

*Good report  
of home*

## Life Begins in

We hope you  
were fine in '39  
But life begins  
in  
'40.

We face again the  
"land of beginning  
again," New Year's  
Day, and as we do, the  
inevitable question arises:  
to haunt our very souls:

What have we done with the  
year that is past? Is the world  
any better for our having lived  
another year in its midst? What  
has society done, collectively, to im-  
prove the lot of mankind? ¶ Behind  
me there lies a string of broken vows and  
promises, of ruptured friendships, of op-  
portunities wasted, of time and talent squan-  
dered—but here and there a gleam of gold, so  
bright shines out amidst the gloom. Here a  
promise to myself to stop some useless practice, kept with  
faith and the help of God; there a friend's lot made happier by  
a word in season. They are so few, those streams of brightness,  
but they serve to give me courage for the battle that is ahead.  
Trusting God, I can forget the blackness of despair and fail-  
ure; I can chart my course anew. ¶ "Looking across the year  
that is almost  
gone, I have for-  
gotten every  
gloomy day, And  
only see the sun that shines upon The  
peaks that beckoned all along the way."

After all, of what value  
is the New Year's resolution if it  
is not renewed each morning before the  
struggle of the day. Poor finite man cannot  
remember resolutions longer than a fortnight at  
best. Let us resolve by all means to mend our ways,  
but let us resolve oftener than once a year, if we  
would have success. ¶ Mankind, generally, has made  
a horrible failure of 1939 and war is only the result of the  
failure and not of the thing itself. In a world where science  
struggled unceasingly to make man's burden lighter, to  
lengthen the span of life, to relieve pain and suffering, cruelty  
and avariciousness in the form of organized government have  
laid their blighting hands upon the lives of all mankind. The  
year of our Lord 1939 will be known in history as the year  
when "collective security" completely failed; which means  
simply the year when man found he could not trust his fellow  
man nor keep him under control when once that fellow man  
had acquired power. Despite the premise of postwar days  
that man is fundamentally good, we have proved beyond  
a question that he is fundamentally evil. ¶ But let us not  
be discouraged. Our promise is sure and though the  
world is black our soul may yet be light. What of the  
failures of the past—they're gone! You're poor—  
that's no cause for lack of happiness and hope! And  
New Year's resolutions—let's make them—not  
New Year's Day alone but every day, begin-  
ning now! Look up to God and thank  
Him for what you have and make  
good every opportunity.

The Heptimist Crier January 1940

# The Peptimist Crier

Editor in Chief ..... Ross J. Sype

## Associate Editors

John Dodd

Donald Christman

## Briefs

## Editorials

## Features

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## Ass't. Business Manager

## Staff Artist

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Elaine Fichter

Walter Hilgers

Jean Irwin

George Simonds

## Faculty Advisor

Florence Hartsock

## Technical Advisor

Gary Schueler

## The Editor Muses

Editing a college paper is an occupation to be entered only by the most hardy, unfeeling and daring individual, who is willing to become a sort of outcast and to have his fellows point at him as the great enemy of the body politic and a sort of nemesis to his alma mater; for he is sure to be too liberal for the conservative folk and too conservative for the liberal ones. If he attempts to insist on a scholarly atmosphere in the paper, he is accused of pedantry: if he gives a bit of encouragement to some budding journalists who wish to write in a lighter vein, he is lowering the ideals of the school and lacks dignity and firmness. On the one hand he is pushing his beloved alma mater toward the "nether regions" and, on the other, he is directing the course of the college paper to the happy hunting grounds whence all defunct periodicals go.

We were forcibly impressed with this situation after the November and December issues of the PEPTIMIST CRIER came from the press. In November we were accosted by a number of students with such expressions as the following: "What is this, a Sunday School sheet?" "This looks like the report of class period in Freshman English," and other similar expressions. We were a bit inclined to agree with them but kept our counsel. We placed on the staff a couple of young fellows who aspire to journalistic careers and who had had a rather good background in high school. These chaps were asked to try to liven up the paper as much as possible without letting down any college standards. Well, when the December issue came out, we received the first compliments we had received during our connection with the paper—approbation both orally and by mail. Some of these letters were most enthusiastic, and within four days after the paper had reached our campus readers, we were commended by at least half a dozen members of the faculty, some of them remarking that it was the best issue of the CRIER they had read.

