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SOUTHLAND SCROLL

Volume XIV

Collegedale, Tennessee, June, 1942

Number 2

MILLER GIVES FAREWELL MUSICAL PROGRAM

Sabbath evening, June 13, the school family met in the capacity of the Young People's Society to listen to and enjoy a program of music rendered by Professor Miller for the last time before he would leave to give his talent and service elsewhere. We have enjoyed other musical programs given by Professor Miller throughout the past school year. Surely he will be missed by all who have come to know and love him and his music.

The first number he played was "Polonaise" in C sharp minor by Chopin. Then he sang "A Picture," a song which he himself composed. The theme of this song was based on the very beautiful and inspiring picture of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane which hangs in our chapel. The next number was that lovely melody of Brahms, "Cradle Song," arranged by Bendel. Mrs. Kathka gave a musical reading "Beauty is a Shield" while Professor Miller played the first movement of Chopin's "Nocturne," op. 48. The concluding number was "Song of the Sea" by Ware.

We all wish Heaven's blessing to attend Professor and Mrs. Miller as they leave us and continue their work at Washington Missionary College.

SUMMER SCHOOL HAS LARGE ENROLLMENT

The summer session at Southern Junior College began on the eighth of June and will continue until August twenty-eight. The enrollment is a little less than a year ago but considerably larger than for several years previous.

The attendance of elementary teachers is small, the various conferences being represented as follows:

Alabama-Mississippi: Paul Hendershot, Vicksburg; Lillie Belle Slaton, Montgomery; Mildred Snyder, Hattiesburg; Bertha Westermeyer, Meridian.

Carolina: Jessie Hawman; Eva Maxson, Pisgah.

Florida: Mable Maguire, Lakeland; Earl Shepard.

Georgia-Cumberland: Eunice Bell-Reiber, Graysville; Mary Belle Winkler, Bristol.

Kentucky-Tennessee: Eunice Kathka, Nashville; Izora Wood, Louisville.

Professor C. A. Russell, who has just recently connected with the school as field representative, was here for a few days and assisted the church school teachers in selecting courses that would best help them in their certification.

COLLEGEDALE HAS NEW PRESIDENT

PROFESSOR D. E. REBOK WELL FITTED FOR JOB



Professor D. E. Rebok

Many years of service in educational work and wide travels both at home and abroad have made President Rebok's name familiar to us as Seventh-day Adventists. Many of us here in the South have had the privilege of becoming personally acquainted with him and Mrs. Rebok as old classmates, as their students, or as fellow teachers and laborers.

Upon graduation from Washington Missionary College, they were selected for foreign mission service. From 1917 to 1940 President Rebok was engaged in the education of Chinese young people. As a teacher and as president of the China Training In-

stitute, he has been an instrument of the Lord to "turn many to righteousness." Later, as Educational and Young People's secretary of the China Division, he contributed generously and definitely to the upbuilding of our church schools and middle schools, as well as to the college. His travels have carried him into all corners of Asia and enabled him to meet thousands upon thousands of our believers, old and young. He has had many occasions to contact officials of the Chinese government, and has broken down much prejudice and established friendly, mutually-helpful relationships.

While on furlough in 1933 President Rebok attended Columbia University and took the Master of Arts degree in the field of Education. For many years he has been especially interested in vocational education.

For the past two years he has been associate professor of the Department of Religious Education in Washington Missionary College. Many students from this field have attended his classes there. His instruction as well as his genial personality and fatherly counsel will be long remembered by them.

Edward, the son, is taking the pre-medical course at Pacific Union College. Jean, the daughter, will take the pre-nursing course here. As they come to Southern Junior College, we extend to the Reboks a very hearty welcome.

Collegedale Ladies Receive Mrs. Rebok

"FIRST LADY" IS WELCOMED

The first lady of Collegedale, Mrs. Denton E. Rebok, was welcomed on the lawn of her new home by the ladies of the college and of the community on Sunday afternoon, June seven. The hostesses, Mrs. P. E. Quimby and Mrs. M. D. Howard, had prepared a short and interesting program interspersed by frequent changing of the location of the chair of the lady of honor so that all present might have the privilege of becoming better acquainted with her.

Mrs. Quimby related an amusing incident which took place in China when her new next-door neighbor, Mrs. Rebok, jumped the hedgeduring a revolution. Mrs. Dietel's memory carried her back still farther as she told of academy and college days before the name, Rebok, took the place of Kneeland. Mrs. Boyd gave the history of the building of Collegedale and related some interesting and amusing details of those early days of struggle.

All Collegedale welcomes the new resident of the president's home. We trust that they will find this neighborhood so congenial that they can truthfully say with hosts of others that the years spent at Collegedale have been the happiest of their lives.

NEWS ABOUT THE FACULTY

Summer school is on in full swing with Mr. Ludington as the efficient summer school director. Associated with him on the teaching staff for the summer are Mrs. Dietel, Miss Ferree, Mr. Nelson, Dr. Quimby, Mr. Snide, Dr. Walther, and Mrs. Williams.

Teachers who are attending school this summer are Mr. Brown, at the University of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Dean, at the University of Oklahoma; and Dr. Gish, who is making preparation for entrance at the College of Medical Evangelists. To this list may be added Mr. Jones, who just left us for

the College of Medical Evangelists, at Loma Linda, California, where he has been accepted as a medical student. Mr. Jones plans to enter upon his medical training in July. We all are sorry to see Mr. Jones leave us. What is our loss, however, eventually will be a gain to the medical profession.

Sojourning in different parts of the country may be found the following: Mrs. Batson in Hattiesburg, Mississippi; Mrs. Johnson, in South Dakota; Miss Jones, in Memphis, Tennessee; Mr. Miller, in New York, before taking up his duties at Washington Missionary College, where he has accepted a position for next year.

Miss Gant, who has been on a leave of absence during the past year, while studying at the University of Wisconsin toward her doctor of philosophy degree, writes that she has received a fellowship at the above university and consequently will not be returning next year, but will continue with her studies in Wisconsin.

Mr. Boyd is putting his business training into actual practice this summer. He is serving as treasurer and accountant for the College Industries, Inc., with headquarters in the office of the woodcraft shop. He is setting up a more efficient system of cost accounting for the industries.

Mrs. Champion, as dean of women, and Dr. Walther, as dean of men, are keeping us all on our good behavior while the nurses, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and the matron, Miss Rhodes, are seeing to it that we are kept in good health.

Mr. Howard is kept busy with his regular duties, as well as superintending the work in the accounting office.

We are glad to welcome our new president, Mr. Rebok, who has entered upon his duties, and will spend a large part of the summer with Professor C. A. Russell, who has joined the staff of S. J. C., in visiting the churches in the interest of the College.

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

Volume XIV June Number 2

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Our Weekly Quiz

Summer is here, and it is so enjoyable to sit and look out the window, listen to the songs of the birds, and wish we were out with nature. Suddenly we come to the realization that we should be studying for a "nickel quiz" which we so often hear about.

These so-called nickel quizzes, which are but a check-up on a mere tinge of knowledge which we should have acquired during the thorough study of the subject during the week, sometimes become real experiences to a young person.

It seems that no matter how hard we try to study each day, when the day arrives for the check-up, we find that we really haven't remembered much after all.

Then we sit down and start to "cram" as usual in order to make a passing grade. As the time draws near for our quiz, we still have a few pages to cover and each seems a little longer than usual.

If we haven't finished studying the last few pages of the long drawn-out notes, that is just the material the instructor is bound to ask of us.

As we take out our pencil and paper, we discover we are just as nervous as we would be were we going to take a period examination. When the first question rolls off the tip of the teacher's tongue we remember that we have studied those notes and we know just the page and the spot where the answer to the question is found—but we just can't remember what it is.

The quiz is over and we reluctantly turn in our paper with a firm determination to study harder and more systematically each day so that we will be able to make up this grade. Nevertheless, the next nickel quiz finds us in the same condition—all unprepared!

J. C.

Sole Remembrance of a Monitor

It seems to many people that a monitor is born only to "Shh-h!" at people. But really, she has many other uses. She is the one who runs up to the end of third floor once,

NEWS BRIEFS

Reluctantly two of our 1942 graduates left their alma mater. Ferrell McMahan and Lorraine Mauldin bade goodbye to friends, which they made during their three-year stay here, and boarded buses for home. We wish them success in their teaching next year.

Reports have it that Lois McKee, Donald West, Ethel Cochran, Mary Riley, and others of our heroic canvassers are doing fine work in the North Carolina Conference.

Just recently several of our school friends were inducted into army service. Mr. Ary, Milton Norrell, Norman Hamer, and Joe Wheeler joined our faithful group of loyal service men last week.

To compensate for Mr. Lundquist's departure, the accounting office workers took a morning off and went to Lake Ocoee for a picnic lunch. They left with wilted spirits but returned revived and reconciled.

Old friends were happy to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Pitton, who spent a week end here recently. Mr. Pitton has completed the ministerial course at Washington Missionary College and is to be located at Mobile, Ala.

Other visitors were Clarence Tra- wick and Mr. and Mrs. Athel Frederick, from Washington; Vaughn Westermeyer, who finished his pre-medical work at Union College and is now on his way to Loma Linda; and Wilfred Smith, Clarence Blue, and Evan Richards from the Army.

RECEPTION

Continued from page 4

educators and that here in Collegedale we may eventually do it thrice daily with chop sticks. The reason for this probability is that three of the most important posts in our school are held by men who have spent years of service in China. President Rebok, Dr. Quimby, head of the Bible department, and Elder Howard, our treasurer.

Elder Howard also welcomed Elder and Mrs. Rebok. It probably is a familiar routine to them by now, for it was Elder Rebok who welcomed the Howards to their work in China.

Dr. Walther favored us then with a beautiful violin solo.

The new students were welcomed by Pat Murphy. Mrs. Kathka responded in behalf of the new students. Then President Rebok expressed his appreciation for the welcome and pledged himself to the interests of the College. "He who would have friends must show himself to be friendly." From the beginning President Rebok has shown himself to be friendly, kind, humble, and sincerely interested in us, his new friends.

After punch and cookies on the lawn, we went home well assured that the future of Southern Junior College was entrusted to worthy and capable hands

twice, and even three times a night to call you to the telephone.

She it is who looks all over the dormitory for you when a certain young gentleman comes to the door, rings the door bell, and when ushered inside states that he would like to speak to Miss So-and-So.

She it is who brings those little boxes and paper bags which anyone could tell at first glance contained something very good to eat. And even though she is so hungry herself that she can hardly get up the steps, she deposits it safely in your room.

Just when you wish your roommate would turn off the light and go to bed, she comes to your rescue and turns them off downstairs.

And when, even after you have gone to sleep, those important little notes from South Hall come over with the instructions "Please wake," she comes into your room and amid the mumblings and groanings of your roommate awakens you enough that by the light of her flashlight you can read those sweet little nothings.

And yet through all this running around she has to keep up enough steam that when you let out a scream during study period she can make herself heard without walking all the way down the hall—and the "Shh-h!" is all that is remembered.

Reflections

It is with mingled emotions that I retrace my thoughts over the past school months. It was an entirely new set up—life in a dormitory, learning to live with other girls, sharing responsibilities, and to be strong enough to say "No!" when the temptations looked very fascinating.

The entire surrounding gradually but slowly began to change my outlook on life. I look backward and see God's hand leading me. I finished high school in three years, before I had formed close associations. Then I went to General Conference, leaving my graduation, making up two subjects before the close of school and three in summer school. The young people I met were so different than I had pictured them—full of fun yet good. On my way to Yellowstone Park in a tourist camp I said, (out of clear sky) "Mother, if I am going to S. J. C., you had better send and reserve a room for me." I had resented my mother asking everyone she thought was consecrated to pray that I would go to one of our schools, and I would often find her in tears, but I see it all now. The fine Christian teachers had no small part in my life here, and I am sure as I leave, this school will grow dearer; and I will always have a kind feeling for it. I have enjoyed the many good times—trips with the chorus, Harvest Ingathering, moonlight picnics, sunrise breakfasts, and hikes. These boys and girls with high standards are so different—no smoke-filled halls but reverence for God's word; the difference in conversation, in dress, hair, finger nails. I have had some very definite answers to prayer and may I continue to remember to let God lead me and become more what he would have me be.

DO YOU LIKE TO READ?

By working with books we become more interested in them. By reading books they become a part of us. The books we read have much to do with our attitude toward life and people.

Were it not for books we would not have much of the knowledge we now have concerning other countries. We are interested in people in other lands because we know something about them. Much of this knowledge is gained through reading books.

For convenience of the students of S. J. C., there has been a special display of the newest and most interesting books which have recently been added to the library.

Now the library is going to have another display of books consisting of varied books for Sabbath reading. This will solve many of the Sabbath reading problems which confront many of the students each week.

This special display has been requested by you, and the library hopes you will take advantage of these books. Go to the Library and get a "book for Sabbath reading." Take it with you when you go on your Sabbath walks and read it while you are resting in the shade, among God's own creations.

God's Cause Needs You and Wants You

By D. E. Rebok

All trans-ocean baggage is labeled with one of two kinds of stickers—"Wanted" or "Not Wanted."

The "Not Wanted" articles are put down in the hold of the ship—out of sight of everybody. But the "Wanted" pieces are handled so carefully and placed in the individual cabins of the respective passengers. These pieces of baggage are the very essential ones and those which fill daily needs.

So it is with young people, or perhaps, it should be stated, so some young people think. For some reason during the depression years young people in America came to think that they were *not wanted*. Many of them felt they were good, but generally good for nothing. They talked of themselves as the "Outcast Generation." Even books and magazine articles frequently appeared carrying the same mournful, almost despairing, wail from some six million young people between sixteen and thirty, who were out of school, and found themselves "forced and frozen into the ranks of the unemployed."

They thought that they had been down in the "hold" of the old ship of state. Everywhere you heard words of helplessness and hopelessness. There seemed to be no place for youth inside or outside of our economic society. Such were the feelings of many—called and trained—but *not wanted*. Those were sad days, discouraging days for the youth of America and of other countries as well.

No wonder a certain paper hanger and painter appealed to such youth by painting a different picture, by setting before them a new hope, a new vision of worlds to conquer. He said in effect, "They tell us you are not needed, but I need you; you are not wanted, but I want you. And if you will give me all there is of you, I will make a new order in which you will be supreme."

Strange as it may seem, those young people believed that paper hanger and joined themselves to him heart and mind. We are seeing today the results of that challenge, that appeal, that union of interests and strength. How sad that such a tremendous force has been set in motion—but in the wrong direction with wrong objectives, and with brutal methods of carrying out their program.

Why all of this misdirection of energy and confusion of thought? In the words of a famous writer in youth's problems, "Obviously, the answer is: We are outcasts because we have tried to cast out God. We are in despair because we have not found Him and our place in Him. For us, there is just one way *out* and that is the way *up*—up to God." In a word the solution of all such problems is in the message of a motto displayed on a prominent showcase in a Chattanooga store. It said, "America, let us go back to God."

Through all these years of uncertainty and economic depression and re

pression, Seventh-day Adventist youth have been spared the anguish and remorse of the youth of the world; for Seventh-day Adventist youth never got away from God, never cast Him off. Therefore, in these days of world-crisis they have not been swept off their feet nor greatly disturbed over what is and has come upon the world.

Our young people have always belonged to God, and have known that he wanted them to finish His divine program for this day and age. There has not been a question of what God wanted them to do, so much as it has been a question of how they could qualify and prepare to do it. They have never felt themselves "cast out," but rather "called out."

Yes, Seventh-day Adventist young people are called out to be completely and *all* for Him. His hopes, His ideals, His life must be theirs and they in turn must become the revelation of Him to the world in this the saddest hour of its existence. To *be* and *do* this demands a consecration and a preparation such as is found in a Seventh-day Adventist education and training. Our schools must become the centers of such power and influence, and in them our young people must and will find that spiritual atmosphere in which they may develop for their spiritual tasks.

The question now comes to each of our young people in this Southern Union—does God really want and need *me*? Someone no doubt has already asked himself the question, "Should not I avail myself of the present opportunity and stay out of school in order to work in some lucrative job while it is available? and is there not time enough for me to go back to school after these "happy days" are over?"

Young friend of mine, be not deceived, this is just the time for which we have been looking. Prophecy has been pointing to this our day, and by it we know that this is our last hour of training and work, for God's work must be closed in such a time as this. Now is our time to work and get ready to work as never before. Every Seventh-day Adventist should be in our schools today getting ready to play his part in the loud cry of our message and be qualified for the service that God wants him to render.

Southern Junior College is just such a training center to qualify our young men and women for this work in which God needs and wants you. Come and be an active member of our community, and find your place in God's great program which is due the world. May September 14 find *you* at Collegedale enlisted in the ranks of Prince Emmanuel in the officer's training center, for God needs and wants men and women of talent and ability to become leaders in *His great cause*.

Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men.—*Disraeli*.

LaVerne Lewis Sees Action



Sergeant LaVerne Lewis

LaVerne Lewis will be remembered by those who knew him best at Southern Junior College as a happy-go-lucky and care-free lad. But after serving his country as a marine for nearly three years, and seeing war at its worst in Bataan, Corregidor, Guam and all other islands where war was raging, the horrors of it all have changed him as many other young men, into a serious adult with a military bearing.

Between battles his ship rescued survivors from different islands. He and others of his crew were decorated for convoying five merchant vessels across, which was a very hazardous undertaking for one cruiser. Responsibility rested very heavily upon him as he was in charge of the powder room where a temperature of 145 degrees was maintained and salt tablets had to be taken continually.

After spending some time in Australia, he learned to admire and respect the "Aussies" to a great extent. Leaving Australia he was ordered to India where he served four months. It was here, due to conditions on land, air, and sea, he came to the conclusion he would never see the good old U. S. A., again, and fond memories of school days and old friends of S. J. C., came crowding in.

LaVerne says no one can imagine the thrill he received when first viewing the "Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay." It was only a miracle that brought this limping ship home for repairs. He said, "Nothing has ever looked so beautiful."

In San Diego he received his promotion to Sergeant and a nine-day leave to visit his home in Mississippi. His time was short—but not too short to wed a girl of high school days, Miss Doris Freece.

Following leave he will be stationed in San Diego for forty days after which he will be sent to some foreign country on land duty for the duration, as his sea days are over.

THE INDUSTRIES

Farm Has Good Prospects

After one of the driest Aprils in Tennessee history, Mother Nature is again smiling on the crops of Southern Junior College. Recent rains and warm weather have pushed the fields of corn, potatoes, tomatoes, lespedeza, soy beans, alfalfa, wheat, barley, and oats by leaps and bounds.

Two cuttings from the twenty acres of alfalfa have already been harvested. Most of the fifty acres of corn have been laid by and prospects for a bumper crop are very promising.

Three acres of fine potatoes and two acres of tomatoes will supply the College cafeteria demand for some time.

Due to the spring drought the yield of the fifty-two acres of small grain will be light; however, the recent rains are making the same acreage of lespedeza promising.

The beautiful white fences along the highway magnify the beauty of the fine beautiful pastures sown early this spring.

Considerable land has been terraced and put into crops and plans are underway to tile some of the low spots.

Prospects for a fruit crop was seriously set back by a late freeze which killed most of the peach blooms. However, our orchards are not what we would have them. Many trees have died out and a resetting, pruning, and spraying program is necessary to salvage the remnants of a once fine orchard.

Camp meeting proved a big asset to the Collegedale dairy when a rushing business was done in ice cream and pasteurized milk. People from miles around are patronizing the dairy's ice cream, chocolate milk, and cold drinks.

With over forty young Jersey and Guernsey heifers coming in, we expect to have a much larger milking herd within the next eighteen months. Surplus milk this summer is being sold to Gibson Dairies and fed to some nice registered Guernsey calves.

Miss Rhodes, home economics teacher and matron, has favored the dairy with more and more milk and ice cream business besides using the vegetables produced on the farm.

