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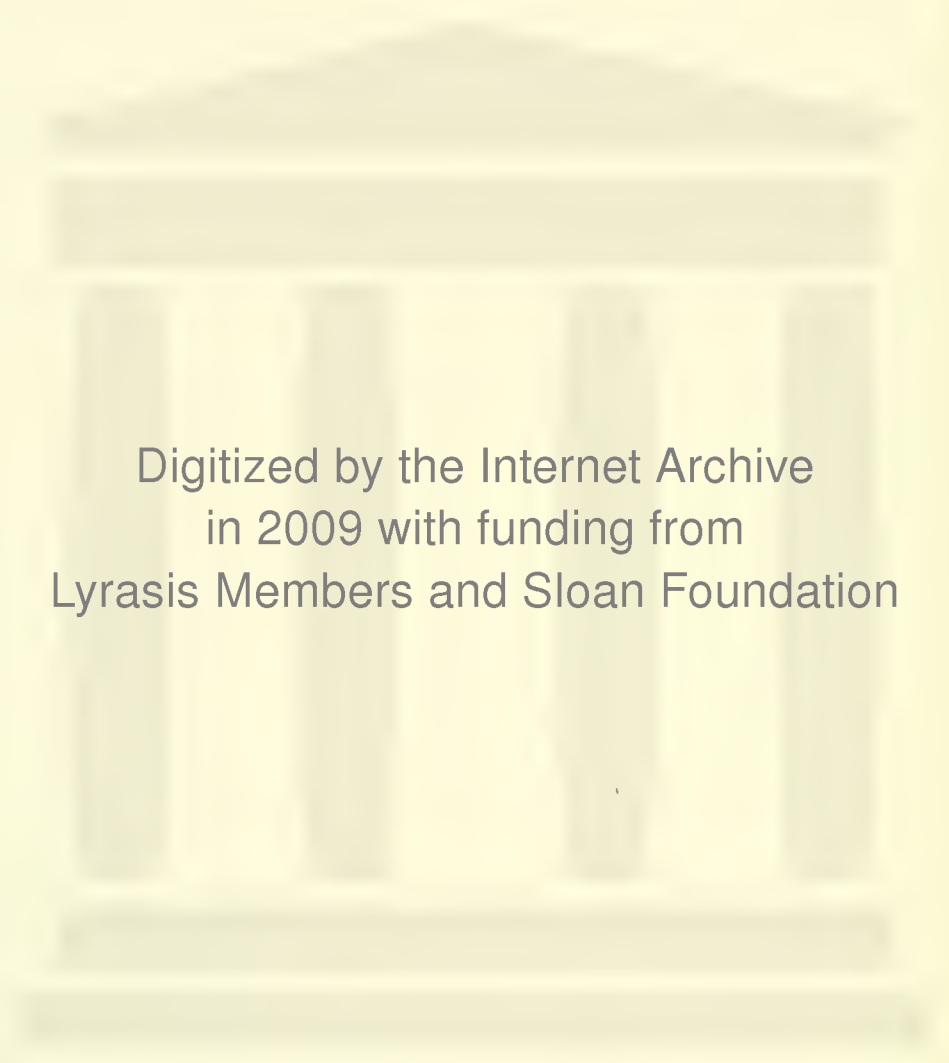
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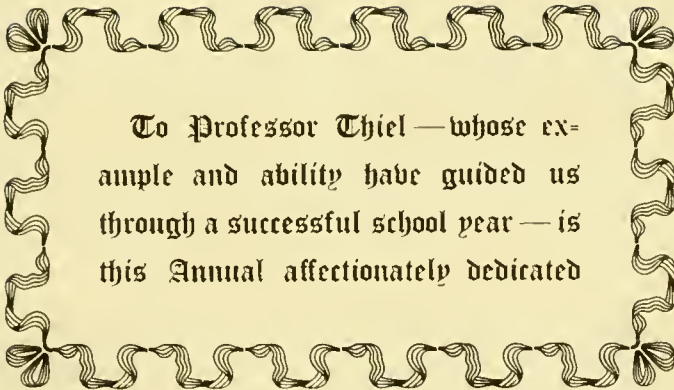
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The first annual
May 1923

63 5 42 138





To Professor Thiel — whose example and ability have guided us through a successful school year — is this Annual affectionately dedicated



Ruby E. Lea



Myrtle V. Maxwell



Mable N. Behrens



Frank W. Field



J. H. Behrens



N. L. Ingram



Maude I. Jones



Ella P. Ingram



W. P. Bradley



Carter E. Ledford

S 701
S 367
A 12
1923
(SDA)



C.B. Newmyer



Mable Newmyer



Mrs. I.D. Richardson



Iva Dell Kirk



Roy L. Carr



T.R. Huxtable



Helen M. Shull



C. Sparks



Benjamin J. Fountain



W.E. Bailey



Seniors



ANNIE LOU SARRETT
Academic

Ready witted repartee
Is Annie Lou's delight.
She's friendly in her quick remarks,
And plays with all her might.

FREDERICK E. FULLER
*Printing
President*

One in whose soul swell rapturous tones,
Like morning chimes and prayer;
Heard by the tuned and sens'tive ear,
'Tis melody all rare.

CORA FOX *Worship*
Commercial

A business woman here, in truth
She's always at her post
She always works,
And never shirks,
Of friends she has a host.

ROBERT E. COWDRICK
Collegiate

Of scientific turn of mind,
He asks perplexing questions.
He has opinions of his own,
But listens to suggestions.



SANFORD H. ULMER

*Academic
Salutarian*

Didst e'er behold a paradox,
Which to understand, was but to know?
Thou hast him here:
A man, though yet a boy;
Furnaced, of no alloy;
Complete; with highest joy.

BERNICE HOLLISTER

Academic Normal

Physics is her terror,
But teaching is a joy.
She likes to train them, loves them all,
Each little girl and boy.

J. C. HOLLAND

Academic

Deliberate, steady, strong for truth,
He does his very best.
His aims are high,
He's going by
Successful in his quest.

ELIZABETH COWDRICK

Collegiate

Studying is her hobby,
And good grades are her aim
In bright or cloudy weather,
Her temperament's the same.



MILDRED EMANUEL

Academic
Ass't Secretary

Now rejoice that the hand of her highest ideal
Draws the bow o'er the viol of talents so rare.

J. L. COOPER

Theological

Courage well undaunted;
Soul which fits the will.
Failure,—no safe lodging;
Purpose,—never ill.

IRENE TOLHURST

Academic

Quietly friendly,
Willing to aid,
Ready at any call.
Studies and work,
Doing her best
At duties one and all.

ELLEN G. BIRD

Advanced Normal

Friend of endurance art thou;
Lovliness, pure;
Soul of rich purpose, there dwell
Never more sure.



MARY EARLE FARLEY
Commercial

Quiet, timid optimism,
Suited well for business.
Foster sister of Success, she:
Hers, Success' heir-ship.

W. HAYNSWORTH JERVEY
Commercial

A quiet, unobtrusive one,
Whose sentiments are strung to blend
With rare souls' of the past.

HELEN CURTIS
Academic

A heart well suited to its work,
With tenderness toward all.
A life of faithful ministry
Is hers, where'er the call.

CECIL F. GRAVES
Academic
Vice-President

Beloved and honored by his friends,
He goes his way unspoiled.
He shows himself a friend to all
And keeps his soul unsoiled.

ALICE LAY PIERCE
Academic

Laughter and fun,
That's Alice
When work is done
And play's begun,
She's happy.



RUBY IONE WADE
Academic

A jolly friend to every one,
She is an optimist.
In all our work and all our fun,
She's willing to assist.



MILDRED OLINGER
Academic

Happy laughter, smiles for all,
But quiet in her ways.
Ready to answer any call,
She fills her busy days.



C. A. WOOLSEY
Collegiate

A busy man—he draws and prints,
But quiet in his work.
Willing to help a friend in need,
He's never known to shirk.



MASIE WHITE *Jan 2 1900*
Advanced Normal
Valedictorian Secretary

Modest, quaint, reserved, and delicate;
And with these all, of steady will.
A maiden, true; fair Sunshine's birth is she,
And Sunshine's work doth she fulfill.

President's Address

IDEALS are the stars which God has placed in the sky of young manhood and womanhood. They are not fleeting clouds after which children run, only to find that the hilltop is no nearer to them than the valley, and that the climb has been of no avail. They are real, tangible, and each ascent brings us nearer their possession. As the wise men followed a star to the King of the universe, so every youth who is guided by the light of his ideal will discover a Bethlehem.

In his childhood, Abraham Lincoln fixed his eyes upon an ideal, the highest possible service to humanity, and never for an instant lost sight of it. Step by step it led him. With a dauntless courage and unswerving purpose that was death-like in its tenacity, he followed. The light grew brighter and clearer. With patience and grim determination he overcame obstacles that seemed insurmountable. Finally, his ideal hovered over the president's chair; Lincoln followed until he sat on the throne of a nation, crowned under his life's star.

The swallow flutters over the plain and meadow, but the eagle lives on the crag and soars among the clouds and mountain tops, never knowing weariness. This is the divine right of every individual in the universe. There is no power sufficient to shackle a man's aspirations. Spurred by a noble purpose, he can rise out of the dungeon and mock the chains of his enemy's forging.

We rise upon what we wish to be by constant effort. To reach the summit of our aspirations we must climb a steep and dangerous mountain side. There are curves and precipices which make it almost impossible to return. To go back is to fall. The only safe way is ever onward, ever upward.

The one essential to true success is a worthy purpose—an ideal with conscience in it. The perfect pattern and highest ideal to which mankind can aspire is Christ, and in him is bound up the mystery and power of attainment. It was because we had caught a vision of this highest ideal and purposed in our hearts to follow the perfect pattern, that we came to Southern Junior College.

And as we, the class of 1923, have reached the first ledge of life's great ascent, we pause for a moment to pay tribute to our beloved teachers, through whose untiring efforts we have been urged on toward the realization of our ideals. Theirs was the courage which taught us to

“Welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough.”

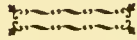
Theirs was the faith that bade us, even in the face of failure,

“Nor faint, but climb.”

And so tonight, our hearts filled with gratitude, our eyes fixed upon the Day-star, and our ears attuned to the great commission, “Go ye into all the world,” we pledge ourselves to the Master's service. For time, we claim the rugged heights of noble achievement, and for eternity, “The shining table land to which our God, himself, is moon and sun.”

FREDERICK E. FULLER.

Service



Service—what a wealth of meaning;
Service—who can understand?
With what high endeavor teaming;
Fraught with Christ's own heart and hand.