We were just beginning to feel that maybe we had done something, when we received a letter from the campus informing us that it was impossible for the writer to understand how we could sanction such a light periodical as the December issue, going out to represent our college. So, just as we thought our name was to be assured a place in the Hall of Fame, we were amazed to find it headed toward the Rogues' Gallery, instead.

But, now let us wax a bit serious and chat with our readers for a moment on the policy which we would like to see followed in the CRIER. We feel that this is a college newspaper as well as a magazine for the diffusion of the spirit of Madison. It should especially reflect the student spirit. We have the **Survey** which covers the broader field of the Madison ideals of education. While we hope to uphold the ideals of Madison College, it should be our policy to inject a bit of the personal touch and some of the lighter side of the school life as well as to give the main program of the college. We trust that all our readers will realize that we must reflect various phases of our lives here at Madison, and we assure you that this is no monastery. We are a perfectly normal lot of young folk, and while we are Christians, we feel certain that the life of the Christian should not be a sad and morose one, and that without a certain sense of humor, we would hardly be able to keep paddling our canoes upstream. It has always seemed to us rather incongruous that some will hurry home to listen to "Charlie McCarthy" or "Amos 'n Andy" and yet look with holy horror at an innocent joke in the columns of the CRIER.

We know that it is possible to keep the PEPTIMIST CRIER from trailing in the mire of sordid journalism and still maintain the status of a College paper and we pledge with our readers to use tolerance and broadmindedness and at the same time remain above the domain of vulgarity and cheapness.

## Student Election

Below are the nominees for student Government Election. This election will be held at Kinne Kitchen, noon and evening Monday, January 29, 1940. Let us have every qualified member of the Student Assembly cast his vote.

### President:

Theophil Fischer

Royal G. Reid

Cecil Shrock (By Petition)

### Director of Monitors:

Bryan Michaelis

Marvin Dick

### Judge:

Albert McCorkle

Eugene Lemmer

### Editor in Chief:

Gideon Hochstetter

Bruce Sanderson

The highest respect is demanded for the President and all officers of the Student Assembly. To Mr. Creighton the retiring president the heartiest congratulations for a job well done. Regardless of who are our next officials let us all render our wholehearted support.

## Ventriloquist Gives Program

To start the social activities of Madison College for the new year in excellent fashion, Ed. Christensen, noted ventriloquist, performed before a crowded chapel on the evening of January 9.

After explaining some interesting facts about the art of ventriloquism, Mr. Christensen presented his female dummy, "Peggy," who surprised the audience with her knowledge of local happenings. The outstanding feature of the program was a vocal duet by "Peggy" and Mr. Christensen.

At the early age of seven, he discovered his ability to talk to the roof of a building of the top of a tree. This phase of ventriloquism he demonstrated by carrying on a conversation with a man on the roof of the building.

Mr. Christensen is the X-ray technician at Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital, near Chicago, but his hobby as an entertainer has won him great popularity in the field of radio and stage. Since winning the National Ventriloquial Contest conducted by Edgar Bergen over the NBC network, his performance has been demanded to the extent that he sometimes wonders which is his real profession.



## Vacation Activities

The period of time from December 24 to January 4 has been one of unprecedented enjoyment, fun and frolic for the unfortunate—though we feel that fortunate would be more appropriate in this instance—victims of circumstance who were compelled to remain on the campus for the Christmas holidays. Those who looked forward to a dull and uneventful season were fully and completely disappointed, for the kill-joys were ruled out one hundred per cent and the merry makers were voted into office with dictatorial control.