Summer has brought an influx of student workers who are rapidly replacing outside help who were filling in due to shortage of boys. It is hoped that more and more of our youth will turn to the A. B. C. of our industrial schedule. Increase of disease in the plant and animal kingdoms necessitate much study, work, and patience to make our agricultural program a success. In keeping with the "Testimonies," Southern Junior College is striving to make agriculture, with its various phases, one of the anchors of our work program.

Everyone misses Evelyn Britt's cheerful personality about the campus. She has left for Loma Linda where she will take a course in Physiotherapy.

RECEPTION GIVEN FOR NEW PRESIDENT

"Something new has been added" is becoming a well known slogan in the advertising field. Saturday night Southern Junior College informally greeted a new president who will fill the vacancy made by J. C. Thompson, now head of the Religious Liberty work in the Southern Union.

Oliver Foust and Juanita Carithers introduced President and Mrs. Rebok. Dr. Walther then welcomed them to the responsibilities and joys of labor at our school.

Professor Ludington, who has given twelve years of faithful service to Southern Junior College, pledged our support to President Rebok.

After a beautiful vocal solo by our matron, Miss Rhodes, Dr. Quimby told of his experiences with the Reboks in China where Elder Rebok was a leading figure in the educational work.

It would seem that the work in China may be suffering a lack of

(Continued on page 2)

SOLDIERS' DIRECTORY

Stephen Bailey, Hg. and HgC., G. H. Q., Army War College, Washington D. C.

Harold Bell

Cpl. Clarence Blue, Medical Detachment, Stark General Hospital, Charleston, South Carolina.

Martin Bird, Medical Department, 1953, C. A. S. C., Camp Station Hospital, Callon, Calif.

Thad Bugbee, Medical Detachment, Case 1962, Fort Ord, California.

Reid Cheek, Air Base, Meridian, Miss. George Coble, 41st. Sqd., Westover Field, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Amos Crowder, Co. C, 7th. QMTR, Camp Lee, Virginia.

Harley Robert Davison, 138Q.M. Co. (Trk.) Camp Young, Indio, Calif.

William Irving Davison, (Irving Ranger) Air Corps Gunnery School, Station Hospital, Tyndall Field, Florida.

Bowman Deal, Medical Detachment, 10 Inf., A. P. O., 27, Fort Ord, Calif.

Walter Deaux

Melvin Edmister, Co. D., 57th. Medical Bn., A. P. O., 303, Los Angeles, California.

Maurice Felts, Medical Department, 13th. C. A. Fort Barrancas, Fla. Malcolm Foss

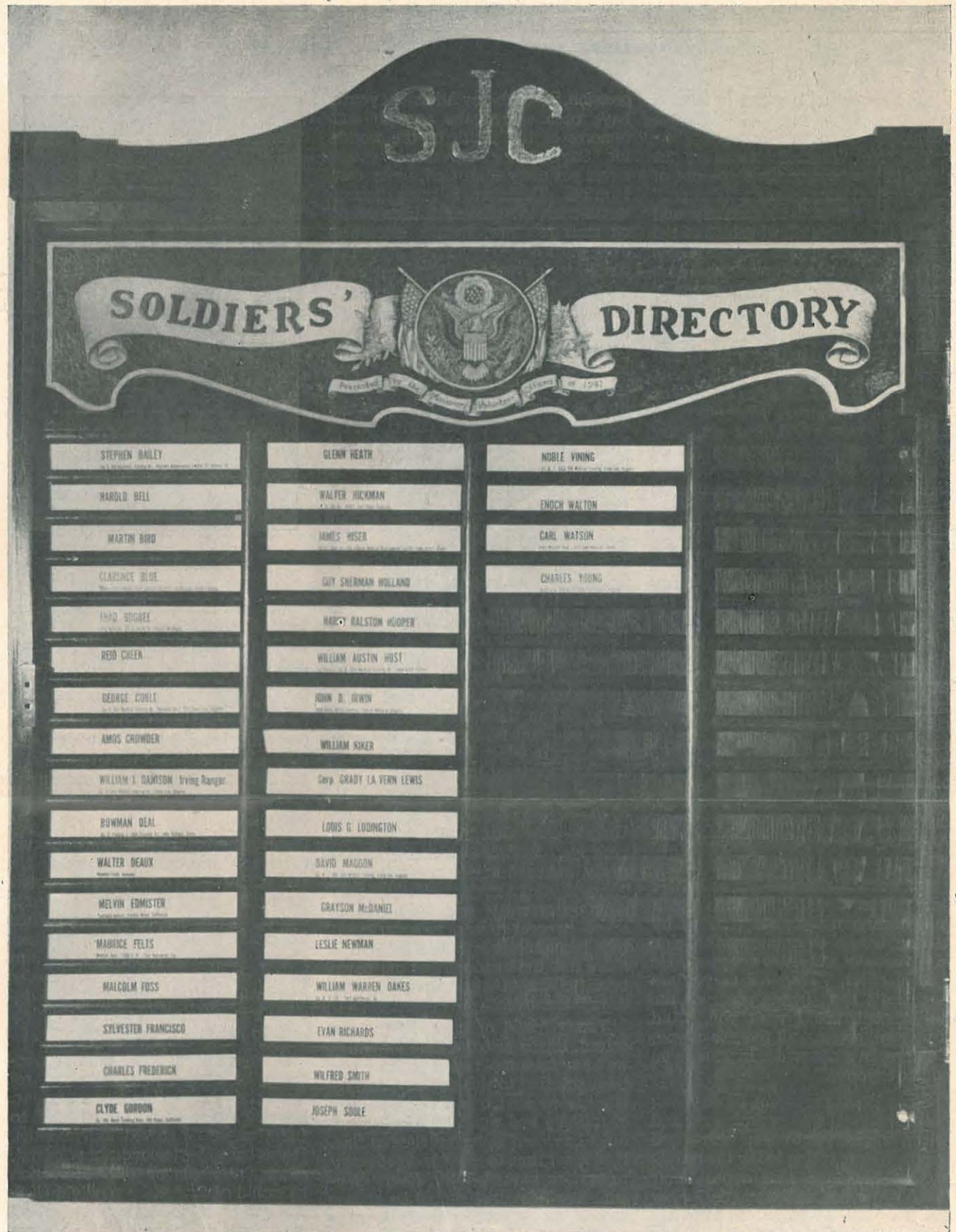
Sylvester Francisco

Charles Frederick, 767 Signal Platoon, 18th Air Depot Group, Patterson Field, Fairfield, Ohio.

Clyde Gordon, Jr., Comm. Service Force, Flag Allowance, Care of Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Glenn Heath, Ph M3c, Medical 2WM AA, Naval Hospital Station, San Diego, California.

Cpl. Walter Hickman, Co. B, 78th Medical 8th, UIV, Fort Knox, Kentucky.



This directory contains the names of Southern Junior College boys who are serving their country.

Sgt. James Hiser, Co. E., 105th MRT C, Camp Robinson, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Guy Sherman Holland, Medical Detachment, Camp Wheeler, Georgia.

Harry Ralston Hooper, Detachment Medical Department, Barksdale Field, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Evan Hughes, (Aviation Cadet)

John D. Irvin, Station Hospital, Camp Sutton, North Carolina.

William Kiker.

Sgt. Grady LaVerne Lewis, 5th Division, Co. H, In care of Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

Louis Ludington, Detachment Medical Department, Barksdale Field, Shreveport, La.

David Magoon, Medical Department, Eglin Field, Florida.

Ira Grayson McDaniel, U. S., Naval Hospital, Jacksonville, Florida.

Leslie Newman, Detachment QMC (SC) Eglin Field, Florida.

William Warren Oakes, Co. H, 135th Medical Rgt. Care of Postmaster, APO-1117, San Francisco, Calif.

Evan Richards, Medical Detachment, Station Hospital, Camp Davis, North Carolina.

Wilfred Smith, 155th QM Service Center (AVN) Pendleton Field,

Pendleton, Oregon.

Joseph Soule, 70th Medical Bn., Fort Clayton, Panama Canal Zone.

Cpl. Noble Vining, 84th Fighter Sq. Municipal Airport, Box A, Oakland, California

Dale Walton

Carl Watson, U-G. Army, Station Hospital, Camp Wallace, Texas.

Charles Young.

Marvin McAlexander, Co. H, 326 Inf., 82nd Division, Camp Claiborne, Louisiana.

Milton Norell

Norman Hamer
Cecil Brown
Lester Patrick

14/3

Summer
Work

SOUTHLAND SCROLL



Volume XIV

Collegedale, Tennessee, July, 1942

Number 3

OUR 1942 SENIORS

No matter what kind of a road we travel we come to a stopping place somewhere, or it joins another which leads us to a destination.

I wish to refresh your memory of a road that is no doubt familiar to you all. We all travel this road sooner or later, and although we take a different route than our friend we arrive at some destination.

This road is called "The Highway of Life." Its destination is "My Goal." What could be more interesting than looking through the telescope of "Future Years" and seeing how our graduates of 1942 are progressing.

Hubert Anderson is well on his way in the Carolina Conference where he is a ministerial interne.

Talietha Belz seems satisfied with staying at Southern Junior College a little longer.

As we turn our telescope toward the northeast, we find Thyra Bowen in Colina, Tennessee; Esther Brassington, in Nashville, Tennessee; Ruth Carterette, at Broadview Academy; Catherine Fox, in Raleigh, N. C.; Ferrell McMahan, in Louisville, Kentucky. They are gaining a few notches in life's experiences teaching school.

There are those, too, we find that realize they have not yet accomplished their goal but are striving hard to reach it, and they are continuing their education in senior colleges. They are Esther Carter-

(Continued on page 2)

Smith-Jors Marriage

Wilfred Smith and Marian Jors were united in marriage Saturday night, June 10, at 8:30 o'clock in a beautiful ceremony in the Lakeland Seventh-day Adventist Church, Elder C. A. Wilhelm officiating.

Following the wedding a reception was held at the home of the Bride's parents in Lakeland, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith will make their home in Pendleton, Oregon, where Mr. Smith is a technical corporal in Quarter Master's Department of the United States Army at Pendleton Field.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at Southern Junior College the past three years. The College family wish for them much happiness and success; and may the Heavenly Father ever be with them.

GIRLS ENTERTAIN NEW PRESIDENT

President and Mrs. Rebok were given their first "really truly" introduction to the girls'dormitory on the evening of June 28. After the hostesses, Esther Brassington, Juanita Carithers, and Virginia Hubbell had shown them several rooms, they joined Doctor and Mrs. Walther and Mrs. Champion in the kitchenette. As lunch was served the conversation was turned toward amusing customs of other lands and continued as they were taken to the parlor for a few moments of entertainment by the girls.

The following short program was given in their honor: A vocal solo by Opal Hust, a welcome by Tilly Belz, and a piano solo by Reba Dubberly.

We were all glad to hear a few words from President Rebok at the close of the program.

College Family Enjoys Variety Of Summer Events

AMATEUR PROGRAM

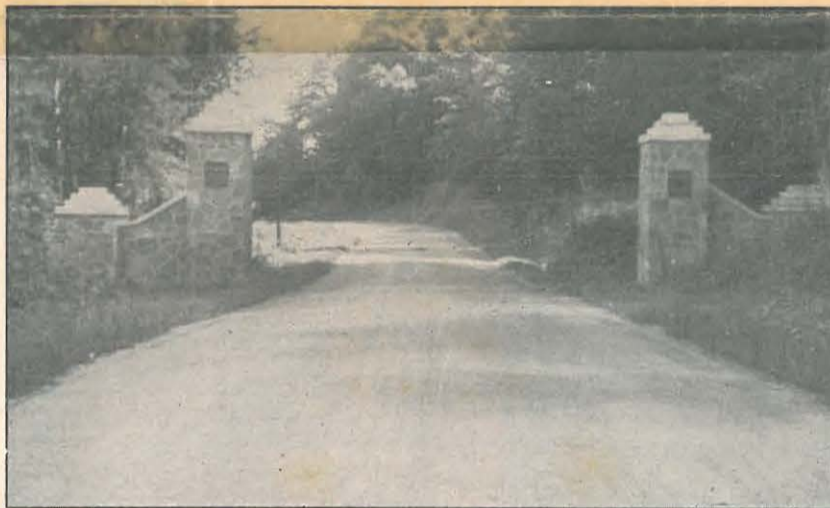
One of the recent week-end entertainments featured the Collegedale talent that seldom appears on the concert stage or before a microphone.

Mr. Charles Stephenson officiated as the "Major." One by one pianists, vocalists, various soloists, and readers were presented and applauded. At the close of the program votes were taken. Reba Dubberly received the most votes for the best piano solo; the girls' trio won first place in the miscellaneous group; little Robert Rogers gave the best reading; and Wayne Foster's vocal solo was considered the best in its class.

PEARSON GIVES RECITAL

It was the pleasure of the Collegedale family on the week-end of July 17-19 to receive and be entertained by Harry Pearson of Washington. Mr. Pearson gave a most delightful program of readings, his repertoire consisted of such numbers as "The Faceless Man," "Moonlight," "The Man," "Somebody Poisoned My Dog," and "His Call to Service." These numbers were presented to an appreciative audience in Mr. Pearson's usual inimitable manner.

Mr. Pearson is now Social Coordinator at the Washington Sanitarium and occasionally finds it possible to answer the requests of our colleges to present an evening's program. His charming manner, his artistic presentation, his ability to captivate the attention of an assembly are qualities we shall long remember.



Entrance Gate to Southern Junior College

A hearty welcome awaits you.

Plan to be with us September 14.

CHRIST FIRST IN CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

"Christ crucified for our sins; Christ risen from the dead; Christ ascended on high as our intercessor,—this is the science of salvation that we need to learn and to teach. This is to be the burden of our work.

"The cross of Christ—teach it to every student over and over again. How many believe it to be what it is? How many bring it into their studies and know its true significance? Could there be a Christian in our world without the cross of Christ? Then keep the cross upheld in your school as the foundation of true education."

—"Counsels to Teachers," p. 23.

THE SCHOOL PICNIC

The delayed Fourth of July picnic was staged July 12. It started off with a bang, as usual, by a ball game at our ball field, which has newly been christened Rebok Field.

The ball game started at approximately two-thirty although a few players were lacking on each side. A good spirit of teamwork prevailed throughout the game. Since it was an especially warm day, the water boys were kept busy carrying bottles of water. They finally replaced the bottles by a five-gallon milk can of water to take care of the needs of the thirsty ball players.

After the ball game everyone made a mad rush to the ice cream parlor which seemed to be the center of attraction at the time. Ball players, spectators, horseback riders, and hikers all managed to come at the "pause that refreshes."

Later in the afternoon the young people joined the older young people in playing lawn games.

The meadow behind Doctor Quimby's home was turned into a large dining room, and at six o'clock supper was served. The highlight of the supper was apple pie *a la mode*.

Dr. Walther conducted the evening worship. While sitting under the trees and enjoying the beauties of nature, everyone joined in singing praises to God.

The picnic was topped off with a hike. The hikers started from the pasture behind Doctor Quimby's home and went up behind the horse barn into the peach orchard. Then they went up the mountain back of President Rebok's home, back down to the road, and then to the railroad tracks. Some decided to extend their hike in falling by the wayside, or, rather in the briar patch.

Everyone enjoyed the picnic, and it is needless to say that we are eagerly looking forward to the time when it shall fall our happy lot to have another delightful outing.

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

Volume XIV July Number 3

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Summer

Summer is here again—hot, sultry summer. I can see the farm boy wiping the perspiration from his heat-stained face; the professors as they stand before their classes, hot but enthusiastic as they present lessons to us; the young school girl trying so hard to look crisp, fresh, and cool in spite of the heat; a drowsy boy in the classroom—just can't stay awake. Even the dog seems less active and is inclined to pant more than usual. If I should take a walk in the right direction, I fancy I could see a lad sleeping under a shade tree, straw hat pulled over his face and his hoe on the ground beside him.

However, if I continue my rambling far enough, I may see a small child playing delightedly in the brook, content even in this hot summer time.

And what about our fine feathered friends? They don't seem to mind the heat; rather they seem to enjoy it, cheerily singing to us all day long as if to say, "What are you poor mortals always grumbling about?"

Yes, why do we grumble so? Even a hot summer day has its pleasantries when it is past. The coolness of the evening, walking in a meadow where are many green things growing, hearing the evening songs of the whip-poorwill and the "bob-white," and if you will just look up, you will see the most beautiful sight of all—a canopy overhead of many hues. It seems as if Mother Nature has dipped her brush in the rainbow itself and swept across the sky, leaving the beautiful hues for us to gaze upon. The fleecy clouds are delicately tinted with every shade. Soon this is faded away, and it seems that all is quieter. We have been drawn closer to our Creator in a few brief moments of rapt vision.

So let's remember, friend, that even summer with its heat and perspiration, and its tendency to make us lazy and drowsy, has its own beauty and joys that no other season can bring. G. D.

THE BIBLE BECOMES ALIVE

(Continued from column 3)

feel that a religious faith is essential to a well-rounded life. Without it education is incomplete. The nation is in need of leaders, in all walks of life, who have Christian ideals of service, and who live up to them."

(Continued on page 3)

SENIORS

(Continued from page 1)

ette, Ben Herndon, John Ray, Emory Rogers, Carl Smith, June Snide, Doris Hale, Charles Davis, Annie Mae Chambers, Donald West, Sarah Hooper, and Marie Rometry.

Maisie Franz decided it would be much nicer to have a companion with her to make her life's journey more interesting. We find her on her way to Los Angeles, California, where she will become the bride of Mr. Karl Duge.

Floy Brooks is working in the office at the Alabama-Mississippi Conference.

Virginia Hubbell is at present working for the College Industries here.

Milton Norrell was inducted in the Army June 15. Milton, we know that you are going to do a good work for God, as well as for your country. We will remember you in our prayers.

The last word that we had from Lorraine Mauldin was that she was expecting to teach somewhere in the Georgia-Cumberland Conference.

George Tolhurst and Ross Hughes are canvassing in Wilson, N. C.

Those who are spending their summer at home are Delota Ake, Louis Mundy, Nellie Stewart, Jane Summerour, Betty Jeane Phelps, Opal Johnson, Hazel Brooks-Snide.

Staying with us this summer are, James Ford, Kenneth Boynton, Darrell Chisholm, George Virley Fuller, Ratie Mae Haughey, James Hayward, Marjorie Johnson, George Meister, Harold Miller, Ray Rogers, Ben Wheeler, and Robert Wood.

Olive Ford is selling magazines in the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference.

Max Trummer has begun his premedical training at Emmanuel Missionary College.

Congratulations! Ervin and Eleanor Jean. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart are now at Madison College where Mr. Stewart has entered nurse's training.

Is your place a small place?

Tend it with care;

He set you there.

Is your place a large place?

Guard it with care;

He set you there.

Whate'er your place, it is

Not yours alone, but His

Who set you there.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER PROGRAMS

"Master Comrade," I stop and wonder for a moment how often these two words have been spoken and how often a program has been given to try to influence our young people in progressing themselves.

We have a rather large class started with a number expecting to finish this summer. With these summer days, the youth have caught the zeal to better themselves for the service of their Master. There are also a number who plan to finish the other classes as well. It's quite a task to finish

(Continued on page 3)

The President's Column

"THE BIBLE COMES ALIVE"

by D. E. Rebok

That is a rather striking title for an article appearing in the columns of such a magazine as *The Intercollegian*, but even more striking is the sentiment expressed by the author, a director of the graduate division of a very prominent institution when he says,

"The Bible is being rediscovered by American College students, but not without difficulty. Their newly-awakened desire has not yet been matched by a discipline of patient study. Except for a few well-charted sections, such as the records of the life of Jesus, one suspects that the Bible is still largely a tangled and unexplored maze to the undergraduate.

"Some of us are convinced from personal experience that the Bible has something fundamental to say to us in times like these. Both stimulated and perplexed by the latest magazine articles and by our radio news commentators, we are finding today that first-hand reading of ancient prophets and psalmists provides corrective and perspective which set us free from dependence on every current enthusiasm.