Years ago in old Judea,
By the shores of Galilee,
Did our Saviour work and labor,
Seeking sin-sick souls to free.

Then we see on that hill yonder,
Crosses three are raised to view.
On the high one hangs our Saviour
Dying there for me and you.

Thus our Lord fulfilled His mission;
Then came life, that we might live;
And to us, the great commission,
"Go and labor; work and give."

And tonight we hear the Saviour
As he says, "Go serve today—
Yes, go serve Me in my vineyard;
Work, O work, do not delay."

Then the answer swiftly follows,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me";
Just to serve Thee every moment—
This our prayer ascends to Thee.

BERNICE HOLLISTER.

Salutatory

A WAY back in eternity God purposed, in His heart, a great purpose. It was to make our little world. The thought of it brought great joy to His heart, and it brought great sorrow, too. But, looking beyond the few thousand years this world would remain in sin, He saw the riches it would bring to Him; so He made it. At the end of creation week, as the earth lay in full glory, a glory which is found only in the yearning purpose of the heart of God, He called the heavenly host together. They looked upon His work, and the record is, "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Upon us, the creatures of God's handiwork, rests the responsibility of harmonizing the closing stanzas of this song, with the triumphant notes which marked its beginning. Only as we understand that which caused the first joyous strains shall we be able to meet this obligation.

Perfect faith in the plans and purposes of God filled the angelic host with rapturous song. If we would join that swelling chorus, there must be an entire trust in the working out of an infinite plan for our lives.

It is because we have this trust and because we have purposed in our hearts that God shall use us in the perfecting of His great plan in creation, that we stand before you tonight.

Fathers and mothers, we welcome you on this occasion because we wish to share with you the joy which it brings to our hearts. When we were discouraged, or disheartened you urged us on, by your kind, loving words, and by those comforting letters, and have helped us to stand successful tonight. Had it not been for those years of training under you, our first teachers, this success would not be ours. So, to you, we extend our heartiest welcome.

Dear teachers, in view of the fact that our lives have been molded for the best by your untiring, persevering labors, we rejoice to welcome you, to this, the partial culmination of our hopes. With the thought of whatever of success has come to us during these years at school, our minds turn to you. Accept our gratitude.

Friends and relatives, we welcome you because life would be incomplete without you. Those ties which bind us can never be broken. You have put joy into life, for "friendship improves happiness . . . by doubling our joy, and dividing our grief." We gladly welcome you.

Juniors and fellowstudents, you, too, have a welcome this evening. You have helped us. You, perhaps, have looked to us for examples and by so doing have made us strive the more to give you an example, the results of which we should be willing, always, to face. Our message is

"Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe"

And so, in behalf of the class I welcome every person here tonight. We have reached one goal in the fulfilment of our hopes, and this evening, our last opportunity for united endeavor is to us an occasion of great joy. And as you enter into our joys with us tonight, with your prayers and good wishes, enter also into our hopes and desires that this maybe the beginning of years of greater usefulness and nobler endeavor.

SANFORD HORTON ULMER.

Retrospect and Aims

Our president's history began on November 15, 1901. We conclude that his experience must be rather broad, for his life thus far has been spent in about twelve states. Frederick E. Fuller accepted this message four years ago, in Pensacola, Florida. His energies were immediately directed to obtaining a thorough education, and he chose Southern Junior College as a school well fitted to give the training he desired. Fred heartily approves the standards and ideals for which Southern Junior College stands and has upheld them during the four years he has attended the school. He was graduated with the class of 1921 as president. Since then his time has been devoted to stenographic and printing work at the school and elsewhere. Fred has a love for literature and purposes to become an editor of one of our periodicals. We see in him those qualities which will bring success in his calling, and are glad that his worthy talents are consecrated to the Lord.

Cecil Frank Graves was born in Kansas, on December 27, 1901. The influence of five years in that state, two years at school in College View, Nebraska, and the remainder in Tennessee have shaped his life. Cecil made Collegedale his home in 1918, and has remained true to it ever since.

“Under the press and the roller,
Into the jaws of the mint,
Stamped with the emblem of freedom,
With never a flaw or a dint;
Oh what a joy the refining
Out of the damp and the mold
And stamped with a glorious image,
Oh, beautiful coin of gold!”

We should not be surprised to find Cecil as a missionary in Africa some day, for he is leader of our African band.

There is a beautiful spot nestled in the hills of middle Tennessee which holds fond memories for our beloved secretary and valedictorian. It was on a sunny day in May, when a little log cabin welcomed the birth of Masie. As a child, she had a quiet, shy disposition, nevertheless, she spent much time playing with other children. Nashville claimed nine years of her early life, which was spent in church school. We give Professor Wood credit for persuading Masie to come to Southern Junior College, when it first started in 1916. After remaining at Collegedale two years, the church schools in Mobile, Atlanta, and Jacksonville, took four years of her services. When school opened on September 12, 1922. Southern Junior College claimed her again,

“But selfish it would never be,
So, back she goes to fill the world's great need.”

Two years ago we welcomed to our midst, Mildred Dorothy Emanuel, a child of Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains. While Mildred was yet quite young, her parents died and she was then placed under the tender care of her aunt and uncle, residents of Florida. Thus, coming to us, as she did from the Land of Flowers, she brought with her the sunny, happy life of a carefree maiden, whose mission, while here at Southern Junior College, has been to radiate to others the sunshine

of her own joyous heart. Mildred is gifted with a keen, sharp, intellect, and is ambitious to use her talents in school work.

If we were to tell you of a quiet, timid, retiring boy, who, having a star which never set, led his classmates for seven years, and then, following that star through four years of high school, still followed, could you believe it? We have such a person in William Haynsworth Jervey, who stands among us as one of the brightest in our class. A desire for service, and a love for the beautiful bless his life. His noble character is the result of years of training under a faithful mother. We predict for him a successful summer of canvassing, and then, six years of hard work on a medical course at Loma Linda. Our prayers go with Haynsworth.

Alice Lay Pierce entered upon this life in the city of Nashville, March 3 1904. When she was only nine months old, her parents moved to Fort Worth, Texas, where her father was manager of the branch office of the Southern Publishing Association. She has never attended any schools other than our own. Her first grade work was taken at home, under her mother's instruction. In the fall of 1919 she came to Collegedale, and was baptized that year. Alice says that while the school has done much to give her high ideals, she still regards the influence of a Christian father and mother as the most potent factor in her life. From childhood she has desired to become a nurse, and according to present plans will enter upon this course in the near future. Her reason for preferring this work is that it is necessary, and that this ministry offers so many opportunities for acts of kindness which may lead suffering ones to believe in the love of Christ.

About eighteen years ago Helen Leanna Curtis was born in East Lake, Georgia. We do not have to guess about Helen's playing as a child, for we have her word that she never played with a girl in her life. She loved to play doctor and has not changed much since, for she says nothing will suit her but to be a first class nurse, and we should not be surprised to find her some day as a missionary in Africa. We see in her qualities that will make her a successful worker.

It was on a hot sultry day in July, 1906, that a little cottage in the quaint old city of New Orleans welcomed the birth of Sanford Horton Ulmer. Under the training of faithful and God-fearing parents he early gave his heart to the Lord, and when, in the fall of 1920, he first sensed the world's great need, he came to Southern Junior College to begin a preparation for service. From the day of his arrival he commanded the respect of his classmates, and made many warm friends. The high standards which he has set for himself have been a guiding factor in shaping his life. Sanford holds an important office in the Collegedale Young People's Society, and has had a prominent part in the religious activities of the school. His highest desire is that he may be spent in helping other young people to catch the vision which has been the inspiration of his life.

It was one of those May days, when all the world was attuned to nature, that welcomed the birth of Mary Earle Farley. Her quiet disposition, as we know her today, is in contrast, we understand, with that of her childhood days. She attended public school until she heard of Collegedale, and then she could not rest until she was permitted to enter school here last fall. She has always made high marks in her classes, mathematics being the study in which she took the keenest delight. Her heart has gone out to the islands of the South Seas, where she hopes some day

to labor. Collegedale is glad to honor her as one of its first graduates from the Business Course.

Irene Tolhurst was born in the city of Cleveland, Ohio. Her parents were both engaged in medical missionary work, and ever since she can remember, her desire has been to follow this line of service. Even when she was a little girl she was often heard to say, "When I get big I'm going to be a doctor and help the widows in India." With the exception of her first year, her entire school life has been spent in our schools. For five years she has been here at Collegedale, and has proved herself a friend to all in need, always ready to do little acts of kindness. We are sure that as she pursues the line of work in which she is most interested, her field of usefulness in the Lord's vineyard will be great.

The year 1903 stands out prominently in the mind of Bernice Audree Hollister, because she was born in that year in Livermore, California. The close companionship existing between this only daughter and her parents was uninterrupted until she came to Collegedale in the fall of 1921. As is usually the case with a minister's family, moves have been frequent, and the result has been that Bernice has had to change schools as often as two or three times in one year. However, she has made good progress and will complete the Advanced Normal Course with the next class. Then she will go out to help fill the world's great need of teachers and thus realize her life's ambition.

James Lamar Cooper was born in Dixon, Mississippi, on the 31st day of December in 1890. James Lamar has always been very fond of his mother, and not without reason, for it is largely through her influence that there have been placed in his character those elements which go to make up a true man. Three of Mr. Cooper's vacations have been taken up in the canvassing work, and two in connection with tent efforts held in the Mississippi and Cumberland Conferences. He spent sixteen months during the war serving Uncle Sam, but is now finishing a thorough training preparatory to engaging in a still mightier warfare. Success be with Mr. Cooper as he works through the ministry for a sin-sick world.

At Napoleon, Ohio, in March, 1900, on a farm near the beautiful Maumee River, Frances Elizabeth Cowdrick was born. Her early years were spent in the public schools. Shortly after the truth came to her home she entered the Southern Training School at Graysville, in 1915. Two years ago, we welcomed this beloved classmate to Southern Junior College. Elizabeth appreciates the value of an education and is willing to work to obtain one, as is shown by the fact that she has spent three summers in the canvassing field. From our association with her in classes and in the varied experiences of school life, we have come to regard her as having a noble Christian character. By her unselfish devotion to her brothers, Elizabeth has revealed a spirit of loyalty and helpfulness that will make her a valuable worker in the cause of God.