May we bring you a few highlights:

Christmas eve: an orderly group of students very quietly banded together in front of the girl's dorm and officially slipped off around the campus. They visited all the homes—the protesting and the welcoming alike—singing carols and shouting holiday greetings. The most appreciative of the faculty members were Dr. Gish and Mrs. Hansen; the most unappreciative—well, charity and prudence forces us to omit names, but our wish for them is that they too may experience the pangs of disappointment and disillusionment that come from the sharp check of a cold rebuff on an overwhelming and overflowing Christmas spirit.

Christmas night: and the banquet in Kinne Hall. No wet blankets here. The program consisted of first and foremost, a luscious dinner with favors for all. During the course of the dining the speakers and entertainment were slipped in—most unobtrusively at first and then quite noticeably. Lan Creighton was master of ceremonies; Dr. Gish, faculty sponsor, and Professor Beaven, our guest of honor and subsequently, after dinner speaker. We associate Derby with Santa Claus and Christmas wishes; Mr. Cruickshanks with an entertaining "ten years hence"; Elaine Fichter with "news flashes" of the evening; Shirley Throckmorton with New Year's resolutions and Norma Bond with an excellent reading. Professor Beaven was both instructive and amusing as an after-dinner orator. The undying gratitude of the students is the reward of the faculty members who worked with us to make the banquet on Christmas night the success it was.

Thursday evening (Dec. 28): A roller skating rink in the little town of Old Hickory was chartered. A capacity crowd, netting twenty dollars above expenses, was not disappointed in its expectations for the evening. Everybody skated (or stumbled and fell), some played crack the whip, others followed-the-leader and the novelty of the evening was a grand march on skates. It was a memorable occasion of clean fun and good spirit and we have hopes of more like it.

Saturday evening (Dec. 30): Each and every faculty member threw open the doors

of his home for the entertainment of the students. Small groups of students were assigned to each home and the program provided in every case was unique and informal. From the notes which were compared after the evening was over, we would judge that this form of diversion is very popular with all.

On every evening that was open and when no official entertainment was provided, the doors of Kinne Hall were opened to all who cared to come in—most everybody did. Marches, games, songs and music, interspersed with general cordiality and good humor were the most popular themes for these evenings of fun.

The result of this avalanche of recreational pastime might be tabulated in the dispositions of the students. Those who had tasks to perform did them cheerfully and all of the burdensome routine work was lightened by happy inclinations. Another noteworthy result was the utter lack of disciplinary cases. No one felt disposed to break rules or take French leave when so much delight and enjoyment was available without any accompanying risk or lurking campus monitors. Indeed, even campus monitors broke down and joined in with the widespread frolic.

Would it be too entirely out of order if we pointed out a moral in this story? Does this not prove that a little sponsored recreation will go a long way with a group of students in averting rule-breaking and in making our campus a more enjoyable place to be? We think it does. And we feel that only in this way can a real school spirit and genuine love and admiration for our alma mater be fostered among us students.

Elaine Fichter

## A Retrospect

Lest we forget, let us pause for a moment at the portals of the New Year and review the events of 1939 at Madison College. We may safely affirm that in many ways 1939 was a banner year. We feel that to be able to make such an assertion at the close of a year which, in the eyes of a troubled world, has brought some of civilization's greatest defeats, is a thing for which we may sincerely thank a kind and loving Providence.

We are thankful to be able to look back over the year, not at defeat, but victory. Every quarter of 1939 was a good one.

We think, for instance, of the splendid and inspiring course of lectures and the institute conducted by Elder Julius Gilbert White. We are thankful for his most enlightening lectures and the vision which hundreds have received of the erstwhile unknown physical possibilities hidden away in these marvels of science, our bodies.

The summer quarter of 1939 stands out for the fact that a long cherished hope became a reality. Long had the college

planned and labored toward the end of building a substantial building which would house an up-to-date dining and culinary department and furnish forty or fifty rooms for young ladies. Last summer, the Commercial Club of the City of Nashville became interested in this need, and very enthusiastically launched a campaign for raising \$14,000 of the \$30,000 needed for the project. Doctor Bralliar has worked untiringly to raise the remainder of the funds necessary and at this writing the stone work is practically finished and it seems certain that ere long we will be eating in an altogether up-to-date and commodious dining room and the young ladies who are asking for admission, will be able to enjoy a comfortable dormitory.

