Backward Glances

The year 1939 was a blackout, a blackout of the hopes for a peaceful world fostered in two decades since the Treaty of Versailles. Europe is again at war in a test of strength between rival empires and rival ways of life.

The rise of a Great Germany from a conquered Germany, ground down by the Allies at the conclusion of the First World War, held down by the Versailles and other treaties, a Germany more aggressive and imperialistic than that of the Hohenzollers, challenged a united Britain and France for the second time in a quarter century. The glove was cast by a totalitarian state that had just found friendship and possible partnership with a regime as little as the Soviet Union of Russia.

Congress

Congress is meeting for a short session this time, and there is no doubt that it will be short. The President asks no radical changes that may complicate the political situation. Senators describe the field early to repair.

School Paper Improved to Keep Face With Growing College

In keeping with the spirit of progress that is prevalent at Southern Junior College, we present the enlarged SOUTHLAND SCROLL. This new size will permit nove and longer articles and will reflect much more adequately the multiform and ever-expanding activities which characterize our student body. It provides greatly increased opportunity for student participation in writing and editing the paper. For the first time, the paper now has a student staff, who have brought to the task publishing the paper enthusiasm, the results of which, we believe, are apparent in the columns of this issue. For some time this new up-to-date SCROLL has been the objective of the faculty and the student body. Now it is a reality, and we take great pride in giving you a journal well worthy of being called the school paper of Southern Junior College.

Since the primary purpose of the recently rejuvenated English Club is the fostering of creative writing from the latent ability of its members, it was decided that the club lead out, or at least have a major part, in the organization of the paper. In carrying out this decision, a nominating committee composed of four faculty members and five representatives elected from the club convened and named the personnel of the school council. The components of this council are as follows: the editor, the two associate editors, the business manager, the business advisor. However, another associate editor is to be added to this body by popular vote at the next assembly of the English Club. The members

Telescope Soon Ready For Students

Astronomical phenomena may shortly be observed through the new ten-inch ground glass lens of the science department's telescope which will be permanently anchored in concrete base located between North Hall and Professor Miller's residence.

The use of the telescope will be available to all students of S. J. C. upon proper authorization of the science department and under its tutelage.

Of particular interest to Bible students are the possibilities of better observation of the opening in Orion, as well as other heavenly bodies.

Elder W. G. Turner Leads Week of Prayer

Elder W. G. Turner, vice-president of the General Conference, conducted our Week of Prayer this year during the week of December 8-16. The class schedule was shortened so that there might be two meetings each day and prayer bands. Elder Turner took a deep interest in the students and spent several hours each day counseling with them on their personal problems.

The keynote of Elder Turner's talk was the fact that a knowledge of the doctrinal points of our message, though necessary, is useless in obtaining eternal life if we do not have a close touch with Jesus in a very personal way.

During the first few meetings the talks were mainly prospective views of the path to a deeper Christian experience.

Wood Industry Gets Big Contract

Employment of at least twelve additional students has been achieved through the supplement of a furniture department to the Wood Shop Industries of Collegedale under Superintendent Jack Sands. Clenching an unlimited contract for unfinished knotty pine furniture with Bandy and Yeoman, wholesale furniture jobbers located in Chicago, Ill., will necessitate the adding of an extra shift making a twenty hour work day.

Dressers, book racks, sewing tables, and cabinets will be shipped off as fast as the shop can get into quantity production.

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Dressers, book racks, sewing tables, and cabinets will be shipped off as fast as the shop can get into quantity production.

Although the new industry will be "piece work," Mr. Sands believes that the students will be able, after a certain training period, to make better than average wages. Mr. Sands informed the SCROLL, "I hope this new business eventually means a definite physical enlargement of the Wood Shop during this new year. Our shop has steadily assumed greater importance in providing student employment here at Collegedale. We believe this to be in keeping with the spirit of progress in the development of Southern Junior College."
A Vacationer's Muses

by OLA K. GANT

Well, it is good to be back! Things have been in such a whirl lately that it is difficult to get back into the right pattern of living again. We did see some interesting things, though. There were the Endless Caverns which, although they do not compare to the Carlsbad in New Mexico, do have plenty of formation to call forth the estatic oh's and ah's. The coloring is better, and the formations are impressive. The tiny fairyland is almost breath-taking, and the cathedral furnishes an awe-inspiring climax. There is something about caverns that holds a fascination for me. It is probably because they seem to bring me closer to God. I do not know why people want to attach millions of years onto the age of those formations. One of the attendants at the Caverns volunteered the information that they form much faster in wet weather. I guess the geologists forget that it was quite damp during the flood! To me it not

FIRST SNOW

Snow, an enveloping shroud embracing a countryside at rest, settled over Collegedale on New Year's Eve. The fir trees bowed in homage, their branches heavy laden with the added weight of the new snow. The evening stars twinkled in the blackness, a fairer creed; the moon shone brightly, a white emblem to new life. The snow flurried as she sat by the flickering fire at the Wayside Inn. Her face was alight, a little of His beauty. Her love for us has left even in a curse. His staid character is much like the student who wants good grades, but not enough to earn them. There is some resemblance, also, to the student who appreciates improvements in his school but who refuses to do his part to make these improvements. Why is it we are so passive and disinterested in organizations, and so indifferent in student movements? Why is it so difficult to find students who are willing to take responsibility? Is it because we are indifferent, or lazy? Do we enjoy a school paper, for instance, but never want it out, pay for it, and the faculty voted to organize the Triangle staff on December 17, 1899. Of the Week of Prayer and Christmas vacation, it was postponed. When it does get under way, are we going to support it, or just hope the other students get it out, pay for it, and autograph it for us? Can we do something about our school spirit? For your own good, your own self-respect, your own pleasure, won't you support the Scroll and the Triangle in every way you can? It will lend much to their success.

Starting Over

There is something exciting as well as sublime about starting a new year. Ever so many nice, pleasant things — and probably will be. There is much more to look forward so many interesting friends can come into our lives, ever so many enjoyable occasions and good times can take place.

Standing on the threshold of the new year, and gazing down its as yet unspotted pathway, we have opportunity to cast behind us the disappointments, fears, losses, and dark misgivings of the past year. We can pick up the odds and ends of the litter the year has left, and tossing them into the grate of by-gones, light a match to the sorry mess, so that nothing is left but a merry little flame and little tendrils of smoke curling up and away.

That is what we should do. Then we can open our souls to the fresh new year, ready to enjoy its glorious sunshine, to rest in its quiet shadows, or to gallantly carry on in its raging storms.

It is a good time to adopt into one's life such a creed as is expressed in the little poem below. I have使之 in this space because I have often felt to help and inspire: I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed; I will cease to stand complaining of my worthless neighbor's greed; I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear; I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear.
S. J. C. To Get Amateur License

Near the first part of January, Prof. G. J. Nelson and George Tollhurst, student, are expected to appear before the Federal Communication Bureau in Atlanta Georgia, for their amateur radio operator's license. It will not be, however, until late in February, should they qualify, that they will receive authority to operate the S. J. C. amateur station that has been brought to completion by Professor Nelson and his radio class.

Under Professor Robert Wood, formerly headed of the science department, the station was put in operation and other amateur outfits as far distant as Australia and Africa have been logged. It is expected that with an increasing number of students in the radio class receiving their amateur license there will be added interest and facilitation in their work in radio.

At the modern machine age, our conception of beauty changes with the times, yet it is comforting to think that, maybe, with our backs from much of the battle of the world, we are a little "old fashioned" and as a result more truly alive to the real and underlying charm in life.

Donkey School Bus

Fond memories of past generations — your editor caught an elderly couple in a debate about the merits of a farmyard. They all had seen around the final rise of ground toward the Normal building. For a number of years now, "old Ben" has performed the unique service of school bus for her owner’s children. The youngest child clings desperately to his tummy, his legs clamped about Ben’s neck, his hands tenaciously anchored about the elongated ears. Three other children gallantly back Kate’s middle, while the oldest boy sits facing the stern as tilerman, his hands grimly guiding the destinies of the craft by manipulation of the critter’s fly swatter.

Ventriloquist Relates Interesting Experiences

Mr. Edwin Christensen, Chicago ventriloquist, was seven years of age when he first discovered that he could "throw his voice." He and his brother used to play "telephones," and he found he could place his voice so that it would appear to come out of the receiver at the other end of the line.

At the Hindsdale Sanitarium, Mr. Christensen is in the X-ray department. Ventriloquism is his hobby. He is perhaps the world’s best amateur, having won, over two hundred other contests, the silver trophy, which was presented to him by Edgar Bergen.

Mr. Christensen chooses to remain an amateur, having refused many lucrative offers sponsored by well-known firms and organizations to appear on the radio. He prefers to perform with his dummy, "Peggy," at civic organizations, schools and colleges, and public gatherings. Eddie and Peggy are well-known figures in the vicinity of Hindsdale and Chicago. Mr. Christensen likes to perform for college student audiences best of all. A very hearty response is always received from negro audiences. He finds that women are more readily "fooled" than men and that the higher the mentality, the more gullible the person.

One day the ventriloquist was showing a maid lady visitor over the Hindsdale Sanitarium. Suddenly a voice called to her, "Hello, Hilda, my name is Olsen. How would you like to get married?" "I would like to see you first," she said. "I hear they must look at you, but I have plenty of money." The voice did not utter another word, and the lady is still considered as to the identity of her mysterious "beau."

Another interesting episode occurred at Madison Sanitarium. One day Mr. Christensen was seen carrying around a crying baby. Anxious to place the baby in more capable hands, he stepped over to a nurse and handed the crying infant to her. Imagine the surprise of the "Nightingale" when a sandbag fell to the floor, and she was left holding the baby's plastic blanket!

A graveyard is the setting for the next story. One day Mr. Christensen was taking a party of friends through a city of the dead, when the caretaker, who was carrying two large pails of water, came up to them and cordially offered to show them around. Just then a voice came from the pump, which was located in the field nearby. "Do you want any more water?" the caretaker in great surprise looked around and shouted. "Who is speaking?" The voice replied, "This is the pump talking. If you want any more water, say so, or else I am going to bed." The caretaker was terribly puzzled, and as the party moved on, he stood gazing at the pump. The ventriloquist says that when the sun went down, the caretaker could not be found anywhere near the graveyard.

Recently Mr. Christensen was talking a lady shopping, and she suddenly said that she had a telephone in his car. Thinking nothing was strange in this enlightened age, she just took the telephone for granted as a means of talking as you travel. After a short distance the telephone rang and a voice asked for the lady by name. Mr. Christensen handed her the receiver and kept her in conversation for about ten minutes. The party to whom she was supposed to be talking over the "phone" was a total stranger to her. They carried on a regular conversation, and she became quite angry before she finally said good-bye. The lady now dubious about telephones in autos.

Betty Jane Halvorsen was glad to have her cousin, Patsy Temple from Fletcher, stay with her during the vacation.

Miss Helen Stevens, daughter of Mr. Fred L. Green, visited in the Green’s home for several days during the Christmas vacation. Helen is a senior at Emmanuel Missionary College this year.

It is good to see Fredonia Freshman back on the campus again. She has been home at Parkersburg, West Virginia, for several months recuperating from a serious injury to her back. We all hope that she completely recovers and that she enjoys a very successful school year.

"The goldens will get yer, if you don’t watch out!" The other evening a night clerk discovered Madeira Murphy huddled in the hall, too scared to go back into her room. She said that she had heard such a peculiar sound there, that it frightened her terribly. Conscience, Madeira.

Helen Miller and Ruth Cartwright were quite surprised to find their voices undergoing an unusual change the last morning of vacation. Even now you may still hear the effects of the flu "bug."

T. J. Shelton was very happy to have his folks spend a day or so with him—especially since the male chorus didn’t go to Florida this year.

Jessie Drake spent the holidays under very unfavorable circumstances at Madison Sanitarium, where she recently has been assigned. Mildred Hust can sympathize with Jessie, as she was at Fountain Head convalescing from a similar operation. The girls who remained at Southern Junior College during the holidays spent one of their worship periods writing cheerful letters to these girls.

Paul Saxon and Daniel Stephenson, former students of S. J. C., spent a day here with their friends. Paul is a student of Madison College, and Dan has been studying and working in Philadelphia.

Nadine Pant was overjoyed when Floy Brooks presented her namesake—an L. F. Phant—to her.

In our chapel exercises on Thursday, Mr. Donald F. Haynes, who was visiting Southern Junior College, sang a special arrangement of the Twenty-Third Psalm. At the vesper service on Friday night, and again on Sabbath morning, he spoke to us and sang.

Having basked in the Florida sunshine for 7 years, Perry Priest tells us that he is now seeing his first snow. The present blanket of snow seems particularly suited for the winter sports.