Charles Arthur Woolsey is perhaps the only member of our class who was born in a sod house. His parents were pioneering away out on the plains of Nebraska when Charles was born in the fall of 1891. The family moved to Tennessee in 1906. Six years ago he came to Chattanooga for employment. It was here, shortly before being drafted on September 4, 1917, that he took a definite stand for the third angel's message. Nearly eleven months were spent in military service, most of the time in France. About a month after being honorably

discharged, he entered Southern Junior College. Mr. Woolsey is preparing for the ministry, but will continue in the colporteur work during vacations until his training is completed. He plans to spend next year taking a medical missionary course at Loma Linda. The turning point in his life came when he recognized that the affairs of this world are transient, and definitely decided to become connected with a movement that was sure to triumph.

It was in the year of the Spanish American War that Ellen Gould Bird was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Since her father is a minister, her early schooling was received in a number of places. She attended Southern Training School at Graysville in 1913, which was her first year away from home. The next four years found her at Washington. After her father was called to Oakwood Junior College, she decided to attend S. J. C., where she finished the Academic Course in 1921. Ellen has always been very fond of her father and mother, from whom she learned early lessons of obedience. To them she is indebted for her love of high ideals. The noble calling of a teacher is one of the ideals they held before her. It is because Ellen believes that there is no more important work than that of molding the lives of children during the formative period, that she has completed the Normal Course this year.

The early part of Mildred Olinger's childhood was spent in several different states, but Tennessee is her birthplace. As a child she was very unselfish and delighted in making others happy. Her faith in prayer was beautiful. She took all her wants to her Master, and then thanked Him when her petitions were answered. She and her mother were always close companions, never being separated until she came to Collegedale two years ago. From the time she could hold a book, she liked to play that she was a teacher. It is with the thought that ministering to the sick offers so many opportunities for teaching the people to look to Christ for physical, mental, and spiritual restoration that Mildred has chosen nursing as her profession. When the Master shall call, her answer will be, "Here am I, send me," for she finds her keenest pleasure in service for others.

Situated in a beautiful maple grove on the banks of the Maumee River, near Napoleon, Ohio, still stands the house where our esteemed classmate, Robert Ellsworth Cowdrick, was born some twenty-one years ago. In childhood Robert early displayed those essentials of character which tend to true greatness, not the least of which was implicit obedience. It is this same trait, which, unaltered through the passing years of youth, leads Robert to obey his Master. His greatest ambition is to help other young people to find the supreme satisfaction that comes from a life in Christ. Robert came to Southern Junior College three years ago to prepare himself for such a work. His upright integrity of purpose, his wealth of individualism, his noble Christian character, mark him in word and deed a man.

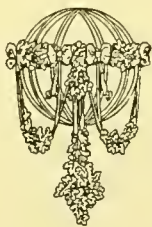
It was in the month of June, 1906, that Annie Lou Sarrett, the youngest girl in our class, came to brighten the home of her parents in Knoxville, where she has lived ever since. At the age of five she began her kindergarten work in Knoxville. She entered church school there four years later, shortly after her parents had accepted the truth. When asked why she came to Southern Junior College, she just said, "Why I never thought of going anywhere else," and so Collegedale welcomed her when school opened in the fall of 1921. Annie Lou says that in past years she did not engage in some activities because her father and mother objected.

This home training has not been in vain, for now loyalty to principle determines her attitude toward these same activities. Believing that she can serve humanity best by ministering to the sick, and that the time will never come when this line of work must be given up, Annie Lou is determined to become an efficient nurse.

Of all people who have a right to live at Collegedale, James Carl Holland has—well, we were going to say, the most, but we do think he has as much as anyone else. He has been here the larger part of every school year, since the establishment of the institution. Coming from Alabama, he possesses that friendliness, and kind-heartedness for which the South is noted. Carl also has perseverance and stick-to-it-iveness, for he has canvassed every summer since 1915. He is going to be a minister, and we know he will be true to his calling.

Her birthplace was in Tennessee—Lane, Tennessee,— where she was born in 1905. Spending her childhood days on the farm, among the trees, and reveling in the beauties of nature, she seemed to absorb the sunshine of her surroundings. From the time she came to Collegedale, she purposed to prepare herself to use this “stored up sunshine” in dispelling the clouds which gather around the sick and suffering. One who is always happy, with a cheery word and a winning smile; one whose ruling motive is to incorporate into the fabric of her character those principles of Christian living which will enable her to be rightly termed, a child of God—such is our Ruby—Ruby Ione Wade.

Six years ago, alone and without money, Cora Fox came to Southern Junior College from the Blue Ridge Mountains of Carolina. Her determined and steadfast purpose was to obtain an education. This goal she set for herself has carried her through many trying circumstances. It is her boast that she is the first young person in the oldest Adventist church in the South to go away to school, and thus blaze the way for other young people of that community. She has always been interested in the religious activities of the school, being a leader of one of the prayer bands. For her, the commercial work has the greatest appeal, so she is preparing herself for service in our offices.



Motto

LIFE is a continual search for happiness. And because our lot has been cast in this world, we often err by trying to find satisfaction in its service, its customs, its standards, desires, and ambitions. Then in the end it is so disappointing to realize that the joy of this world soon changes to sadness; the peace, to anxiety; the contentment, to unrest; the courage, to fear; the freedom, to a yoke of bondage.

But we have learned of One who has never had this experience. In His heart there always reigned perfect peace. Never did He pursue a course that caused regret. Although His life work was characterized by great activity and heavy responsibility, He carried rest and peace, joy and gladness wherever He went. Even when passing through severe trials He never became discouraged, but was always satisfied and supremely happy. The best part, however, is the fact that, if we consent, this One will abide in us, and permit us to abide in Him, thus insuring for us a like experience. "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked." Then "we may be filled with His love and satisfied with His presence." What more could anyone ask? This is the reason that we, the class of 1923, choose to follow "In His Steps."

Life is but a brief span; there is not one moment to lose. Eternity is before us. Our Saviour's life meant so much to Him because He was willing to put all into it. Before deciding to follow His footsteps it is important to count the cost. It means much, but it is because it *does* mean so much that we are willing to pay the price. Even the yoke of service is placed upon us, not as a burden, but as an aid in drawing the burden.

Walking "In His Steps" means that we must finish the work Christ began. The Saviour came to make it manifest that there is a Father in heaven whose character is worthy of imitation. The world at large had a misconception of God's true nature. Our work today is to remove this wrong impression that still exists.

Our lives must be molded in every detail in harmony with God's ideal. "Our characters are to be builded 'for an habitation of God . . .' And we are to 'make all things according to the pattern,' even Him who 'suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps.'"

As the Saviour found a joy in ministering to fallen mankind that was different to the joy of heaven before He came to earth, so we may experience in His service a satisfaction which we have never known before.

One of the most important features in the life of Jesus was the time spent on the mountain side, alone with God. To the Christian today, this is indeed a pleasant path—the path leading to the solitary retreat for secret communion.

The record is that the Lamb "shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." This experience of following the footsteps of our Redeemer in the new earth, as well as in the unfallen worlds, comes only after a similar walk below.

We need never fear to tread the path when our Saviour beckons to us; for He has tried the way, and found it safe. Following "In His Steps." Wonderful opportunity! Privilege without parallel! With renewed courage we take up our motto, "In His Steps."

ROBERT E. COWDRICK.

Valedictory

LIFE with its ever changing events and circumstances may be likened to a picture which the Master Artist paints. God alone knows the plan. His hand holds the brush and blends the colors. Yet one unguided move on our part and the plan is marred. Still, by allowing Him to have His way with us, and by reflecting His beauty the result will be more beautiful than anything of which mortal has ever dreamed.

The varied experiences of life are the different colors used in the painting. The sadness, grief, and pain are the deep, dark shades which make the highlights, or our successes, more brilliant. The shadows are the failures, and these with the deep, dark shades enable us to appreciate the highlights as nothing else can. A pleasing effect is produced by the delicate tints of joy and laughter.

The picture now is unfinished. Yet as we look over the past few years of our school life we can see that sadness, success, failure, and joy have each had a part. In wonder we note the harmony. We can ever recognize the outline of the design.

And tonight a mingling, a blending of color, takes place. We are happy and yet sad. We are glad for the degree of success which is ours. We are glad for the many friends about us. We are glad that we have had the privilege of attending a school which holds such standards and ideals as does Southern Junior College. But the thought of parting—how sad! Still, our paths cannot always lie in the same direction; partings must come and farewells be spoken. And though our hearts ache at the thought, we endeavor to be cheerful.

Schoolmates, as we separate and memory takes each of you "to her caverns pure and deep" we cherish as dear our association with you. We feel that you are our friends. We love you and wish for you a future of joy and success.

Juniors, There is a warm spot in our hearts for each of you. And were ours the choosing, we should not now leave you. You are dear to us, especially since our close association during the past year. We appreciate your friendship. We thank you for your cooperation and aid, and for having made our Senior year so pleasant. And now as the places we have filled are left to you, we trust that you will aspire to attain greater heights than we have reached and make perfection your aim.

And to you, our dear teachers, we endeavor to express our heart-felt appreciation of your efforts in our behalf. But words are inadequate at times, and so they are tonight. Yet by our lives we shall try to show our gratitude to you. You have borne with our mistakes, our carelessness and our indifference. We must have discouraged you at times. And yet you encouraged us whether in the midst of seeming defeat or during our strongest efforts. And tonight we thank you one and all.

And now, classmates, the time has come when we must say goodbye. And as we take the trail that leads over the hills and away from our beloved College, let us determine to live worthily, that no act of ours may mar the beauty of the picture the Great Artist desires to paint. We know not what the future holds in store, but in the words of the poet, "If we would see the color of our future we must look for it in our present." So whether our paths of service reach mountain peaks of success and joy, or descend into the valley of humility and deepest sorrow, let us follow "In His Steps," looking forward to the glad reunion where life's pictures are complete.

MASIE WHITE.



THE JUNIORS

Juniors

Class Motto

NOT SUNSET BUT DAWN

Class Colors

ROYAL BLUE AND CREAM

Class Flower

CREAM ROSE

Class Roll

FRANKLIN ASHLOCK, *President* +

DONALD HUNTER, *Vice President* +

ANNIE BIRD, *Secretary*

SARAH EDWARDS, *Treasurer*

ROSABELLE WOOD

BONNIE CONIFF

JEANETTA HARDIN

CLEO ROBERTS

GLADYS ANDRESS

MAUDE BROOKE

GRACE PORTER

MARTHA HARROLD

RALPH WATTS +

CLARE BOTIMER -

CARL AIKEN *

WINSLOW RANDALL -

NELLIE HENDERSON

DOROTHY BAILEY

PEARL THOMPSON

MONA DEYO

LOUISE AUSTELLE

HELEN PATTERSON

EDNA MAE TRAMMEL

LUCILE WALL

JERE SMITH +

WARNER McCLURE -

FRANK BROWN -

MERWIN THURBER -

LORETTA HEACOCK



TREBLE CLEFF CLUB



MUSIC ROOM



MALE QUARTET



LADIES QUARTET

The Purpose of Southern Junior College

IN A WORD, the purpose of Southern Junior College is to train Christian leaders. There is no commodity in the world's market so much in demand at present as leadership; no class of men in more urgent need than leaders. From the many young men and women who enter the doors of Southern Junior College it is planned that there will be a large number of trained, efficient leaders in all activities of Christian endeavor go from Southern Junior College.