At the opening of the fall quarter, after having graduated a splendid class and sending them out into the world to represent our college and to uphold our ideals, we admitted a fine freshman class. We feel safe in saying that a finer class of students never entered the halls of any college than the freshmen of 1939, one hundred and fifty strong. This class has now finished its first quarter in Madison College and we can only look forward with confidence to its future development.

The past year has brought many other victories to Madison for which we are thankful. A wealth of interesting correspondence has been carried on between the office and a host of interested people from all parts of the world all testifying that Madison ideals are admired in all countries where its fame has been sung. Letters of inquiry have been received from South and Central America, Europe, Asia, and Africa and from the islands of the sea and from every state in the American union. We thank God for this favorable publicity; but we also feel very humble as we view the great task before us.

We should not close this retrospect without special mention of the most inspiring convention of self-supporting workers which was held at Madison College in November. As we listened to the reports from these many workers coming in from scores of Madison units, large and small, we could not help feeling that it was equal to the reports from the most thrilling foreign fields of the world. Surely these men and women have caught a vision of a mighty work and are being used as instruments in the hands of the great ruler of the Universe to carry to the rural districts of this our own beloved Southland, the gospel of progress, health and happiness in the midst of a world of sorrow and woe.

While we look out across the panorama of 1940 with eyes dimmed by human frailties and so can see but faintly the view which stretches out before us, we do look with courage and anticipation and with every reason to expect a good year. We feel certain that we can say for Madison College that there is no pessimism here.

# Travelling Among the Interesting » » Shrines of the Great South

Few realize that along the Gulf coast and the lower reaches of the Mississippi River, there lies one of the most historical regions in the United States. To the connoisseur of antique and historical shrines, a trip to this section will furnish a thrill.

Natchez stands on high bluffs overlooking the Mississippi about seventy-five miles above Baton Rouge and was one time the center of activity for the elite society during both the French and Spanish occupations of Louisiana, and over it has flown the flags of five nations. We believe that there is no other region of like area in the whole South where one will find so many splendid and well preserved ante-bellum mansions as in its environs. Natchez was a famous rendezvous of the British officials and south-western traders during the short period of British domination in these parts, and many stories have been told of the rugged Indian traders and pseudo-empire builders who frequented the balls of old Natchez when Englishmen and American colonials and Indian chieftains mingled with Spanish dons and French nobles to make life in Natchez gay.

New Orleans is one of the few cities in America that possess real individuality. It still preserves the Old World flavor and its sights and sounds are exotic. The city is built in a great "S" curve of the Mississippi and many of the leading streets follow the contour of the river so that these curving avenues with their cross streets give one the feeling of becoming enmeshed in a mighty spider's web. Along these avenues grow many strange plants, flowers and trees. Among the most interesting to the newcomer will be the palms, the giant moss-covered live oaks and magnolias.

Canal Street is New Orleans famous thoroughfare and is one of the widest streets in the United States. However as you drive down this great avenue toward the river, you may turn to your left and immediately find yourself in one of the most interesting sections to be found anywhere. It is the old French city and has changed but little in two centuries. You will see on all sides old buildings, many of which were occupied by famous men of colonial times. Here is the oldest building in the whole territory of the Louisiana Purchase and over there the government headquarters for both the French and Spanish officials, in which the final transfer of the territory was made to the then young American republic. A bit farther on is an ancient church which houses some early relics of the days of long ago. There are also some interesting reminders of the early American days—the good old days

"before the war." Here is the ancient slave market and the auction block. We might spend days visiting the wharves and the parks and ancient latin cemeteries with the dead interred above ground in vaults and many other interesting places but we must hasten along.

From New Orleans to Mobile we drive through the American Riviera. This drive is always an interesting and thrilling experience. The first town through which we pass is Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi. This quaint little city is the very embodiment of the restful and romantic Old Deep South. As one walks through its sequestered streets, he wishes to stay and rest. Just across the bay is Pass Christian, a famous watering place of the elite of ante-bellum days. From here to Biloxi has been built one of the longest sea walls in the world.