"To the casual reader the waters of the Bible must often seem muddy and filled with cross-currents. Ideas are conveyed in unfamiliar metaphors and strange labels. What does the Bible really have to say to our age, and how can we find it?"

For some thirty or forty years educators have been prone to think their own thoughts and speak their own words. Seldom was the Bible mentioned in the classroom unless to disparage its sanctity, disprove its statements, or to ridicule its exponents. Christ and Christianity were dismissed from the school and a sort of superior scholasticism had come in. It became smart to doubt, sissy to say your prayers, and clever to get by with tainted breath, as well as tainted thoughts and actions.

Many a time I have stood by the rail and watched the pilot climb up the rope ladder and over the side of the great ocean liner in order to guide that ship past hidden rocks, over rough sandy bars, through narrow and treacherous channels safe to the mooring dock in a great harbor.

Is it possible that the present political storms and economic whirlpools into which society has now been thrown will cause the great colleges and universities to again take on Christ as the pilot to see them through the present crisis? If He were ever needed in the schools of the land, He is needed today. Young men and gray-headed professors realize they must have some power outside of and superior to themselves if they are to weather the chaotic disturbances of today.

What a challenge all this presents to Seventh-day Adventists as schools, as churches, as individuals! Are we equal to the task and the opportunity? Is the Bible a muddy stream to us? Must we *rediscover* its marvelous truths and messages? Or have we been faithful in its daily and systematic study during all these years?

What a blessed thought it is that while other schools and colleges had dismissed Christ as their pilot and cast out the Bible as their guidebook and source of truth, we as Seventh-day Adventists have loved our pilot and cherished His written instructions, and placed them first and foremost in our course of study and in our daily lives!

In a speech by Lord Lothian, British Ambassador to the United States, at Swathmore College and reported in the *New York Times*, November 12, 1939, he made this very significant statement. "The root disease of modern society is its dethronement of religion as the governing motive in society." He further declared that the discoveries of modern science had been so "exciting" that "mankind became almost entirely preoccupied with material values, and has lost sight of the eternal truth that the foundation for happiness and success is the spiritual life."

If this war, terrible and destructive as it is, can cause Americans to put religion back into its rightful place in our minds and hearts and cause us to be more concerned over spiritual and moral values, then this war shall not have been in vain.

The same thought was expressed by General Chiang Kai-shek, China's supreme Commander-in-Chief, and translated by his wife, "The Generalissimo and I both

(Continued on Column 1)

Talking With God

By Christine Kruger

Letters! Letters from home! How much they mean to us all. They make life away from that home happier; they tell of the activities, hopes, joys, cares, and desires of those we love best. They express the confidence those who love us have in us. They have faith in us and it gives us new courage to go forward and do our very best that we may do nothing to shatter that confidence.

As much as letters mean to us, we cannot deny that it means infinitely more to hear the voices of our loved ones. If we talk to them over the telephone we can give better expression to our feelings, and we feel happier for days because of that short talk.

We have long heard and known that the Bible is God's letter to us. We love our heavenly Father better than anyone in this world; therefore, we should enjoy reading the Bible even more than we enjoy letters from home.

It is often said that "Prayer is the breath of the soul," and it truly is just that. It is also called the key with which we may unlock heaven's storehouse. These are very good metaphors, but to me prayer is like the telephone conversation with our loved one. In prayer we confide our inmost thoughts and feelings to the One who is infinitely more interested in us and our welfare, and loves us better than even our own parents do. He is the all-powerful God, and yet He is the all-loving God.

As in a telephone conversation the communication is not one-sided, so in real prayer, our conversation with our best Friend, we do not find one-sided communication. We talk to God and He is more willing to answer than we are to ask.

Let us keep the line open between our souls and God, so that we may not only talk to Him, but hear His voice speaking to us.

THE BIBLE BECOMES ALIVE

(Continued from page 2)

In the light of these quotations and many more statements which great men of today are making, Seventh-day Adventists cannot be far wrong in the emphasis we have been placing upon the spiritual side of our training. Many years ago Ellen G. White told us in the book, "Counsels to Teachers," "If morality and religion are to live in a school, it must be through a knowledge of God's word . . . Our school was established not merely to teach the sciences, but for the purpose of giving instruction in the great principles of God's word, and in the practical duties of every day life. This is the education so much needed at the present time."

With all this encouragement from our own books together with the popular demand for a return to the Bible for the spiritual guidance and assurance so much needed today, should not Adventist parents and their children rejoice in the principles and plan of Christian education given to us as a people back as early as 1879?

Southern Junior College is established to carry out such principles and plans, and dedicated to the task of keeping the Bible alive and of making it live in the hearts of our young people that we might have that complete education which will produce the "well-rounded life" so earnestly sought and desired by the world's great leaders.

Moccasin Bend

from

Lookout Mountain

M. V. PROGRAMS

(Continued from page 2)

Master Comrade class in a few months so some plan to finish Companion and Comrade; then they will be more prepared for the Master Comrade.

We plan to have a camping trip where we'll learn to complete some of the requirements. It helps to bring you closer to God and to make a better friend to others.

We have the good fortune of having a group of returned missionaries living here on the campus, who can tell us their experiences, which help us realize how fully we can depend upon God. Mrs. Quimby told in one of our M. V., meetings about what happened in the Summer of '37. All who heard those stories will remember them and know that God is our only refuge.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS GIVE PATRIOTIC PROGRAM

July 4, the anniversary of our independence and freedom, was commemorated by a patriotic program presented by the elementary teachers, attending summer school.

To open the program Mr. Wayne Foster led the audience in singing "America the Beautiful" and "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean." A reading by Miss Ferree, "The Making of Honorable Michael McDowell," told what a man can accomplish in America with a good mind and one thumb. This was followed by a poem "America for Me" by Mrs. Kathka. The audience joined in singing "God Bless America."

An interesting feature was a "Double or Nothing Quiz" based on historical facts on the Revolutionary period. Mrs. Maguire, the quiz mistress, asked questions in turn of members of the two opposing teams, four young men and four young women. The highest total score was made by the young men's team.

A story, "The Little True American," told by Mrs. Maxon portrayed the loyalty and intense love of our flag which existed in the heart of a little Italian girl whom her school mates regarded as "foreign."

The story of "How Betsy Made the Flag" was given as a musical reading by Eileen Conger. As she read a large flag with the original thirteen stars and stripes was carried by Mr. Paul Hendershot and Mr. Earl Shepard dressed as soldiers. Miss Mildred Snyder as a nurse and Peter Altman as a trumpeter completed a very effective pantomime group.

There are many ways in which Seventh-day Adventists can be loyal to the government and still be true to God. This was brought out in talks given on our patriotic program.

College Industries

HOSIERY MILL

The Collegedale Hosiery Mill is playing the major role in financially helping thirty students to get their education at Southern Junior College. In the next three months, there will probably be about fifteen more added to that number. Of this number, all are girls.

Some operate the machines that knit the hose, others work in the sewing department, where they are looped and seamed, others inspect the finished article, still others mend the imperfect ones. This mill merely manufactures the hose. From here, they are shipped to Hosiery Processing Co. in Chattanooga for dyeing, finishing and selling.

As much work as possible is given to the students. However, at times, there are positions that students are not qualified to fill, such as fixing machines, and then outside help is used.

(Continued on page 4)

Respect for our flag is one thing in which both young and old can have a part. Every one pledged allegiance to our United States flag and watched Medical Cadet boys very respectfully lower it and fold it just at sunset on Independence day.

Due to the shortage of tires our sunshine band has been discontinued. However, plans are being made for this band to resume work again. Picture books, binding *Little Friends*, and visiting in homes where there are sick is the future sunshine work for Missionary Volunteers.

Our boys in camp are still enjoying the books from the M. V., Library for soldiers. We have a few more books that recently have been donated.

The M. V. Society needs the prayers of all that our work will be done efficiently with willing hearts and better results for the Master.



News

in Brief

Word just received from Clarence Newman informs us that his address is as follows:

Sgt. Clarence E. Newman, U. S. Army,
15th Station Hospital,
Camp Edwards, Mass.

On the night of July twenty, the elementary teachers attending summer school enjoyed a visit to the Chattanooga Observatory. After looking at the moon and a few of the stars, a lecture on the great star families was given for the benefit of the visiting teachers. All was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pearson and their two children, John and Robert Junior, who have just returned from India, spent a few days at Collegedale visiting Mr. Pearson's brother John, farm manager at Southern Junior College. Mr. Pearson was a student here several years ago, and old friends were glad to see them again.

Our matron, Miss Norma Lou Rhodes, has just returned from a two-week vacation in Florida. Although not her first trip to the "land of sunshine and flowers," it was her first vacation there. While in Florida, Miss Rhodes visited her brother J. Lew Rhodes, whose private plane is being used by the Government in coastal patrol. Needless to say it was very interesting to talk with him about his work.

Miss Rhodes also spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Rometry and Marie, in Jacksonville. When asked about her sun tan, Miss Rhodes pointed out the fact that she tanned only in small spots, sometimes known as freckles.

Sergeant David Magoon spent the week end of July 18 at Collegedale. Being in charge of the transfer of thirty sick soldiers from the air base near Pensacola, Florida, to the large military hospital in Atlanta, he was able to visit relatives and friends here.

Wendel Minner was with us for a few hours prior to his induction into the Army on July 13. He has been attending a school in Indianapolis Indiana, which has helped him a great deal in his speech. We were all glad to see Wendel again and to hear him talk. We wish him success in his new work.

Proof of the fact that Collegedale is a very important place on the map is by the following recent visitors:
Dr. P. A. Weber, from Madison College.

Corporal Evans Richards, former student, now in the service.

Francis Brown, of Birmingham. Francis is another former student.

Rebecca Rutledge, from Fletcher, another former student whose return is doubly welcomed because of her lovely voice.

Earl Taylor McGhee, of Atlanta, former student and in the literature work this summer.

Helen Ebey, of Miami, Florida.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

PARAGRAPHS FROM A LETTER FROM PRIVATE DAVISON

I am now at Camp Young about 130 miles from Los Angeles.

This is a new camp about twenty-six miles from Indio, California, and one hundred miles from the west coast. We live in tents scattered over a desert valley with bare, rocky mountains on every side. Nothing grows here but desert weeds and cactus. How they keep green I don't know, for it is now 100 in the shade. Still we sleep under two blankets at night. There are about 8,600 boys here.

This kind of life is hard on some of the boys who don't have much to do. Last night the boys in my tent were the bluest group of boys I ever saw. They tried to get drunk on beer in an effort to forget their troubles. They admit that they are longing for a better life and haven't found it. This is a real mission field.

I have met a boy (also from Ft. Warren) who seems to be quite religious. We had quite a talk last night on world conditions and religion. I had noticed before that he didn't smoke or swear, and that even his countenance showed him to be happier than the general run of boys. I am giving him literature now.

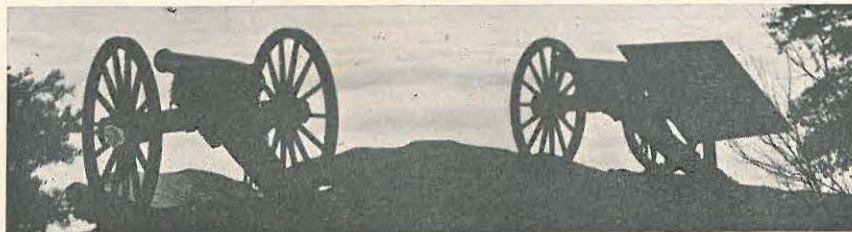
I am still in Q. M. Co. (Trk.), but the sooner I get into the medical unit the better satisfied I will be. After all, the highest kind of science we can have part in is the winning of souls. What we need is more faith and not so much looking at the human side of things.

I always appreciate letters. My address is: Pvt. Harley Davison
138 Q. M. Co. (Trk.)
Camp Young, Indio,
California.

A SHORT LETTER FROM "MACK"

I am getting along fine so far in the army. They put me in a Heavy Weapons Company in the Infantry, but it must have been the Lord's will for everything has worked out to my advantage. I worked as a clerk, mail orderly, and as a side line played in the band which at the time was not authorized. Now, the band is recognized and we practice half

If you admire the finer things of life go down to the garage and bribe the attendant into allowing your gaze to rest on Southern Junior College's new Pontiac station wagon. Pontiac station wagons are rare things any time but with restrictions on cars and tires, this is a treat. Collegedale will travel in style now. The driver has not yet been selected, but we hope that he will be comparable to the handsome station wagon.



a day every day except Saturday and Sunday. I hold the rating of Sergeant and have charge of all company athletics.

It has been my privilege to attend our church in Alexandria nearly every Sabbath. Although the church is small and has only a few members they are a sincere and lovely group of people. It is their custom to take the soldier boys, who come in to church, home for dinner, entertain them during the afternoon, and then take them to the sundown service. I have enjoyed my association with these good people.

Most of the basic training is over for this 82nd Division, known as the All-American Division because of the fact that every state in the Union is represented. They tell us that this group of men has learned faster than any other bunch of draftees in the United States, and it is common talk around here that we will be moving out most any time. Of course, I'm not in any hurry, but it seems that it is not the custom to ask the soldier just what he thinks about the whole affair.

This Louisiana weather is really hot. I can hardly write this letter because of the sweat pouring off my arms and hands.

Give my regards to any of my friends that are still at S. J. C. If it is the Lord's will for this war to go on may all the S. D. A., boys stand firm for the things we hold dear and witness for our faith to those with whom we come in contact.

Sincerely,
Sgt. Marvin McAlexander

WARREN OAKES WRITES:

Warren Oakes from Australia writes the following:

This truly is a wonderful country, and the people are very nice. I have made several contacts with our church leaders here in Australia and have been treated very kindly by them.

My health is good and I am getting along fine. There seems to be no reason for worry as yet, and there is only good news to report. . . .

I wish many times to be back with you again, but I suppose there is a reason for all this, and maybe there will come in the not-too-far-distant future an end to it all. I miss the associations of like faith, but I still am of good courage."

After wending their way across eleven thousand five hundred miles of land and sea, two copies of the SCROLL have reached my camp. Although they were almost ancient history when I received them, the reading made me a very homesick soldier. It brought back so many happy days spent at S. J. C. I never appreciated anything so much as letters from loved ones, and I wish to give my sincere thanks to the one who was so thoughtful in sending me the

SCROLL. To me they have done a great favor. I wish to continue receiving them, and I can assure you they shall be read, not once but many, many times.

Censorship does not permit me to tell you very much, only that I am getting along as well as could be expected under war conditions and as yet there is no need for worry. I am hoping and praying that soon it will be all over. Although I think the scenery and people are very nice here in Australia, I wish to be back in the good old U. S. A.

Remember me to the faculty and students. Tell them I think of them often and that I shall be looking for some word from them. It gets lonesome here, and I hope you will all write at least once.

All mail to me should be addressed in the following manner.

Pvt. William W. Oakes
Company "H" 135th Medical Rgmt.
Postmaster— 1117
United States Army P. O.
San Francisco, California

I shall write as I have opportunity and I want to thank the staff of the SCROLL for such an interesting paper, and I hope that they will keep up the good work. In thinking of what I have just said, I forgot to realize that school will be out and the staff more or less broken up but anyway I wish to receive it as often as possible.

In closing I wish you and the family the best of God's blessings and earnestly solicit your prayers in my behalf.

Sincerely a former student of yours,
Warren

HOSIERY MILL

(Continued from page 3)

A high standard is maintained in hiring our employees. When employing student workers, we hire only those who have excellent recommendations and who belong to the Seventh-day Adventist church. When hiring the outside help, we make clear to them our standards and require that no smoking be done, or profane language used in or around the building. We want the best possible Christian atmosphere to prevail at all times.

As a rule, we try to employ students in the first two years of high-school, so that they will be with us for a long period of time. This is necessary because of the great amount of money and material spent in training each one. The hosiery mill complies fully with the United States Department of Labor's laws governing the wages and the hours of full-fashioned hosiery workers.

At the present time, due to the silk and nylon shortage, most of the hose are made from different weight rayon yarns. The rayon yarn has been so improved in the last few months that the new rayon hose cannot be compared to the ones seen before the silk and nylon shortage.

We feel that this department of Southern Junior College is doing its part in preparing young people to do their parts in forwarding the cause of right in the world.

14/4

SOUTHLAND SCROLL



Volume XIV

Collegedale, Tennessee, August, 1942

Number 4

NEW MUSIC DIRECTOR ORGANIZES CHOIR



Prof. Clarence Dortch

The absence of our former music instructor, the lack of a choir and leadership in such lines caused us, as music lovers, to look forward with anticipation and enthusiasm to the arrival of Professor Dortch, our new music instructor. We welcome him into our midst and appreciate to the greatest extent his most excellent leadership and untiring efforts which he is putting forth to establish an a capella choir.

The great need of Uncle Sam causes a shortage of "man-power" on our campus and will make the work of Professor Dortch more difficult.

The eighteen voices which rendered a very beautiful number in church August 8, proves to us that Collegedale is coming to life again and that Professor Dortch has already begun on the way to success with his choir work here at S. J. C. With two practice periods held each week and the nice terraced stage which he hopes to have in a few weeks, there will be added beauty and better unity to his work and to the church service. His leadership, his friendliness, pleasing personality, and his interest in each voice has won the hearts of all who have had the privilege of meeting him. We welcome him into our midst and feel assured that with the co-operation of students and faculty, his efforts will prove to be a great success now and in the years to come.

INGATHERING CAMPAIGN

Another year has elapsed and again the Ingathering forces are arrayed not only for battle but for victory. We must all work, for this is the challenge of the hour to which we have come.

At the present we have not organized the bands, but with the little

MISSIONARY SPEAKS

Miss Rose Meister relates thrilling experiences of trip home

On Sabbath, August 25, we enjoyed one of the most pleasant missionary volunteer meetings of the summer. Miss Rose Meister, who has been a missionary in India for two terms of service, was the guest speaker.

She told how the war had forced many of the missionaries to leave their posts of duty. On her recent trip to the States, she encountered many difficulties, some of which were not too pleasant. The trip usually requiring eight weeks in all, took much longer because of the war. All the passengers were placed under a bond of secrecy and she is not permitted to tell many of the things that she saw. She could not tell the name of the ship on which she returned because it was a troop ship and had been

(Continued on page 4)

QUIMBY LECTURES ON CHINA'S GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK

INSIDE STORY OF CHINA'S PROGRESS INTERESTS AUDIENCE

Dr. Paul E. Quimby, head of the Department of Religion at Southern Junior College, gave an interesting review of the life of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on August 1.

Having worked in China for many years and with the Generalissimo himself, he was able to give a very colorful sketch of his life.

In the little village of Chikow in the province of Chekiang was born the great leader Chiang Kai-shek, who has set China toward the goal of victory. The birth of this leader took place in the year 1887.

His family belonged to the middle merchant class. His mother, a devout Buddhist, was an instrument in molding his great life. After he had received all the education that was offered in the village in which he lived, he was sent to North China to attend the Paotingfu Military Academy.

After his graduation there, he was sent to Japan to study military science. While he was in Japan he met Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who was the leader of the revolution.

Soon after the beginning of the revolution in 1912, Chiang Kai-shek returned from Japan to China and gave evidence of being an extraordinary military leader.

During the early years, after the downfall of the Manchu Dynasty, Chiang Kai-shek was active in all phases of the revolution. An institution to train the leaders of the revolution, the Whampao Military Academy, was organized in Canton with Chiang Kai-shek as president. This institution became the nucleus of the military force of China.

After the death of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek began his northern expedition against the warlords that were in control in North China.

Then one of the greatest tasks that the Generalissimo accomplished was the elimination of the Communistic element in the Revolutionary Army, after which he proclaimed the Kuomintang Government with the capital at Nanking.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was married to Miss Sung Mei-ling on December 1, 1927, on which date they both pledged their life and all that they had to the cause of China—for its freedom and development. From that date these two have indeed given unsparingly and without reserve of their strength to their nation and their race.