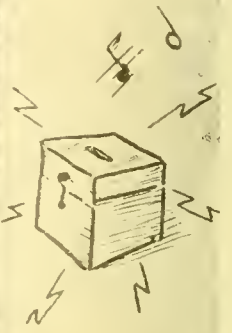
And while leadership is greatly in demand today, yet Christian leadership is still more urgently needed. The world is distressed and perplexed, not knowing which way to turn, largely because real leaders are wanting. The fact that the Christian leader has the assurance of success is the reason that one trained in this way to be a real leader is in demand. It is true that there is an abundance of men who endeavor to point the way out of our difficulties. We have men who are supposed to lead us politically, socially, and economically, and even religiously, but their true qualifications seem lacking and the world has small confidence in their directions. Sometimes we think the only reason they are chosen to lead is because no one better presents himself. We mistrust them, but must accept them for the lack of some one superior. Politically we find that this is especially true. In the religious and social world it is no less evident. Leaders of the first magnitude are wanted to lead us out of the bog of political unrest and religious skepticism and social injustice. Sometimes we almost fear that we are being led by the blind, the ill-trained, the untrained, the selfish, and the temporizing.

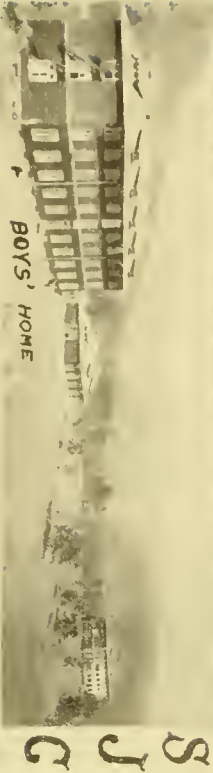
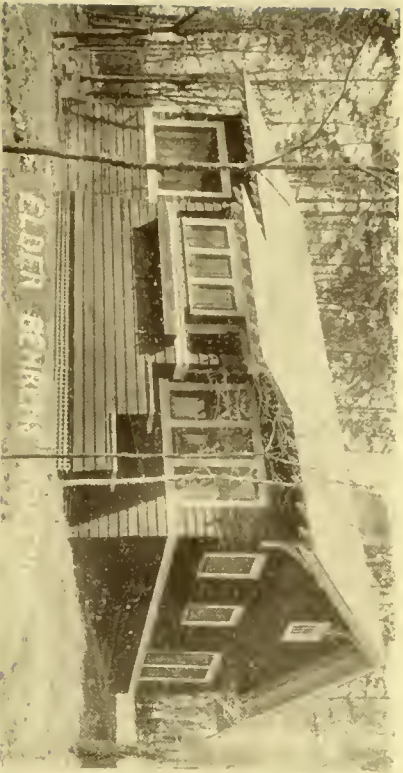
To train Christian leaders requires both positive and negative teaching. The Christian leader must be able to do without, as well as to do with what he has. Christ's teaching of the talents emphasizes the need that a Christian leader develop as high as he possibly can whatever ability the Lord has given him. The Christian leader also must be able to do without, because it is impossible for the comforts and conveniences of life to be carried to all parts of the world. Some of the greatest Christian leaders have been pioneers. Hence it is that the environment in which they are trained means success or failure to them. It is difficult indeed for true spirituality, the real indispensable in Christian leadership, to be secured when one is trained, especially if he is young, surrounded by the distracting allurements of the city.

For some reason the world has come to believe that Christian leadership implies a lack of careful preparation. The one who is expected to lead in the affairs of the world, it has been thought, must be carefully trained in science, culture, and knowledge. The best is none too good for such a one. On the other hand there is the idea that Christian leaders need not be so carefully trained. There is only a need of the superficial knowledge to lead in Christian affairs. This is not true. Christian leadership implies a careful preparation, mental discipline, spiritual poise, and all the ability that leadership in any other line of activity demands. The Christian leader should be trained mentally, should have a well developed physique, and at the same time not be above doing something useful with his hands.

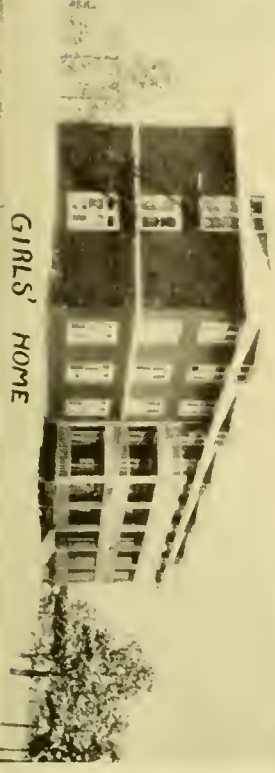
With these objects in view, with a splendid rural location and beautiful mountain environments, and carefulness in mental training, with whole-hearted adherence to upliftingly inspirational principles, with its emphasis of the practical, Southern Junior College is a fit place for the training of Christian leaders.

LEO THIEL.





S J C



GIRLS' HOME

BOYS' HOME

FROM THE ST. JOHNS' CAMPUS

THE ST. JOHNS' CAMPUS

A Brief History of Collegedale

IT IS fitting and proper, I think, in this the seventh year of the history of our college that we should give a chronological account of the happenings of the institution, since first it had its simple but dignified beginning, in the beautiful, sequestered spot in which it is located.

We have heard that the number seven denotes perfection, but we do not claim perfection; because we believe that when an institution, as well as an individual, reaches perfection in its own estimation, it is then that it ceases to grow and to be of any service to the world. Still we do believe that Southern Junior College is well along the road that leads upward.

As I mentioned before, we had a very humble beginning. Seven years ago, shortly after the girl's dormitory, at Graysville, was destroyed by fire, it was discussed at length as to whether it would be advisable to erect a new dormitory where the old one had stood. Of course they had a good school at Graysville, and the people of the village had always given it their loyal support, but there was felt the need of some additional facilities which could not be added to the Southern Training School as it was then called. For instance, a much larger farm was needed and various industries which could not be provided for there. So after prayerful deliberation it was decided to locate eighteen miles east of Chattanooga, on the main line of the Southern Railroad at a little place known as Thatcher Switch.

In the course of time, a farm consisting of about six hundred acres was purchased and the new school was opened. The name was changed from Southern Training School to Southern Junior College, and from that day to this the doors of S. J. C. have always been open to those who seek a Christian education.

All big things have a small beginning. Our school was no exception to the rule, and those who have long been acquainted with the school will bear me witness that S. J. C. in its pioneer days was the humblest of the humble. The first year's school work was begun in the old farm houses that stood on the place, some of which were almost ready to fall to pieces from decay. The large two-story building which is now used for apartments, served for the girls' dormitory, as well as kitchen, dining-room, and parlor. There was not a large enrollment that first year so the big house served all four purposes very well.

Perhaps you are wondering why I have not mentioned the boys' dormitory; well, there is reason enough; because you see, there wasn't any. Can you imagine a preceptor in charge of a boys' dormitory when there wasn't any dormitory of which to be in charge? Well, that is just the situation in which Professor Marshall found himself. The boys were scattered about the place in tents, in old houses, and in nearly any place they could find. Perhaps it seems rather hard to think that the students had to live under such conditions, but when you learn that the faculty fared not a whit better, and that there was never a word of complaint from the lips of anyone, it seems even more marvelous.

The president's mansion was a small two-roomed hut with cracks in the wall large enough for one to get a view of the surrounding scenery. The roof was so full of holes that when it rained, every tub and pan on the place had to be drafted

into service to catch the water that leaked through. This perhaps was a fair sample of the houses occupied by the teachers. I say houses, but some didn't even have a house. Elder Field, the Bible teacher, lived in a tent till after Christmas, and in this part of the country the mercury drops quite low some times. But every one was happy because he felt that he was sacrificing for a worthy cause.

Professor Thiel was the president the first two years, and those that know him will not think it strange when I say that he always wore a happy smile and never seemed in the least discouraged with the situation. He saw a bright future for the school, and was helping to lay the foundation upon which was to be built the wonderful school which we now have.

At the beginning of the third year, a change occurred in the administrative work of the institution. Every one hated to see Professor Thiel leave, but the school was fortunate indeed, to have Professor Wood as its next president. Only those who have labored with him, and have seen his love for the College and his untiring efforts in behalf of the students, can realize the lasting good which he accomplished during the years of his service here.

I can imagine the reader wondering to himself, "Well, where do you suppose they had school?" and I shall have to confess that it has always remained a mystery to me how they conducted class work in the shack which has later been pointed out to me as the place where school work was carried on. The minds of those who were enrolled those first few years will be filled with myriads of happy recollections when I mention the "Cracker Box," but for the sake of those who were not so fortunate as to be at Collegedale in its early days, I shall offer a word of explanation. The "Cracker Box" was an old rickety shack which had been used as a commissary on the Thatcher plantation. It was in this old building that the students received their first training. Of course the equipment was poor, and the facilities meager, but there was a class of students here who had learned that "Stone walls do not a prison make; nor iron bars a cage": in short that it isn't so much the surroundings a person has, nor the opportunities; but the way he relates himself to those surroundings and opportunities.

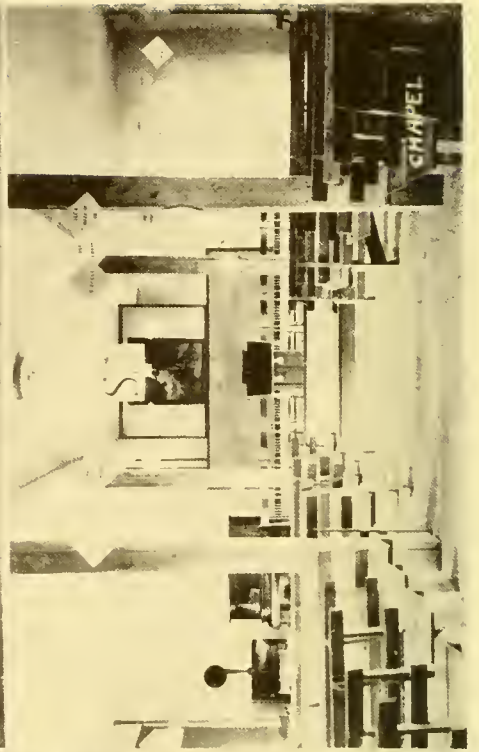
The second year saw brighter days for Collegedale. Although the sun had not pierced the darkest clouds, there were some indications that soon there would be buildings and equipment which would enable the school to widen its program. It was during this second year that the large building which is now occupied by the young women, was erected.

