided to set aside one week of the year solely for the purpose of meeting with representatives of the units who wish to discuss their work and their problems. Needless to say the meeting or convention of delegates was very successful as well as beneficial. Listening to the reports of others who are doing much the same work that we are doing, sympathizing with them where they have faltered and encouraging them where they have succeeded, not only restores the vision with which they started out, but forces us to realize as never before, the importance of the work that we are doing. Such meetings can only result in a renewal of faith in God, which alone will give us the strength and fortitude to carry on His work.

How thrilling it must have been to those early pioneers to return home to Madison with a good account of their time and efforts. The satisfaction and pleasure which Madison took in those beginning ventures could have been no more than that which comes with a job well done.

The early principles of education that were taught at Madison were so fruitful that they were generally adopted by the units which sprung out of Madison. However, as we have grown it has seemed necessary to sacrifice some of these early principles that were possible only in the smaller schools. One of our convention speakers reminded us that we have lost a great deal when we come away from first principles. Whether or not the product has been worth the price is still to be seen and remains one of the main questions under discussion at present conventions.

So it is with thankfulness rather than pride that we hold our conventions, for it is our prayer to exalt the glory of God in His work.

"The things I prize of greatest worth
Are just the common things of earth:
The rain, the sun, the grass, the trees;
The flowers, the birds, the glorious
breeze;
Clouds that pass, and stars that shine,
Mountains, valleys, all are mine;
Rivers broad, and open sea
Are riches none can take from me."



"Forced out of business by soy milk"

Campus Humor

Holly Neafus: What are you going to do when you leave Madison?

Louis Lutsky: I'm going to do newspaper work.

Holly Neafus: Don't you think you're too old to sell papers?

Prof. Goodge: Do you think the radio will ever completely take the place of the newspaper?

John Carter: Well, you can't use a radio to swat flies with.

Prof. Sype: How would you punctuate this sentence, "I saw a dollar lying in the street?"

J. Densford: I'd make a dash after it.

Alex McKinnon: The French Revolution wrote nasty letters to the American Revolution.

Prof. Beaven: Where did you find that out?

Alex McKinnon: Right here in my history book. It says—"The French Revolution corresponded roughly to the American Revolution."

Four people who get around—Santa Claus, Jack Frost, The Sand Man, and Mother Nature.

Speaking of songs have you heard the parachute song—"It don't mean a thing if you don't pull the string."

DEAR MR. PALMOLIVE:

I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,
Louis Lutsky

Mr. Gorich: You should have been at work at 6:30.

J. Dodd: Why—what happened?

Excuses for Inability to Answer a Question

Freshman: "....." Not a sound.

Sophomore: "Don't know."

Junior: "I don't quite understand the point of the question."

Senior: "I am quite unable to discuss the matter from that standpoint, as I found it impossible to grasp the author's viewpoint."

THE CRIER has inaugurated a special service for the 99.44% of the student body who find it impossible to grasp these weighty jokes. In case you do not get the full import of any of these jests kindly send the CRIER two Soyburger labels (or reasonable facsimiles) a self-addressed envelope, and two or three slightly used stove lids. You will receive a full explanation, including beautiful lithographed diagram, by return mail.—Ed. Note.

Circling the Town

This correspondent took a little walk over the campus toward the end of this perfect day to see what was new here and there. First, we walked into the little alcove at the rear of Kinne Kitchen where we found our worthy matron, Mrs. Bogar in rather good spirits and with a moment to talk while the corps of efficient workers were winding up the regular affairs of the evening dinner hour. Mrs. Bogar seemed unusually happy, even for her, and we felt certain that there was something in her mind which we wished to know. With a bit of tact we succeeded in learning that there is real reason for the mysterious air which has surrounded the inauguration of the cooky business at the kitchen. Of course you know that many of the tasty cookies on sale at the store these days were made by the young ladies at the kitchen. Now here is the big idea: they have a big project in mind and it was so difficult to get hold of the deep and dark secret that we will not divulge it at present but leave it for you to find out later.

Loraine Graham spent the twenty-third and the weekend following at her home in a certain little town in our beautiful state of Tennessee; we also learn that Mary Nemunis spent the weekend with Lorena Whidden, who, as our old students know, was graduated with the class of '39. She is now teaching church school in Louisville. We also learned that Mr. and Mrs. Bogar made a flying trip to Glen Alpine to visit the small unit located there.

As we passed the Science building we saw a light gleaming from Doctor Bralliar's office and so decided to learn if the good

Doctor might be a bit gossipy tonight. Said we, "Doctor, what is the latest news, anyway?" Looking at the pad in our hands and knowing our failing, he said, "Young man, if you are after news, you may say for me that the new dormitory is making splendid progress, and say, why not tell the readers of the *Crier* that we are going to need forty-five hand-made rocking chairs for those forty-five rooms, and these chairs are to cost us exactly three dollars each, and that we will be glad to receive about forty-five three-dollar donations." Well, I just kinda thought that was not a bad idea so the good Doctor, who has been working so hard to see this needed improvement made on our campus, will gladly receive your donations for these rocking chairs. Remit to Dr. Floyd Bralliar, Madison College, Tennessee. (P. S. The Doctor told us confidentially that he would have to get this money soon so that the chairs will be done in time for the young ladies who will room in the new dormitory to sit in.)