We welcome Delmar Anderson, a graduate of Fletcher. He is happy to be able to join his brother, Hubert, who is connected with the school. Both have musical talent that will be appreciated at Collegedale.

Grayson McDaniel is a new student worker who will be a college freshman next year. We are glad to have another "Mac" from eastern North Carolina.
Professor Attends Historical Society

During the week following Christ- 
mas, Elder E. E. Snide, instructor of 
European history at Southern Junior 
College, attended the meeting of the 
American Historical Association held in 
Washington, D. C. The society aims towar- 
towards mutual under- 

standing of educational methods 
and purposes, and to promote the 
historical knowledge of students 
in the various institutions of learning in this 
country. Members include the 
authors of many of the textbooks now in 
use. At such meetings these authors 
can present new historical material and 
answer to significant questions put 
to them concerning their works.

Elder Snide reported meeting 
Professor D. C. Ludington, who 
was an instructor at S. J. C., as one of 
the many Adventists present at the 
conference. On a visit to Takoma Park 
while there, he met two other 
so-Ju-conians were en-

countered. They included Misses 
Futh Mitchell, Louise Scherer, and 
Alayne Kloeke, and Mrs. Arturo 
Perez, and Messrs. Roland Shorter, 
Lester Stafford, and Milton Reiber.

Campus Crew Plants Hundred More Trees

January 1 the campus crew under 
Clarence Beach received over one 
hundred additional trees to the seventy 
that have been set out between the 
print shop and South Hall. Of these 
trees, most of them, have been lost 
which, considering the dryness of 
the season, was quite satisfactory. 
The trees purchased from the Howell 
Nursery, located in Sweetwater, Ten-
nese, and shipped in with a number 
of rose bushes, which have since been 
set as a hedge along the drive border-
ning the Normal building lawn.

Other work on the campus of 
particular note has been the laying 
out of two triangular flower beds, one 
just south of North Hall and the other 
in front of the store bench. These 
will feature assorted tulips flanked 
with rose bushes.

Backward Glances

Continued from page 1

of the staff, other than the editor 
and associate editors, were chosen 
by the council with faculty approval.

Although the English Club has 
played a leading part in inaugurating 
the college's first literary publication 
itself to represent the interests of the 
whole school. Contributions are in-
vited from all students. Plans are 
being made to produce a yearly repre-
sentation in the publication of the paper 
the participation of a large number 
of students. It is the staff's earnest 
hope that as many students as possi-
ble will have sufficient interest to 
assume a part in the writing and 
publishing of the new SOUTHLAND 
SCROLL.

This renovated SCROLL is to be 
distributed free of charge, as has 
always been the custom. Neverthe-
less, the circulation is to greatly 
increased. It is planned to expand the 
circulation in the immediate future 
from 1200 copies to at least 2000 
copies. The expansion offers a 

ted opportunity for acquainting 
people of the world, as well as pro-
spective students, with Southern Jun-
or College and all the principles that it 
embraces.

Week of Prayer

Continued from page 1

experience and the necessity of having one. 
The speaker pointed out that 
the way to escape the only way to Christ. 
If we cannot accept the gift of 
His life by individually dying to sin, 
we are in no wise worthy of His love. 
It is only when we consciously give 
our present position to God, this 
earth or even His coming to save 
sinners that will be our salvation. It 
is only knowing and taking advantage 
of the fact that will save us.

The rest of the meetings were 
dedicated to the study and 
meaning of making ourselves more like Jesus 
would have us.

We are urged with Satan.
The surest way of yielding to Satan is to argue with him. If Satan is able

Garlic Brings Grief

As the result of the unusually mild 
weather during the past month, green 
shoots of grass made an appearance 
in the lawn facing the administration 
building. Notices were posted asking 
apartable clumps of green sprigs that 
affected the attention of a hungry 
black-capped crow. He ate these 
grasses until he came to grief. The innocent 
green-shoots were nothing other 
than garlic.

While smelling considerably like an 
East side New York delicatessen store, 
the plant was necessary to an officer 
known as President Thompson in his office.

Confronting the "presence," he 
was unabashedly astonished, so 
that he remarked, as if under 
the weight of his own embarrassment, 
that the presidential nose was in 
excelsior condition and absolutely aller-
gic to garlic smells in all forms, and 
would he be so kind as to return to 
some distant date when the effects had 
been minimized by the leavening 
influence of time.

Xmas In Many Lands

Continued from page 1

about the stage in a semi-circle after 
each characterization and identity had 
been made by some comment of the 
individual.

The audience throughout the pro-
gram, appropriate musical selections 
were rendered by talented student 
soloists and two chorus groups 
presented the French and Spanish 
classes. "Hymne d'Adorations" was sung by the French classes with Brooke 
Summerton as soloist, and "La Can-
cion de los Sagos" given by the Span-
ish classes, who were accompanied 
by soloist Obelia Dawson. As a Spanish 
troubadour, Paul Gaver strummed old 
world carols on the electric guitar, 
while the popular composers of char-
mer music were represented by a string 
quartet composed of Louis and Cliff-
ord Ludington, Brooke Summerton, 
and Donald West. The students and 
others who participated in the pageant 
represented the countries they represented 
are listed according to their order of ap-
pearance on the stage — Velma Rom-
ey, Mrs. Don C. Ludington, 
Burma; Emily Hughes and Arlene 
Hughes, China; Eby Badi Kaba, Ara-
bian; Mary Clark, Holland; Theodore 
Wink, Norway; Charlotte Nelson, 
Denmark; Rudolph Johnson, Sweden; 
Edwin Smith, Scotland; Erich Zell-
ger, Germany; Nadine Fant, Latin 
America; Valerie Knight, England and 
Australasia; Elder and Mrs. R. E. Stewart, 
Philippines; Ferrel McMahen, Ireland; 
Georgette Damon, Roumania; Mary 
Cowdrick, Greek; Amelia Hernandez, 
Mexico; Elly Bemry, Ethiopia; 
and Billy Aiken, Spanish countries; Marie 
Arwood-Oakes, America.

Missionary Band Visits County Jail

In keeping with the spirit of Christ-
mas and the mission band, under the 
leadership of Law-
rence scales, met with the 
prisoners held there 
during the holidays. Elder E. R. 
Stewart gave the New year message 
under the subject of 
"The Inspiration of the Bible." The 
remainder of the program was devoted 
read poems from the "Gospel 
In Song." 

After the close of the meeting, four 
men asked permission from the jailer 
for an offer to offer the inmates a show 
as part of the next week's program. 
Consent was obtained, but unfortunately 
for Mr. Scales and his fellows, upon 
returning to the jail the following 
week, they found that the quartet 
had been disrupted by a mob of 
the group by the Governor of Tennes-
see. The Missionary Band meets every 
Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock in the 
Normal building, and all interested in 
the mission field are invited to join.

The class is divided into groups 
according to the particular part of the 
world in which they are most interested. 
Professor D. C. Ludington, in charge 
of the Burma field; Elder Stewart, 
Philippines and South America; and 
Elder Hughes, the China division.

A Vacationer Muses

Continued from page 2

Hill monument with its many steps. 
It is a shame that most people visit 
Valley Forge in the summer. With 
the snow on those hills giving the 
correct setting, winter time is 
when one should visit this historical place. 
It makes it possible to more nearly 
re-live those hard-fought battles.

In Washington we found the 
White House, the Capitol, the Library 
of Congress, the Senate, the House, the 
Supreme Court, Lincoln Memorial, 
Washington Monument, the Tomb of 
the Unknown Soldier, the Smithsonian 
Institute, and others.

Mount Vernon is delightful. It 
is a pleasure to walk through the 
rest. No wonder General Washington 
chose the place to live and die.

Of equal interest to me were our 
particular institutions scattered 
throughout the country—Shenandoah Valley 
Academy, Atlantic Union College, New 
England Sanitarium, Washington 
Missionary College, Washington Sanitar-
ium, the Mountain Sanitarium at 
Fletcher, and the Pluhs Institute.
As one stands at the General 
Conference building, he realizes that here 
is the hub of one of the greatest 
and most outstanding movements in 
the history of this earth. It makes one 
question to the God of heaven for the 
privilege of filling one small niche in 
His plan. It calls forth a resolution 
to be more faithful and to be willing 
to stay in any place the Lord 
sees fit.

Yes, it is good to be back—back 
to the old home, the school, the student's 
dropping in to pass the time of 
day or to discuss their problems; 
glimpsing life through the eyes of 
the unknown Soldier, and the countries 
they represented is the Unknown Soldier, 
the Smithsonian 
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Conference building, he realizes that here
ANNUAL STAFF GOES INTO ACTION

Getting under way early this year, the Triangle of 1940 is fast taking form, with the staff working hard and the students enthusiastically backing it in the subscription contest, South Hall versus North Hall.

Hubert Anderson heads the staff as editor-in-chief, with Nellie Jane Smith as associate editor; Wayne Satterfield, business manager; T. J. Shelton, treasurer, and Les Bowen, circulation manager. The other editors include Ralston Hoover and Douglas Fryer, art editors; Max Loffin and Eleanor Jean Spencer, picture editors; James McLeod, religious editor; June Snide, class editor; Bob Spang and Sue Summerour, activities editors.

By means of posters, chapel programs and rallies, the subscription campaign, with the girls competing against the boys under the respective leadership of Lorabel Peavy and Charles Keymer, is rapidly raising the temperature of the school spirit. In one program Miss Peavy and her cohorts, backing Mr. Keymer's eloquence and high pressure salesman technique, replied to the "dely" from the boy's side of the chapel with a well-argued "dummy" which they finally carried from the stage on a stretcher to the tune of "The Death Dirge."

Mr. Satterfield reports more than two hundred dollars worth of advertising already, with more coming in, indicating a successful annual from that standpoint.

Pictures of the various group activities and individual photographs of the senior class were taken February 7. Pictures of the juniors will also be taken. Students are urged to get out their cameras and obtain a large number of snapshots that will add interest to the Annual.

President and Mrs. Thompson Visit Florida

As a committee man on the Florida Sanitarium Board, President Thompson attended its annual session last month, when plans were discussed for a $40,000 hospital addition.

Later the same week he attended the union committee meeting and the worker's convention for the Florida Conference in Orlando while Mrs. Thompson visited friends. Visiting Forest Lake Academy, Mr. Thompson met with the seniors and discussed the possibilities of their attending Southern Junior College next year.

While in Orlando, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson met Mrs. Laura Magoon, mother of David Magoon; Mrs. Peavy of Miami, mother of Lorabel; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Remedy of Jacksonville, parents of Yelma; and Mr. Russ. father of Norma.

Lecturers and Week of Prayer Speaker Announced

During the latter part of February and at scattered dates throughout March, a number of prominent denominational leaders will visit College Dale to speak before the student body and faculty.

Dr. E. W. Wood, president of Southern Junior College from 1918 to 1922, and now Professor of Archaeology and the Testament at the Theological Seminary in Washington, will conduct the Week of Prayer beginning March 17.

Elder L. E. Froom, Associate Secretary of the Ministerial Association of the General Conference and one-time missionary, will give a lecture on his activities in the collection of old manuscripts from all parts of Europe regarding the prophecies and the Second Advent. His topic will be "The Advent Hope through the Ages." Elder Froom is expected to arrive at College Dale in the first week in March.

Dr. T. W. Steen and Dr. P. T. Gibb, Dean of Washington Missionary College and Professor of English respectively, will speak here in the latter part of February and interview prospective students for W. M. C.

Following the visit of Dean Steen and Professor Gibb, the editor of the Signs of the Times, Arthur S. Maxwell, will visit the school. Elder Maxwell is the author of the popular "Bedtime Stories," so well known among Adventist children.

Miss Wirak Recovering From Serious Injury

Along with its beauty and the variety of sleigh riding, the snow brought a note of pain to College Dale. Because of injuries received during the recent storm, our registrar, Miss Theodora Wirak, is having to spend two weeks at Erlanger Hospital, with the prospect of three months in bed.

On her way to work on the morning of January 15, Miss Wirak slipped on an icy step back of the Normal Building. The pain and soreness failed to clear up after several days. An X-ray revealed a broken vertebra.

She is getting along nicely now and has back her usual smile in spite of the bandleoney cast and the bedridden days ahead.

Pianist To Present Concert

Scheduled as a regular lecture course presentation, Feb. 24, Jerold Frederic, famous pianist, will give a concert in the college chapel. During the past two seasons he has traveled some twenty-two thousand miles playing over one hundred and eighty concerts, many of which were repeat engagements.

The Steinway Piano Co. is sending with Mr. Frederic one of their grand pianos for his use on this present tour. It has been asserted that Jerold Frederic is America's most promising young pianist.