The new girls' dormitory was a starter, and from then on additional buildings were erected. The next summer the boys' home was built.

The members of the school board called for a workers' bee, and all the conference employees from the two unions, who could leave their work, came and worked on the new building. Later the large barn was built in the same way. Then there was the garage, the print shop, the basket factory, the president's cottage, and other cottages, and then came the financial depression of 1920, and things were quiet for a while.

Now conditions are growing better and we hope soon to see the building activities of former days in full sway. Looking to the future a little, we can see a large administration building between the two dormitories, and from its doors we hope to see many workers go out to enter the fields of service.

J. D. SMITH.



For The Glory of Thy Son



CHRIST IN THE GARDEN

That garden hill,
That olive hill,
Dark-purposed gloom,
Dread gloom enshrouds.
No night so blackened,
Save, ere light had first its vis'on.

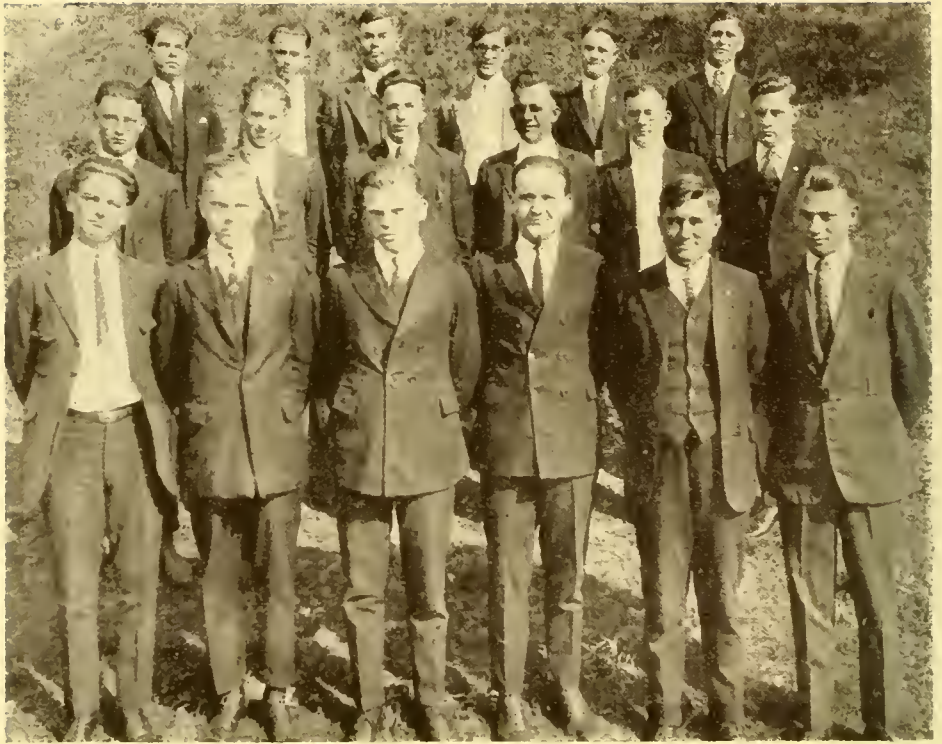
A light-sheet drives
Through blackest black
Down to the earth.
Chill, its receipt,
So black is blackness;
Eaten are its beams by gloom.

The light reveals
Divinest Hope
With steadfast look,
With fervent eye,
And upturned gaze, there
Haloing its own gleam shafts,

He leans His form
Against creation
Of His own;
His garment's careless
Folds vie well with
Those bare rocks whereon He bends.

The reaching thorn,
As if inspired
By thoughts beneath,
Seeks ere the time
To crown this Love; yet,
Still His pallid face upturns.

And still it strives:
Kind, haggard looks—
Love, and sin-weight wrought—
Remain, that face
To justify:—O,
See this outstretched, pleading Man.
—JESSE'S. COWDRICK.



Ministerial Band

Early in the school year the Ministerial Band was organized under the supervision of Elder Behrens. It is made up of about twenty-five young men who realize that God has called them to give the strength of their youth to his service. The object of this group of students is to become better acquainted with the methods of successful soul-winning and to become better prepared to help carry the everlasting gospel to all the world in this generation, that Jesus may come.

The band does not confine its activities to the College, but causes its influence to be felt in the neighborhood. Missionary visits are made, tracts distributed, meetings held, and Bible readings given. At Apison, a nearby village, through the courtesy of our good friends at that place, we were permitted to conduct a series of Sunday-night meetings in the public school building. Services have also been held at Howardville, another small town. The interest at these meetings was good, and a large number were always in attendance.

The band meets every Friday evening in the chapel immediately after vespers. At this time a report of the work done during the week is given, and plans for further missionary endeavor are made. The remaining portion of the hour is taken by two students who have prepared talks either on some doctrinal subject or on some other topic that is of interest to the band.

During the second semester, the chapel service on Thursday morning is conducted by some member of the band. The benefits derived from this exercise are two-fold, the students get the benefit of a well-studied and carefully planned sermon, and the young minister becomes accustomed to addressing a large audience.

FRANKLIN ASHLOCK.



Bible Worker's Band

THE Bible Workers' Band was organized January 6th under the leadership of Elizabeth Cowdrick. She proved a very capable leader and was succeeded by Masie White for the latter part of the year. We meet for counsel and instruction on Friday evenings after vespers. Elder Behrens often meets with us and his helpful advice is always appreciated.

There are in this band sixteen young ladies who are anxious to receive a training that will enable them to go out from Southern Junior College ready for service. Realizing the importance of personal work in winning souls, their desire is to become efficient in this noble work, and then, to devote their energies to actual service for the Master.

Ooltewah affords ample territory for those who wish actively to engage in this work. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Sparks with their cars, and Jere Smith with the school bus, each take as many girls as possible on Sabbath afternoon. We hastily eat our dinners, go to our rooms and pray for God's blessing upon our efforts, and then hurry away to Ooltewah. There we separate for our assigned sections of the town. The people are so friendly toward us that we come back with new inspiration to hasten our preparatory training so that we may the more quickly fill some humble place in God's great harvest field.

The mutual benefits derived from this work are invaluable to us as we receive a small glimpse of the joy that comes from laboring for others. Often perplexing questions arise which we discuss in our meetings. Thus we are able to help one another.

We hope next year to see our band twice its present size and that the work done may result in a number of our members' becoming efficient Bible workers. We extend a hearty invitation to those interested in this line of work to come and join us.

PANZA GARRIGAN.



The Colporteur Work

“LET NOT the canvassing work be left to languish. Let the books containing the light on present truth be placed before as many as possible,” is the challenge that comes to us. We have only to look into the past few years to prove that we have accepted the challenge. A good loyal spirit has always prevailed at Collegedale, for many of our students have gone forth in faith with our books and magazines and have scattered them like “the leaves of autumn.”

Students, do you realize that last year almost two hundred souls were won to Christ in our two unions by student colporteurs only. What joy this should bring to our hearts! What greater success could we expect from the Lord! Also, do you know that two local conferences both issued six whole scholarships and other conferences had sales to this amount and more, but did not issue the scholarships.

Much is being done in our Colporteurs' Institute this spring, and at least thirty-five young people from Collegedale plan to enter the work this summer. We need not stop to ask what will be the result when such an army of trained minds goes forth with the high standards which have been set by faithful teachers. Some, doubtless, are planning to go to foreign fields, and this brings to our minds the promise that “The canvassing work, properly conducted, is missionary work of the highest order.” It matters not to which phase of the third angel's message you may be called, it is found that canvassing will give a great advantage to success in that work.

Human minds are not able to comprehend the importance of this work as a factor in the finishing of the message, for we are told, “As long as probation continues, there will be opportunity for the canvasser to work.” Truly the harvest is ripe and the call sounds, “Come over . . . and help us.” Who will answer gladly, saying, “Here am I, O Lord, send me”?
RALPH WATTS.



AFRICA



INDIA



SOUTH AMERICA

MISSION BANDS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE MISSION BANDS



SOUTH SEA ISLAND



CORRESPONDENCE



AFRICA

Medical Missionary Work

HERE at Southern Junior College this winter we found ourselves in the midst of an epidemic of influenza and pneumonia. That is, there were not so many cases here at the College; but, in the surrounding community cases were numerous. And some very sick ones there were among them.

The good doctors in the community found it impossible to attend to all the sick; so it was only right that some one should help them. And students and teachers considered it a privilege to do anything for all who needed help. We were very busy for a few weeks, endeavoring to carry regular school work and four or five hours nursing besides. But, through it all, we were happy; and had a joy within, which comes with sincere ministry of any kind. As for the class work, it suffered very little, I think. The gain was large enough to cover any loss which may have seemed present for a time.

We shall never forget one place to which we were called. Two men were sick—very sick. Both were in the last stages of pneumonia. We, of ourselves, could have done nothing. We realized this, and thence was the source of our faith that they would be healed. And, now we give the Lord all the glory that both are well and back to their usual work. That was a means to an end.

A sketch of the setting of this experience would not be inappropriate, perhaps: Nearly dusk; an old weatherbeaten house; inside, three small rooms; in the largest of these rooms, three beds, on two of which lie two men, one young, the other middle-aged, gasping, it seems almost vainly, for each succeeding breath; (you can hear them breathe when you are in the third room away) around the fireplace, six other members of the family,—the mother and father of the sick, the wife of one and her three children—one just a babe; in the wall two windows stopped tight shut with cardboard and rags—no ventilation, save the fireplace. The sick have pneumonia,—the last stages of it. These are the outline strokes of the sketch.

Now the inner picture,—the sad picture, the pitiful picture. It is bedtime; the old father and mother retire to the second room; the two larger children—about five or six years old—have gone to bed some time before,—they lie at the head of the third bed in the same room where are the sick men; the mother lays the babe across the foot of the same bed; she then prepares for bed,—it is no embarrassment, for she merely slips off shoes and stockings; she crawls up on the foot of the bed by the side of her babe, with her head next to the wall, and her feet hanging in a very uncomfortable manner off from the edge of the bed. This is sad. Through the second room, where grandpa and grandma have retired, we must pass in order to get to our hot water which is in the kitchen. In this second room, huddled together on an old lumpy straw tick, with a few dirty quilts thrown over them, lie these two old people sleeping, it does seem, peacefully. This is pitiful.