A few miles East of here is the splendid port town and commercial emporium of Gulfport, and between here and Biloxi, a distance of some sixteen miles, runs one of the most charming marine drives to be found anywhere. About half way between these two cities we pass the old home of Jefferson Davis, the hapless and unfortunate president of the Confederate States of America, and we stop to contemplate upon that final and fateful effort of the Southern Aristocracy to save their agrarian civilization from the huge wheels of that relentless commercial juggernaut of the North.

Biloxi is an interesting city and at one time served as capital of French Louisiana and is in fact a bit older than New Orleans. It, like the other cities mentioned, has had flying over it the flags of five nations. This entire region comprising Southern Louisiana, the Gulf coast of Mississippi and the Southern fourth of Alabama, is one full of interest to the lover of the romantic and thrilling tales of the long ago. We should like to tell you of many of the interesting landmarks of this region but time and space fail us so we bid you all adieu until another time.

## Seen and Heard

(By Jove)

Prof. Beaven and Curtis Scoville carrying a baby bed in the direction of Mrs. Scotts or maybe it was the Professors. . . . Mr. Province and Mrs. Reid marching together and doing very nicely. . . . That even the faculty members who accompanied us skating want to go again. . . . That Prof. Jacobsen took a trip to Florida during the holidays. . . . That while the

women folk went skating Prof. Hansen and Gary Schueler stayed home and played ping-pong. . . . That Sir Koenigsfelt made quite a catch New Year's night, he merely stayed up until 2 o'clock to do this. (Note to Sir Koenigsfelt: You should have stayed up until three and seen what sneaked in then). . . . That Don Christman has thrice renewed the book "Timidity and How to Overcome It." . . . That the favorite choice for president at the present time is Stanley Cruickshanks. . . . That they are talking of building a skating rink — probably another swimming pool pipe dream. . . . That there is a new song going the rounds, namely, Sorry I Made You Cry, But It Made Your Face Cleaner. . . . Professor Beaven and Prof. Gish playing badminton in the Dem. Building, with Profs. devoid of any foot ware. . . . A certain ex-campus monitor seems to get a big kick out of walking around the campus at night with a flashlight and using it to a great disadvantage. . . . New Ideas and New View Points are sometimes not heeded because they interfere with old habits (taken from a Psychology book) — Could this apply to Madison's family? . . . That the penalty of bigamy is having two mothers-in-law. . . . That Prof. Gish made a great hit as faculty sponsor during Christmas vacation and has been successful in keeping things on an even keel and still maintaining both the respect and approval of all concerned.

## FLUSTRATION

Have you ever felt the fearless urge to fight—  
That insane desire which swells and grows within you?  
Well, then you know just how I felt that night—  
I read the mag which said "This story will continue."

## IMPERFECTION

No mortal being can be worthy of another's love—  
Affection, deep, unquestioning, without atoll.  
For only he who dwells on land above,  
Can be so perfect — to be trusted with one's soul.

Mrs. Brown (displaying new lampshade): Isn't it perfectly lovely? And it cost only ten dollars.

Mr. Brown (desperately): If you wear that to church tomorrow, you go alone. There's a limit to everything, including hats.

Doctor: Have you told Mr. Brown that he is the father of twins?

Nurse: Not yet. He's shaving.

The article on the front page was written by Professor Beaven and arranged in its artistic style by Mr. Noss, head of the composition department of the Southern Publishing Association.



## Mr. Ed Fly

Your reporter after annoying Mr. Fly for one whole week finally got that gentleman to write an article for the CRIER which he believes that the students will very much enjoy.

Mr. Fly informs me that he first got his license in July 1928, and has been flying ever since, first as a hobby or pastime and in the last few years he has been in the commercial field selling light planes to instructors and to private owners.

When you get your plane from Mr. Fly, he informs me this not only includes the plane but also enough lessons until you are a qualified aviator when you can fly yourself.