Senior Class of 1940 Organizes

McLeod Chosen President

The Senior Class of 1940 was organized Monday night, February 5, under the supervision of President Thompson. James McLeod was chosen class president by almost unanimous vote.

Mr. McLeod will be assisted in the executive duties by the following officers: Sue Summerour, vice-president; Ruby Trimble, secretary; Sherman Holland, treasurer. Mr. Leslie Pettit was the unanimous selection for class pastor, and President Thompson will act as class sponsor.

The first regular meeting of the class was held the following Saturday night, and consisted of a business meeting in which most of the committee of the class were elected.

With all this business well cared for, the session ended on a high note with a vote that 1940 was the greatest year in the history of the College.

The class consists of 24 members and 15 who are graduating from junior college. The class members constitute a high-spirited group and will probably be well-occupied for the rest of the year in their varied activities.

Honor Roll

These students, carrying at least ten hours of college work or three units of academic work made grades of such excellence as to merit place on the Honor Roll:

All A's

College:
Hubert Anderson
Academy:
June Snide

All A's and B's

College:
Les Bowen
Evelyn Britz
Martha Mary Carter
Annie Mae Chambers
Paul Cover
John D. Irwin
Beatrice Keith
Louis Laddington
James McLeod
John Palmer
Douglas Fryer
John W. Ray
Jack Sands
Nellie Jane Smith
George Tolhurst
Vaughn Wernemeyer

Academy:
Harvey Bowen
Georgette Damon
Robert Damon
Herbert Flaim
Georgette Fuller
Theolina Graham
Betty Jane Halverson
Fred Minter
Sue Summerour
Sallie Walsh
Take Your Time

There is one good thing about being monotone operator in the College Press and editor of the Scroll. I can write these words direct, as they would ordinarily de lete the words we speak, than from any other one flying thing. That illustration in say, is true, too true, that we can't do that when we're edge and skill and all the cutting, witty, but mean things you can't think. You require you to industry on limited equipment, we've done pretty well. 

Personal Industry

Any member of our industrial staff, if questioned as to why his department has not done any better, would say, "With unskilled student labor working with limited equipment, we've done pretty well."

How about your own personal industry? You are managing your class, a graduate, one citizen, and one Christian. The by-products of your industry include grades, money (in small quantities), the things money can buy, and far more important, the things which money cannot buy. When you reckon the progress of your industry, do you have to excuse yourself on the grounds of personnel and equipment? Only a few industries make their own equipment. In your industry you are privileged to make your own equipment in the form of new knowledge and skills, and not even the school administration can require you to employ anything less than the very best in your labor personnel of habits.

Remember this success formula for your personal industry on any campus. A good personnel of habits operating constantly, and improving equipment of health, knowledge, and skill is bound to produce a worthwhile finished product. HVJ.

People We Know

In the building of a stone wall one would naturally seek for uncommon qualities of ruggedness and duality; in the men engaged in the making of that wall we would determine that there would be a reflection of some of those same characteristics. In some respects I liken James McLeod to the rock wall he has built around the parking space adjoining the administration building. In this piece of construction, so ugly unfavorable were the conditions of weather and labor, that it may well be that only his stick-to-stiveness and love for the construction itself enabled him to accomplish what many another would have found too difficult.

Not a little of Mr. McLeod's effectiveness, almost ominous dignity, may be attributed to his dear Scotch disposition. "Mac" has the habit of approaching any subject with crepe soles and rubber heels and then saying no more than the occasion warrants. His humor takes about the same turn, dry and unsavory, with a subtle twist that gets his point across.

Even to the boys who work with him, James appears somewhat as a venerable ancient. However, during the snowfall last month, "Mac" built a toboggan, an excellent piece of work, and slid with the best of them. From this and similar incidents, we have proof that all is not lost for James and that he may turn out a skilled engineer. From this and similar incidents, we have proof that all is not lost for James and that he may turn out a skilled engineer.

That illustration in The First Settler's Story of the "boys flying kites" and their ability to haul in their "white-winged birds" is striking, it seems to me. It is true, too true, that we can't do that when we're edge and skill and all the cutting, witty, but mean things you can't think. You require you to industry on limited equipment, we've done pretty well.

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Is The Price Too High?

The tourist ship was ready to leave the harbor of Co lombo, Ceylon, for the next port, Aden, on its way to London. The engines were churning, everyone was on board, the captain was on the bridge, and she was ready to sail.

Looking down from one of the decks, a man observes below the misty "array" of native craft that characterizes a foreign port-of-call. From among the trees, on the ground, they would like to take in the picturesque scene of native Singhalans anxiously and unsuitably trying to sell their wares to the tourists on board, the rays of the tropical late-afternoon sun reflected on each coffee-brown dispirited face. They were gesticulating wildly, shouting prices, and as the time for the boat's departure drew rapidly nearer, the prices of goods were of necessity being scaled down by the natives.

The merchandise was exhibited to the tourists by being tied to ropes suspended from the tourist ship to the native boats. By pulling up the rope, one could inspect the goods and decide whether or not to buy. These included native mats, hand-woven baskets, and silk goods, ornaments, etc.

One tourist on deck was "dickering" with the brown man below concerning the price of a lavish pair of scarlet silk pajamas. He had pulled them up on the rope, inspect them, and passed judgment. The two could not come to terms concerning the price, however, and the salesman and the prospective buyer were having a heated linguistic battle, to the amusement of the other passengers idly standing by the deck railing.

Meanwhile, the ship was gently pulling away, and while the boat's sail was still visible, the rope was getting more taut as the liner swung out. The precious pajamas were being swung precariously from the middle of the tightening rope over the water. The frantic Singhalas continued to intimate by every manner of gesture, that the tourist was either to take the pajamas and send down the money quickly, or else send the pajamas right back to him. Too late, though, for the next instant brought disaster. The rope snapped, and the silken pajamas slid down into the harbor.

The Singhalas was enraged by his loss, and were so much in cues upon the tourist who had teased him so—to the effect that he hoped the ship never would reach its destination, that all the white man's children would die!

I wonder if we "dicker" too much with God. Are we trying to compromise? Has he no merchandise to sell. He is making us a gift of eternal life if we would only reach out and grasp it. Too often we procrastinate with the thought, "I want a little more time—the price items are too high just now." I will accept this gift at my own leisure.

God is longsuffering, but He will not be long-suffering. He will not make the children of men such a precious gift. It is possible that we can delay too long, with disastrous results. T. K.

Spring

When the trees are budding brightly, And the flowers come in view,

And the ripened blossoms quickly With the green and golden hue,

In the circle where it grows,

Then we know that spring has reached us.

And the boys on Sabbath morning With the mountainside go,

Just to gather pretty posies,

For some, special girl, you know,

And the heart-beat moves more rapidly,

And the troubles—they are few.

While the sky is brightening, And the flowers come in view,

Ah! with days of winter over,

But that very consciousness of leisure.

We have reached a better day.

Thus we greet the morn politely,

As the sun makes all things new,

When the trees are budding brightly.

And the flowers come in view.

—Walter Enoch.

She is at Southern Junior College for the first time this year, and she loves dear old S. J. C. She has hazel eyes, brown hair, and an olive complexion. She was born in Eldorado, Arkansas, May 17, 1921, and her name is Ferrle Fay McMahon. Most of her school ing took place in Jackson, Mississippi, where she attended Enoch's Junior High School and Central High School. She came to Southern Junior College after graduating from Central High and thinks S. J. C. a fine school. She has a weakness for chocolate covered peppermints, and is most comfortable wearing sweaters and skirts. She likes people who are courageous and ambitious.

Ferrle loves to hear Jeannette McDonald sing. Her favorite piano solos are Paderewski's "Minuet," the "Blue Danube" waltz, and Schubert's "Serenade."

She likes to read moderately well, and her favorite poem is "Thanatopsis" by W. C. Bryant. Her favorite subject is mathematics and her one great desire is to be a school teacher.
My Bank Account

by Evelyn Britt

I am not poor. Should I take an inventory of my possessions, my assets would far outweigh my liabilities. I have a savings account and a checking account which honors at more than par value my drafts upon it, and it pays a higher rate of interest than ordinarily paid...

You might think it strange then that there is not a bank in the United States or in the whole world, for that matter, that would honor my signature. You might ask, "And what kind of account is this mysterious one of yours?"

It is not so mysterious as one might think. In fact, most of us have a bank account that we do not often appreciate. Our human minds are prone to appraise our possessions from a pecuniary standpoint alone.

If we should think of the term, "bank account," as the world commonly thinks of it, we might be led to conclude that some are more of a liability than an asset, for many people wake up to find themselves penniless. The bank "went broke." My bank will never fail.

While I have life, I shall enjoy and seek to learn lessons from the beauties of nature: uprightness and strength of character from the mountains which lift their bodies majestically toward the sky; purity and fragrance of life from the perfectly formed petals of a flower land; cheerfulness and pressing onward. From the beautiful scenery which God has left their bodies majestically toward the sky; purity and fragrance of life from the perfectly formed petals of a flower land; cheerfulness and pressing onward. From the beautiful scenery which God has left.

"March of Time" - that is valuable, for when my account on this earth is closed and a new one is opened above, I shall enjoy farmore beautiful scenery than ever before, for this present world, for "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Then I shall meet again those friends whom I have acquired on this earth. Yes, and then, I shall meet that best Friend face to face. No, I am not poor. I have a bank account and so do you. Are we using them as we should? There are battles to be fought and victories to be won. Our bank accounts always stand ready—but remember, no bank operates successfully on the plan of always borrowing and never lending. Let your love and your helpfulness radiate from your bank to others.

It is not seldom that I hear old people make this or a similar remark. The winters are not so hard as they were when I was growing up. And then as a proof for their argument, they will tell me of the winters gone by.

Almost without fail they tell the same story over and over again. And, I suppose, that is only human nature. A few years hence, we will probably be telling the next generation of the latter winters we experienced in our young days. No doubt most of us will have in mind the winter of 1940 and January of that season particularly. Practically every Southerner under forty has just lived through the coldest month of his life.

But I believe the memory that will live the longest in the minds of men will be not so much the severe cold but the record-breaking snowfall. Snow has a charm, a fascination all of its own. Collegiate students will long recall in pleasant reminiscences our January snowstorm.

On Tuesday, January 23, when day began for the hosiery mill workers, it presented a world wrapped in an inch blanket of white. Through the long ensuing hours of the day, the snow filtered down. It danced about in the still, cold air. Myriads of thousands of millions of fluffy flakes fluttered and floated and fell to the earth with the grace, the beauty, the quaintness of a single feather "waited from an eagle in its flight."

They fell—and fell—and deeper and deeper became the blanket. Seven o'clock—four inches. Ten o'clock—eight inches! And twelve noon—twelve inches! And when the grey sky turned dark, Dixie lay deep 'neath a cozy white coverlet. But this time it was not cotton.

Wednesday! The slanting rays of a western sun shone on a different world. Indeed it was a "polar land." The peak of Reservoir Hill presented a picture which no observer could soon forget. Tens of thousands of dazzling, sparkling crystals bending, breaking, and blending the bright beams of a setting sun presented one of the most fascinating, most awe-inspiring scenes the human mind could conceive.

The snow is gone. I saw the last remnant melt away today. Perhaps Dixie shall never see another such scene for many a year. But in the meantime, we shall have the memory of this one.

Wood Shop Addition

In anticipation of a tripled business in the woodworking industry, the Board of Trustees has voted an appropriation of $5000 to be used in the construction of additional space and the purchase of new machinery. Orders valued at several thousand dollars have been received during the last month and have caused the most acute labor problem the college has experienced for some years. To meet the emergency, workers have been drafted from practically every other department on the campus.

The ironing board assembly has been transferred to the basement of the Normal building in order to make room for the mill's recently added line, the manufacture of unfinished furniture.
Among the new arrivals for the second semester, Richard Greenwood is being given a hearty welcome. He is from Indiana, a state that is really far away from Tennessee, but he is a student at the University of Tennessee, which has a large and diverse student body. He enjoys cartooning, likes outdoor life, and talks a great deal about the brave people of Finland.

We welcome to North Hall a new-comer, Elsie Landon, who hails from Brazil. Elsie is very talented along musical lines and has a charming personality.

Obelia Dawson and Louise McLarty have recently left school. Obelia has returned to a former position in Washington, and Louise has returned to her home.

Mrs. Champion recently took a well-earned vacation. She visited friends in Indiana. Even though we were very glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Rainwater in the dormitory with us, we are happy to have our dear boys back.

Leonard King and Warren Ipswich have been missed a great deal since they both left us.

The stately-looking Yellow House has looked down on many interesting scenes during the last 75 years, but none more comical than the runaway dairy cart at the time of the recent snow.