We have found it true that such experiences as this are necessary for the all-around education for which our College stands.

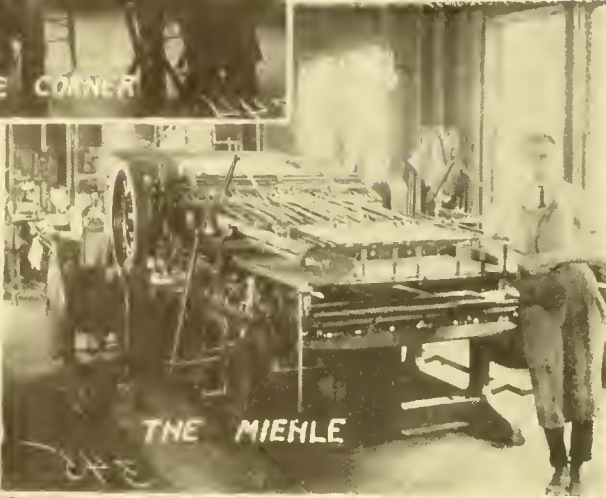
Prospective students all over this Southland, need we place before you arguments proving the benefit and need of such training in education which fits young men and women for true higher service in this world? We need not, surely. For, education, as we know it, is a broad experience—experience which will fit for higher experiences. But evil is present in this world; therefore we must often say to ourselves, "Soul, be not thou sadly beguiled in choosing thy education."

J. S. COWDRICK.



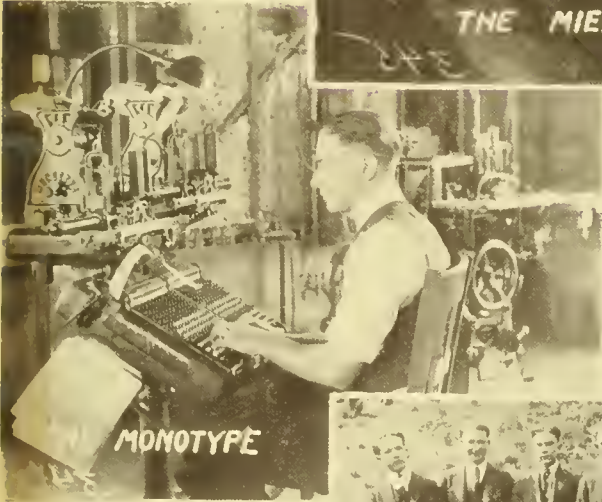
BUSINESS OFFICE CORNER

The



THE MIERLE

College

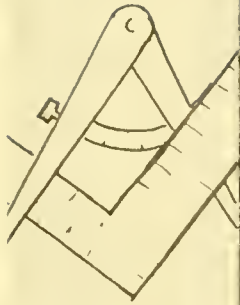


MONOTYPE

Press

class
and
employees





CLASS AT WORK



FINISHED PRODUCTS



CORNER OF WORKSHOP



INSTRUCTOR

Dormitory Life

“THE train is two hours late dear, we have plenty of time. Don't be so restless.”

It was Mother's voice, but how could one be calm when the dearest wish of her heart was about to be realized! That train was to carry me to Ooltewah, and just the thoughts of going off to school and living in a dormitory sent little shivers of delight up and down my spine.

After what seemed to me an interminable time, the train came. Daddy went in and arranged my grips and things for me. Mother stood just outside the window giving me good advice and almost every sentence would end with either, “Now write as soon as you get there,” or “Sister, write to us at least two or three times a week.” And dutifully I would promise, but mother continued to exhort me to write—she knew my failing. Dad kissed me one more time and the train started—I was on my way to dormitory life.

The time table said I was to get in Ooltewah at 5:30, but it didn't know about the train I came on. Over three hours late, I arrived.

The train pulled out and left me standing all alone. There was no sign of any one around, and I was wondering whether Dad forgot to send a telegram, when a man strolled over and asked whether I were going out to the College. Eagerly I told him, “Yes.”

“Well, there is no one up here from out there.”

My heart sank—just then I looked and saw a small Ford truck climbing the hill. In a minute it came jerkily to a halt and a man got out.

“Miss Hardin?”

“Yes sir.”

And after he had introduced himself and announced that he had come to take me out to the school, I climbed in and was quickly driven to Collegedale.

Now I was a dormitory girl. Our preceptress was at faculty meeting, but a nice looking young girl showed me to her room and told me I was to stay with her that night. As she was acting as monitor, she excused herself and left me alone.

I was thinking how nice to live away out in the country and still have electric lights, running water, and steam heat, when those very lights went out, but came on almost immediately, and then went out again, and came on. I thought surely something had happened to them. The girl came back and said, “We always blink the lights at 9:15 to let the students know study period is over.” So, thought I, that's called blinking lights—they surely are appropriately named.

While I was talking to her the lights went out again—but this time they did not come on. I learned this meant that we were to retire. I was too excited to sleep, and the girl did not seem anxious either, so we talked. She told me a lot of things and then ended by saying that everyone got up at six o'clock. Finally we slept.

The next thing I remember was a loud clanging noise just outside our door. I wondered whether that were a usual occurrence—it was; very usual—in fact it happened every morning. I was told it was the rising bell. While I was still brushing my hair, I heard another bell somewhere on the outside. It seemed to excite the girl.

"There goes the first bell for breakfast!"

In a few minutes still another bell rang—it came from somewhere beneath us. I had never before heard so many bells at one place in so short a time.

We went down stairs, into the basement, I thought, because the girl told me her room was on the first floor. Imagine my surprise when I saw a large bright room filled with tables. I went to her table and was introduced. Some one there whom everybody called Sanford said, "eight this morning." Ate what? I wondered. I noticed all the table looked depressed. Later I found out. That he didn't mean he had indigestion or anything like that, but that our table went eight—the very last. Now I know why the depressed look—if there does not happen to be quite enough chocolate, or they happen to run out of eggs, or all the salad is gone, of course table eight has to use substitutes. But I know one time, one of the rare times when we had hot biscuits and everyone was allowed two and no more. They had quite a few left over, so when the last table came around we were allowed to take as many as we wanted—and for some reason our table looked happier than all the others.

After breakfast we went upstairs and the girl pointed to the lady who was to fill mother's place while I was here in the school home. She was tall, slender, and very dignified, with piercing blue eyes, and a wealth of fluffy silver grey hair. Her most distinguishing mark was a tape measure around her neck. I thought it a very odd and original decoration, but I learned all about it later.

She, Mrs. Richardson, showed me my room, and told me she would find someone to bring my trunk up after chapel.

The girl came back and said she would take me to chapel if I cared to go. I did. In fact I did not care to miss anything.

After chapel my trunk was still decorating the front porch. I sat down to decide what to do next. I did not have a chance, for a voice behind me said, "Well, well, if here isn't Jeanetta!" I turned around and whom should I see but a young man I had known when he was a little boy.

After chatting for a few minutes, he offered to find someone to bring my trunk upstairs. I gladly accepted and he got a friend. They were so nice and kind; and even after carrying that trunk up three flights of stairs they asked whether they could not do something else. When they left I began to unpack my trunk.

The bells started ringing again about noon and, judging from the way I felt, I decided they must be for dinner. So I hunted up the girl and we went down stairs.

After we had dined, I went into Mrs. Richardson's reception room. Several of the girls were in there. After a while she came in and joined in the conversation. She turned to one of the girls and said, "I believe your dress is too short. Let me measure it." And off came her tape measure. The mystery of it was becoming plain.

"No, don't pull it down."

"But, Mrs. Richardson, you are slanting the tape,"—this in an agonizing wail.

"I'm sorry, girlie, but you will have to change; it is twelve inches in the front all right, but the back measures fifteen!"

Later, I learned that twelve inches was the highest peak that skirts could reach on girls over sixteen, around Collegedale—this was not so they would be in style, understand.

In a few minutes the girls started leaving the room singly and in groups, until

only one girl and I were left. I wanted to know why they had left. Were they afraid they would be measured?

The girl explained that it was time for the afternoon classes to start, and that was why and where they had gone. It was time for her to go too, so I went upstairs to fix my room.

As I passed the girls, some would smile, others speak, but all would look. Everywhere I went everyone would try to get a glimpse of the "new girl." It gives one a peculiar sensation to know he is under observation.

Just as I was putting the finishing touches on my room, someone knocked lightly at the door.

"Come in," I called.

"I just came to see whether you wouldn't like to go down stairs. Some of the girls are playing the piano and singing in the parlor."

Of course I went—we intended to join those girls, but the supper bell called and we felt more inclined to respond to it.

After supper we went into the parlor. It has two sets of wicker furniture, a piano, a picture of Ruth and Naomi, one of how the school will look when completed, and a winter scene. Draped on one wall is a large American flag; there are three blue rugs on the waxed floor, and on one side are about eighty straight chairs with numbers on their backs. I learned that every girl had her particular chair in worship and was required to sit in it then. These chairs were also used when the boys were invited to come up to sing on Sabbath, and when we had programs and things in the parlor.

Just before we marched out of worship the preceptress said, "If there is nothing else to be attended to before we march out"—but there was something else, in fact, several somethings.

One big tall girl arose and said, "My sheet didn't come back from the laundry, if any one"—she did not get to finish for one of the laundry girls jumped up and explained that she would get it the next day.

Then things began to happen fast—one girl after another would get up and announce that she had lost something, or that some one else's laundry had come to her, or somebody had left her belongings in some one's room and forgotten just where. And then one girl got up and said, in an excited voice, "Mrs. Richardson, I have lost my Education!"

"Well, that is serious indeed! If any one sees her Education, please return it at once, for she needs it!" Everyone laughed. The text "Education" was meant.

Finally everything that had been lost or had strayed or been left behind, was accounted for, and we marched out.

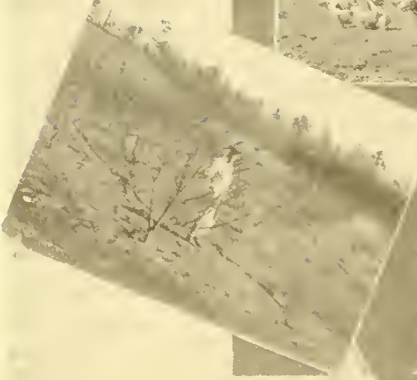
In five minutes, study period began. When the lights blinked at last I was a tired but very happy girl, for I was truly a dormitory girl now, and my first day of dormitory life had just ended.