Through the extraordinary leadership that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has given, and the force of his dynamic personality, China can for the first time in decades witness the complete unification of the country, and they can bravely face the present crisis with the Japanese.

"Heat is not an agent of reform; light is. Don't get angry, use your head."



S. J. C.'s NEW STATION WAGON

This beautiful new car will meet you when you arrive, September 14.

effort which has already been made, we have raised to date about \$350 of our \$2,550 goal.

Our first trip this year in street soliciting was to Knoxville on Saturday night, August 8. The five girls with their chaperons, Dr. and Mrs. P. E. Quimby, received the amount of seventy-two dollars. "Steady at it" would best characterize the course of the evening's work done by these girls.

Students, the reaching of our goal in the next few weeks will terminate a hard-fought effort. We need volunteers and the co-operation from

(Continued on page 2)

A RUSTIC WELCOME

"Dew Drop Inn," Mrs. Dietel's popular cabin, welcomed thirty-five old and new friends of Professor Clarence Dortch and his family on the evening of August two. Mrs. Henise and Professor Ludington, two of the guests, also celebrated their birthdays that day.

Our new music director, carrying a huge pitcher of gravy, arrived singing lustily about a little cabin in the woods. Then all found places on the benches beside the long, rustic table

(Continued on page 2)

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

The Alumni

Boulder, Colorado
August 9, 1942

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

Dear friends,

We want to thank you for the SCROLL. We received it last Friday and have read every word of it. The picture on the front, of the entrance to S. J. C., looks very familiar. For some time after we left, it seemed we were on a vacation and would soon be going through that entrance. But that was only a dream.

We have had a pleasant summer, so cool and comfortable. On July 28, we drove up into the mountains to Brainard Lake. We found a bank of snow and had snowballs in our hands. Glennis Lindsay and Winifred Davison were with us.

We live at the foothills of the Rockies. From our front porch we can look out on the plains. From the back, we can look up at the mountains. We like it very much out here.

We wish for you and the school a good year. May you have many blessings.

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Eric Lundquist

INGATHERING

(Continued from page 1)

all. Soon we hope the business, street, singing, and community bands will be better organized, and let us all co-operate and work with our leaders.

This is the day of opportunity when everything is favorable to our soliciting our friends, business acquaintances, and all with whom we may come in contact.

We thank God for His blessings that have rested upon our faithful workers who have labored so earnestly in the Ingathering so far. We, as students working with our faculty members, are looking forward to a real overflow at the close of our campaign.

RUSTIC WELCOME

(Continued from page 1)

where quarts of buttermilk, salad, and relish were placed; and many candles awaited the spark of the fire-fly. A hot Southern meal including corn bread, mashed potatoes, gravy, and roast made even faculty members bold enough to call for more. Just before the ice cream was served and the whip-poor-wills stirred in the trees, the girls' trio surprised all by singing their "Owl Song" which they repeated in the distance.

By candle light Mr. Howard read a very amusing reception speech, filled with expressive adjectives supplied by the guests, which Professor Dortch answered by saying that he already loved Collegedale and appreciated the friendly spirit that prevails. We hope that Professor Dortch, Mrs. Dortch, Corrine, and Vern will continue to love Collegedale more and more as the years go by.

The President's Column

WHAT HAPPENS TO OUR STUDENTS

By D. E. REBOK

What would you think of a family that did not keep tab on or manifest an interest in its members? Fathers and mothers know all about their children, write to them, pray for them, and stand ready to help one or all as they journey through life.

Should not a school family do the same? Somehow students and teachers in Southern Junior College, or any other Seventh-day Adventist school, do form an attachment for each other which often binds us closer than the bonds of blood relationship. The Alma Mater should really carry out all the duties and responsibilities, as well as the privileges, of a "Mother."

The school family at Southern Junior College is really a large one, but never too large for us to take a personal interest in the welfare of each and every one of its members.

We thought the readers of the SCROLL would be interested in the following table for it gives some information in which our whole "Family" is interested. The column on the left gives the names of all our freshmen in the 1940-41 school year. The second column indicates by the asterisk whether the individuals remained throughout the whole school year or withdrew for some reason or other. The "W's" indicate withdrawals and the reason for them. The third column indicates by the asterisks the individuals who returned for the second year of college and so far as our records show the reasons why other members of the school family did not return. We do not know the situation of some of them, but would appreciate hearing from them directly or through friends who know of their whereabouts. Won't you kindly help us? Thank you.

Table

13th grade	1940-41	1941-42
Eldine Allen	*	
Delmar Anderson	*	*
Paul Arkebauer	*	
Ruth Austin	*	
C. W. Beach	*	*
Leon Baldwin	* W	
James Bates	* W	
Talietha Belz	*	*
Thelma Berndt	*	
Esther Bloomster	*	Nurses Training
Clarence Blue	*	Army
Lois Bowen	*	Nurses Training
Thyra Bowen	*	*
Ben Brackett	* W	
Dorothy Bradley	*	Nurses Training
Esther Brassington	*	*
Leonard Bratcher	* W	
Farrell Brown	*	*
Francis Brown	*	*
Floy Brooks	*	*
Thad Bugbee	* W (Army)	Army
Arleigh Butler	* W	
Marilynn Byrd	*	*
Esther Carterette	*	*
Ruth Carterette	*	*
Elizabeth Crisman	* W	
William Clement	*	
Ethel Cochran	*	*
Leanna Coleman	* W	
Edna Cone	*	*
Rosemary Cook	*	*
Eileen Conger	*	*
Reba Cove	*	Nurses Training
Robert Damon	*	
Charles Davis	*	*
Lorraine Davis	*	
Winifred Davison	*	Nurses Training
Bowman Deal	*	Army
Florence Dye	*	Union College
William Ferguson	*	
Mary Charles Fogg	*	
Louise Forrester	*	*
Kermit Foss	*	A. U. C.
Malcolm Foss	* W	E. M. C.

Volume XIV August Number 4

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Why Complain?

Confronted with our daily routine of work and study some of us are inclined to think that we have a hard time all the way around.

But let us think about the conditions surrounding us and then compare our lot with that of the greater part of the world. One of the major causes for complaint about our life here seems to be that life is so dull, we do not do anything but study and work. All they want is our money; we just work our fingers to the bone here for the measly wages we receive. If I were running the school (and it would probably be run in all directions but the right one) I would do this thing and the other, etc., etc.

Almost all of us indulge in this form of conversation commonly called "griping." But when we have gone from the peaceful hum and hustle of this life out into the world, this valley will seem like one of the best places on earth. We will look through the annual and a wave of memories and heartsickness will engulf us. It is better to give forget-me-nots to the living than to place the most expensive roses on someone's grave.

While we are here let us try to appreciate the effort being made by the church, the teachers, and our parents to educate us aright in the sight of God. Many of the staff members with their abilities could hold responsible positions in the outside world, yet they have dedicated all their talents toward fitting us for life. Indeed, none of us can now realize or appreciate what it means to spend the most important years of our life under such favorable conditions where the hands, head, and heart can be trained for a life of constructive service.

Contrast our lot with the youth of Russia, fighting for the mere existence as human beings against a ruthless machine that would sweep over their mighty land and bleed it white. Look at the young people of France and the other countries now being ground under the iron heel of the army of occupation. Think what it would be like to be in Athens and see your mother or any other member of your family starve to death as hundreds do every week. Think of the youth of China, Great Britain, and our other allies as they battle for the lasting peace that will only come when Christ brings it to the earth by His return.

Thinking of these things, I for one, wish to be more grateful to the merciful fate that has allowed me to spend my life thus far with enough food, clothes, and shelter, and most precious of all—the three great freedoms—freedom of the press, of speech, and of conscience.

H. B.

Wayne Foster	*	*
Catherine Fox	*	*
Maisie Franz	*	*
Fredonia French	*	W. M. C.
Max Garnett	* DW	*
Clarence Griffin	*	*
Doris Hale	*	*
Rivers Hall	*	Married
Delma Hawkins	* W	*
Maxine Hayes	*	Married
Bernice Herbert	*	*
Benjamin Herndon	*	*
Walter Hickman	* W (Army)	Army
Thomas Hicks	*	*
Ralston Hooper	*	*
Sarah Hooper	*	*
Edgar Howard	*	*
Virginia Hubbell	*	*
Hazel Jaynes	*	*
Opal Johnson	*	*
Marian Jors	* W (Finances)	*
John Keplinger	*	*
Isabel Kurz	*	E. M. C.
Warren Lawrence	*	*
Mary F. Linderman	*	*
Myrtle Lucas	*	*
Oliver Maddux	* DW	*
David Magoon	*	Army
William Masker	*	*
Lloyd Mauldin	*	*
Dorothy McCullough	* W	*
Grayson McDaniel	*	*
Lois McKee	*	*
Louise McLarty	* W (Finances)	*
Ferrell McMahan	*	*
Lora Miller	*	*
Thetis Miller	*	*
Drew Murphy (Pat)	*	*
Maderiah Murphy	*	Married
Mary E. Murray	*	Nurses Training
Charles Newell	* W	*
Albert Nielson	*	Married
Milton Norrell	*	*
Grantham Oakes	*	*
Alta Parker	* W	Married
Lester Patrick	*	*
Josephine Platner	*	Married
Albert Pillsbury	*	*
Eunice Purdy	*	*
Irving Ranger	* W	*
John Rauch	* W	*
John Ray	*	*
Edward Reynolds	*	*
Evan Richards	*	*
Mary Riley	*	*
Marie Romedy	*	*
Kathryn Roper	*	Married
Lillie Belle Rosel	* W (Finances)	*
Edward Rutledge	*	U. of Florida
James Seeley	*	Full time worker in press
Bobbie Sherer	* W	*
Joseph Soule	*	Army
Martha Soule	*	*
Eleanor Jean Spencer	*	*
Lillian Stewart	*	*
Ruby Ruth Stromberg	* W (Married)	Married
Carl Tippins	*	*
George Tolhurst	*	*
Leona Vickers	*	*
Sallie Walsh	*	*
Ralph Walter	*	W. M. C.
Carl Watson	* W	Army
Doris Webb	*	*
Edna Wells	*	*
Vaughn Westermeyer	*	Union College
Virgene Westermeyer	*	*
Ira Wheeler	*	Nurses Training
James Whisenant	* W	*
Betty Wickman	*	Married
Elaine Williams	*	*
Hubert Williams	*	*
George Winters	*	*
Charles Young	*	*
Florence Young	*	*
Philip Young	* W (Finances)	*

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"As A Man Thinks"

By NORMA LOU RHODES

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Solomon

DeWitt McMurry enlarges this by saying, "One is what he thinks. His reputation is what his thoughts are externalized by outward action; his character is in the thoughts themselves. He whose thoughts are vile is himself vile, for what a man thinks is what he is, and his deeds must surely partake of his nature. He who thinks constantly of honesty and fair dealing will not become a thief. The right thinker is the right doer, necessarily."

Each thinker is the captain of his own soul, the master of his own fate, the chooser of his own destiny. It is a matter of self determination, on which depends our happiness and welfare.

Man accomplishes what he wishes so long as the power and mastery of his intellect do not supersede the limit which God has placed on his accomplishments. The most important lesson to learn, therefore, is to think.

This process of thinking employs that most complicated organ, the brain. Its complexity will be understood when you know that it contains ninety-three hundred million neurons. Psychologists and physiologists declare that the number of these brain cells used by the average person would never be missed in the number of the whole.

Your brain has never been explored. There are recesses, and shores, hidden springs, strange seas with ebb and flow of tides, challenging you to reach in and think. Your brain is a giant asleep.

The facts are that it is so well rested that fatigue is impossible. You can read ten thousand books in a lifetime and you would not ruffle or upset your brain. One interesting experiment was conducted in which a University woman for seven long hours added columns of four digit numbers mentally. Surely no more strenuous brain exercise could have been invented! The outcome? Her accuracy was as efficient at the end of the seven hours as it was at the beginning. There was no fatigue.

Defeat is usually met with boredom and a lack of interest. If there is sufficient enthusiasm there is inevitable success.

The goal that is set is the one that is reached. If the objective is a holy life, a Christ-like character, the mind is "disciplined to dwell on sacred themes." The vision that you glorified in your mind, the ideal that you enthrone in your heart—by this you will build your life, this you are.

NEWS BRIEFS

Earl Shepherd, one of our summer school students, was favored by a visit from his sister Grace and her girl friend, Sarah Tottle.

For a while after Bunnie left, we were under the impression that we were going to be without the Plyers. After almost two weeks "Little Bunnie" arrived in the form of her sister Allyne. We are happy to have another Plyer in our ranks.

Army	8
Nurses Training	7
Other Schools	8
Married	9
Press worker	1
Returned	62
	129

Now for a few minutes let us look at the tabulation:

129 original members in that class.

62 of them came back or continued for a second year—
forty-eight per cent.

8 went into the army—about six per cent.

7 went into schools of nursing and

8 to other schools—about twelve per cent.

9 were married and set up little "homes" of their own—
six per cent.

1 went to work in our Press—one per cent.

34 whereabouts unknown—twenty-seven per cent.

At a glance it is self-evident that we cannot do much about the six per cent who went into the army nor the six per cent who went into schools of nursing. But there is a thirty-nine per cent group in whom we are vitally interested and concerned. What more can Southern Junior College do for you? Wherein can we help you solve your problems as to courses, kinds of training, financial assistance, better positions in the world of work? Be sure to write to us and give us the opportunity to extend the helping hand to a beloved member of our "College Family." Tell us just what more you think we can and ought to do to help you personally. This is our business, and like Jesus, we must be about our Father's business.

COLLEGEDALE, MY COLLEGEDALE!

Mrs. Mabel Maguire

O school that is a refuge sweet,
Collegedale, my Collegedale!
For sorely tried and tempted feet,
Collegedale, my Collegedale!
A haven safe for loyal youth
Where naught is taught but what is truth,
Corrected all that's coarse, uncouth,
Collegedale, my Collegedale!

A school amid the mountains fair,
Collegedale, my Collegedale!
Away from all the city's glare,
Collegedale, my Collegedale!
Where work and play are mixed with rest
And worship of our Saviour blest,
Where Nature's always at her best,
Collegedale, my Collegedale!

We love this hallowed piece of ground,
Collegedale, my Collegedale!
And all its hills and valleys 'round,
Collegedale, my Collegedale!
We love its trees and flowers, too,
Its velvet lawns all pearled with dew,
Our classmates and our teachers true,
Collegedale, my Collegedale!

(Tune—"Maryland, My Maryland")

News

in Brief

North Hall doesn't seem quite the same while its dean, Mrs. Mary I. Champion, is away at a deans' convention at Emmanuel Missionary College. The girls are counting the days on their fingers until August 25, when Mrs. Champion will return.

Going to Darrell Chisholm's room in your sleep in search of hydrogen may have its good points, Harold, but we think you'd be more successful if you tried the laboratory next time. Harold's father, Professor H. A. Miller, has taken up his work at Union College, where he is music director. We wish him success in his new undertaking.

Old familiar faces are beginning to appear once more on our campus. This time we welcome Louis Ludington, who is now in the service of his country. We heartily welcome you back to S. J. C., Louis, even if it is for only four days. Clifford also arrived from Berrien Springs, where he has just completed his work at the summer session at E. M. C. Clifford is expecting to be inducted into the Army in the near future.

Although it is always with a sigh that we turn one of our So-Ju-Conians over to be one of Uncle Sam's boys, we're proud to know that our boys, too, may have a part in keeping our country safe for democracy and keep a clean conscience by not bearing arms or participating in killing, but instead as messengers of mercy. Stanley Schleifer and Raymond Mathieu are our newest additions to Uncle Sam's army. Best of luck and remember that our prayers go with you in your new experience.

Of our former students who recently visited us were Doris Webb, Leona Vickers, Velma Rometry, and Sue and Jane Summerour.

We were happy to have Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tucker and their daughter Margaret visit our school recently. Perhaps it might be interesting to know that Mrs. Tucker was matron at Southern Junior College during its infancy.

Forest Lake Academy is indeed losing some of its banner students this year to Southern Junior College. Among those whom we are happy to welcome into our school family are Mildred Bullock, Frances Greek, Hazel Price, June Wright, Marguerite Abel, Thetis Webster, Gerald Harvey, Tommy Hamilton, and Jimmie Allen.

Among the many celebrities who have visited our school are Mrs. Meeker and Mrs. Rathbun, returned missionaries from Nassau.

Our wood shop boss is back again. While we have been happy for him to have a well-earned vacation, still it left an empty spot felt not only in the wood shop but all over Southern Junior. We are happy to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Gepford, and Warren back to our Collegedale campus.

Pictures of Little America Enjoyed by School Family

It was on a rainy Saturday night—just the kind of night that makes one want to relax and be entertained. Well, who could ask for any better entertainment than sitting through a delightfully interesting moving picture. Our first picture, for you see, we had a double feature, was "Straight as an Arrow."

To begin this picture, we were encountered with the skilled marksman William Tell. We saw a large number of bows and arrows being made. Then we were taken on an imaginary fishing trip. We were shown how fish were harpooned. Not satisfied with just straight shooting, William Tell hit the target by shooting upside down, shooting with his foot, and even while lying on his back. Then the archer placed an apple on the head of his friend and proceeded

Other visitors have been Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Carter from Miami, Florida, visiting their daughters, Nellie and Flossie; Mrs. Felton Haynes and son Charles, from Lakeland, Florida, visiting Ruby and Tilly Belz; Professor and Mrs. K. A. Wright and children from Decatur, Georgia, visiting their daughter, June.

LETTER FROM PVT. MINNER

Dear James Otis,

Maybe you are wondering where I am, and what I am doing.

I arrived here at Camp Grant, Thursday evening. There were eighty-eight of us who left Chattanooga Wednesday, at 4:00 P. M., and awoke in Illinois, Thursday morning. No one knew where we were going until we got almost there. Some of the men did not even know where we were when we got inside the camp. We rode a Pullman to Chicago and a troop train on from Chicago.

When I came out for chow, I saw my name on the orderly list for August 8, which was to-day. I went to my platoon sergeant and told him I was a Seventh-day Adventist and that I would like to change days with someone and do my detail work on some other day. He said he would fix it up for me, so I came back to my tent and a few minutes later he came and told me the sergeant at the company office wanted to see me. I went to the Commanding officer's tent (office) and the sergeant there took me to his own private tent, and shook my hand and told me he was an Adventist also. You can imagine how happy I was to see another Adventist, especially an Adventist sergeant.

He assured me I need not worry about getting detail duty on Sabbath because he is the one who posts the list for "detail" and "KP." He went to the bulletin board and put someone else on to work in my place and put my name down for to-morrow instead. There are about forty men and boys here in the camp who are Adventists. We had vespers last night, and there

to shoot at the apple. He missed the mark the first time but succeeded on his second trial.

We left William Tell and went all the way to Little America with Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Byrd's scientific research on weather required him to live by himself in a small hut miles from the rest of the expedition. During the five months that he stayed alone, he lost radio contact with the other members of the party. It was lucky for him that the search party found him at this opportune moment as he had been suffering from carbon monoxide gas poisoning.

We greatly enjoyed our night's entertainment and will be eagerly looking forward to the time when we can be entertained by another picture as interesting and educational.

were twenty-seven present. Milton Norrell is here and I surely was happy to see someone I knew. I am in quarantine for two weeks but after next Sabbath I can go to church in Rockford, which is four miles from here. Three of us that are in quarantine spent the Sabbath to-day in the chapel reading our Bibles and papers. We enjoyed a quiet Sabbath. I surely will be glad when my quarantine is over so I can leave camp on Sabbaths.

God surely has answered my prayers, and I know as long as I am faithful to Him everything will come out for the best.

James, do you have any idea when you will be inducted? Every young man should know why he is an Adventist, and know what he believes.

Please remember all the boys in your prayers, that we will be the right example to all the men with whom we associate.