Mr. Fly is at present selling the Stinson Cub, a small plane that sells anywhere between \$1,400.00 and \$2,400.00 depending upon your pocketbook. (Mr. Jacobsen informs me that at the present time none of these can be bought on your statement unless you have at least \$5,000 credit). Regardless of whether you have the cash on hand you can get these small planes by merely paying two-fifths of the original purchase and paying the rest like you would if you bought a new refrigerator.

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## Airplanes, Aviation and What Have You?

Too few people realize that this business of "flying" has arrived. In the year 1938 there was a lower percentage of accidents to human beings in airplanes than in automobiles; and fewer deaths. Yes, this includes the fact that many more people rode in automobiles than in airplanes as passengers or pilots. We said PERCENTAGE. So, airplanes are safer than automobiles. Now swallow that one; it's the truth. At least it was in 1938. Complete figures are not available for 1939, except the fact that approximately four times as many people flew in 1939 as compared to 1938. Reason for such a situation? For instance, until four or five years ago a ship that would cruise at 150 miles per hour had to be landed at about eighty miles per hour. It would simply "fall off" at that speed. So, Mr. Pilot, after approaching the field, simply must have "leveled off" at as few feet above the ground as possible, and this depends on the ability of the pilot, so that when he feels the ship losing its flying speed, he would pull the "stick" back and thereby get the tail down so that the two main wheels and the tail wheel or tail skid would all three hit at the same time. Then Mr. Airplane would simply

"skoot" along on its three ground-touching parts until the speed on the ground had become slow enough to "kick" rudder and turn back toward the hangar, with the assistance of the motor if the ship had no brakes, which few had in the old days. After first touching the ground in a ship like I refer to above, the straight-ahead taxi-ing distance would be, maybe only two hundred feet or as much as six hundred feet, depending on whether or not the ship was equipped with brakes and also depending somewhat on the experience of the pilot. Now in landing the same type ship today, since it would be equipped with what we call "flaps," the speed would be approximately fifty miles per hour. Flaps are air brakes, that is, when the pilot pulls the lever in the cock-pit a part of each wing on strong hinges moves itself to a point or position where it is at a ninety-degree angle to the wing itself. These flaps or brakes are as large as should be according to the weight of the ship and when at the ninety-degree angle the wind is so strong against them that the speed of the ship is cut tremendously, placing the pilot in shape to push the stick forward for the "approach" to the field yet not increase the speed for the landing. Then when he has leveled off this same ship will not "sit down" until it is flying much slower than the ship without the flaps, which, as already stated is no need to be over fifty miles per hour. This gives the pilot time to think, pick out the best possible field, etc., in case of a "forced landing" and of course is much easier on the ship in good normal landings and easier on both ship and passengers in case of a "forced landing," since arithmetic or maybe it's English or Psychology that tells us that we don't hit things as hard at fifty miles an hour as at eighty. So, slowing up "landing-speeds" has helped so very much. Next, the streamlining and stronger building of ships has been an asset. Still another reason and probably the best is due to the fact that more and more small, slow-landing, yet, fairly fast ships are being flown by men who use the units in their businesses, and they do inject a lot of common horse sense into their flying. These small ships will carry two or three people including the pilot and a reasonable amount of baggage, and are chiefly, Aronca, Taylorcraft, Piper Cubs (all two place), and the new Stinson 105, which is the only threeplace of these small ships. For instance the Aronca cruises at about one hundred miles per hour and can be landed, due to perfect stream lining, at about thirty-five miles per hour. Such a ship as this is equipped with only sixty-five h.p. and uses about four and a half gallons of gasoline per hour, very economical. Another little point there is the fact that a number of miles are "cut out" between towns. Railroad mileage from Nashville to Chattan-

ooga is 151. Air mileage, if you don't get lost and you shouldn't except due to carelessness if you have been trained properly, is 116. The writer flew to Chattanooga ten days ago in one of these light ships in one hour and five minutes, but of course there was a little tail wind helping us along. On the way back the same day that wind had become four or five miles per hour stronger. Result, one hour and forty minutes returning, due to that wind being stronger and right on the nose.