JEANETTA HARDIN.

FARM



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N
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GARDEN

Extracts From "A Line A Day"

- Sept. 11. Here I am back at old S. J. C. Everything looks just the same, only, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
- Sept. 12. Matriculation day. Everybody has turned into a question box. Am getting settled gradually.
- Sept. 13. This is the night of the opening address. I am just back. Disappointed not to have heard Professor Thiel. He was ill. Elder Heckman gave an inspiring address and it was enjoyed by all.
- Sept. 21. Oh, my arm is so tired—Shake hands and hand shakes! It all goes with the faculty reception. Professor Thiel decided not to be ill this time and came to welcome us to S. J. C.
- Oct. 1. Down to business—Working hard. They are now gathering in from the farm our supplies for the winter.
- Oct. 23. Oh, horrors! Period examinations today and tomorrow. "Three of us have already made a failure and I am about to make one," as one of the boys expressed it in class. I hope, however, that I shall survive.
- Nov. 30. Today has been a wonderful day, full of good times, many smiles, mock turkey legs, and cranberry sauce, all of which go to make up a real Thanksgiving day. A long hike to Apison, a good dinner, a ball game, the walk back, a good program in the evening made up the day. "No intense specialization and change partners every time the whistle blows," was Professor Thiel's advice to us.
- Dec. 10-17. I just love weeks such as the one that has just passed. A week of communion with God, of putting away of all that separates us from Him. A week when Jesus seems preciously near and he stimulates in us that greater love for Him and a desire to help someone else to know Him. At the end of the week we were so glad to have with us Elder Spicer who told of the wonderful love of God and of how God is working in the mission fields which he has recently visited. I only hope that the spirit that pervades the school now will continue all during the year.
- Christmas Week. Tuesday the last train load of home-seekers left and I felt so lonesome. I wished that my folks lived nearer so that I could go home too for I could imagine what fun they would have. Wednesday—Everyone was so good to us that I began to think it wasn't going to be so horrible as I had thought at first. There were games in the parlor that night and we had a real good time. We all seemed just like one "homey" family gathered in our own parlor. Thursday night a very interesting Radio entertainment was given. The Sabbath of this week seemed so sacred and dear to all of us and it was with grateful hearts that we sang praises to God for his great love for us as manifested in His dear Son. After the Sabbath we all put on our aprons and went to the dining room to play games, incidentally to pull taffy. It was just

a good old fashioned time, a little wit, a little humor, a little taffy, a little work.

Sunday evening found us jogging on our way in wagons filled with straw to hear Elder Behrens preach at Apison.

Monday—Christmas—the odors kept coming from the kitchen until we really began to feel that it was Christmas sure enough. The boys wanted a ball game, so we had a good lively one in the morning. Then the dinner bell finally rang (2 o'clock) and we went down to a real banquet. After dinner there were games on the lawn and in the evening we closed a "perfect day" with a very fitting program.

- Jan. 10. Brother Sparks made a new resolution in the print shop today—"No More Talking!"
- Jan. 13, 14. Studying night and day trying to learn all the things I did not learn in the past semester—for that dreaded ordeal, semester examinations.
- Jan. 18. We have been especially honored this year in having quite a few of the General Conference men visit us. Elders Daniells and Watson came and spoke to us in chapel this morning. We gave Elder Field a surprise party tonight, and presented him with a set of the Testimonies and a leather brief case as a token of our appreciation of his long and patient ministry for us.
- Jan. 24. Changed tables today. It is always an exciting event. I like the one I have now fine!
- Jan. 26. I was studying so hard, when all of a sudden I heard a queer noise—doors opening, girls screaming and running downstairs, and out onto the porch. I reached the porch just in time to see the boys running toward the dormitory at full speed with the hose cart, for it was—a fire drill, the first since the arrival of our siren. How welcome the interruption!
- Feb. "Boys, there is a house on fire just outside here." Such was an announcement slowly drawled out in the dining room this morning at breakfast by one of our newly arrived visitors. In less than a minute the dining room was empty, and we were all out watching our very efficient fire department battle with a fire that meant destruction to Mrs. Curtis' cottage.
- March 8. Our Junior and Senior Orchestras gave us a splendid recital this evening.
- March 9. Day of all days. This was the day of the organization of our most illustrious Senior Class. They act as Senior Classes usually do—as if this were the only class that was ever graduated.
- March 17. A very interesting evening; for Miss Irene Bewley, a Lyceum reader, gave us a number of readings.
- March 19. Professor Irwin has been with us for the past few days and has given us some helpful instruction as to school life. "What you are in school, you will be in after life," was his most striking statement.
- March 26. This is the most important day of all the year—it is the day of the birth of THE SOUTHLAND, the greatest of all annuals.

- March 28. Miss Lulu Blanche Hiatt, former teacher of expression at Union College, rendered some very interesting readings for us tonight. A selection from "The Bird's Christmas Carol" was among them.
- April 1-7. This has been the best, the most profitable, and the most inspiring of all the weeks of the school year—our Spring Week of Prayer. Elder MacGuire has been with us telling us in such a simple way, so that all could understand the secret of a victorious life—"In Christ." This week has truly been a new revelation to me, for I have started to put into my life the message that God sent me and truly there is nothing so sweet as to know you are doing God's will and are having sweet communion with Him every day.
- April 8. The greatest of all news that has ever come to the Southern Junior College came today. "Spring Council voted us \$25,000 for our administration building." And just think—I shall be one of the first to be graduated in its auditorium. What an honor!
- April 15. Something has happened during the past four weeks that has never been known before in the history of the school. The girls have had no monitors in the halls during study period. We have been so quiet and studious that we do not need any—for you know when a girl decides to do a thing it usually is done.
- April 16. We are nearing the close of school now—only a little more than a month and we shall all have gone to the four corners of the Southern states. But there are many good times that we have to look forward to between now and then—the school picnic, the Junior and Senior affair, and the commencement exercises. Then will end the best and happiest year that Collegedale has ever known.

An Alumni Letter

Dear Friends at good old Collegedale:

You ask me to tell you something of the help my training at S. J. C. has been to me in the mission field work. First, I would place the benefit of real work-learning to do anything that one's hands might find to do, and of being expected to do to the best of his ability. In mission life many times circumstances arise in which you must depend upon yourself for getting things done, such as mending a broken article; or if it is any American idea of labor one must be able to show native people how to do it. You cannot merely tell them, "Go wash the dishes," for instance, you must demonstrate the way many times before they can do as you wish it done. Laundry work is another hard task to get them to do our way.

The most needful part of any one's education is the spiritual training. If you have not gained a real Christian experience at home in a Christian land, how could you expect to lead others to that experience in heathen lands, which Satan claims as his own?

In closing I thoroughly recommend the three-sided training for which Southern Junior College stands: the physical, the mental, and the spiritual.

Sincerely yours,

JUANITA HIBBEN.



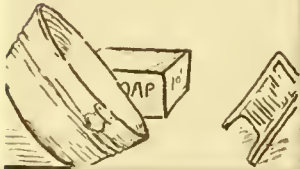
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The Staff

Sitting: Winslow Randall, *Circulation Mgr.*; Ruth Miller, *Literary Editor*; Merwin Thurber, *Editor*; Elizabeth Cowdrick, *Literary Editor*; Bennie Wood, *Business Mgr.*

Standing: C. Sparks, *Faculty Adviser*; Bernice Hollister, *Mis. Editor*; Frank Ashlock, *Ado. Mgr.*; C. A. Woolsey, *Art Editor*; Anita Martin, *News Editor*; Fred Fuller, *Assoc. Editor*.

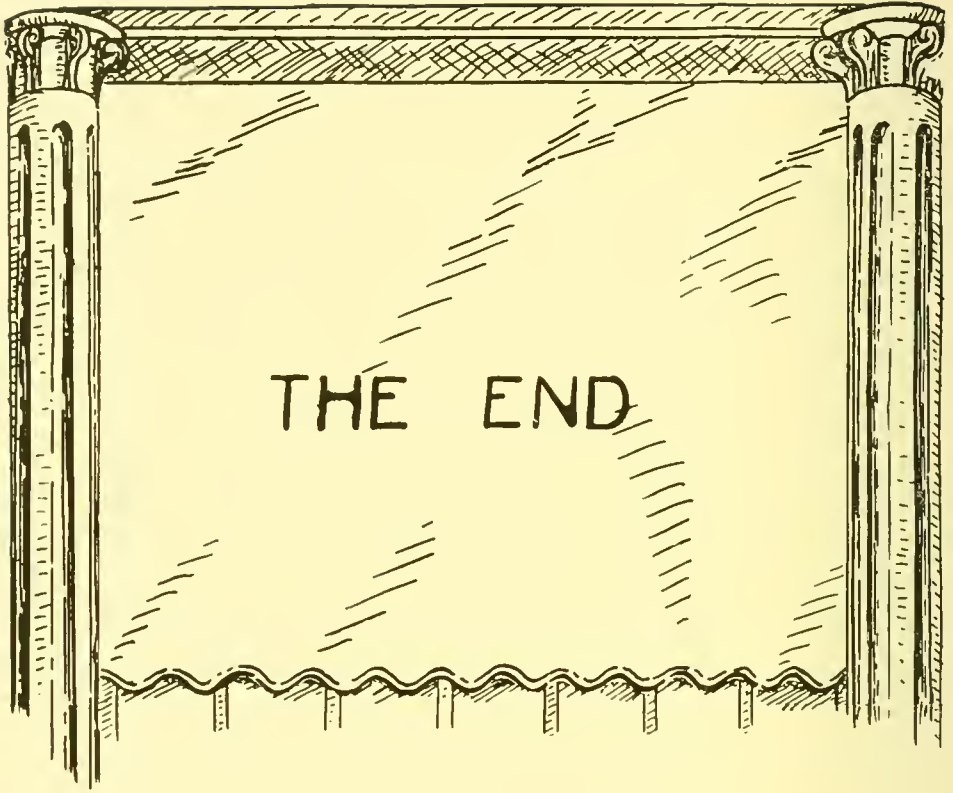
The purpose of THE SOUTHLAND is to represent Collegedale to the students, both present and prospective, and to the friends and patrons of this institution who are scattered all over this great Southland. As it is impossible to give a true conception of Collegedale to one who has never been here, we have in a measure failed in our aim.

Whatever success may have attended the efforts of the staff, is due, not to their own qualifications, but to the loyal support of every student in school, as well as the kindly interest of our friends.

For those who have never visited the school there is awaiting a pleasure of which they little dream. Come and see what is being done. A hearty welcome awaits you. To the young people of this vast Southland we extend an invitation to come to Collegedale and help make S. J. C. the best school in the world.