I would like very much to hear from you and to hear how you are getting along and how Dot is, etc. I hope you both are getting on all right.

As ever your pal,
Wendell Lee

MISSIONARY SPEAKS

(Continued from page 3)

reported sunk three times by the Germans.

The ship came by the way of South Africa and was continually changing its course to avoid submarines. At night all lights aboard were put out. A heavy fine was placed upon anyone who would light a flashlight or match. The ship was very crowded with bunks and in the darkness it was sometimes difficult to locate one's bunk. On several occasions Miss Meister would feel in the bunk she thought to be hers and find some one else occupying it. At the cafeteria on the ship it was often necessary to wait in line several hours to get meals.

Over four hundred missionaries of different denominations were on board. God by his guidance and care brought them safely to New York to work in this country till the war is over.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

A program that was enjoyed both by the listeners and the contestants was the "Bible Quiz." After each student's name was called and he had taken his place on the platform, questions were asked. As in any contest, some questions were answered and some were not; the questions that the contestants could not answer were given to the audience.

The program proved to be interesting and worth while, for we learned about some things we had never known before.

Our Master Comrade work is still being carried on. Those who are trying to meet the requirements are working hard. Two of our girls have already been invested. They are two of our future teachers this coming school year: Eileen Conger and Jessie Hawman.

Professor Copeland, the Educational and Missionary Volunteer Secretary of the Georgia-Cumberland Conference, was most happy to conduct the simple yet effective investiture service while a number of Master Comrades stood by.

We are expecting a few more to finish their work very soon and receive their kerchief and pin. We hope that more students will take an interest in this work and begin immediately the work of completing the requirements.

Each week a Denominational History class is conducted for those who lack this requirement. In addition, each Monday night a group of girls are taught to swim in order for them to complete the swimming requirement.

It is only natural for the youth to like stories, but I find that a person never gets too old to enjoy stories, especially if they are personal experiences of our missionaries.

President Rebok, in a recent Missionary Volunteer meeting, told about one of his many experiences which was indeed very interesting and inspirational. It seems unbelievable to some of us that God will guide and guard us if we only give our all to Him. We need to hear many missionary stories to help us realize that to draw close to God and let Him lead us is worth everything and that it does pay to give up all that the world offers us.

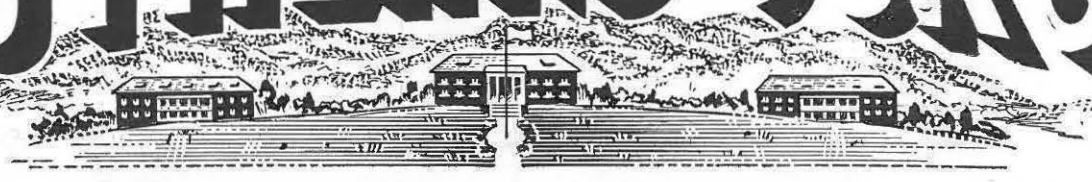
In such times as these, we as Missionary Volunteers need to strive more every day for that great reward; and to do this we should try to catch the zeal of our missionaries in order that God can show us in a definite way that He is always near, ready to minister to our needs.

Missionary Volunteers, accept your call today so that we will soon be able to attend the Missionary Volunteer meeting in heaven.

Jones-Felts—Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Felts, who were married early in August, are living in Pensacola, Florida. Mrs. Felts was Miss Alma Jones before her marriage in West Palm Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Felts were both former students of S. J. C. The student body wishes them success and happiness.

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SOUTHLAND SCROLL



Volume XIV

Collegedale, Tennessee, September, 1942

Number 5

INTRODUCING THE STAFF OF SOUTHERN JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR THE YEAR 1942-1943

PRESIDENT DENTON E. REBOK



Mr. Rebok

You have already met our new president, either at your home church or in the June issue of the SCROLL. Professor Rebok has won the hearts of all those connected with the College by his kindly words and friendliness. He is a man of wide experience and one to whom you will want to go for counsel. It is his ambition to be a father to the whole school family and is really succeeding. Southern Junior College will open September 14. Come and join our family and prepare for your life work in the "School of Standards."

She is perhaps the busiest member of our faculty. Even the noon hour and evenings bring her no rest. She is always happy to learn a new reading with but a few hours' notice or help students before programs, entertainments, or parties.

ROBERT K. BOYD



Mr. Boyd

Almost everybody who comes to Collegedale to school will be sure to come in contact with Professor Boyd. He not only instructs students in business administration, but he also helps them in a spiritual way. You will meet him in the class room as he endeavors to explain why a debit is a debit and not a credit.

Our professor is a quiet man but a deep thinker. One often finds him giving timely advice to the young men as they fill out their questionnaires for the army. He reminds them that the one important thing is to get as much education as possible before they are called to aid their country.

STANLEY D. BROWN



Mr. Brown

If you are taking any classwork whatsoever, there is no doubt that you will contact Professor Stanley D. Brown before you have accomplished very much toward your scholastic career. Professor Brown is the capable

librarian here at Southern Junior College.

No matter what you need to solve your problem, Professor Brown will be able to give you the solution—whether it be material for themes, needles, nails, instruction in gardening, or raising your ingathering goal.

DAVID T. CARNAHAN



Mr. Carnahan

Do you see that tall, handsome' red-headed man there with the quiet smile? Yes, that one working on those machines. It is Mr. Carnahan, our hosiery mill superintendent. You will find him in the office much of the time, but more often in the interior here, "puttering" with the machinery.

Mr. Carnahan has been connected with our mill for the past ten years and has proved his interest in our school and its students by showing his willingness to help in every way possible.

CLYDE C. CLEVELAND



Mr. Cleveland

Professor Cleveland comes to Southern Junior College as our cashier and accountant from an experience of five years in the business office at E. M. C., and with six years as Assistant Business Manager at Broadview Academy. He has completed a course in Business Administration for his Master's degree at Chicago University.

Mrs. Cleveland and son, with Mrs. Cleveland's mother, come to enjoy the community life of Southern Junior College and to welcome you as you become a student here this year.

MARY I. CHAMPION



Mrs. Champion

One of the first persons that the young women will meet on arriving at Southern Junior College is our dean, Mrs. Champion. Although duties requiring many details fill her time, she never makes you feel that she is too busy to listen to what you have to say.

The intelligent brow and large dark eyes that are at once sad and patient reveal that her life has had its Marah, and invite young people to come to her with their problems. It would be difficult to find one better qualified to render counsel, guidance, and comfort. Be it joy, sorrow, sickness, or play,—to her they come for help and advice.

GEORGE B. DEAN



Mr. Dean

Who is the quietest member of the faculty? Mr. Dean, of course. He is the graduate assistant in the chemistry laboratory and he silently putters around with test tubes and burners concocting odors that do not in the least resemble perfume. But the fragrant influence of his Christian life is sensed everywhere he has gone.

OLIVE ROGERS-BATSON



Mrs. Batson

The friendly lady who steps out of a neat, green car to greet you in that Southern drawl, but never twice in the same way, is Mrs. Batson, the beloved teacher of expression and piano.

In her readings she is unexcelled, especially in those containing Negro dialect or children's conversation.

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

Volume XIV September Number 5

Editor-in-Chief Juanita Carithers
 Associate Editor Harvey Bowen
 Associate Editor Georgette Damon
 Feature Editor Christine Kruger
 News Editor Esther Brassington
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M. D. HOWARD



Elder Howard

Have you become acquainted with the treasurer of Southern Junior College? Some people on the campus have not as yet had the happy privilege of meeting Elder Howard, as he is one of the busiest men here.

Those who have become intimately acquainted with this distinguished faculty member have found him to be a very genial and jolly individual. He is always ready to share the sorrows and joys of those with whom he comes in contact. It has also been noticed that no matter how busy he may be, he is always willing to take time out to help some friend in need. We sincerely hope that our halls may long be brightened by his sparkling humor, his boyish smile, and his true Christian influence.

THERESA BRICKMAN



Miss Brickman

Miss Brickman is unusually well qualified to train young people for a business career, for she has had experience in many phases of commercial work.

She comes to us from Southwestern Junior College. In July of this year she received her degree of master of commercial education at the University of Oklahoma.

C. E. WINTER

Southern Junior College is very fortunate in having as one of its science teachers a man who has just returned from the city of Hongkong where he was interned by the Japanese military and later used by them in connection with ambulance and refugee work.

Professor Winter received his bachelor's degree as well as his master's degree from the College of Colorado and took further work at the University of Nebraska and did some teaching work at Union College before going to China where he has been teaching science at the China Training Institute.

Professor and Mrs. Winter bring to Southern Junior a rich experience and a good training and hearts full of love for young people. Not having any children of their own they adopt all of the students in the school as theirs.

No unkind remark ever escapes his lips and all who know him love him. He is willing to help anyone at any time and anywhere.

OLIVIA BRICKMAN-DEAN



Mrs. Dean

Our new normal director was for the past four years critic teacher for grades five to eight. As you enter her orderly classroom you will see a small, neat Westerner with clear blue eyes, light brown hair, and a determined chin framing a friendly smile.

Efficiency and order prevail in all that she undertakes. Her students who enter the academy remember her longest for the systematic, thorough preparation she gave them for the continuance of their studies. Future teachers will long appreciate her faithful work in preparing them for this "nicest work."

MARY HOLDER-DIETEL

You are reading of teachers who are taking a father's place in the life of the student, but here is a lady who will be a mother to you. Mrs.



Mrs. Dietel

Dietel, our modern language teacher, is loved by everyone who knows her. She learned Spanish in Spain and French in Paris, and you may be sure that she is competent.

Mrs. Dietel and her daughter live in the Normal Building, their home being open to all students at any time, no matter if you need counsel, or if you just wish to confide in someone whom you know you can trust and one who really loves you.

Be sure to meet Mrs. Dietel. To meet her is to know her, and to know her is to love her.

C. W. DORTCH



Mr. Dortch

Almost thirty years of teaching music in Pacific Union College and Southwestern Junior College and as head of the Music Department of the latter institution for sixteen years is a good training and experience to bring to Southern Junior College. Professor Dortch, Mrs. Dortch, a son, and daughter are ready to make music a vital part of our community life.

Just a little secret—but don't breathe it to a single person—Professor Dortch is already looking around for a pipe organ and some way to buy it

NELLIE FERREE



Miss Ferree

The slightly-built brunette lady with the broad smile and kind blue eyes is Miss Ferree, critic teacher for grades one to four, superintendent of the Sabbath school, and occupant of the newest cottage on the campus.

There is a reason why other schools have repeatedly tried to secure her services and a reason why she consistently refuses to leave Collegedale. Little children love her for she loves them and has a way about her that appeals to even children grown tall

and about to launch out in a teaching career of their own. She continues to remain here because she loves Collegedale and Collegedale loves her.

GEORGE N. FULLER



Mr. Fuller

If you are expecting a letter, a parcel post package, a trunk, or an express parcel; if you wish to buy a loaf of bread, a rat trap, a chocolate bar, a pair of silk stockings, a shirt, a flashlight, shoe strings, a fountain pen, okra, school books, toothpaste, a war bond, or anything else; if you wish to insure your car or your home, have an army questionnaire notarized, or your income tax returns looked over; if you are puzzled as to the proper time to plant corn or the correct manner of growing sweet potatoes, see Mr. Fuller, the quiet self-sacrificing, unassuming, burnette who knows more about you than you know about him.

He has sat in his office and listened to the world go by, or sauntered aimfully through the store ever since before the other clerk and he were married and while he studied algebra from Miss Jones. Teachers come and teachers go, but Mr. Fuller goes on forever. We could not do without him.

JOHN W. GEPFORD



Mr. Gepford

Mr. Gepford is best known to those students who are so lucky as to be assigned to one of his departments, either the woodshop or the broomshop, which form, with the College Press, the College Industries, Incorporated.

He came to Collegedale five years ago from Keene, Texas, to be superintendent of the broom shop, and a survey of this industry will indicate that his efforts have been rewarded with success. In fact, since this shop was running so satisfactorily, he was asked two years ago to superintend also the woodshop.

But with all these heavy responsibilities, Mr. Gepford is never too busy to stop to give counsel to some discouraged student.

DORA GREVE



Miss Greve

The students in elementary teacher training, as well as the children in grades 5-8, will be glad to meet our new critic teacher. Miss Greve has been teaching church school children for about fifteen years, three of which were spent in the English school in Hong Kong. She comes as a graduate of E. M. C. and ready to join with the Normal Director, Mrs. Dean, and the critic teacher of grades 1-4, Miss Nellie Ferree.

ALBERT N. HALL



Mr. Hall

Mr. Hall, a graduate of Southern Junior College, is quiet, mild-mannered, patient, optimistic, and extremely logical. He is a better than average artist, very adroit with his hands; hence his chosen line of work is printing. He is now acting as superintendent of the College Press.

If you have had much contact with him, you will notice before long his tendency to solve problems, especially mechanical problems, by the cause and effect method.

He has served several times as Sabbath school superintendent. His talks are always natural, witty, and philosophical.

He has a great personality, many friends, both here and afar, and (from all appearances) leads a very happy home life. He dresses neatly, is a tall, slim man over thirty, and has a leaning to Ford automobiles.

JUDSON S. JAMES



Elder James

We are very fortunate to have several of our faculty members who have lived and worked in foreign countries. One who contributes much to the school is Elder James. The school family always looks forward to his talks and sermons with keen anticipation.

Elder James spent thirty years of service in India from which he has a wealth of interesting stories and customs of the people stored up for us. His friends and acquaintances are around the world field. There are few workers in the Adventist denomination that do not know Elder James. He was also personally acquainted with Mrs. E. G. White, having lived in her home for some time.

For the past two years Elder James has been editor of the *Southern Tidings*, a position which he is well qualified to fill. The Collegedale church is greatly benefited by his services as elder.

MAUDE JONES



Miss Jones

Twenty-five years seems like a long time, and it is, in fact, a very long time for one person to stay in

one place and work at one occupation. There is a lovely lady at S. J. C., who has done this and is still as sweet and young at heart as when she came here a quarter of a century ago. She has seen this institution grow from an infant to an adult and she has seen many a student (and his father) do likewise,—hence her sympathetic attitude.

Her conversation is stimulating and interesting in pure, accurate English of the cultured South.

We hope that Miss Jones remains here until the end of time!

HAROLD LEASE



Mr. Lease

Professor Harold Lease, wife, and son Robert are in the boys' home all ready to greet the young men as they arrive at Southern Junior College.

The Dean comes from Mount Vernon Academy where he spent nine years living with and working for young men. He has been teaching science as well as boys, and nature in all of her forms—physical as well as human—is his line of special interest, and he knows both equally well.

The boys' home is to be a real home and you will enjoy your stay with the Leases.

T. K. LUDGATE



Elder Ludgate

Elder Ludgate comes to Southern Junior College as a teacher of Bible and Greek. His fifteen years of evangelism in India gives him a wealth of experience from which to draw for his work of training Bible students and ministerial workers. Dr. Quimby and Elder Ludgate are prepared to make Southern Junior College a strong center where you may get your ministerial course.

Mrs. Ludgate, a daughter, and a son add strength and blessing to our Collegedale family.

DON C. LUDINGTON



Mr. Ludington

No matter what course you are taking, Professor Ludington will be one of your teachers, for College Rhetoric, you see, is necessary in each. You won't be sorry to have him for your teacher, for he has a sense of humor you will enjoy; his patience is illimitable; he knows his subjects, too! (You'll agree with me when you get your first theme back, and see all those red marks on your paper.)

I'd say flower gardening is a hobby of his, judging from the appearance of his yard.

He holds numerous positions, but what we appreciate most about him is the fact that he is a friend of the young people.

GEORGE J. NELSON



Mr. Nelson

If, within the realm of the college a perplexing matter arises, especially if it be of a scientific or mathematical nature, the person of our "brainy" faculty to whom you would likely go, would be Professor Nelson, head of the science department. Problems to him are simply a "snap" because his mind runs like a slide rule. In his congenial way he will push his hair back with one hand, peer through his glasses in a friendly manner, and welcome you with a drawly western, "Howdy"! In the classroom he amazes his students by his mental gymnastics, sometimes leaving them completely in the dark. But don't be discouraged, he allows a liberal discount for this at test time.

JOHN B. PIERSON



Mr. Pierson

Mr. Pierson, the manager of the farm and dairy, is a good-natured, happy, hard-working, Christian gentleman. He is about five and one-half feet tall, has brown hair and penetrating eyes that are always kind and generous. He has a happy family consisting of a wife and a half-grown son, a duplicate of the father. Mr. Pierson is a diligent worker. As a result of his long hours at wearying labor the dining room of the college and the home of every person in the community has benefited greatly.

PAUL E. QUIMBY



Doctor Quimby

Doctor Quimby is well known inside as well as outside of the classroom for his "Chinese" characteristics. Even his walk reminds one of China. He spent many years in that interesting field; nine years as instructor of theology in the China Training Institute, two years as president of that institution, and three years as supervisor of the Chinese Government Institute. He was for several years intimately associated with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Since 1940 Doctor Quimby has been Instructor of Theology at Southern Junior College.

If you should happen to need some advice, consult Doctor Quimby, for he is very sympathetic and helpful. If you do not know Doctor Quimby, go around to the office next to room 306 and get acquainted. You'll soon learn to love him, too. We realize we are very fortunate in having Doctor Quimby on our faculty, and we sincerely hope that he will be with us for many years to come.

NORMA LOU RHODES



Miss Rhodes

While you ate your first meal at Southern Junior College you were wondering if the tall, slender, stately, young lady with the lovely eyes and curly, auburn hair could be the matron. Your guess was right. She is now beginning her second year at planning delightful menus and teaching home economics here, having been graduated at Pacific Union College a little over a year ago. At first

you may think that she is a bit distant, but when she gives you a lovely smile and inquires about your welfare, you immediately change your mind. Her enthusiasm, her youthful outlook on life, and her tactful western frankness endear her to all who know her.

C. A. RUSSELL

If you can find any one in the Southern Union more widely known and more dearly loved than C. A. Russell, we would like to meet him. Professor Russell comes to Southern Junior College with a background of over fifty years in educational work.

He himself wishes you to think of him not as a professor, a teacher, or a supervisor, but rather as a "Grand-dad." You and I both know the significance of that endearing term. May you personally take Professor Russell as your Grand-dad and let him share your burdens and enter into your problems. Mrs. Russell is here to join her husband in the work which is so dear to the heart of man—that of living in the white house by the side of the road and being a *Friend to Man*.

DANIEL WALTHER



Doctor Walther

Dr. Daniel Walther, who has been dean of men for the past school year, is a strong and sturdy gentleman of Swiss descent. Before coming to Southern Junior College, he was president of our school in Cologne, France, and a very able one at that.

You may know him for one who stands firm for what he believes and firmly believes that for which he stands. He never hesitates to voice his opinion when some principle of the institution may be at stake. He has made several improvements in the boy's home, and the boys know it is because he thinks and works for their good instead of his own.

Doctor Walther is instructor of history as well as an artist, a violinist, and a pianist. He understands, writes, and speaks four languages, and is acquainted with a fifth.

The young men look forward to the worship periods each day, for the Doctor always brings a message which is both interesting and more than uplifting. His method of speaking to all alike, is patterned after the simplicity and distinctness of our Master. We believe that his influence will become greater as his place of service is carried on.

ESTHER HOLSTEN-WILLIAMS

At the laundry, working at the mangle, seated at the desk, or helping somewhere around, you will find Mrs.



Mrs. Williams

Williams, the congenial supervisor of the laundry crew. You will know her at once by her cheery greeting and winning smile. Through the months to come, you will learn that she is patient and glad to help you in any way—from finding that button that came off your dress, to patching another that tore in the laundry, even though you know it has had enough wear to be completely in shreds.

One favorite trick of hers completely wins the hearts of the laundry workers. Whenever one of them has a birthday, she always knows it somehow, and appears on that day with a treat, perhaps apple pie, or maybe "brownies" and ice cream. But just ask when her birthday is and she will answer, "When one gets as old as I am, one doesn't have birthdays." (You'd think she was really old, wouldn't you?)