College Press Adds New Monotype Caster

During the month of December, a new monotype caster was installed in the college press. For several months, the performance of the old caster had been unreliable, necessitating repeated delays and constant repair and seriously crippling the shop in its efforts to serve its customers. It was with relief, pride, and satisfaction that the shop crew greeted the splendid new installation.

Mr. Nis, head of the composing department at the Southern Publishing Association, installed and serviced the new equipment. He has been back since to check the machine and will visit the shop from time to time to help keep it in top notch condition.

Attendance Record

With no absences and no tardinesses for the whole first semester, William Alberz, Donald West, Daniel Frentor, and Jeanette Guille have the distinction of being the only students in school holding perfect attendance records, according to Miss Wirak, registrar.

Mrs. H. E. Snide and Hubert Anderson have only tardinesses and no absences to their credit.

This is the second consecutive time Mr. West has gained the distinction of a perfect record.

Office Elect for Literary Society

At one of the largest meetings in the history of the literary club, new officers were elected recently to hold office for the remainder of the school year, as follows:

Ruth Carterette, president; Clyde Goodge, vice-president; Dorothy Bradley, secretary; and William Ferguson, sergeant-at-arms.

It was decided to devote the programs for the next month or so to an outline of the various phases of journalism, giving the members a chance to try their hands at each. The constructive criticism and discussions of these specimens will be a part of the program.

The purpose of the club is to provide an opportunity for attempts at creative writing and an outlet for the student who wishes to write. In this way it is hoped not only to develop talent for the Scroll but possibly to detect an unknown spark of genius that needs cultivation and a stimulus of sustained interest to bring it out.

New Projects for Radio Class

Several new projects have been planned by the Practical Electronics class for this semester. Parts have been received that will enable the class to construct a converter to be used with the present communication receiver. This arrangement will permit reception on the 10 and 5 meter bands, thus opening a new and interesting field of study in short wave. In conjunction with the converter, a short wave transmitter will be constructed on the same frequency.

Parts have also been purchased for a new superheterodyne set, the building of which will enable students to learn more of the intricacies of the modern radio receiver. George Tolhurst, who is expected to do the work, is making good progress.

Music Department Offers Recital

February 17 brought a public recital by students of the music and expression departments. At one time we enjoyed an evening of good things in piano, voice, violin, and saxophone. In addition, there were several piano numbers for four hands, and one eight-hand selection for two pianos.

Three of the ten numbers accompanied by music, were given by John Bagbee, Maggie Lee Holmes, and Juana Mathieu. About twenty-three people were on the program, which proved to be very interesting.

New Farmer Manager Takes Over

Mr. John Bugbee, student at S.J.C., has relieved Mr. Halvorsen as farm manager while the latter is away on a year's leave of absence. Only last September Mr. Bugbee was given an opportunity to start the farm, but through the hard winter, the work had to be done by hand, and the students were quite a dilemma at Forest Lake Academy.

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BOYS WIN RACE IN PHOTO FINISH

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTS OFFICERS

The Junior Class has met and organized. On Sunday night, March 3, those who were eligible selected Clifford Ludington as class president from the college group. Evelyn Shivers assists Mr. Ludington as vice-president, with La Verne Byrd acting as secretary. Austin Hunt is in charge of the class treasury, and Mr. R. K. Boyd, the class sponsor.

With the Annual campaign successfully completed, and with the Senior class well under way, the Junior class organization is expected to provide entertainment and interest for a few weeks. Seniors will be kind to Juniors at least until after the annual Junior-Senior picnic, and the Juniors will assist in the graduation of the class of 40.

Dr. Wood Conducting Spring Week of Prayer

The Spring Week of Prayer was opened Sunday night, March 17, with Dr. Lynn Wood speaking of his early experiences at Southern Junior College. According to Dr. Wood, the school, to a large extent, was operated on faith, and God led marvelously in its growth and development. Prayers were answered daily by a God who could, and did, provide.

Dr. Wood was president of our College for four years, from 1918 to 1922. At present he is connected with the Theological Seminary in Washington as Professor of Archaeology and Old Testament.

Slight shifts have been made in the school program to provide for morning and evening meetings. Dr. Wood has being holding meetings in Memphis and Nashville, and will conduct the Week of Prayer services at Forest Lake Academy.

Recent Programs on Saturday Nights

During the past few weeks, a number of the Saturday night programs have reached a higher-than-usual plane of interest and merit. Jerold Frederic presented a brilliant piano recital on February 24, and "The Hooiser Schoolboy" provided an interesting hour's entertainment the following week.

The highlight of the first semester was the program of readings by Mr. Pearson, of Chicago. The Bobby Green picture was rated high after Christmas. We are anticipating another good motion picture in the near future—Mr. Feezer is doing an excellent job.

Missionary Volunteers Work in Bands

The work of the Missionary Volunteer Society is divided into several bands. At the present time all bands are energetically engaged in furthering the aims for which they stand, and success is surely coming their way.

The Literature band under the direction of Evan Richards and Lois McKeel, is assisting in the work of the Bible Study League by mailing each week to mail out literature.

Roy Hendershot takes a group of students with him to visit the jail at Silverdale every Friday night to sing and to talk with the prisoners. The students benefit fully as much as the audience to which they minister.

The Foreign Missions band is led by Frieda Clark, and presents an interesting program on alternate Sundays. Returned missionaries frequently speak to the band and discuss problems of the mission fields.

Under the leadership of Raisdon Cooper and Lonael Pearcy, the Progressive Class work is gaining interest every week. A large group is studying the requirements of the various classes, and an initiation is planned for an early date.

Students who are not members of any of these bands are invited and urged to join a band and improve their opportunities for self-improvement and service. There is always room for those who are interested.

String Quartet Broadcasts

The string quartet has recently played for three fifteen-minute programs on radio station WAO, in Chattanooga. For several reasons, this sustaining program has been discontinued for the present, but the boys are expecting to return to the air lanes at an early date.

The string quartet is composed of Louis Ludington and Donald West, violin; Clifford Ludington, viola; and Brooke Sannerenhoff, cello. Mrs. Batson accompanies the boys at the piano. They have provided some of the best music we have enjoyed at the college, and their return to the air is sure to provide pleasure for many.

Literary Club Progresses

At the last meeting of the literary club, the new constitution was adopted. The time of meeting has been changed to Thursday nights, the second and fourth of each month. A name for the club will be chosen at the next meeting, March 30.

Under the capable leadership of its president, Ruth Carterette, the club has been functioning very successfully.

The topics of photography and newspaper makeup have been discussed at recent meetings, by Max Lottin and Paul Jordan, respectively.

Keymer Leads Lads to Victory

The boys, under the energetic leadership of Charles Keymer, pushed ahead Thursday night to win the Triangle campaign with a total of 316 subscriptions to top the girls' total of 294. After the first shock of surprise, the girls joined in the contest with the boys.

When the results to date were announced in chapel on Wednesday morning, the girls were leading the boys, as usual, 177 to 165. The goal of 500 subscriptions seemed unattainable. But somebody was evidently holding back something. Busy activity on the part of Lorabel Peavy and Charles Keymer, leaders of the two bands, and a spirit of co-operation and interest on the part of the student body keyed things up for the last-minute dash.

After a short meeting in each worship room, the students met together on the chapel to hear the announcement of results. A short time was allowed for the turning in of the last "subs," during which pop songs were sung. School spirit was higher, according to some who have been here a long time, than it has ever been on this campus. The deans assisted in the final tallying of subscriptions and then a mighty cheer went up. Lois Bowen, circulation manager of the Triangle and engineering genius of the campaign, announced the totals.

Elder Fromon Lectures to Student Body

Elder L. E. Fromon, a representative of the General Conference, editor of "The Ministry," the official organ of the Ministerial Association of Seventh-day Adventists, visited Southern Junior College from Thursday, March 7, to Sabbath, March 10. During this time he conducted in the chapel a series of lectures dealing with the progress and authenticity of the Advent Movement.

From a wealth of knowledge gleaned during research work in Europe, Elder Fromon portrayed to interested audiences the story of those divinely inspired men who founded our faith. He pointed out that each man was predestined by God and by prophecy to fulfill a definite part in the great Movement as we know it today.

Elder Fromon's lectures all were interestingly illustrated by means of large charts depicting the rise and decline of the Advent Hope, and in smaller photographic copies of important documents, proving that the second coming of Christ was preached from apostolic times down through the ages.

Sunrise on the Coast

Grey dawn on the sand-hills—the night wind has drifted All night from the rollers a scent of the sea; With the dawn the grey fog his battalions has lifted. At the call of the morning they scatter and flee.

Lake mariners calling the roll of their number. The sea-fowl put out to the infinite deep. And far overhead—sinking softly to slumber. Worn out by their watching, the stars fall asleep.

To eastward, where rests the broad dome of the skies On the sea-line, stirs softly the curtain of night; 'Tis the voice of a God saying, "Let there be light." And lo, there is light! Evanescent and tender, As purple and scarlet and gold in its splendor— Behold, "in that marvell, the birth of a day."—Anonymous

(continued on page 4)
Many people feel that they are doing wrong when they are discontented. They fear that, being inwardly dissatisfied with the situation in which they find themselves, they are being rebellious toward the Power which placed them there. And they are wrong.

It is no disgrace to be discontented. It is only when a man becomes dissatisfied with himself or his surroundings that he makes any effort to be better. The Bible reminds us of this in bemoaning the state of the church of Laodicea—" ... Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind ..."

The danger comes in the type of discontent a man has. There are three sorts:

One is the useless type that merely wrings its hands. A man complains, and moans, and weeps—and otherwise does nothing. What he should do, when he finds the odds stacked against him is, as someone has said, to resolutely climb the stack, with his eye ever on his Guide. "Conquered blue turns black to the shade of royal purple."

Then there is the type of discontent that works. It works with a vim and vigor worthy of any cause. Just to be doing something seems sufficient. There is no plan, no carefully formulated purpose. It hopes to save itself by its own efforts, helter-skelter though they may be.

And last, there is the type of discontent that works miracles. In addition to working with vim and vigor, there is prayerful awaiting the will of God. Disappointed at the bottom of the stack, it sets its eyes firmly on a goal at the top, then calmly and trusting in a place in the soul that defies any hopelessness, steadily climbs, bidding the coming of God-sent opportunities, then seizing them.

By all means be discontented—but let it be the miracle-working kind.

Mrs. Champion Honored by Joshi Girls

The Dean of Women has a birthday March 19, so the girls gave her a party on the night of the eighteenth so that all suction would be allevied. At the first blink of the lights, the girls started down the stairs, singing "Happy Birthday to You!"

It seems that the party was what is known as a "pajama party," although the guests came dressed in "civilians" clothes. The program was carried out in the parlor. Music, a special poem written by Mary Charles Fog and read by Günter Knight, and the consumption of ice cream and cookies for refreshments, kept the girls occupied for a pleasant hour.

The birthday gifts were a composite picture of the girls of North Hall and their dormitory, and a bouquet of roses. Betty Nordan, Joshi president, directed the affair.

A tailor will place a piece of absorbent paper over a spot of grease and press down on it with a hot iron; the warmth melts the grease and the paper absorbs it. This is the way love defeats bad situations. It simply absorbs them. That is its peculiar power. But over and above all this is the transcendent fact that the world was made to run by the law of love, and love is the best hand for controlling it.

There was a huge Montenegro party at the British embassy, and, of course, he gave notice when he heard of the declaration of war. His employers tried to retain him. "What can we do without you?" The big man took these words seriously, and scratched his head wonderingly. Two THE things are certain:

"Yes, Julia is good—usually," said a young girl who was running over a list of acquaintances in search of one who might be able and willing to help in some work he had undertaken. "I can't get enough of her. She's so—jerky good."

She laughed a little over the phrase that came to her lips, but it was an apt description. There is a great deal of goodness—real goodness in its way—that goes by fits, starts, and jerks, and can not be depended upon to run steadily and smoothly. Its possessors sometimes wonder why others do not confide in them more, why their aid is not often invoked in causes they are willing to help. They know themselves to be kind-hearted and well meaning, but their prejudices and unreasonableness, like their better impulses, are jerky, so no one can be quite sure which will be uppermost.

There are many of us who do not seem to be able to adjust ourselves to a new environment—new school, new faces, new work. Many of us get homesick and leave for home after the first few weeks of school. Some of us have wonderful plans for ourselves which seem to disappear before the year is over, leaving us with nothing accomplished that is worthwhile. We have not adjusted ourselves to a new regime or operated as much as we might have. If we take little adjusting and cooperating, we sometimes surprise ourselves by the unexpected and quite satisfactory results!

When a student was anticipating his first appearance in the intercollegiate games, a friend said, by way of encouragement, "If you do not get the gold medal, you may win the silver one." The reply came quickly: "I never try for a second prize."