Southern Junior College is endeavoring to serve the South. Whether it is successful will depend on all those who are interested in Christian education and the common welfare of mankind. To you we address this appeal; from you we expect loyal support; and with you we pledge ourselves for the realization of the ideals for which S. J. C. stands.

MERWIN THURBER.



THE END

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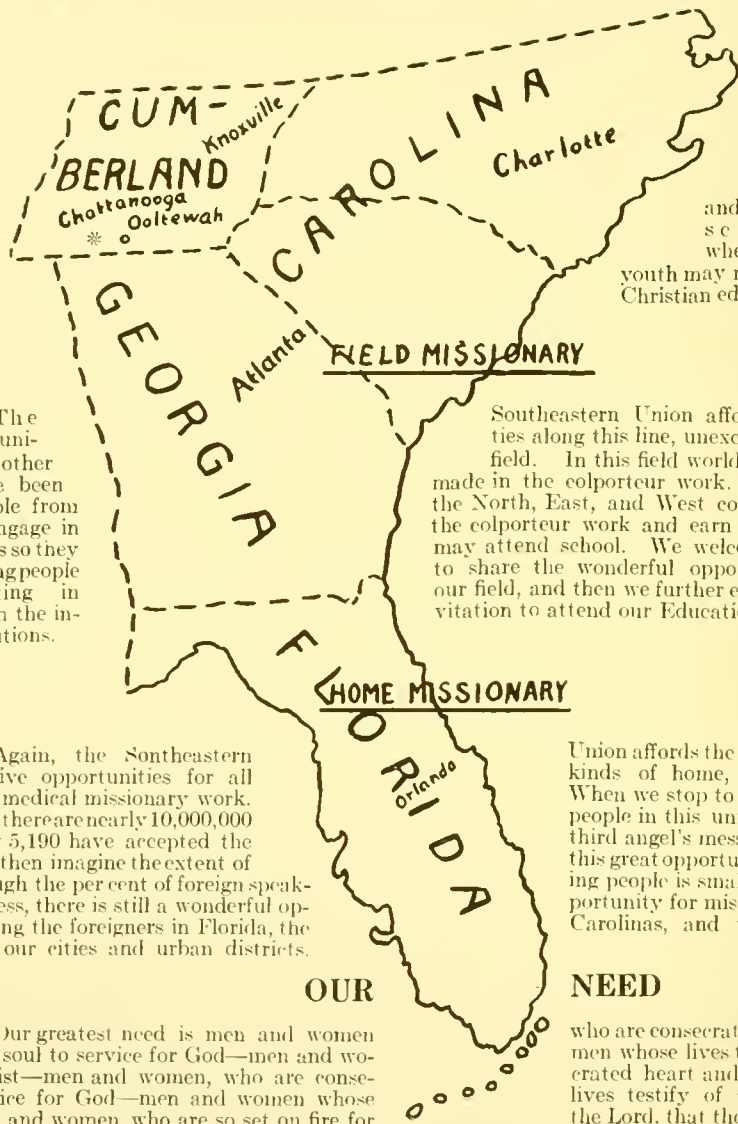
Opportunities Myriad

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Southern Junior College is one of the most ideally located schools in our denomination. Not only does it have all the advantages of urban life, but the spiritual atmosphere, intensified by being so closely associated with nature, cannot be equalled. The great, level fields of grain which extend through the fertile valley, and the beautiful mountains which rise on either side, continually remind one of the great Omnipotence which rules it all.

The Florida Sanitarium, located at Orlando, Florida, also affords excellent training for our young people who wish to fill their places in this closing work by caring for not only physical needs, but spiritual needs as well.

Then we have located at various other points throughout our union many academies



The opportunities other than have been people from to engage in ships so they young people existing in them the institutions.

Again, the Southeastern Conference affords opportunities for all and medical missionary work. that there are nearly 10,000,000 only 5,190 have accepted the can then imagine the extent of though the per cent of foreign speak- theless, there is still a wonderful op- among the foreigners in Florida, the out our cities and urban districts.

Our greatest need is men and women and soul to service for God—men and wo- Christ—men and women, who are conse- service for God—men and women whose men and women who are so set on fire for est desire and work in life is to serve Him constantly.

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Write for further information. Address, Superintendent of Nurses, Florida Sanitarium, Orlando, Fla.



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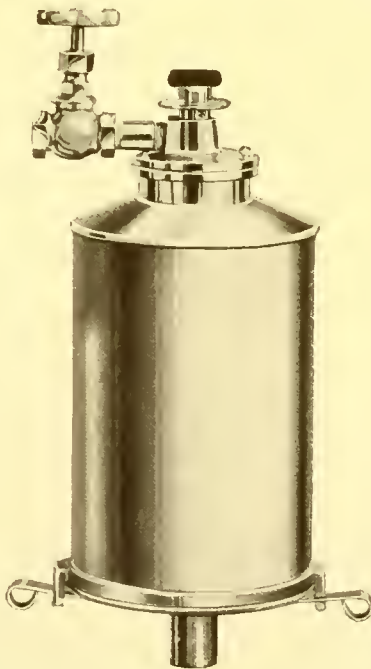
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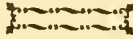
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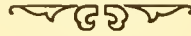
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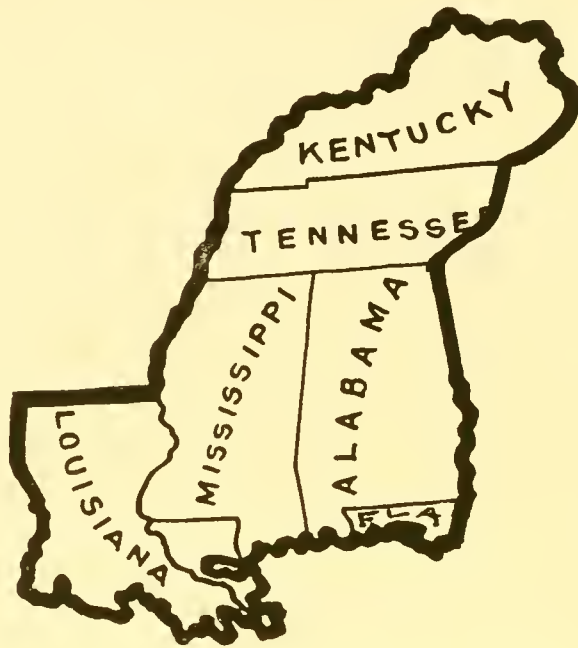
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This institution is a registered training school, accredited by the State Board of Maryland and listed as a large General Hospital, having provided for all the work of the nurses' training course without outside affiliation. This institution, being situated at the nation's capital, on the same campus with the Washington Missionary College, offers many special and distinct advantages to those seeking a training in nursing.

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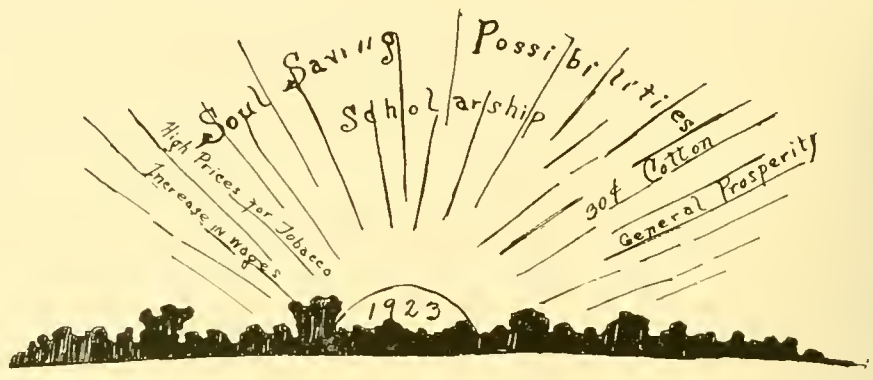
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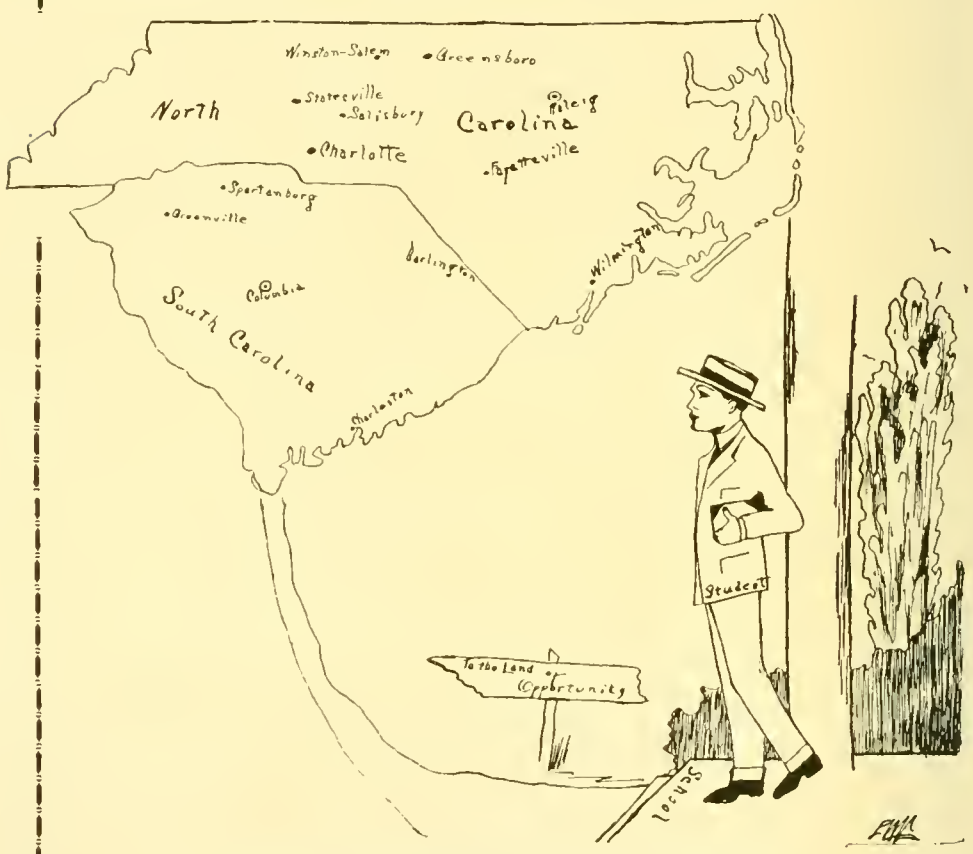
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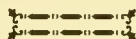
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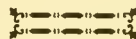
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