W. E. WILLIAMS



Mr. Williams

One of the first faculty members you will meet on entering Southern Junior College is a trim looking nurse in a long white coat. Mr. W. E. Williams' quiet efficient manner and professional dignity commands the respect and admiration of us all.

Mr. Williams recently spent three months in the Cook County Medical Graduate School in Chicago, Illinois, taking some special work in laboratory technique.

His work in Chicago will be particularly helpful this year, because he will be able to do many of the various laboratory tests which in the past have had to be done at a hospital. This will prove to be a saving to the student as well as to the school.

In the six years he has been at Southern Junior College he has rendered very acceptable service and by his clear thinking and quick action has saved the lives of several of our school family. We appreciate the unselfish and faithful attitude that he has shown in his work.

EDITH COBET-WILLIAMS

You won't be long at Southern Junior College until you will become



Mrs. Williams

acquainted with the neat white-clad form you see dashing quickly but quietly about doing her ministry to the sick and suffering. Not that you plan to get sick, but all students must have their preliminary examination, and, too, you know at times there is always a chance of getting a cold, poison ivy, or the stomach ache from the too familiar "midnight feeds."

She always wears a smiling face as you see in the picture and has a cheery greeting for everyone, which will help you understand her nurses' way.

She is a graduate from the Florida Sanitarium and Hospital. She teaches some of the pre-nursing subjects and has proved to be as efficient and capable in the classroom as in her duties as school nurse.

We are thankful for the influence she has had on us, and especially for the inspiration she gives to all future R. N.'s.

THEODORA WIRAK



Miss Wirak

If you plan to be enrolled as a student in Southern Junior College for the school term of 1942-43, on Monday, September 14, 1942, at 9.00 A. M., or in the forty-eight hours following, you will most likely make or renew your acquaintance of Miss Wirak, the genial registrar. During the weeks following, many will visit her again for checking their transcripts, checking their programs, and possibly making a change in their classwork. There may be several times during the year in which you will have occasion to visit Miss Wirak, and possibly you will receive an attendance notice (popularly known as a "yellow slip.") Once every six weeks the grade reports come from the registrar's office—this may be a happy occasion and it may not be. It is Miss Wirak who checks your credits for registration and it is she who checks them again for graduation.

Miss Wirak is from Minnesota, her home being in Lancaster. She attended Maplewood Academy and graduated from Union College,

You will find Miss Wirak business-like, efficient, and always ready to help you.

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SOUTHERN JUNIOR COLLEGE



OPENING PROGRAM A JOYOUS OCCASION

There was an air of expectancy over the chapel at Southern Junior College, Monday night, September fourteen. New students, old students, parents, and friends had gathered to become better acquainted with the faculty for the coming school year.

Mr. Wayne Foster led in singing that mighty tribute to a wonderful country, "America the Beautiful." The students who had been here in previous years sang the college song with which we shall all soon become familiar. "Wake the Song of Joy and Gladness" was appropriate for the opening song of this joyful occasion. Elder C. A. Russell, who is new on the faculty here, but who is an old friend to most of the students, offered the opening prayer, asking God's blessing and guidance in the new school year.

The faculty members were introduced individually by the President, D. E. Rebok, and if the applause which followed each introduction has anything to do with it the faculty here must already have won their way into the hearts of the students.

President Rebok, who has had much experience in the educational work, both in this country and in China, told us the need of a Christian education as something to build on in this day when most education is based upon doubt.

Dr. P. E. Quimby, head of the Bible department, who has been here for two years, responded to the president's address on behalf of the faculty.

If each student could have responded individually to the President's message his response would have expressed much the same thoughts as those brought out by Miss Juanita Carithers who is a senior here this year.

RETURNED MISSIONARY THRILLS AUDIENCE

On the evening of September 23, the students and staff of Southern Junior College met in the college chapel.

It was the evening worship time to be taken by Elder R. B. Thurber, a returned missionary from India.

He told many interesting experiences concerning his home voyage. Then Mrs. Thurber showed some beautiful costumes of the different classes of India, modeled by some of the students of the school.

The cream of the program was a film that gave each a burning desire to see more of this country.

I am sure that all went away greatly enlightened on India and its beauties.

PIPE ORGAN A REALITY

A Pipe Organ? A Pipe Organ! Can it be true? Are my dreams and your dreams coming true? Yes, it is a fact and the best part about it is we are getting it *now*, not next spring or one year from now. You couldn't even call it a Thanksgiving or Christmas present but you can almost call it an opening-of-school present. Maybe we shouldn't call it a present exactly because the board, faculty, students, patrons, alumni, and friends of the great Southern Union are raising the funds for this fine organ.

Cause for great rejoicing comes from the fact that such a large proportion of the money is already at hand, that, by the time this issue is in your hands, the organ, which is a beautifully-toned, three-manual Wurlitzer will be in a truck and on its way here from the State of Massachusetts with its builder, Mr. Bradford Bradley, who plans to have it installed by the twenty-fourth of October.

President Gives Opening Reception

FIRST SOCIAL EVENT A REAL WELCOME

Miss New Student." These were the words that introduced us to the long line of faculty members who had assembled in the college dining-room for the annual handshake and first social event of the school year. New students were made to feel welcome and at home while old students entered into the spirit of "auld lang syne."

After the last student had been introduced and the warm atmosphere of Southern hospitality was prevalent, President Rebok gave a short welcoming address to the entire group and Elder J. S. James invoked Heaven's blessing upon the gathering.

Northerners, Southerners, Easterners, and Westerners then united in singing "Dixie," and as the last notes died out there came into the heart of each student the feeling that he was indeed a member of the S. J. C. family.

The program continued as Doctor Walther rendered two selections on his violin. Although his mother maintains that he played much better when he was nine than he does now, the hearty applause following his numbers was indication enough of the appreciation by the students.

The girls' trio—consisting of Misses Duke, Starkey, and Belz—then favored the group with two vocal numbers.

Not the most, but certainly not the least important part of the program, was the refreshments, an attractive selection of sweets, which were next served. To add to the enjoyment of good eats, Margarita Dietel entertained with a piano solo and Mrs. Batson gave two readings.

The men's quartet followed, rendering another selection which carried forward the theme of the evening, "Down South." To conclude the program, Professor Dortch, head of the music department, led the audience in singing "God Bless America" and Elder C. A. Russell pronounced the benediction.



Send your contribution to the Treasurer, Southern Junior College.

At the conclusion of the installation Mr. Bradley is giving the first concert on the organ which is a benefit concert to help put the student campaign over the top. The students have launched an enthusiastic campaign to raise the last \$500 and they plan to sell enough tickets at \$1.00 or more each for this concert to raise this \$500.

Several music students are very enthusiastic to take lessons on this fine pipe organ and it begins to appear

as though we shall not be able to accommodate all the requests for lessons on the instrument, however we shall do all we can to accommodate everyone.

Now is the time to send in your donations for this worthy cause, so we shall be looking for your \$100, \$50, and \$25 donations or any other greater or smaller amount that you see fit to give. Help us put this campaign over the top by the time the organ is installed on October 24.

MRS. CHAMPION ENTERTAINS GIRLS

If you had chanced to drop by North Hall at Southern Junior College Thursday evening, September 24, you would have known at a glance that something unusual was up. The girls were all dressed up in their "Sunday-go-to-meetin' dresses" and were all headed in the same direction namely, the parlor of North Hall.

If you had been curious enough to fall in line and follow the ever-growing stream of girls, you would have soon found out that you had happened at Southern Junior College on a most important evening. Yes, you've guessed it. It was the night of the buffet supper given each year by Mrs. Mary I. Champion, dean of women, for "her girls."

The custom is for each "new" girl to be the guest of an "old" girl and for them all to be the guest of Mrs. Champion.

After the supper, consisting of macaroni and cheese served *en caserole*, lime gelatin salad, hot buttered rolls, and frosted chocolate milk, was served. Mrs. Champion called the second meeting of the Dasowaketa Club to order. The purpose of the meeting was to elect the officers for the first semester. The two nominees for each office were presented by Miss Georgette Damon, chairman of the

(Continued on page two)

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

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Being a Dean

By Mary I. Champion

A few years ago I stood on the rostrum of a Christian college, extended my hand to receive my diploma and thrilled to hear my name mentioned as one of ten upon whom was conferred the bachelor of science degree. My college days were over, I had lived with several hundred girls in North Hall, ate with them at mealtime, shared their secrets, laughed with them; we skated at the pond on the lower flats, we played tennis on the town court, we studied together, and we sat with each other in church. But now I was graduated, my sheepskin was in my hand, and I was no longer a student of that particular college. I felt happy to face the world prepared (little did I know how unprepared I really was).

The summer slipped by and September found me a dean of girls in an academy near the Great Lakes. Again I was to live in a dormitory—would play with girls, would laugh with them, would study with them, would pray with them. There was no difference in my college days, but this time I would love them more, I would plan things for them to do, and I could help them more. How thrilled I was to have the privilege! Each new day found me thinking of ways to help a discouraged one here, and another there who had a knotty problem to solve. It was thrilling to direct their attention at the worship hour to a worthwhile topic of interest to the adolescent mind.

One evening after supper, I sought the refuge of my room for a quiet moment of prayer before worship began. Outside I could hear the careless laughter of young girls and I prayed that during this worship hour I might say something that might give them a new inspiration. As I rose I heard muffled voices just outside my door saying, "No, you ask her, I'm scared to." "No, you do it, I'd rather not." For a moment I was puzzled—afraid to ask me a simple question—I who only yesterday was one of them. I had not changed, my clothes were the same, my appearance the same, my heart, my desires had not changed; girls never before had been afraid. Yes, for only a moment I was puzzled for I remembered now I was a dean, a teacher but still a human being with a girl's heart and they were afraid to come in. Ever since that evening I have been conscious of the fact that I must put forth a special effort to break down that barrier between teacher and student.

Many times I have tried to analyze the reason for it all, but the deductions only make the problem seem more unreasonable: A teacher prepared to help young people; a young person seeking help, and yet each estranged to the other. Students, seek the friendship of your teachers—I do not mean the "polishing apple" friendship, but experience the companionship of at least one teacher

this year. You will cherish it as long as you live. For many years I have discovered among students some of my finest friends. Most of them are loyal, sincere, and anxious to learn—I cherish, dearly, the moments I spend with my student friends.

If, during the coming school year, it would be apparent that all teachers and students were working for the common interest of each other, this year would be one of unforgettable success.

MRS. CHAMPION ENTERTAINS

(Continued from page one)

nominating committee chosen at the previous meeting.

The officers were then chosen by secret ballot and the results were these: *President*, Miss Jean Duke; *Vice-President*, Miss Jane Summerour; *Secretary*, Miss Patsy Bell; *Treasurer*, Miss Frances Greek; *Critic*, Miss Allyne Plyer; *Pianist*, Miss Merlyn Parks.

Following a vocal duet by Miss Jean Duke and Miss Opal Hust the motion was made and seconded that the meeting be adjourned.

Those serving as hostesses were Miss Rhodes, Mrs. Champion, Mrs. Batson, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Gepford.

Waiters were Mr. John Keplinger Mr. Wayne Foster and Mr. George Meister while Mr. Pat Murphy furnished the musical background.

The guest of honor was Mrs. Rebok, wife of our beloved president.



Administration Building

PICNIC SUPPER

If you're fat you like them, if you're skinny you like them, tall, short, old, or young. Can you guess? Yes, picnic suppers!

Last Tuesday evening a most delicious supper was served on the lawn of the Normal Building. The menu consisted of piping hot zoyburgers with pickles and onions, vegetable salad, egg sandwiches, orangeade, and ice cream.

After eating this tasty meal everyone gathered on the lawn for worship. All joined in singing several hymns after which Professor Lease gave a short talk. Prayer was offered and students returned to their work and study, many looking eagerly forward to the next picnic supper.

The President's Column

TIME—THE STUDENT'S GREATEST ASSET

D. E. Rebok

"The proverb that time is money understates the case. Time is the inexplicable raw material of everything. Without it nothing is possible. The supply of time is truly a daily miracle. You wake up in the morning, and lo! your purse is magically filled with twenty-four hours of unmanufactured tissue of your life! It is yours. The most precious possession showered upon you in a manner as singular as the commodity itself.

"For remark! It is unstealable. And no one receives either more or less than you receive. Wealth or genius is never rewarded by even an extra hour a day. And there is no punishment. Waste this precious commodity as you will, and the supply will never be withheld from you." So says a wise man.

Yes, dear student, to you is given twenty-four hours of time each day. That is your asset out of which to make a life and on which you have to live. Time and its use are the essence of life.

Sometimes we hear students say, "I shall do this or that when I have a little more time." Few of us realize that we have, and always have had, all the time there is ever given to any individual. You have as much time today as you will have tomorrow. There is no use to wait for a greater portion than you are given today. The success or failure in life does not depend on the amount of time that you are given but upon the way you use the time given you. With the same amount of time some people make a grand success and roll up a long list of achievements and write their names big in the hall of fame; while others to whom is given the same amount of the same material—*time*—never accomplish a thing worth while and never have the time to undertake anything.

College students differ as to the amount of money they have to spend, the kind of clothes they have to wear, but *everyone* of them has the same amount of time—168 hours each week—to be used as he desires or may be advised.

The important thing about it all is, how shall each one of them use that 168 hours of precious time? There is one satisfying thing about it all, and that is not one of them can waste it in advance. The next day, the next hour, the next minute are lying ready for each student as perfect and unspoiled as if he had never wasted a single minute or hour before.

The old Chinese proverb says, "An inch of time is an inch of gold, but an inch of gold cannot buy an inch of time. When once it is lost it can never be found or recalled." The people of every nation have learned this lesson, but sad to say so few know its real meaning and significance.

For each of us is given a solid coin of time to spend each day—so much gold—or call it what you will. Each of us must exchange it for something out of which life is made, but how heavily most of us lose in the exchange—perhaps five minutes here and five minutes there are just lost and we seem content to have it so.

At the beginning of this school year I wish each student would do a little figuring somewhat along the following line:

Studies reveal that college students spend an average of 56 hours a week in sleep. Taking that away from our 168 we have 112 hours left.

One and a half hours a day or ten and a half hours a week are spent at meals and that leaves 101 and one-half hours.

Some time is used each week in walking back and forth to college classes and appointments—say five hours a week or a balance of ninety-six and one-half hours.

Surveys among college students show that they spend an average of ten and one-half hours a week in dressing, bathing, shaving, getting hair cuts, shampoos, and all other varied activities that come under the heading of personal care. That leaves eighty-six hours of our week.

Seventh-day Adventist students spend two and one-half hours a week in evening worship, one hour in chapel service, six hours on Sabbath in religious meetings, or a balance of seventy-six and one-half hours that don't just automatically spend themselves each week.

Think of it, only seventy-six and one-half hours in which to accomplish all the many worthwhile things which make up a college life and result in a college education.

Looking at the college program for the week we find that

the average full-time class schedule in any college is sixteen or seventeen hours a week. This brings us down to sixty hours left of our total wealth of 168 hours a week.

The average Seventh-day-Adventist college student must earn a part of his way through school, or about twenty to twenty-five hours a week must be spent in some kind of manual labor. This leaves thirty-five.

The college authorities say that two hours should be spent in preparation for each hour in the class room. But studies and surveys have shown "that students with average minds who are making C averages in grades were averaging about twenty-three hours a week of study" for full class loads.

If studies become a bit more difficult for you than for others, it may be that you will need the full thirty-two hours for preparation of lessons instead of the twenty-three. A bit of subtraction gives the result that we have from three to twelve hours left each week for all other activities which might and possibly should form a part of a college student's week—his 168 hours.

Experience and observation have proven, and surveys have shown that not many students can carry more than fifteen to twenty-five hours of remunerative labor along with a full class load of sixteen or seventeen hours a week and do justice to both with satisfying scholastic and achievement results. This is the load which good health will permit.

"Occasionally one comes upon a heroic soul carrying a full-time remunerative job—perhaps forty-two hours per week—while he also goes to college full-time. And a very few seem to get away with this kind of arrangement. They seem to for awhile, but I've never seen anyone who could manage it successfully. One girl who carried this sort of load with courage and apparent equanimity for two years, tried in her junior year to commit suicide for no reason other than that she was utterly tired."

Seventh-day Adventist colleges solve this problem by allowing a graduated scale or ratio between class work and manual or industrial work. Under our plan a student who has to do forty hours of remunerative work will carry eight semester hours or half of a class load. The student who works thirty hours a week in the industry will carry three-fourths or twelve semester hours of a class load.

Now we have all but one phase of the picture before us. When sleeping, eating, working, studying, and resting are all cared for, the student in our college has from three to twelve hours a week left to do the things which we consider necessary to give quality and zest to the development of the individual whom we call "me."

What about sports, and exercise, and social relations, and leisure time activities? In other words, we have three to twelve hours a week to spend on human and spiritual relationships.

Friend of mine, what are you doing with that precious three to twelve hours? No one can give you any extra hours. You have entrusted to you just so many—168 to be exact—

News Briefs

Some new furniture has added much to the comfort of the men of South Hall. Several beautiful upholstered easy chairs have been put in the parlor.

Collegedale is without doubt one of the beauty spots of the United States. Especially lovely is its sheer beauty at this time of the year when the beautiful green leaves on the multifarious species of trees surrounding the school begin to turn many shades of delightful colors. Miles and miles of pristine beauty unfold to the land-viewer as he lets his eye rove over the horizon. If you enjoy the pleasures Mother Nature supplies, hurry to Collegedale.

Although not much is heard about the woodshop, work is progressing well under the guidance of Mr. Gepford. In the past week about four or five carloads of furniture have gone out besides some truckloads of ironing boards.

Every week at S. J. C., about three hundred loaves of bread are baked at the college bakery. Then on Friday about seventy-two dozen cinnamon rolls are baked for supper.

hours in each week of your life.

Before you is a new school year—thirty-eight weeks—freighted with golden opportunities. What will you do with them? As your future becomes your past, the secret of controlling your time as you turn your hour-by hour into a happier and more contented person would seem to lie along two lines:

"(1) Make a study of your hours. See what the fixed charges are. Find out how many hours of your week you can really spend as you wish. Analyze each day to see just when these single 'disposable' hours occur. Think through the various experiences you want to have as a part of your college life. Don't let one greedy experience crowd out others that you really don't want to neglect. Make a skeleton weekly budget of the way you want to spend your time. Paste it in your notebook and try to follow it. Check back over the past week occasionally to see how your plan for spending your time might be improved.

"(2) Make the time spent on each thing count for as much as possible. Make your eight hours of sleep a good eight hours every night. Use your hour and one-half hours at meals to get into your body food that is optimum in terms of vitamins, minerals, calories quantity. In class, really use the time to get every last bit out of that experience. When you're studying, really study—don't sit and turn pages without any constructive results. When you play, really play. As you spend each hour of your little store, see that it gets for you the best results possible of the sort you had planned: exercise, sleep, study, friendliness.

"And the best of luck to you as you practice the most important art of all: 'The art of using time.'"

During the course of the summer attention has been given to something which has given skates a "headache" for a good while at S. J. C. The floor of the "gym," which has been very rough and cracked, is being repaired; the cracks are being filled and a new finish is being put on the whole floor.

At first one might think it was a "yellow jacket," but at second glance it might be noticed that it was rather large for an insect, but it was still yellow. What was it? It was none other than L. F. Roberts dropping in on us for a little visit. He is now teaching flying, and while on a cross-country flight he landed his little yellow plane on "Rebok Field" and visited with us a little while. Then he was on his way again.

Mr. C. Chastain and his family, will be members of our school family soon. Mr. Chastain has sold his farm, which will eventually be covered with the reservoir waters of the TVA dam, near Paris, Tenn. He has purchased a farm near Collegedale.