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business. But those that are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

There was a reunion of a Yale college class thirty years after graduation. One member had never met with the class in all that time. When Knights and the fireman, he started upwards through the curling smoke, and in a few moments was seen coming down the ladder with a child in his arms. That cheer did the work. How much we can do to help the brave ones who are struggling with temptation, or almost failing in their efforts to do good for others. Don't find fault with one because he doesn't cheer him. Give him a word that will urge him on the way, and if you cannot help him in any other way, give him a cheer.
Quintuplets are the latest addition to the Biology department. "Dr. Daniel Dafoe" Fleener was the first to discover the quintuplets, which are in the form of pink mice.

President Thompson's old Plymouth is now decorating a used car lot, and we notice he has a new Buick.

Katherine Perkins, both of Madison College, Paul rendered several cornet solos during his visit.

Recent visitors to the College were Paul Saxon, a former student, and Katherine Perkins, both of Madison College. Paul rendered several cornet solos during his visit.

Tabitha Lewis is happy to have her mother from Sylacauga, Alabama, and a few days with her relatives.

A fractured collar bone, received while he was playing baseball, has made it necessary for Wayne Sartin to spend a few weeks resting. He has done a commendable job recently in filing advertising space in the forthcoming Annual.

Among new arrivals we are welcoming Francis Brown, who hails from Birmingham, Alabama, and Dewey Hornbein, who has come from Florida to work in the b room shop. John Hicks and Ben Brackett, both from Tennessee, are new recruits for the woodcraft department.

Kathryn Shropshire was called away suddenly to her home in Memphis at frequent intervals by some of the inhabitants of North Hall, were to descend in behalf of the family.

Professor Miller assured the girls of North Hall, at a meeting of the Joshi Club, that he was as happy to speak to them as they were to have him speak. His subject was "Music and its place in a girl's life." Through out the talk, Professor Miller endeavored to point out the practicality of music —how a girl could always make good use of her music in post college life, long after theorems were forgotten. After contrasting at some length the comparative uselessness of geometry with the usefulness of music, Professor Miller suddenly remembered that Mrs. Champion, sitting right before him and absorbed in her reading, was the teacher of geometry.

The speaker, upon realizing this fact, blushed to the roots of his dignified, gray hair, and attempted a kind of restitution by saying, "Anyway, as school geometry was one of my pets."

Mrs. Champion, at the end of a sense of humor rose to the aid of the parties concerned, and lecturer and listeners broke out into torrents of laughter.

Bob Spangler expects to become an expert teamster by and by!

Just what constitutes good music is still a lively subject of debate among the dairy boys.

Everett Stillwell has recently come from Madison College, Tennessee, to work in the College Press.

Max Loftin is nursing his right side these days. He doesn't want to have an appendectomy just now; too much goes on the last few weeks of school.

A succession of screams, delivered at intervals, and some of the inhabitants of North Hall, were to be heard during a recent week-end. The cause of the excitement was the presence of a very large black crayfish on the end of a string, which had been caught by Bernice Davis. This live, wriggling thing was gently swung near several of the girls. Their piercing screams were almost loud enough to awaken the dead.

We stopped suddenly because of a finely

In the stillness of a wintry night, a cry of distress arose. For a moment we sat in silence; then we ran to the window to see from where it came. Far below in the snow on the roof of the bakery we could see a tiny figure appear to be the struggle of some wild creature for life.

Without a moment's hesitation, I ran from the room and down the stairs to the room just off the roof and threw up the window and darted outside. I was faced back suddenly when I faced a little screech owl. He looked at me defiantly for a minute; then seeing that I had no intention of leaving, he took to his wings in flight, whereupon a bird of about the same size struggled to the shelter of a nearby evergreen.

I followed him and picked him up gently. His screams were wild and shrill at first, and his little heart was pounded against my fingers. His head and neck were caked with snow and ice. His bill was open wide, and his tongue hung out at an angle. We all thought he would surely die, but I determined to try to keep him out and try to revive him.

When he really that my hands did him no harm, his screaming stopped and he quieted down. Great drops of black, bloody water dropped from his beak. We could not imagine from where this blood was coming, but as the snow melted from his head, we could see a raw spot just above his beak. He did not seem to be seriously wounded, however, and the bloody water soon changed to melted snow water.

As I held him, at first his head dropped and hung down. His tongue lapped over his bill. When the snow melted off, we noticed a patch of red over the back of his head and decided he was a flicker. Finally his eyes began to open. He drew in his tongue and shut his mouth. He tossed back his head and sat looking at us as if to make sure we would live after all.

We kept him in a box all night and the next morning had the pleasure of seeing him fly away home through the crisp morning air. This ended one of my many interesting experiences with wild life at Collegedale.

While walking in the fields one day, I stopped suddenly because of a finely

spun thread across my path. "Now who has the nerve to interrupt my progress?" I questioned, and began to look for the creature who was responsible for such a blockade. There he was, gaily spinning away, perhaps enjoying his own cleverness. Immediately I noticed that he was different from any spider I had seen before. His back was black and white and covered with queer projections which I could not recognize. I decided that he should become a victim of my observation; so I sought for something to carry him home in.

While observing him under the magnifying glass, I noticed tiny hairs on all eight of his slender legs. And I also noticed eight eyes on the front of his head, two of which were larger than the others. They were set in two rows with the two larger eyes on either end of the top row. After watching him try to escape from the bottle for two days, I found small bits of web on the bottom of the jar. Then I decided to set him free again. I found a nearby creek and dumped him on the shore. He immediately dug a hole and began to drink water—another result of my neglect and ignorance, for although spiders can live many days without food, they can not live without water.

These are just a few of the experiences that await us in the wonderland of nature that opens up to us in the fields and hills surrounding our school. Come out and see its beauties and refresh your soul with new vigor.

President Takes Trip West

President Thompson returned Thursday, March 14, from an extended trip to the West Coast. He visited several of our institutions, and attended two conventions while away.

On his way west, he stopped over in St. Louis and also in Columbus, Missouri, for educational conventions. From Missouri he went on to Glen dale and Los Angeles, California. The president visited La Sierra College near Arlington, where he talked with President Cossentine and the College Band. He served the progress of the new girls' dormitory which is being constructed there.

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Lewell Smith Returns

All those on the campus who were here a few years ago heartily welcome Lewell Smith and his family on their return to S. J. C. Lewell has taken over a responsible position in the College Wood Shop to aid in filling the flood of orders recently received.

The boys who were here in the summer of 1937 particularly remember him for his kindness to them.

In August of 1938 Mr. Smith left Collegedale and journeyed to Texas, where he has been connected with a large lumber supply company until his return here.

Honor Roll

Fourth Period, 1938-40

COLLEGE

All A's

Hubert Anderson

Lois Bowen

John D. Irwin

Nettie Jane Smith

All A's and B's

Eydie Chamberlain

Wayne Byers

Anne Mae Chambers

Frieda Clark

Florence Dye

Beatrice Keith

Wallace Lightbuhl

Louis Ludington

Douglas Flyer

John W. Ray

Rollin Snide

All B's

Lorraine Mauldin

Brooke Sommerour

ACADEMY

All A's

June Stade

All A's and B's

Harvey Bowen

George T. Darro

Robert Dameron

Herbert Fleener

George Virley Fuller

Raymond Manuel

Ruth Risetter

Martha Seale

Sadie Sommerour

Donald West

James Whisenant

March 1939

THE SOUTHLAND SCROLL
FREDERIC, PIANIST

Jerold Frederic, the brilliant young piano virtuoso, who appeared in his second recital at Southern Junior College on Saturday night, February 24, has from childhood had opportunities and advantages favorable to the development of such an outstanding artist as he is now.

His training was such that there was no chance for him to become narrow or provincial. In addition to ordinary studies, he has received cultural development and breadth of vision by that greatest of all stimulating and educational influence—TRAVEL. He has visited England, Ireland, Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland, Egypt, and has spent nearly two years in Asia, Palestine, and other countries of the Levant.

Beginning his study on the piano at nine, he soon astonished his teachers—then declared he was a "born musician." At eleven he played for Professor N. C. Neeley, exponent of the great Breithaupt, and the professor exclaimed, "That boy will make another Josef Hofmann." His genius was recognized by Felix Borowski, the late Herbert Witherspoon, and many other musicians of the first rank, including Percy Grainger.

He gave his first public recital at eleven and two years later toured a large part of the United States as a boy prodigy. However, his higher musical education was not neglected, and he entered one of the largest conservatories in America to study piano and theory of music and composition under instructors of worldwide reputation. He won four successive competitive scholarships in that institution. After graduation he took a postgraduate course which obtained for him the Bachelor's degree at the early age of seventeen.

Frederic's recital on February 24 was one of the outstanding musical programs of the year and music lovers enjoyed a great treat which will not be soon forgotten.

The Flowers of Spring

Spring is coming over the hilltops—
We hear it whisper in the trees:
Our hearts are filled with gladness
By every perfume laden breeze:
The blue-jay is getting saucy
And the red-tailed calls with joy:
The mocking—he's as happy
As a merry whirling boy.
Yes the snow is gone and winter:
And the springtime's coming fast.
Our hearts are filled with singing
As the golden hours slip past.
Let us all rejoice with Nature,
For to us it is a sign—
After the grief and heartaches
Comes heavenly joy salutine.

Frieda Clark

the ages by different leaders of God's own choosing. These facts showed that the advent belief is not an innovation, a fad, or something transient, but is stable, true, authentic, and has had its place in God's plan right down through the ages.

Saturday night at 8:15, Elder Froom gave an intensely interesting lecture in the College chapel. To a large audience he told the story of Harry Orchard, and of his conversion from a life of crime and degeneracy to a glorious Christian life—a miracle that could be wrought only by an all-pardoning God. This fascinating story proved again that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Triangle to be Ready in Six Weeks

The 1940 Triangle is nearing editorial completion and will be released May 1, according to a recent report of progress. Most of the pictures have been sent to the engraver: some of the cuts have been returned, and others are expected early next week.

The advertising manager reports a successful job, with over $400 worth of advertising space taken. The subscription campaign is over, and the print shop expects to receive complete copy shortly.

According to the staff, the annual will have more than 80 pages and will be well worth our waiting for. Aside from this information, and an assurance that all is well, we are told to wait a little longer to see the finished product.

ELDER FROM LECTURES

(continued from page 1)

Our Grindstone "Rock City" Just Before Spring Comes
**Senior Class Enjoy Annual Banquet**

The traditional Senior banquet was enjoyed by the class and its guests on Sunday night, April 28, 8:00 o'clock. The place for this dinner was the parlor of North Hall. Tables were arranged to form a large "H", and candles furnished the illumination.

Our guests were Mrs. Thompson and Carolyn, Dean and Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Champion, Elder Stude, Mrs. Piton, Los Lowen, and Elsie Landau. President Thompson, class advisor, was unable to be with us.

Dinner was served by eight of the juniors, after the class pastor returned thanks. Silence reigned for a time while the seniors engaged in busy activity.

At the conclusion of the meal, our president, James McLeod, was acting as master of ceremonies, gave a short address of welcome to the class and its guests. Musical numbers were by Mrs. Champion, Elder Allen, and Rebecca Rutledge followed. Highlights of the program were the history and prophecy delivered by James Whisnant and the prophecy committee, respectively. Most illuminating feature was the prediction that our president would be 316 pounds worth of minister two years hence. Most ludicrous prophecy was that Ruby Trapp, class secretary, would weigh 310 pounds in 1969. She tips the scales at about 98 pounds at the present time.

All such enjoyable evenings bring a respite from the round daily routine of duties and cares, so did this evening have to come to an end. The concluding number was the rendition by a mixed quartet of the class song composed by Evelyn Britt and Louis Ludington.

**Wood Shop Addition Progresses**

The new addition to the Collegedale Woodwork Shop is nearly completed. This 80 x 48 foot addition has been constructed under the supervision of Mr. James McLeod. The new large room of now being occupied by the sander, shaper, cutoff saws, the rip saws, and the router. A portion of the assembly room will be moved downstairs in order to obtain more storage space.

The much needed new office will be located in the front section of the addition. This location will be as did not only to the woodwork department but also to the business men.

At the present time the shop employs about forty young men and a few young women, each of whom are engaged in one of the three shifts: morning, afternoon, or night. The men put in long, strenuous hours because the shop has been rushed with large orders. However, "rays of sunshine" will surround the young men who are working their way through college in this new section of the shop. The older mill room is lacking in sunlight, but this new section has twelve sets of windows located near the roof, which enable the sunlight to pour into this busy place.

A few of the articles made under the supervision of Mr. Sands, the superintendent, are as follows: Ironing boards, book cases, clothes racks, step-ladders, step stools, dressing tables, lawn chairs, chests of drawers, and Venetian blinds.