A student today must have as much as eight hours dual instruction, no matter how good said student might be at three, five or seven hours and fifty-nine minutes. The Civil Aeronautics Authority, the boss of Aviation in the U. S. who have their "policemen" contacting all airports regularly to inspect ships, repair jobs and give license tests, state that no one can solo in less than eight hours, and the laws of the CAA cost plenty of money when violated. I know—I violated one one time. Most students take more than eight hours. However, they are never criticised or "gossiped about" by other pilots who may have required less time to solo. The instructor knows when to turn you "aloose," and he usually steps out without warning (after the eight, ten or maybe fifteen hours and after a perfect landing), with some wisecrack like "Hope you live, kid, and try to land where I'll be standing; well, go ahead; what are you sitting there for." After twelve hours in one of the old type rather fast-landing ships in 1928, my instructor had me shoot two landings that morning and when I had finished "rolling" on the second, he casually climbed out of the front cockpit and as he walked away toward the hangar, here's what he said: "All right Horse-Fly, what the so and so are you sitting there for? You've been crying to solo; now go on and buzz by yourself; I'm sick and tired of you." Well, I know that's not funny to anyone now, but it was "funny" to me at that moment. The cost of "learning to fly" depends on just how far a student cares to go. The most popular license is the "PRIVATE," because it is all anyone needs if that pilot is not going into the instruction end of the business. With a Private License a pilot can fly anybody anywhere, but not for pay. Oh, of course some of these good salesmen who travel a territory in their own ship, "permit" a passenger to buy a tank or two of gasoline and a quart of oil now and then for a "cross-country" ride, but even that is against the CAA rules because it is a form of accepting pay for the ride. Only Commercial Pilots can fly the regular lines or cross-country passengers in any other ship for pay. Limited Commercial Pilots can only fly passengers off their "home field," and they can not instruct for pay.

Different types of licenses today are, first, Solo, which can be obtained if the

student can stand the simple test given for such a license by the CAA Inspector, immediately after he solos or a week after, as far as that matters. It is really a waste of time to bother about getting such a license because "nothing" can be done with it; that is, the student can't leave his home field, he can't take a passenger up, for any reason. I may be wrong, but it may be that some kid wants to tell his girl he has a "license." Most students go ahead to thirty-five hours and get their Private License, then on to seventy-five hours, I believe, to the LC (Limited Commercial), and then to the Commercial after two hundred hours.

Due to the length of Mr. Fly's article, it was thought best to continue it in the February issue of the **CRIER**.

"I'm a self-made man."

"You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and three daughters."

## In Politics

His days were joyous and serene, his life was pure, his record clean; folks named their children after him, and he was in the social swim. But in the fullness of his years, the tempter whispered in his ears, and begged that he should make the race for county judge, or some such place. And so he yielded to his fate, and came forth as a candidate. The night before election day . . . they found him lying, cold and gray, the deadest man in all the land, this message in his icy hand . . . "The papers that opposed my race have brought me into deep disgrace; I find that I'm a fiend unloosed; I robbed a widow's chicken roost, and stole an orphan's wooden leg. I learn with something like alarm, that I designed the Guinness farm and also with excessive grief, that Black Hand cohorts call me 'Chief'! I thought myself a decent man—whose records all the world might scan;

but now, alas too late! I see that all the depths of infamy have soiled me with their reeking shame and so I'll quit the game."

Walter Mason—"His Book"

## The Contest

Say, what has gone wrong with some of you budding writers? Have you forgotten that there is a reward out for the best essay on campus life at Madison College? And you fellows who like to deplete our supply of chalk to draw caricatures on the classroom blackboards, have you been busying yourselves on that cartoon? There is a prize for the best one, but it must reach us by February 15. Then there is that prize offered for the best snapshot or photograph taken on the campus. We have heard of a few entries; but surely there are more who wish to compete. Let us hear from you soon.

## 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 Sand-  
wiches, 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