The girls of North Hall are very proud of the dormitory this year, and rightly so. While many were home this summer on their vacations many new improvements and outstanding changes were made on third floor. All the rooms with the exception of the four new rooms on either end, were repainted, replastered, and the floors were done over.

A certain young man from Tampa, Florida, who is attending school here, chanced to meet a young lady in Chattanooga whom he invited to enjoy a soda with him. When he started to pay the waitress he was embarrassed to discover that he had picked up his roommate's empty billfold when he left school. It's a good thing the young lady possessed twenty cents.

STUDENT ROSTER

(Continued from page 7)

Mina Ruth Hayward Doris Walker
 Claudine Hopkins Edna Wells
 Ross Hughes Lillian Wiggins
 Janice Woods

Indiana

Clarence Griffin John Keplinger

Kentucky

Bayard Benfield Wanda Lee Holland
 Lois Hickman Bill Leet
 Emma Mae Ryon

Louisiana

Rex Callicott Ben Gardener
 Bobbie Johnson

Maryland

Elizabeth Crisman Alfred Jennings
 Annella Ewaschuk Gunter Kock
 Yolanda Gonzalez Doris Martin

Michigan

Lloyd Knecht Donald Perry

Minnesota

Ann Gurban

Mississippi

Clyde Brooks Helen Lancaster
 Robert Callicott Lois McKee
 Katherine Kessell Alice Perkins

Ruby Lee Vickers

Missouri

Frances McClellan

New Mexico

Opal Hust

North Carolina

Rachel Atkins Dorothy Lewis
 Roland Blackburn Grayce Marquis
 Marilynn Byrd Merlyn Parks
 Joseph Crews Craig Parrish
 Gladys Finch Beatrice Ralls
 Gerald Harvey Max Ritchie
 Mary Belle Hedrick Ella Simpson
 Frank Jobe Naomi Smith

Cecil Walter

Ohio

Marie Guinn Joanna Russell

Oklahoma

Donna Connell Jean Duke

South Carolina

Edward Reynolds

Tennessee

Dorothy Abston Thomas Hicks
 Betty Aiken Sarah Hooper
 Ruby Aikman Betty Howard
 Delota Ake Ruth Howard
 Kathryn Anderson Edith James
 Martha J. Anderson Marjorie Johnson
 Betty Baessler Evelyn Kelle
 Mabel Bennett Mary Sue Keele
 Betty J. Bottomley Raymond Kelly
 Robert Bottomley Martin Kelly
 Harvey Bowen Evelyn Kirkham
 Kenneth Boynton Lorene Kirkwood
 Dwight Brown Elijah Layton
 Don Byrd Marguerite Layton
 Iris Byrd Vivian Lehman
 Ted Byrd Wendolyn Lehman
 Margaret Carpenter Jimmie Linderman
 Chalmer Chastain Kathryn Longley
 Margaret Cooper George Meister
 Don Connor Hazel Moore
 Annie Jean Dalton Miriam Moore
 Dorothy Davis Joel Moses
 Ilene Davis K. McAlexander
 Lorraine Davis Becky Sue Nix
 Margaret DeNoyer Heleri Park
 John DeNoyer James Poteete
 Margarita Dietel Robert Pound
 Corrine Dortch Jean Rebok
 Verne Dortch Ruth Risetter
 Inez Dowlan Eloise Rogers
 Agnes Ellis Ray Rogers
 Daniel Fleenor Lawrence Scales

Mary Frances Linderman-Scales

Herbert Fleenor Anna Soule
 James Ford Martha Soule
 Olive Ford Edwina Smith
 Wylie Fowler Duane Swanson
 Fred Fuller Robert Swafford
 George Virely Fuller June Thorpe
 LaVerne Fuller Alice Umlauf
 Mae Gerber Doris Umlauf
 Mildred Gerber Frank Umlauf
 Louise Gracey Thetis Webster
 Corinne Graham Clarence Wellman
 Delice Graham Elaine Williams
 James Graham Gaillard Williams
 Virgie Gray Charles Wood
 Jack Griffith Elaine Wood
 Thomas Hamilton Robert Wood
 Ann Harper Margaret Wrenn
 Martha Haskins Marie Wrenn
 Theresa Haskins Wilma Young
 Melvin Hickman

Texas

Wanda Lou Cheek Jimmy Lynn

Virginia

Mildred Bendall Georgette Damon
 Esther Bonner Evelyn Goodson
 Mary Sue Callis Donald Rima

Dorothy Rima

Canada

Marguerite Piggott

Cuba

Virginia Murray

Puerto Rico

Rene Hernandez

School Family Enjoys Week-end Services

VARIETY OF PROGRAMS ATTRACT LARGE AUDIENCES

The gathering of an earnest group of students for the first session of the ministerial seminar on Friday evening, September 18, opened the spiritual activities of the new school year at Southern Junior College. The obvious delight of old students in renewing the benefits of the association, the eagerness of newcomers to be permitted to participate in the privileges of the group, and the rousing welcome given by our leader, combined to emphasize the fact that the theological students plan to make this year one that will be utilized to the utmost in preparation for soul-winning service.

The faculty prayer meeting, which convened at 7 p. m., was an all-too-brief season of precious intercession during which many heartfelt petitions were presented to the All-wise Father for the triumphant journey of the entire campus family through the new school year. Before this service closed many students had assembled in the chapel and were enjoying a beautiful song service. Hearts were brought into closer contact with heaven as the joyous hymns of trust, love, and longing for the perfect home that awaits the pilgrims of faith, rang out over the hills and fields of beautiful Collegedale. Following the inspiring address given by Dr. P. E. Quimby at the vesper hour, many of the congregation seized the opportunity to give expression to their love for the Lord Who has done so much for us all. Surely there was joy in the celestial courts as those messages of gratitude and courage, issuing from hearts that know the deep abiding joy of communion with the Lord, were carried aloft by the attendant angels.

It was a greatly-appreciated privilege to meet again on Sabbath morning at the Sabbath school hour. The newly-appointed officers, with Miss N. Ferree at their head, gave ample evidence of their determination to maintain and even improve the high standard of achievement which characterizes this department of church life.

The intensely interesting address given by the well-beloved director of extension, Professor Russell, held the attention of the capacity congregation at the preaching service. The theme of Professor Russell's study was "God's Peculiar People," and as he unfolded the responsibilities and privileges of belonging to this chosen company, many resolutions were undoubtedly made concerning greater loyalty to the distinguishing peculiarities of those who are called to "shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."

As the lengthening shadows warned us that the sacred hours of God's day were fast slipping into eternity, the chapel was filled with a happy band of worshippers, eager to enjoy the evening hour of prayer and praise which marked the end of this first Sabbath of the new school year. The

music featured by the choir and special soloists under the guidance of Professor Dortch, played a very important part in making the services of the day so enjoyable and reverent.

The only regret that might be entertained regarding these seasons of spiritual refreshing is the thought that all who love the Lord don't have the joy of serving Him amid such glorious surroundings as those that delight the eye at Collegedale, but we look forward to the time when war and sin shall be no more, and God's people shall rejoice in the untold wonders of the heavenly home.

FROM "OUR BOYS"

Station Hospital, Med., Dept.,
Fort McClellan, Ala.

I suppose you heard how I was put into a combat unit when I first came down here, but transferred to the station hospital. I am working in one of the regimental dispensaries and like the work very much.

I haven't been to a church service since I left Collegedale, but I do, at the present time, have the privilege of listening to one of our evangelists who is holding meetings in the town of Anniston, which is about six miles from the Fort. Just lately elder Keith has begun a Bible Question Hour on Sabbath afternoons. I am able to get off on Sabbath except for sick call and when they give shots.

There are three other S. D. A. boys in the camp that I know of, two of which are in the medical detachment, and work in the laboratory.

I always enjoy getting the SCROLL so I can know what the other students and ex-students are doing.

Sincerely yours,
P. F. C., Norman Hamer

BOYS' CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

Monday evening, September 28, the men of South Hall convened in the first official meeting of the Triangle Club. The new officers are: *President*, Philip Lemon *Vice-President*, John Keplinger *Secretary*, Pat Murphy *Treasurer*, Earl McGhee *Parliamentarian*, George Meister *Sergeant-at-arms*, Darryl Chisholm

COLLINS - HALVORSEN

In the presence of some two-hundred friends and relatives assembled at the Cedar Lake Academy Chapel on August 23, Miss Betty Jane Halvorsen was married to Orla L. Collins, of Ceresco, Michigan. Elder W. E. Straw, uncle of the bride, performed the wedding ceremony after which a reception was held on the lawn of the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Halvorsen.

We wish this young couple much happiness in their new home at Ceresco, Michigan.

Summer Weddings

Nixon-Hust—Miss Mary Lou Nixon and Corporal William Austin Hust were united in marriage June 4, at Coffeyville, Kansas, home of the bride. Both will be remembered as students of S. J. C. Corporal Hust was a member of the Class of '41.

After a honeymoon, their home will be in Oklahoma City, where Corporal Hust is head of the surgical ward in Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma.

Duge-Franz—At "The Little Chapel of the Dawn" in Santa Monica, California, on August 6 at 7:30 o'clock, Maisie Rosaltha Franz, class of '42, became the bride of Karl Davis Duge, a former student of S. J. C. Elder W. W. White, pastor of the Sanitarium church at Loma Linda, performed the ceremony. The bride designed her gown of white lace and satin, and carried a bouquet of white roses and stephanotis centered around a white orchid. Mrs. John Duge, sister of the bride (class of '33), was the bride's only attendant, and Dr. John Duge, brother of the groom (class of '31), was his attendant. Mr. C. O. Franz, father of the bride, accompanied her down the aisle.

The wedding reception followed at the home of the groom's mother, where many beautiful gifts were displayed. Cake, ice cream, and punch were served to the relatives and close friends, before the couple left for a mountain resort for their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Duge are at home at 3126 Broadway, Santa Monica, California.

Their many friends of Southern Junior College wish them much happiness and God's blessings.

Linderman-Scales—The nuptial vows of Miss Mary Frances Linderman and Mr. Lawrence Scales, both students of S. J. C., were spoken in the S. D. A. church in Knoxville, Tennessee, at eight o'clock on Sunday evening, August 9. White gladioli and ferns formed a beautiful background for the service performed by Elder J. C. Thompson, of Atlanta, Georgia. The bride was gowned in white marquisette and lace, with a train of net, and carried a bouquet of white rose buds and gardenias. Mr. Linderman, father of the bride, accompanied her to the altar. The bride's attendants were Agnes Ellis, maid of honor, and Mrs. Bob Barto, Misses Louise Ellis and Geraldine Bates, who all wore white gowns designed alike and carrying very colorful bouquets. Mr. Jimmie Linderman, brother of the bride, was best man. The ushers were James Bates, John Keplinger, and George Meister, friends from S. J. C.

Immediately following the wedding, a reception was held for the bridal party, relatives, and friends in the home of the bride's parents. The honeymoon trip was taken to Chicago, Illinois.

Many good wishes go with Mr. and Mrs. Scales from their friends of the school family.

ENROLLMENT REACHES NEARLY 300

We are happy that our school this year is as large as it is. Because of war conditions, we naturally didn't expect as large an enrollment as in previous years, but although our manpower is somewhat less than it has been, we feel very thankful that there are as many young men, as well as young women, who have come to Southern Junior College to get a Christian education.

Our total enrollment is 246 besides forty-eight in our Elementary school. Of this 246, 118 are college students, 127 academy students. There are ninety-two boys and 153 girls. Twenty-one states are represented and three foreign countries; Canada, Cuba, and Puerto Rico, are represented by one from each.

We might also mention the fact that we have a large representation of ex-missionaries from many countries. Among these the greatest number has served in that great field of China.

In view of present world conditions, each young person enrolled in Southern Junior College should feel to thank God that he is still able to continue his education in one of our Christian schools.

The outlook for this school year is very encouraging despite the distracting conditions that exist in the world around us.

Fellow young people, let us make the best of our opportunities this school year, for none knows what another year may bring forth.

STUDENT ROSTER

Alabama	
James Allen	James Lewis
Lee Clark	Lamar McDaniel
Edward Crawford	Hervey E. McClure
William Giles	Irene Miller
Frances Greek	Jack Parnell
Fred Greek	Ruth Smith
Dorsey Henderson	Eleanor Wise
Dorothy Wolfe	
Arkansas	
Wayne Foster	Margie Morgan
Colorado	
Gladys Little	
Florida	
Marguerite Abel	Ted Lysek
Jack Alford	Dot McCullough
Patricia Bell	Marian Miles
Farrell Brown	Evelyn Minnick
Mildred Bullock	Pansy Parker
Juanita Carithers	Doris Rogers
Flossie Carter	Allyne Plyer
Nellie Carter	Dorothy Reed
La Filse Chaney	Herbert Rogers
Darrell Chisholm	Regina Ross
Betty Cook	Earl Salhany
Pauline Dunlap	Nina Jane Sands
Leonard Evans	Robert Schwindt
Bernice Hasty	James Shepard
Rogers Henderson	Frank Tidwell
Elvine Jones	Lula Ann Tunison
Veda Knight	Jack Ward
Philip Lemon	Doris Rogers
Georgia	
Angelyn Allen	Kathryn McCarty
Pansy Alstine	Earl McGhee
Angie Baker	Pat Murphy
Elizabeth Brooke	Mary Philmon
Ethel Cochran	William Schomberg
Reba Dubberly	Roland Semmens
Harriet Echols	Frank Shultz
Mary Ellen Field	Jane Summerour

(Continued on page two)

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

Volume XIV

Collegedale, Tennessee, November, 1942

Number 11

HISTORIC FOUNDATIONS OF OUR FAITH REVIEWED

In order that we might better understand the history of this great advent movement and its position in the light of prophetic interpretation, Elder L. E. Froom took a week from his busy program to visit us recently.

Elder Froom is editor of the *Ministry* and has been an outstanding figure in the collection of advent source material for several years. His searchings have led him to the four corners of the earth in collecting these manuscripts, photostats and reproductions.

Combining a very pleasing personality with an immense amount of knowledge and several hundred slides, Elder Froom held the attention of a large audience every night.

The central theme of his message was that we as Adventists are not the promulgators of a new, unheard-of doctrine, but that we are simply a link in that great chain of God's people that has come down through the ages. In no period of earth's history has God been without His witnesses. We are the final consummation of that great message which has been kept alive by those before us. The most emphatic statement made by Elder Froom was: "Nothing is so powerful as a truth whose time has come." When we realize our place in God's great plan it makes us proud to be Seventh-day Adventists.

Elder Froom spoke to the Ministerial Association on two occasions, giving much helpful counsel.

We thank Elder Froom for his interest in our school and his willingness to lay other things aside to bring us these helpful messages.

FAMED READER PRESENTS MOUNTAIN SKETCHES

We always welcome visitors at Southern Junior College, especially, when they come for the express purpose of furnishing us with an evening's entertainment, as was the case Saturday evening, October 17, 1942, when Miss Irene Bewley, of Greenville, South Carolina, was here with her large repertoire of readings and amusing sketches of the Tennessee mountains.

This is the second time Southern Junior College has been favored by a visit from the eminent Miss Bewley. "The last time being twenty-three year ago come next corn huskin' time."

We were happy to have Miss Bewley and hope that she will return soon.

Teachers' Institute Convenes Here

Twenty-eight Teachers Attend Sessions

The Teachers' Institute for the Georgia-Cumberland Conference was held at Southern Junior College, October 8-12.

The personnel consisted of Elder K. A. Wright, President D. E. Rebok, Elder R. I. Keate, Dr. P. E. Quimby, Elder C. A. Russell, Mrs. Olivia Dean, Mrs. D. E. Rebok, Prof. D. C. Ludington, Prof. C. W. Dortch, Elder T. S. Copeland, Prof. H. M. Lodge, and Dr. J. F. Schneider. Twenty-eight Georgia-Cumberland teachers attended.

Many helpful subjects were presented to the teachers and students who wished to attend. Some of the subjects were as follows: "The School's Part in Time of War," "Christian Discipline," "Teaching and the Value of Music," "The Home and School," "Understanding Boys and Girls," "Nature Study," and many others.

The church school gave several interesting demonstrations under the direction of Miss Nellie Ferree, Miss Dora Greve, and Mrs. Olivia Brickman-Dean.

NOTED ORGANIST GIVES DEDICATORY CONCERT

The latest musical acquisition of Southern Junior College is a beautiful three-manual Wurlitzer pipe organ, which has recently been installed by Mr. Bradford Braley, of Gardner, Massachusetts.

This beautiful instrument was formally dedicated the evening of October 31, at a recital given by Mr. Braley. He was assisted by Mrs. Olive Batson, reader; Professor C. W. Dortch, and the Southern Junior College A Cappella Choir.

The concert began immediately after the dedicatory prayer which was offered by Professor Frederick Griggs, Chairman of the Board of the College of Medical Evangelists.

Offenbach's brilliant "Overture to Orpheus" was the first number. Mr. Braley's versatility and facile technique was displayed throughout this selection. Mr. Braley's own arrangement of several old gospel melodies was greatly enjoyed, and Mrs. Batson's reading, "The White Cliffs of Dover," by Duer Miller, completed the first group. An appropriate organ background lent much to the reading. Liszt's "Liebestraume" and several familiar patriotic airs arranged by Mr. Braley brought the program to the half-way mark.

After the intermission the A Cappella Choir, under the direction of Professor C. W. Dortch, sang two selections:

(Continued on page 4)


TEACHERS ATTEND EAST TENNESSEE CONVENTION

There were a few vacant seats on the rostrum Friday, October 30. The reason for this is that the absent members were attending the East Tennessee Educational Association, at Knoxville. Those who were thus privileged to attend were:

Miss Ferree, Miss Greve, Professor Boyd, Professor Ludington, Miss Wirak, Mr. Howard, and two of the student teachers, Juanita Carithers, and Grayce Marquis.

One of the outstanding features of the convention was the talk given by Colonel Carlow P. Romulo, Aide de Camp to General Douglas MacArthur and last man off Bataan before the surrender. He told of his many narrow escapes. His main diet consisted of rice and salmon. He said that he had eaten so much salmon that he felt that he could swim from the Philippines to Tokyo.

We are glad to have you back, teachers, and we know that you gained much valuable information to add to your store of knowledge.



November

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
 One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
 Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
 Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
 One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
 And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
 And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,
 Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
 Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
 Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
 The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
 And man delight to linger in thy ray.
 Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
 The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

—Bryant

ELDER BOND CONDUCTS FALL WEEK OF PRAYER

Elder C. L. Bond, associate secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference, is with us for the fall week of prayer. Elder Bond has come to Southern Junior College for such occasions in times past and has each time left a remarkable impression upon the Christian experience of those whose pleasure it was to listen to him.

We welcome Elder Bond with us for this week and hope that his visit will be enjoyable as well as fruitful, with the blessings of God ever to be felt.

GEORGIA-CUMBERLAND WINS ORGAN CAMPAIGN

Georgia-Cumberland Conference is the proud victor in the student organ campaign which has been going on since the arrival of the new pipe organ three weeks ago. Congratulations, Georgia-Cumberland!

The amount raised by the students so far is \$615 and the money is still coming in. The entire campaign has been a success and Philip Lemon, with the leaders of the different conferences, is to be congratulated upon the splendid work done in this fine student project.

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

SCROLL GOES TO CLASS WITH DOCTOR QUIMBY



It would doubtless prove a fruitless search to find a more zealous, enthusiastic and comprehensive teacher than Dr. P. E. Quimby, head of the Department of Theology. Dr. Quimby holds an intimate place in the shaping of student thinking and a singular position in their devotion.

His duties as teacher bring him to a seven-thirty class in Academic Bible Doctrines. Thus, at an early hour, duties begin that last until many times the light of his study is seen burning past the midnight hour.

The largest class of the college is the class in Daniel and Revelation. The auditorium is the only adequate meeting place for this large collection of human intelligence. It is the object of the instructor to help the students "learn from the writings of the prophets, the things that must shortly come to pass." This class is followed by a study of the Ancestry of our English Bible, in which Dr. Quimby points out the Providential protection of the Almighty over His word and His great revelations that have been veiled in the mists of the ages past.