**Triangle Being Printed This Week**

By the time this SCROLL is in the hands of its most distant reader in the United States, the Triangle will be printed completely. The first of the black forms went to press on a Monday morning, April 21. It is hoped that they will be complete on May 1, and if this is accomplished, the Collegedale Press will be in line for congratulations.

According to all reports, a good annual can be expected. There will be two-color printing throughout, and the "dummy" promises a very interesting Triangle. Hubert Anderson and his staff have done their part, and within a few days the print shop will release the 1940 Triangle.

**Colporteur's Rally Held at S. J. C.**

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:14.

What better way do we have of spreading the gospel than by means of the printed page? We are told that the work of the colportor is as sacred as that of the minister. The one who places the message in printed form in the homes of the people has as great a responsibility as the one who stands in the pulpit.

For the purpose of interesting students in summer canvassing and encouraging them to enter the local fields, the annual Colporteur Institute was held at Southern Junior College April 12-16.

We were indeed fortunate in having with us such representatives as Elder John W. C. Starkey and his brother. Miss Margaret Jones, the program chairman, and Glenn Byers, parliamentarian, are the one W. C. Starkey. At this point we unloaded for Chickamauga Dam and into Chickamauga Lake. Much could be said of the ride, but it really isn't necessary. It isn't the fault of the Junior class that something happened to the motor just as we got into the locks at the dam. We did have the pleasure of being lifted seventy-three feet in the locks, and even the wait of three or four hours was enjoyed by many.

The Junior class wants to go on record as appreciating the Junior-Senior picnic—nobody can think of a single thing that could "beat" it. Even the moon was perfect.

**Juniors, Seniors Enjoy Outing**

Visit Chickamauga Dam

The annual Junior-Senior picnic was enjoyed by the two classes, with sponsors and guests, on Monday afternoon, April 22. Picnic activities got under way at noon, when more than a hundred people filled up buses and cars and played "follow the leader" to Warner Park. At this point we unloaded for games and for dinner, of which no mention need be made other than to say it was perfect.

At three o'clock we left the park for some mysterious surprise. So far the Juniors had done an admirable job of keeping all the secrets. The whole enthusiastic group boarded a picturesque stern-paddle-wheel barge for a voyage up the Tennessee to Chickamauga Dam and into Chickamauga Lake. Much could be said of the ride, but it really isn't necessary. It isn't the fault of the Junior class that something happened to the motor just as we got into the locks at the dam. We did have the pleasure of being lifted seventy-three feet in the locks, and even the wait of three or four hours was enjoyed by many.

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**Professor Nelson Conditions Telescope**

Professor Nelson is quite proud of himself these days because of the finish touching he is putting on the telescope that was started here four years ago. And he may well be proud of the silversmithing job on the ten inch mirror in the telescope. He performed this operation by subliming aluminum and condensing it on the mirror in an almost total vacuum.

But that is not all. After staying up night after night to draw plans and to execute them, he has designed and built a combination of shafts, wheels, and a tiny electric phonograph motor, which will drive the barrel of the telescope at the same speed the stars seem to move. The barrel turns completely around only once in twenty-four hours. It is more accurate than the telescope in the observatory at Chattanooga.

Along with these improvements he has, with Jack Shaddan's assistance, mounted a camera on the outfit so that a permanent record may be made of astronomical phenomena.

**Future Teachers Organize**

A Future Teachers' Club, similar in plan and purpose to the Future Teachers of America clubs, but not yet affiliated with the national organization, is among the newer of the clubs on the campus this spring.

Organized to unite and promote the interests of those planning to enter the teaching profession, the club has as its president Nellie Jane Smith, senior.

Other officers are Juanita Mathies, vice-president; Esther Brasington, secretary; and Lorabel Peavey, assistant; Quinnette Maxwell, treasurer; Glenn Byers, parliamentarian; Mrs. Green, sponsor.

Professor Daub, Principal of the Odette High School, spoke at the last meeting of the club.
Entered as second-class matter, June 20, 1929, at the post office at Collegedale, Tennessee, under the Act of Congress, August 24, 1912. Published once each month by Southern Junior College, and circulated without subscription price.

**What Is the Price?**

In my home town there is a boy who was pitcher on our rural baseball team. He was a good pitcher. In fact, he was such a good pitcher that the scouts for a certain big-league team, after closely observing his playing the season with an offer that would make the heads of most amateurs who hope to become big-league professionals swim.

But there was one string attached to the offer. Bill had to give up drinking. A young man starting out as a professional could not expect that the officials would tolerate his staggering out to training with a "morning-after" degree of efficiency, or run the risk of his losing a game because his senses were dulled by a few drinks just before the game.

Whether Bill even tried to break the habit, I do not know. If he did, he failed. At any rate, he lost his big chance; the price he had to pay for it was too much for him. He preferred the pleasures drink gave him to the realization of his dreams. Foolish, you say? Of course. But do you know there are students right here who are just as foolish? They are giving their chances for things worthwhile for a mess of pottage.

"Meditate upon These Things"

What is education? Is it concerned only with learning some facts in order to get a grade? or does it have a deeper meaning?

Education may be defined as change—Everything that is learned makes life different in some way. In view of this fact, could we suggest the building of something more than rote memorizing of facts. Knowledge gained should become a living, vital part of one's self.

The more fully this idea is carried out in the educating process, the more complete and full will be the change.

Meditation, then, becomes a vital factor in education. Truths learned should be turned over and over in the mind until a conclusion is drawn, an ideal established, or the application of a principle made. One who ponder's long that which he has learned is led further and further into the boundless realm of the unknown; he is more and more brought deeper and deeper into the unknown, his eyes are opened and thrilled by the mysteries of this newly discovered world. Continuing thus, the student rises ever to a higher plane of living, and partakes of genuine happiness not known to those who are content with the ordinary things of life.

But meditation is often a hard thing to control. Being human, we are prone to drift into a state of idle dreaming. This type of meditation is negligible; but the student should meditate with care lest the reflection on deeper things be crowded out. One needs, then, the guidance of a higher power; and God, in His sympathetic understanding of humanity, has provided the aid of His Spirit. The quiet moments spent in communion with Him provide the means of instruction, give one the intellect, and inspire one's soul with a hunger for wisdom from on high.

To be educated then, in the broadest sense of the word, is to be in such a state as to bring to the surface of things in order to bring about the richest, fullest change; and this end can be reached only as a result of deep clear thinking.

—BEATRICE KEITH.

**The Place to Start**

"Two graduates, classmates and roommates, secured positions. The question is, Are we paying too big a price for the things we want, or are we not willing to pay enough?"

**As Time Goes On**

A lot has been said about the value of time. It is a sin to waste time. Opportunity knocks but once. Time is the stuff of which life is made. We've all heard these expressions and many similar ones since we can remember. And yet most of us come far short of reaching the ideal of making every moment count.

There are only a few more days left of this school year. Most of us are glad of it; doubtless, some regret to have the year end. But every one of us I believe, would do well to pause and check up on the time we have spent here, and discover just where we have failed to use advantageously our time.

Possibly it is too late to make such an inventory serve us for this year; there is another year ahead of us, however, and while our mistakes are so obvious to us—NO WAY—be well to determine to rectify our error. All is not lost: FOR TIME is the stuff of which LIFE is made.

**BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY**

The book Andrew Jackson, The Border Captain, by Marquis James, tells a story of almost unbelievable courage, activity, and achievement. Jackson was born of Irish immigrant parents in what is now South Carolina on March 15, 1767, being the third son of Andrew and Elizabeth Jackson. His father passed away a few days before his birth. His two older brothers enlisted in the Continental Army and fought in a number of the battles of the Revolutionary War. They succumbed to illness caused by exposure and hardship. Later he received a pension for his services as a soldier in an improvised hospital. This left Young Andrew alone.

At the age of thirteen years and four months, he joined General Sumter’s command as a regular cavalryman. He was soon captured and brought into the British camp as a prisoner of war. While here, an English officer commanded him to clean his boots. Young Jackson refused, whereupon he was struck with a saber and carried scars on his hand and face as long as he lived.

At the age of twenty-one years, he emigrated to Nashville, Tennessee, to become Attorney-General. He was now in direct contact with the people, the law and much of life. He rendered great service to his country by vigorously prosecuting the Creek War, and by gaining the brilliant victory over the British at New Orleans at the close of the War of 1812.

Near the sunset of his life he established himself on the broad level acres of the Hermitage. Here he built a magnificent mansion for his beloved Rachel; who did not live long to enjoy it.

The character of Andrew Jackson stands out in bold relief as an example both of fire and tenderness, of strength and sympathy, of rashness yet of balanced emotion. He played a great part in beating back the wilderness from the mountains to the Mississippi River, and in raising the frontier to be able to cope with the seaboard in the management of public affairs.

—Fred L. Green
Hidden Beauty

by Lorraine Mauldin

Spring, with many of us, is the favorite time of the year. Long we wait with great anticipation for its coming, and when at last we see the first sign of swelling buds and opening flowers, we greet the season as a very special guest. Our spirits rise to the highest ebb. We look upon the landscape and admire its new apparel. But, living amid beautiful surroundings as we do, do we merely scan the colorful panorama and catch a fleeting joyous spirit, or do we search for the real beauties of nature and pause to ponder over their great splendor? Are we uplifted and inspired by close contact with the handiwork of God's own art?

My roommate once told me that I had eyes but saw not. As concerns the everyday natural world about us, perhaps there are many who are in the same predicament—many who have eyes but fail to see the real beauty and value of the wild flowers and other gifts of the great out-of-doors that show God's power and His love for man.

My course in Nature has made me realize that there are hidden treasures all about us that we have to search for just as we must persistently seek for the treasures of God's word. For instance, the little trailing arbutus, which inspired John G. Whittier to write his lovely poem, is not found near the habitations of man—instead, it is found on the quiet mountainside among the pine trees. 

Definition

"Treating a customer like a rich uncle, so that you may extract his coin in a not-courteous—that's foresight. Offering a seat to a man who enters your office is not courtesy—that's duty. Listening to the grumblings, growlings, and groanings of a bore without remonstrance is not courtesy—that's forbearance. Helping a pretty girl across the street, holding her umbrella, carrying her poodle—none of these is courtesy. The first two are a pleasure, and the last is politeness. Courtesy is doing that which nothing under the sun makes you do but human kindness. Courtesy springs from the heart; if the mind prompts the action there is a reason; if there be a reason, it is not courtesy; for courtesy has no reason. Courtesy is good will and good will is prompted by the heart full of love to be kind. Only the generous man is truly courteous—he gives freely without a thought of receiving anything in return. The generous man has developed kindness to such an extent that he considers every one as good as himself—and treats others not as he should be treated (for generosity asks nothing, but as he ought to be treated)."

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

A Letter Home

by Marvin Midduff

Writing a letter home is a task that has haunted me ever since I entered high school. Anyone without experience would think it quite delectable, but certainly they do not comprehend all the mental anguish I would wait a few minutes until her husband came home, he would probably answer an order with me. I waited and while doing so, I asked about a place to spend the night. She told me that they would be delighted to have me stay with them. I gladly accepted the invitation. Soon I could see her husband coming down the road in a wagon. He was a large, fat man, with a good disposition. After I canvassed him he gave me an order for a book in the best binding, a year's subscription to a magazine, and two large Bibles. I certainly was happy and my worries were gone.

An ex-knightly man told me that he was the leader of a prayer meeting and asked me if I would like to go with him and pray with the others that evening. Of course I went, and during the meeting he announced the type of work that some were doing and made mention of the fact that I was sitting in his home that night. After the service, two women stepped up to me and placed an order for two books and two subscriptions for the magazine.

That night I really thanked the Lord over and over again for the success that I had. Some people say that the colporteur work is good, but that they could not sell a thing, but really there is no excuse for a physically fit person not being able to canvass. Sister White says, "The Lord will impart a fitness for the work to every man and woman who will cooperate with Him and keep on writing, not knowing what you are writing, and then about the time you get ready to sign your name, the lights go on." Consequently you mail the letter without reading it. The result is that four or five days later you receive a letter home, asking if you have lost your mind.

From the Pen of a Colporteur

by Charles Davis

I approached a nice country home and gave my letter to the housewife. She seemed very much interested in the book and told me that if I would wait a few minutes until her husband came home, he would probably answer an order with me. I waited and while doing so, I asked about a place to spend the night. She told me that they would be delighted to have me stay with them. I gladly accepted the invitation. Soon I could see her husband coming down the road in a wagon. He was a large, fat man, with a good disposition. After I canvassed him he gave me an order for a book in the best binding, a year's subscription to a magazine, and two large Bibles. I certainly was happy and my worries were gone.