We also learned from the Doctor that Mr. Scott from Ohio has joined our faculty as instructor in wood working and upholstering and similar lines, and at present he is superintending the construction work on the new dormitory under the general direction of Mr. Gorich.

Well, we made a couple more stops as we were headed toward the Administration building, the first of these being at the office of our acting Dean, Elder H. J. Welch. We asked him if he would mind letting us in on some of the proposed activities of the immediate future. First he told us that Thanksgiving day (of course that is Governor Cooper's Thanksgiving day) we are going to have a good time. There will be hikes, and some sort of hunt, and at night, marching and games; and of course no classes.

We also learned that Elder Arthur White, grandson of Mrs. Ellen G. White, is to be with us here at the college December 13 to 17. He will give several lectures on the work and writings of his illustrious grandmother.

Now here is the best left to the last. Our beloved president, Dr. Sutherland, who has been ill for some time, is up and around and feeling quite fit again.

Hold, just one moment, I forgot to say that I took a walk up to the Administration building to see if there was any news in that quarter; but since it was a bit late, we found the offices closed and the young man at the telephone exchange, looked so bored that we decided not to worry him, and after satisfying ourselves that there were no gossipy folk around those quarters we went to Professor Beaven's office, and got so interested in offering our alibi for a rather poor grade in a nickel quiz that we did not get far in our quest for news.

THE PÉPTIMIŠT CRIER



It has been our privilege and good fortune to serve the medical profession, hospitals and educational institutions in this territory for the past twenty-six years.

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Rat's-Eye View

To think that my own dear mother would leave me in a place like this! Didn't she know a girls' dormitory is no place for an innocent young rat?

Oh my goodness, there go those girls again. They couldn't be quiet if they had to. Whew! was my face ever red last night. Of all things, seeing who is the best acrobat. If anyone should happen to ask me, Davidson Cottage has nothing on this place.

It's really a crime. A poor rat can't scrape up a decent living around here any more. These girls won't even leave a measly soybean, yet every night they spend half the time taking exercises and trying to kick the light bulbs. If they'd leave a little for me once in a while they wouldn't have to worry about losing weight.

Such girls! I used to have a grand time

in that one room until they installed all those rules. Such a life!

That poor little mouse really has a time. I feel sorry for him. He got in a wastebasket by mistake the other day and couldn't get out, naturally. What did one of those girls do but stand over him and shriek; as if she could be any more scared than he was. She was in such an uproar she upset the basket with her big feet and let him loose. Nice way to treat company I should say.

I wonder if anyone noticed the decoration on the porch of Gotzian Home the other night. One girl hung her stocking out there. She ought to know Santa Claus won't show up for another month. He more than likely won't stop here anyway.

Oh well, such is life. It's time I turned in; a poor rat has to have a little sleep; goodness knows I need it. So as one rat to another —

Frances Mole

If I Were 21

If I were twenty-one again, I would steer my life by a few fundamental convictions.

If I were twenty-one again, I should begin life with a clear conviction concerning the sovereign value of my soul in the presence of God.

If I were twenty-one again, I would try to achieve some splendid success in some worthy realm of human effort which would benefit mankind.

If I were twenty-one again, I would put quality into every thought, word, and deed.

If I were twenty-one again, I would crowd at least one kind act into every twenty-four hours.

If I were twenty-one again, I would live in the light of every grand experience.

If I were twenty-one again, I would spend a little time every day in the realm of the beautiful.—**Young People.**

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
Immediate Delivery. — Tel. O. H. 226

DEPARTMENT STORES

Sullivan's Department Store

Men's Clothing, Furnishings, Shoes
Ladies Ready-to-wear. Hosiery, Piece Goods,
Notions — O. H. 213

DRUGS

Old Hickory Drug Company

Drugs, Sundries, Prescription, Sodas, and Sandwiches,
Jewelry and Watch Repairing, Greeting
Cards — Tel. O. H. 410

FUNERAL DIRECTORS & AMBULANCE SERVICE

Ligon, Bobo and Wilson Inc.

Old Hickory, Tennessee

Phillips, Robinson Company

Nashville and Old Hickory — O. H. Tel. 10
Nash. Tel. 3-1700

GROCERIES

Inglewood Grocery Company

3601 Gallatin Road
The best in Fresh Vegetables

HARDWARE

Keith-Simmons Company, Inc.

412-414 Union Street, Nashville
House, Builder, and Mill Supplies. Radios,
Sporting Goods

INSURANCE

Gale Smith and Company

General Insurance — Tel. 5-1422

Gary E. Greeson

Empire Building, Knoxville, Tennessee

E. R. Doolittle Madison, Tenn.

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

LUMBER

East Nashville Lumber Company

2408 Gallatin Pike
Lumber, Paints, Hardware, Doors — Tel. 3-0820

LUNCH ROOMS

Owl Lunch Room Granville J. Rives

Old Hickory, Tennessee
Lunches a la carte — Toasted Sandwiches

OPTOMETRIST

Dr. J. H. White

"See White and you'll see right." — Tel. 6-5970
Open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

PLUMBING

Plumbing and Heating Supply Company

Nashville, Tenn. Tel. 5-1251
Kohler & Kohler Products. Mr. Cunningham

RADIO

Ligon Bobo and Wilson Inc.

Old Hickory, Tenn. — Tel. O. H. 51
Zenith Radio and Refrigerator

SHOE REPAIRING

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

Jack Webb Tire Company

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