After supper the man told me that he was the leader of a prayer meeting and asked me if I would like to go with them and pray with the others that evening. Of course I went, and during the meeting he announced the type of work that some were doing and made mention of the fact that I was sitting in his home that night. After the service, two women stepped up to me and placed an order for two books and two subscriptions for the magazine.

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Colporteur Institute
Continued from page 1
E. E. Franklin of the General Con-
ference, Elders M. V. Tucker and H. M. Burwell from the Southern
Publishing Association, and the se-
cretaries of the local conferences in
the Southern Union. Morning and after-
noon sessions of the institute were
held on Sunday, Monday, and Tues-
day. The evening worship periods
were also devoted to the colporteur
work.
In chapel Monday morning, Elder
Franklin explained the scholarship
plan by which a student may sell
books or magazines for fourteen weeks
during the summer and earn, along
with fifty per cent profit on all sales,
a sixty-six dollar scholarship to be
applied on school expenses.
As Elder Franklin expressed it,
this plan is not an experiment.
It has already been tried and proved
to be successful. Come on students,
let’s go canvassing!

Junior Party
Continued from page 1
suitable on this particular occasion.
Here, another series of games was
started which continued until refresh-
ments were served an hour later.
Then the center of interest shifted
to the Triangle Band. This band,
composed of seven boys from South
Hall and two resident students, was
truly a feature attraction, and played
frequently during the remainder of
the time. Finally, the class president,
popular Clifford Ludington, said a few
words, and announced the Junior-
Senior picnic. The party terminated
shortly afterwards with a concluding
number by the Triangle Band, and the
guests, 83 in number, began their
trek homeward.

A bright full moon, crisp evening
air, gay songs, bits of happy laughter,
snatches of music, tired feet, hungry
students, but chocolate, and potato
chips. This describes the Student
Association hike down Sligo road
which every one enjoyed.

Gleanings...
When the sixteen seniors of 1940
met for the first time at Borgia in
1926, they chose the four most outstand-
ing students for their officers. The officers are: President; Austin Davis; Vice
President, Susan Ewert; Secretary,
Virgene Westermeyer; Treasurer, Lu-
ter Hill.

After years have rolled by and 1940
is in the far distant past, the thirty-
three seniors of the Class of '40 will
remember their officers, namely: Presi-
dent, George Winters; Vice President,
Ruth Lucas; Secretary, Winning Dal-
by; Treasurer, James Sorenson.

Forest Lake Reflector

In memory of a man, who for fifteen
years was dean of men in Maple Hall,
the hall will change its nomenclature
in honor of Bumann. Elder C. A. Buman,
for twenty years teacher at E. M. C.,
was well loved, and since his death in
February he has been greatly missed.

Student Movement

Bits of This and That
Anonymous

It didn’t happen here, but Mrs.
Champion tells the story of the college
freshman who gave as her reason for
going to a certain school, “I came to
be with, but I ain’t yet.”

Even tho’ they came up the losers
in the TRIANGLE sub fray, the girls
from North Hall did not allow defeat
to obscure the kindliness, the thought-
fulness, the managinity typical of their
school. They knew that the boys
must have recklessly spent every
penny they possessed and even
borrowed their belongings in those last
few hectic moments, rather than face
defeat. So, like the Red Cross, gra-
ciously arming to help those in need
and disaster, the girls quickly came to
the rescue. A box was packed with old
clothes, toothbrushes, bits of tooth-
paste and soap—and even liver pills
in case of sickness. A collection of
pennies was made so that each boy
would have a penny to put in the
Sabbath school offering. Few thought
to thank the fair sex for their sacri-
ficial kindness—but do they ever?

Dogwood is in bloom over the
campus at present. Few hectic moments, rather than face
defeat. So, like the Red Cross, gra-
ciously arming to help those in need
and disaster, the girls quickly came to
the rescue. A box was packed with old
clothes, toothbrushes, bits of tooth-
paste and soap—and even liver pills
in case of sickness. A collection of
pennies was made so that each boy
would have a penny to put in the
Sabbath school offering. Few thought
to thank the fair sex for their sacri-
ficial kindness—but do they ever?

Spring is coming (it must be—it
certainly isn’t here—or is it?)

Did you know that—
Edna Walker was born in Africa?  
James McLeod will argue any side
you please on Africa?

... Spring is coming (it must be—it
certainly isn’t here—or is it?)
EVELYN BRITT WINS STATE ESSAY PRIZE

First prize in an essay contest sponsored for college and university students by the Tennessee Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, was won recently by Evelyn Britt, senior.

Miss Britt, the only student here to submit an entry in the contest, wrote on the subject, "The privileges That I May Expect and The Responsibilities I Will Want to Subordinate." The award for first place was twenty dollars in cash.

TRAINING SCHOOL GIVES CLOSING PROGRAM

Musical numbers including a toy orchestra, hoop drill, and songs by the primary grade, an investiture service by the upper grades, and the eighth grade exercises, comprised the three-part program of the Training School given Wednesday, May 17.

Professors T. S. Copeland and C. A. Russell were present to give the charge and award scarfs and pins to the large class of Friends and Companions and to the three Master Comrades invested. An address by the class president, Ted Byrd; the class poem by Lois Pierce; a reading, "Talent Paid For," by Arlene Hughes; and the class history by a seventh grade pupil made up the program of the eighth grade.

JONES AND ANDERSON

SIX SENIOR GUEST SPEAKERS

As guest speakers for the Consecration and Baccalaureate services, May 17 and 18, the graduating class of 1940 invited Elder C. V. Anderson, president of the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference, and Elder J. K. Jones, president of the Southern Union, respectively, to give the addresses.

As a consecration theme at the vespers service on Friday, Elder Anderson used the aim and motto of the class, "Launch Out Into the Deep," with "Jesus Our Pilot." On Sabbath morning, Elder Jones gave to the seniors many fine pointers for their future lives.

He emphasized the importance of a goal in life, and the need of persistence until it is reached. He also urged that "whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Two guest soloists were Mr. Donald Haynes, who sang "Continued on page 4"

THE COMBINED CHORUS

The chapel resounded with the lovely strains of sacred music by the combined chorus in its concert here on the evening of May 16. The program opened with "Gloria" from the Twelfth Mass of Mozart and closed with "Great and Glorious" by Haydn. Other numbers were presented by the separate male and women's choruses and by the string quartette.

The music lovers of Collegedale remain indebted to Professor Miller and the organizations of his music department for the many occasions on which their excellent music has filled our hearts and minds with an inspiration which helps to bear the burden of work and study.

To accomodate those who could not attend the concert Thursday evening the same program was presented again on the following Sabbath afternoon.

S. J. C. ALUMNI HAVE WINS BREAKFAST

The annual Alumni Breakfast was held Sunday morning, May 19, in the college dining room. Following the Breakfast, a business meeting was held with Mrs. B. F. Summerour, president, in charge, at which this year's graduates were voted into the association and officers for the coming year were chosen for the next two years. Mrs. R. K. Boyd was elected to succeed Mrs. Summerour.

Dr. John McLeod was chosen vice-president to replace Dr. Gerald Mitchell, and Mr. N. F. Fuller, successor to Mrs. Albert Hall and Mrs. P. T. Moucham as secretary and treasurer, respectively.

Plans were discussed for active promotion of the project chosen last year, an infirmary for the school, and a larger alumni meeting next year.

BOYS ENTERTAINED BY GIRLS

As losers in the TRiANGLE subscription campaign, the girls entertained the boys at a party Saturday night, May 19, in the dining room. Piano recitals were served to the guests immediately after they were gathered. Proceeding this the boys had marched in line around the Girls' Home seven times because no supper was served at the regular time. Nothing happened, however.

Lorabel Peavey, leader of the girls in the campaign, was in charge of the program which followed. It included a reading by Bunnie Pyre, an accordion duet by Valma Romody and Esther Briggs, vocal solos by Opal Hust and Betty Batts, and a musical dialogue in negro dialect by Laura Fickes, Betty Aiken, and Velma Stewart.

Stories and incidents of young days of South Hall's residents, previously secured secretly from their mothers, were read by Juanita Mathews, Dorothy Bradley, La Verne Byrd, and Ruth Carpenter, provoking many red faces and much uneasy squirming.

In conclusion, Charles Kaymer, boys' leader, voiced the enjoyment and appreciation of the boys for the entertainment.

35 RECEIVE DIPLOMATIONS AT COMMENCEMENT

DIPLOMAs from the collegiate and academic departments of Southern Junior College were presented to the thirty-five graduates at the Commencement exercises on Sunday morning, May 19, following the Commencement address by Elder W. E. Howell, secretary of the General Conference.

In the address, Elder Howell gave much counsel and admonition on the all important subject, character building. Citing instances from his many years of life and experience, he reminded the graduates that they are as soldiers marching with scaled orders, knowing not what a tomorrow that in whatever place they find themselves, they must give their best.

Two vocal numbers, "Today" by Hueter, and "A Page Boy's Road Song" by Novello, were given by Professor H. A. Miller. A piano solo, Chopin's "Ballade in A flat," was given by Elsie Landon.

Presentation of diplomas and awards was made by President Thompson. He gave to June Snide, who secured scholarship to the academic senior with the highest scholastic standing, also the Readers' Diger award which that magazine gives to valedictorians of all high schools and academies.

Those receiving diplomas were: COLLEGE: James McLeod, Associate in Arts (Ministerial with honors); Ruby Tripp, Pre-Dietetic; Leslie Pitton, Associate in Business (Ministerial); Nellie Smith, Teacher Training (with honors); Louis Ludington, Associate in Arts; John D. Irwin, Associate in Arts; Rollin Smith, Associate in Arts; Hazel Brooks-Snide, Associate in Arts (with honors); Evelyn Britt, Pre-Medical; Quinnette Maxwell, Teacher Training; Mildred Hust, Business Administration; Frieda Clark, Business Administration; Alma Chambers, Teacher Training. ACADEMIC: Sue Summerour, Robert Damon, Max Loitin, Rebecca Rudjuge, Donald Stout, Lois McKee, Fred Minner, Eldine Allen, Emory Rogers, Gracie Beube, Milton Norrell, Alta Parker, Bowman Deal, Esther Bloomster, Edgar Howard, Carmen Turner, James Whisenant, Lora Miller, Ralston Hoover, Florence Folks, June Snide, Raymond Manuel.
PROcrastination is the Thief of Time

If you should by any chance doubt the veracity of the statement of the above title, consider: the editors' immediate worry is that this issue of the Southland Scroll is late for no better reason than that those who write and rewrite for the Scroll kept putting it off until now we have committed the journalistic crime of missing our deadline completely. We had a good? excuse for procrastination this time: the rush of activity at the end of school. This means, simply, that our procrastination throughout the school year had caught up with us and stolen the time needed for routine duties such as sleeping regularly and in sufficient amount or writing for the Scroll, not to mention keeping up with the normal flow of class assignments and putting in our time in the campus industries.

The end of school brings another thought to mind on this subject. Why didn't I graduate this spring? Or, for that matter, why didn't you, presuming that my average reader is of an age to have graduated from junior college? I have been telling myself for the last six years that I had more important things to do in the immediate future and that college could wait a while. What have you been doing that you thought was important enough to place before your ultimate goal, whether that goal be formal education or a professional career or just a simple life of service for God and humankind? Stop now and analyze the last year: what progress toward your ultimate goal have you made; are you satisfied with the record; what are you going to do about it; why haven't you already done that something about it? Are we agreed now that procrastination is the theft of time and that it is merely the doing of things unimportant in themselves in preference to the slightly more difficult and immensely more important tasks we have set ourselves to do—eventually?

I know what I can do about it right on, and that is get the next issue of the Scroll started at once. As for you, well, it's up to you, and the sky is the limit if you're not to busy examining your reflection in a beautiful cloud mirroring mud-puddle. H.V.J.

IN MEMORY'S GOLDEN VAULTS

Guest Editorial

Many were the pleasant things we could not take away with us in suitcases or scrapbooks when we left "dear ole' S. J. C." with the sad realization that we should never again return as students. But in memory's golden vaults we have stored away scores of memento-to-be-forgetten reminders of happy days spent at Southern Junior College. When we have wished to be back—and that quite often—we have had to content ourselves with an exploration of the contents of these vaults.

Continued in column 3

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Paging Othniel McLeod! Paging Othniel McLeod!" Know him? Goodness knows many things besides disclosing those who can survive a many-year siege with teachers and textbooks and term papers. It reveals people never known before, if you think that a rose by another name really is not as sweet. For instance, I'd call Tripp and Eulahia Britt. And have you heard of Clyde Chambers and Malcolm Rogers? Goodrich Ludington sounds rather good we admit, but how about Daniel Irwin and Evangelia Snod? Ann Rutledge sounds rather familiar, but what of Algiers Minner? And Hamstros Whisensartan, Herman Pitton, and Gaylaway Norrell? It seems that Daisy Allen and Daise Maxwell would agree on the spelling as well as Mae Clark and May Beube, but they don't! Be sure to put that long i in Melvina Hunt—and the L on Lewis Dunbar.

We wonder if Harry Hooper is an artist and if Allen Loftin is a photographer? Cane LeRoy West play the violin and Mary Summerour the piano? Tell me, is a rose by another name just as sweet? Nellie Jane Smith

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

As member of the 1940 graduating class, I have repeatedly asked myself the question: "Now that you are actually graduating from junior college, what do you know?" And I have arrived at the conclusion that the most valuable thing I have learned in college is—that I really do know much of anything.

This was forcibly brought to my mind a few weeks ago when I was talking with an individual who has more important things to do and soon lose myself in reveries of the social atmosphere surrounding dormitory life. One by one old friends appear for visits. I go on my way refreshed. When a little downhearted, I open the vault marked "Good Cheer," and before I know it, I am singing once more, knowing that the prayers and good wishes of former associates and schoolmates are following me wherever I go. I recall the valuable hours spent in prayer bands, when several of us would lift our voices to the skies, I recall the valuable hours spent in prayer bands, when several of us would lift our voices to the skies, and quickly return to the statement that has been ringing in my ears ever since.

The statement was: "Well, if you have reached that point, then your education is beginning to do some good. Every day that I work on myself, I realize more and more how little I know. There is so much to be known, and we know so little." What do you know? Do you feel that you are making any progress? Do you think that you are doing your very best? Do you know what is right and wrong? Are you discouraging? That is as it should be. As long as you feel that way, you will continue to progress. I believe that one of the greatest things that an education gives is to give him a vision of what there is to know and to instill in him a desire to learn more.

But play the poor individual who thinks he knows everything. He is in a sad plight. Not only is he deceived, but he is not progressive. A truly educated person continues to learn as long as he lives.

Evelyn Britt

Highlights From the Class

President's Address

given by JAMES McLEOD

"If we work upon our minds, we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God, and with love of our fellowmen, we engrave on our minds something which will brighten through eternity.

"Millions are dying untimely deaths, and soon we too, may join the armies of marching men and taste the desert, and the sea, and the battle. But in it all God has a place for us to fill; he has a work for us to do.

"If we could only in some way catch sight of the smile on the face of the great Pilot in this strange rough sea in which we are sailing, we, too, could do our work and carry our burdens with confidence, perhaps with joy.

"We have, as we launch out into the deep, take Jesus as our Pilot, so that when we have sailed the seas of life . . . God, the Master Builder, may take the plan that he has for our lives and . . . may say, "It is like the plan."

"The Good Ship of Our Class"

CLASS SONG

Words: Evelyn Britt
Music: Louis Ludington

The voyage now is ended. The good ship of our class
With the flag of success floating high from her mast.
Weather tested from her cruise, triumphant she rides.
As proudly to harbor, so swiftly she glides.

Many storms she has battled and each time she has won;
Now she looks to new ports, for her course here is run.
And we know that she'll succeed, our ship staunch and true,
Jesus Christ is our pilot, he'll carry her through.

And now we launch out on life's open sea,
Where waves will roll high and the winds will blow free.
Help each to grow stronger as we sail on our way.
Oft take thoy our hearts, and bless us we pray.

Continued from column 1

When a bit lonely, I go to the vault marked "Friendship-ship" and soon lose myself in reveries of the social atmosphere surrounding dormitory life. One by one old friends appear for visits. I go on my way refreshed. When a little downhearted, I open the vault marked "Good Cheer," and before I know it, I am singing once more, knowing that the prayers and good wishes of former associates and schoolmates are following me wherever I go. I recall the valuable hours spent in prayer bands, when several of us would lift our voices to the skies, and quickly return to the statement that has been ringing in my ears ever since.

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Evelyn Britt

"Paging Othniel McLeod! Paging Othniel McLeod!

"Well, I was wondering what you knew.

"I don't know anyting. Then came the statement that has been ringing in my ears ever since.

"What do you know? Do you feel that you are making any progress? Do you think that you are doing your very best? Do you know what is right and wrong? Are you discouraging? That is as it should be. As long as you feel that way, you will continue to progress. I believe that one of the greatest things that an education gives is to give him a vision of what there is to know and to instill in him a desire to learn more.

"Godly Counsel!" is the "we" inadequate and that you do not know much? Be not discouraged. That is as it should be. As long as you feel that way, you will continue to progress. I believe that one of the greatest things that an education gives is to give him a vision of what there is to know and to instill in him a desire to learn more.

"We have, as we launch out into the deep, take Jesus as our Pilot, so that when we have sailed the seas of life . . . God, the Master Builder, may take the plan that he has for our lives and . . . may say, "It is like the plan."
RINGING in our ears is the clarion call—"Launch out into the deep".

It is our Master's call and with it comes the realization that in a few hours we must sail away into deeper waters than we have ever known before.

Even now, our little ships, anchored in this beautiful harbor, all bright and shining, with every sail and every mast in shape, dance upon the shimmering waves as they lap against the sides. In a few hours the anchors will be lifted and we must be off, to sail away into the sunset, toward the Port to which our Master calls us all. It is in that glorious Haven that those who have braved the tempests and made the voyage successfully may someday hold a glad reunion.

But—that is in the future, and in spite of our youthful confidence of reaching that port, we must pull ourselves back to the present and realize that the voyage is only about to begin.

We must realize that life is not going to "mean sailing under fair skies and on tranquil seas, that it not point out the right direction, and the The business of getting happiness

In the words of Paul embarking on the voyage to Rome, "Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives'.

But turn back now we cannot.

We are determined to "launch out into the deep'. Some of our banks may sail on China's seas, some may anchor for a time on India's strand. In fact, one has already received her sailing orders to just such a far-away land. Some will ply the home waters, which can be just as stormy. But that Port is our final destination, and it is certain that we shall land there with none of the fame or riches we might be able to gain on the way.

And, we can not make the voyage on this trackless sea without adequate instruments and equipment, for our feeble eyes will be unable to see the way. We shall need a compass to point out the right direction, and the Master has given it to us—the Bible.

We shall need a wireless set, for sometime we may run into terrible storms, when even the swiftest craft may be blown to pieces.

Unlike the Psalmist, we cannot say: "Guide my feet.

"Life means being out on the open sea, roughing it. It means storm, fog, unsightly mud-banks upon which we may run and be stranded. It means roaring reefs and sunken rocks and dashing waves."

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We shall need a wireless set, for sometime we may run into such difficulties that we shall have to call for help, or when we are lonely we may just want to talk to someone.

Prayer is our wireless and we may at any time communicate with the Commander at the Port toward which we are heading.

In the inky blackness all sailors gain a glimmer of light and a sense of direction from the stars shining above, and so may we be guided by the Star of Hope.

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Then, with Jesus as our Pilot, we shall be able to say with the poet:

There is no path in this trackless sea,
No map is lined on the restless waves;
The ocean surges are strange to me
Where the unseen wind in its fury raves.

But it matters naught; my sails are set,
And my swift prow tosses the seas aside;
For the changeless stars are steadfast yet,
And I sail by His star-blazed trail—
My Guide's.

Of course, while making this voyage, we wish to enjoy it to the utmost, to gain as much happiness as possible from it.

The business of getting happiness for ourselves, though, is somewhat of a paradox. To get it, we must give it; only what we put into the lives of others comes back into our own.

"Upon the flower that sweetens the air, the breeze that rocks the flower..."

Continued on page 4

Continued on page 1

Graduates of 1940

The whip-poor-wills seem to pay no attention to the well-established rule that silence should prevail after the lights go out at 10 P.M.

On Tuesday night of examination week, to relieve the strain, a short visit was made to the Fiji Islands, through the medium of moving pictures. Natives there are clean and happy as a result of the work of our missionaries.

Our sympathies are with Bob Spangler, who suffered a fracture of the collar bone the evening of May 15. He had his enthusiasm worked up to go canvassing this summer. We trust that this setback will not destroy the contagious school spirit he possesses.

"I am going to earn two scholarships this summer," says Perry Priest. We hope he does.

Olive Maddux from Wilmington, North Carolina, and Thomas Hicks of Dyas, Tennessee, brother of Gladys Hicks, student of last year, are newcomers to the school.

\textbf{VALEDICTORY (Continued)}

on its stem, the rain-drops which swell the mighty river, the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of roses, as well as the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions that refires the smallest sprig of must scatter; to make ourselves the lights go out at missionaries. rule that silence should prevail after no attention to the well-established as they surely will, we must not, and to get good and become spiritually vigorous, we must do good and seek the spiritual good of others.

Then, when hardship and trial come, as they surely will, we must not, "through impatience, cut the knot of difficulty, making matters helpless. We must let God untangle the snarled-up threads for us. He is wise enough to manage the complications of our lives. He has skill and plan; we must wait patiently their unwinding, and not mar and destroy them. He will reveal them to us in His own good time."

And now, dear friends, we cannot longer tarry here. The anchors are being weighed, the cables strain. The good-byes must be said, the love and good wishes spoken.

Dear teachers and staff members, it is impossible to express the feelings of our hearts for you. You have been friends as well as teachers, and our lives have been made better by this friendship and influence. We have felt that you knew and loved each one of us, individually. We thank you.

\textit{Continued in column 4}

\textbf{Campus Jottings}

\textit{by Esther Castaneda }$\ast$\textit{ Walter Echols}

\textbf{Bull Game Feature of School Picnic}

Beginning at 9 o'clock with the traditional baseball game, which proved to be one of the most outstanding and exciting games of the year, the annual school picnic held Sunday, May 3, continued throughout the day to be an unusual success.

With weather perfect for a picnic, a large crowd excitedly watched Louis Ludington's team down George Tolhurst's by a score of 5-3. It was battle between pitchers Vann Cockrell and Carl Watson from start to finish, but Louis Ludington's single in the third inning and Darrell Chisholm's 300 foot triple in the sixth were the deciding factors in the scoring.

After the game, dinner was served on the picnic grounds, gratis, by Mr. and Mrs. Rainwater and their kitchen helpers. The afternoon was spent in races, berm shoes, volley and soft ball. At five o'clock a treasure hunt was announced. The "treasure," when finally located from signs posted along the way, consisted of ice cream and cookies, served atop Reservoir Hill. The homeward trek down the hill at "dusk" ended the day.

\textbf{JONES AND ANDERSON (Cont'd.)}

Consecration, and Mrs. R. W. Words for Baccalaureate. The college male quartet and instrumental quintet also featured special numbers.

The services were very impressive, as the blue and white robed seniors marched slowly to the front. The class colors, blue and white, were carried out in the latticework framing the platform and the other decorations.

\textbf{View from Lookout Mountain}

Chattanooga, Tenn.

\textbf{GLEANINGS}

Degrees were conferred and diplomas presented to 147 graduates during the commencement exercises held in Irwin Hall auditorium at Pacific Union College on Sunday morning, May 12, 1940. Of the 147 involved, 74 were four year seniors; 30 finished two and three-year courses; there were 29 receiving pre-nursing certificates; and 15 academic seniors received diplomas.

\textbf{Campus Chronicle.}

Of the seniors who were given their diplomas in the Memorial Chapel at Forest Lake Academy on Sunday morning, May 12, 1940, the most outstanding student was Virginia Hubble, winner of the scholarship for the coming year, whose scholarship record was above the average.

\textbf{Vacation Glimpses (Continued)}

precious than the garment, book, or whatnot itself. Everything leaving Colledale is carrying with it an everlasting memory.

We are leaving college courageously and with a flutter of anticipation. Everyone is bubbling over with the hopes of what vacation will bring. But before those parting words are said, we pause to agree that Southern Junior College has been a milestone in our experience and has proved a worthwhile place to be.

Mildred Hust.

\textit{Continued}

\textbf{VALEDICTORY (Continued)}

you for your sacrifices, for the lives you have devoted to helping youth such as we. We pray God's blessing upon you.

Schooldates, members of our big family here, leaving you is going to be hard. Many have been the enjoyable experiences we have had together during the months or years you have been here. It is yours still to enjoy this beautiful campus, the familiar spots that we shall always love, its quietness and peace. To your care we leave it and beseech that you will ever uphold its standards.

Clasmates, we have chosen as our motto, "Launch out into the deep", but we cannot go together; it means we must part. We have worked and studied and played together for these years, and such association has drawn us near to one another. Our characters have received many imprints from each other that time can never erase. Our books of memory have many lovely duplicate pages.

Christians never say good-bye for the last time; so I do not say a final good-bye to you tonight, but "fare thee well", until we meet again—and with Laban of old, "God watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another."

Helie Jane Smith.