The class in the Expansion of Christianity requires a large amount of reading, diligent study, and constant research. It reveals to the student the indigenous nature of the Christian religion and predicts its ultimate victory over all opposing creeds, beliefs, and religion. It renews the conviction that the mission of the Apostolic Church, in spite of the humble beginning, is destined to end in the brightness of eternity.

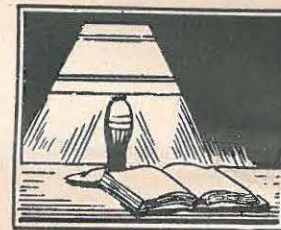
A thorough study of the doctrines of our faith is made in Advanced Bible Doctrines. The pillars of our positions are examined, and the unique and peculiar beliefs of the advent movement are studied in the light of the Spirit of prophecy and the inspired word of God.

The ministerial curriculum is incomplete without the mention of Dr. Quimby's class in the Theory of Public Address.

LITERARY CLUB BEGINS TO TAKE FORM

The activities of the Literary Society could not be restricted to the accomplishment of any single meeting. The desire of those versed in, or engaged in the study of literature has bound the group together for some years. At a recent meeting a constitutional committee was appointed, the members of which are: Miss Juanita Carithers, Miss Dorothy Reed and Mary Frances Linderman-Scales.

HOW NOT TO FLUNK



By President D. E. Rebok

The first six-week period was over and some students were a bit more thoughtful and reflective as a result of the tests and exams which had come and gone. College students really do *think*—at times, perhaps, more than others—and why shouldn't they?

Is not the objective of all education to teach students to think and to train them in the art of thinking? Ellen G. White says, "Every human being, created in the image of God, is endowed with a power akin to that of the Creator,—individuality, power to think and to do . . . It is the work of true education to develop this power; to train the youth to be thinkers, and not mere reflectors of other men's thought . . . Instead of educated weaklings, institutions of learning may send forth men strong to think and to act, men who are masters and not slaves of circumstances, men who possess breadth of mind, clearness of thought, and the courage of their convictions."

"Such an education provides more than mental discipline; it provides more than physical training. It strengthens the character, so that truth and uprightness are not sacrificed to selfish desire or worldly ambition. It fortifies the mind against evil. Instead of some master passion becoming a power to destroy, every motive and desire are brought into conformity to the great principles of right. As the perfection of His character is dwelt upon, the mind is renewed, and the soul is re-created in the image of God."

Then the questions are asked, "What education can be higher than this? What can equal it in value?"—"Education," pp. 17, 18.

Certainly such a statement of our ideals and motives and objectives should motivate every one of us as Seventh-day Adventist students. These should stir and impel us to put forth every ounce of energy and use every minute of our time so that we might reach God's standard for each of us.

"And what is that standard?" do we hear some one say. Listen to it as it is expressed so beautifully, "Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children. Godliness—godlikeness—is the goal to be reached."

Need we then ask the questions, should students study, and how shall I keep from flunking? Yet, those are the very questions which a young man put to me in my office not more than a week ago.

That young man had come to a realization that something had to be done for in one or two of his courses he was perilously near the border line. Without doubt many other students have had the same question in mind but have not put it in words nor breathed it to a single soul.

To them as well as to the young man in particular is this message directed. It often happens that students do "flunk" in a course and do not know just why they did flunk. Often boys and girls get good grades in the elementary and grammar schools, but do not make out so well in high school or college. Just such a boy was "Joe" and one of his kind and thoughtful teachers sent him the following letter:

"Dear Joe,
"I want to tell you how sorry I am that you flunked out. The people whom I have questioned all agree that it wasn't because you didn't have the ability. It was because you didn't know how to study. Therefore, to help you when you make a new start next fall, I suggest these pointers:

"1. Map out your week's schedule ahead of time for the first two weeks. Then put in the hours given to meals, classes, and sleep. Then fit in your hours for study.

"2. Experiment with this schedule to find when your most profitable hours for study are. Set those hours aside each week.

"3. Find a quiet place, free from disturbance and interference.

"4. Learn to read. Do not examine every word. Grad-

(Continued on page 4)

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A War Time Thanksgiving

"Enter into His gates with Thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

The long and peaceful summer has ended and the vivid splash of autumn's splendor has been washed away by a series of slow yet persistent rains. The penetrating breath of Jack Frost signals the approaching advent of King Winter, and all nature, like a tired child, seems to be curling up for a long and restful slumber.

Since the first Thanksgiving was celebrated there has never been a time when the condition of the world has so prompted a spirit of Thanksgiving as the events of history's crowded climax today.

America's concept of Thanksgiving has been altered by the plunging of her sons into a great baptism of blood, unprecedented chaos and nondescript upheaval. But witnessing as we do this strife and turmoil, it is fitting that we, who in our hearts "possess that peace which passeth all understanding," should come into His courts with Thanksgiving.

Surveying as we do His countless mercies and bountiful blessings, how can we constrain ourselves from exclaiming with the Psalmist, "O, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good and His mercy endureth forever."

"We give Thee thanks, O Lord!

Not for the armed legions, marching in might;
Not for the glory of the well-earned fight
Where brave men slay their brothers also brave;
Not for the turrets of our men-of-war,
The monstrous guns, and deadly steel they pour
To crush our foes and make them bow the knee:
But for the millions of Thy sons who work
And do Thy task with joy, and never shirk,
And deem the idle man a burdened slave.

For these, O Lord, our thanks, we give."

M. F. S.

Lamentations of a Night Monitor

"Could you get your feature article in by morning, Miss Plyer?"

"My what?"

"Your feature article."

"Oh. *Feature* article." Then you vainly cast around in your mind to remember when and *where* you got a feature article and now that you have it, what in the *world* will you write on?

"Can you get it in by morning?"

"When am I supposed to write it?"

(This being 4:30 the previous afternoon and you with another class and a committee meeting before supper.)

"Can't you write it tonight during study period?"

"Not me, I'm a monitor."

"That doesn't make any difference."

(All of which goes to show that our editor-in-chief knows nothing whatsoever about the sad life of a monitor.)

"Well, you don't have to study then so you should have plenty of time for it."

"*Time?* How you do talk, friend. A monitor *never* has time to do anything but yell 'Sh-h-h-h!' fifty 'leven dozen times a night as she trots from one end of the hall to the other sticking her head in first one door and then another telling the various inhabitants that if they don't shut their mouths you're not going to be responsible for what happens.

"You go on duty every evening after worship with a song in your heart. The dean has just given a very inspiring talk on 'Patience' and 'Brotherly love.' You are at peace with the world. You have a smile on your lips and a warm feeling around your heart for every one.

"I shall speak no unkind words tonight," you probably say to yourself. "Nor shall I threaten to box the roommate's ears if she doesn't quit giggling." (Noble thought)

"Keep smiling," the good dean has said, "at any cost. It will pay dividends."

"All right, here goes," you resolve, and then proceed to paste a smile on your face that should melt even the stony heart of No. 324. But No. 324 sails upstairs like a U. S. war vessel, glares at you over her specks and mumbles, "What do think you are, a toothpaste ad?" Score: No hits, no runs, one error.

"Always have a cheerful word for everyone" was the dean's final remark.

"O. K.," you reply, "here goes." No. 314 comes up the stairs four at a time, a "get out of my way or I'll knock you down" expression on her face.

"Pleasant weather isn't it," you warble, wholly unconscious of the fact that it is pouring down rain outside and that No. 314 got soaked and ruined her brand new permanent.

"Are you crazy?" She ambles down the hall leaving you thoroughly defeated and that nice "Peace on earth, good will....." feeling, fast ebbing away. Score: No hits, no runs, two errors.

Then the fun begins. No. 319 comes up the stairs 90 to 0 with 301 and 303 right behind her.

"Honey can I take a shower?"

"Hey how about letting me get 'so and so' to help me with Spanish?"

"May I wash my hair tonight?"

"No, no, *no*," you shriek, whereupon 317, 301, 303 scatter to their homes muttering something under their breath about sending you an ape with an instinct to kill you at Christmas for a present. Fast on their heels comes the 2nd floor monitor with the request that you go tell No. 305 that the girls below her wish she would wait till later to change her room around. You trip gayly to 305 with the request whereupon she stoutly declares she hasn't budged from her seat since study period began. You sigh and walk out—what's the use.

All goes well till about ten minutes later when the peace and quiet is broken by a loud laugh from the south end of the hall somewhere. You sail down there only to find everyone industriously at work and looking like innocence abroad.

You open the door of the room you feel sure the sound comes from only to be met by a look from those who live there which seems to say, "Which zoo did you escape from?" You smile a feeble smile and back out of the room feeling like the big bad wolf who likes to torment little girls and make them cry.

And on it goes. Finally lights blink and you sigh with relief. Only fifteen more minutes and lights will be out. The minutes tick away. Only three more left.

Surely—but no, from 328 comes a scream that would wake the dead. You sail down the hall on wings, open the door, and there in the middle of the bed is the roommate with her shoe on, yelling "Kill'em, Kill'em." One of 326's inmates is on the study table, the other has climbed the door, while in the middle of the floor is a mouse not over an inch and a half long—tail and all. Meanwhile the rest of 3rd floor has come to find out the cause of the commotion and when they see Sir Mouse, hastily join the roommate on the bed, 326 on the table, or 326 on the door.

By the time you kill the rat and chase the other girls to their rooms, the lights are out and you have to nearly break your neck to get down and turn off the hall lights before the dean comes up. After you check and tuck your little charges in, you drag yourself to your room (That feeling of peace and quiet now gone forever) and fall, exhausted, into the bed. The end of a ah-uh- day.

FIRE! FIRE!!

It was Sunday morning at five when Miss Brickman discovered fire in her apartment. A few minutes later the Collegedale fire siren was screaming its dreaded message into the cool night air. Then all Collegedale awoke at once. Everyone wanted to do his part, and if during the excitement you had noticed, you would have seen boys carrying fire extinguishers and pushing hose carts toward the scene of action. A one-man rescue party emerged from the smoke carrying a bundle of soft blankets. When we were permitted to look inside, we found Edwin Connell, the youngest member of the Normal Building, held securely in the arms of Pat Murphy.

The fire was soon extinguished with not a great deal of damage done.

The maintenance crew went to work right away cleaning and repairing the school rooms so that church school would not be delayed too long.

THE ARMY CALLS



OUR BOYS ANSWER

Clifford Ludington and James Horning are now in Camp Robinson near Little Rock, Arkansas. Clifford writes that when they went to their sergeant to ask for Sabbath leave, they were told: "Yes, I am well acquainted with what you boys want. We want you boys to know that the Army is in no way to interfere with or to change your religion. You boys may have from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday off duty. You may feel free to spend the time around your cabins or go to town to church as you wish. You do not have to come to see me anymore, but anytime you leave just sign out when you leave and sign in when you return. If anyone comes to you on your Sabbath and tries to get you to do anything that you would not feel free to do, then you just tell them that you have the company commander's permission to be off duty." It is certainly inspiring for our young men to meet officers who have such consideration, and God will bless a country that stands for such a program.

A letter from Warren Oakes somewhere in Australia written in August informs us that he is well and enjoying life as well as can be expected. He says, "I have learned to take things with a grin."

Uncle Sam has found a place for James Allen in the Coast Guard and just lately Clarence Griffin, along with Clyde Brooks and Thomas Hicks, answered Uncle Sam's call to "forward march."

P. F. C., Harry Ralston Hooper was a recent visitor to the college campus from Barksdale Field, near Shreveport, Louisiana.

Private Sherman Holland, enroute to Hot Springs, Arkansas, spent a few days at Collegedale lately. Sherman will be stationed at the Army and Navy Hospital located at Hot Springs.

Another visitor to our campus was Private Lester "Pat" Patrick from Oklahoma. Pat seems to be enjoying his service for Uncle Sam.

Speaking in behalf of the student body and their many former associates of Southern Junior College, the SCROLL extends a cordial welcome to all service men who at any time have an occasion to return.

THEY USED TO BE HERE

Donald West, a graduate of '42, was here for the week end recently. He is now field secretary for the Carolina Conference.

C. W. Beach, a former student of S. J. C., has accepted the position of field secretary of the Alabama-Mississippi Conference after two summers of successful canvassing.

Grantham Oakes, from Virginia, has been visiting Southern Junior this past week. His wife was unable to come as she is caring for the new addition to the family, a baby girl nine weeks old.

Ervin Stewart and his wife, the former Eleanor Jean Spencer, were visiting here recently. Ervin has been inducted into the Army and is now stationed at Camp Berkeley, Texas.

Clifford Ludington, who has recently been inducted into the service of Uncle Sam, spent his two-week furlough here at Collegedale with his parents, Professor and Mrs. Ludington.

Kenneth Boynton, class of '42, is an uncle again. The new arrival is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. Gerald Boynton, of Madison College, Tennessee.

Mrs. Steve Cullens, wife of Lieut. Cullens of the United States Army, recently visited her sister, Miss Betty Brooke, here at the college. Mrs. Cullens will be remembered as Miss Ann Brooke, former student and staff member here at Southern Junior.

Coming!

Dec. 5 Recital by Music Department

Dec. 12 Open

Dec. 19 Blind Zylphonist

Dec. 21 Christmas Program by Normal Department

HOW NOT TO FLUNK

(Continued from page 2)

ually increase your speed of reading. Continually check yourself to see that you're getting the main thoughts out of your reading. Reread chapters from time to time.

"5. Learn to take notes in class and on your reading. See that your notes are clear, that they contain the main points, that they are intelligible.

"6. Learn to review your material from time to time. Avoid cramming.

"7. Train your mind. When it wanders, put it in harness. Take it back to the problem before you. Keep doing this. In time you will have control of your mind. This discipline is difficult but it is worth the effort.

"8. Don't be a slave to the author's or professor's point of view. Learn to do your own thinking.

"9. Take time out from a long study period when you realize you're getting tired. Take a ten minute walk, or relax in some other way. Come back refreshed. Then take up where you left off.

"10. Remember that it's no easy job to learn how to study."

It may be that you are "Joe," and if so, sit down and think through that letter once again. Study each suggestion and build them all into your school program and habits of school life. Maybe you can reply as did "Joe"—"Thanks, Professor, for the letter! I see my past mistakes. I've already begun to rectify them."

NOTED ORGANIST GIVES DEDICATORY RECITAL

(Continued from page 1)

"Madame Jeanette," by Murray, and "Sing Your Song Today," by Strickland.

Mr. Braley at the organ and Mr. Dortch at the piano gave a lovely interpretation of Sibelius' "Romance." "In a Monastery Garden," by Ketelby; "Finlandia," by Sibelius; and "Southern Junior College March," by Braley, completed the evening's concert.

The college auditorium was filled with many interested listeners who were greatly pleased with the beautiful tones of the organ and with Mr. Braley's artistic interpretations. For an encore Mr. Braley played the much loved "Ave Maria," by Schubert.

SATURDAY NIGHT HIKE

"Tramp, tramp, tramp the folks are marching."

Led by Doctor Walther and Professor Ludington at a rapid pace, practically the entire "population" of S. J. C., hiked to the campfire over by the lime quarry on Saturday evening, October 23. They arrived finding the campfire ablaze and hot postum and glazed doughnuts ready for them to eat. Professor Dortch led them in several delightful songs which were followed by readings by Professor Russell and Mrs. Batson. After these they resumed their hike, only this time it was back home. All returned after having spent a delightful evening.

Introducing "Heralds of Prophecy"

From the Ministerial Association of Southern Junior College, "The Heralds of Prophecy," to our friends everywhere, greeting. We are happy to report that at this writing there is an active constituency of fifty potential ministers, teachers, medical missionaries, and Bible workers who are and will become "His ministers of flaming fire."

It is our studied purpose to keep alive in the hearts of men, faith and courage in the hour of doubt and fear. To this end plans have been laid for an active evangelistic program this year with every member a working member. Other things being equal at your next reading we hope to have a report resulting from these plans of Christian endeavor.

In our lecture course it has been our pleasure to hear Elder L. E. Froom, Secretary of the General Conference Ministerial Association; Elder L. C. Evans, President of the Florida Conference; and Professor C. A. Russell, who needs no introduction, being an educator of repute which, together with the able instruction of our sponsor, Dr. Paul E. Quimby, has formed a basis for study. In our dual program of "Study and Service" we

hope to be better fitted to more completely fulfill our duty to God and to our fellow men.

To those of the Heralds of Prophecy who have gone before and are now in the Master's service, we bid God-speed. Our thoughts are ever with you and our constant hope is to join you.

Dear reader, this column, this organization, is solicitous of a definite interest in your prayers that in our endeavors we may be of service to man and glory to God. Men of destiny are determining the destiny of men.

Administration

Director.....Dr. P. E. Quimby
Assistant Director.....T. K. Ludgate
President.....Lamar McDaniel
Vice-president.....Robert Wood
Secretary.....Reba Dubberly
Assistant Secretary.....Ann Gurban

Organization

Prison Service Band...Theodore Lysek
Hospital Service Band...Robert Wood
Athens and Etowah Church
.....Lawrence Scales
East Ridge and Chattanooga Church
.....Lamar McDaniel
Dalton Church.....Philip Lemon
Cleveland Church...John Keplinger



TRIANGLE CLUB HAS LIVELY PROGRAM

Students the world over are acquainted with the fact that most college graduates are presented with sheepskins in order to cover up their intellectual nakedness. If this be true of Southern Junior College graduates, it is because they disseminate so much knowledge while at school. This fact was especially evidenced at the in-nugural intellectual feast provided by the Triangle Club members in the form of a "Quiz Contest." Professor Lawrence "Quiz" Scales upon interrogating the intelligentsia of our college and academy found out as did the audience that the grey matter is not lacking in our midst. Prizes were awarded; Ted Church and Roland Semmens coping the college and academy "Firsts" respectively.

The latest activity of the "Better Men's Society" was the annual fall festival which was planned and given November 1 by the Triangle and Daso-wakita Clubs. It was an enjoyable evening consisting of games, contests, bobbin' for apples and a special treat in the form of a real "feed." The closing event of the evening was a surgical operation given in pantomime. Both clubs are looking forward to more of such pleasant times.

SURPRISE TREASURE HUNT AT NORTH HALL

Thursday evening October 15, 1942, the girls of Southern Junior College met in the parlor of North Hall expecting their usual Thursday evening club meeting, but instead, much to

their surprise they were quickly divided into two groups, under the leadership of Jane Summerour and Merlyn Parks.

The club president, Miss Jean Duke, announced to the curious girls that this evening there was to be a treasure hunt instead of the usual business meeting. The object was to see which of the two groups could find the treasure first. An envelop containing directions was given to each of the leaders.

Miss Summerour's instructions sent her down the road, across the railroad tracks, back by the wood shop, across the cornfield, and finally to the rock quarry itself, where there was a huge bonfire which turned out to be the treasure awaiting them.

Miss Parks' instructions in turn, sent her past the administration building, down the trail to the dairy, around the ball park and finally to the quarry and the bonfire also.

The girls all gathered around and marshmallows were quickly distributed. While they enjoyed this oldtime favorite, Miss Pansy Alstine gave one of her ever popular readings entitled "Under The Buggy Seat."

Even the best of things must end, and the Treasure Hunt was no exception, and shortly after eight o'clock the bonfire was extinguished, and the girls wended their homeward way, tired, but happy.

DID YOU KNOW?

Gunter Koch speaks three languages: Japanese, German, and English, and that he learned English only three years ago?

LaFilse Chaney was First Mate in the Sea Scouts last summer?

There are students here from Canada, Puerto Rico, Central America, South America, and Texas?

LOOK WHO'S BEEN HERE

Agnes Ellis had the pleasure of entertaining several guests from Knoxville over the week end. They included Mr. and Mrs. Mack Ellis, their daughter Louise, and Miss Geraldine Bates.

Mrs. Fred Linderman, also from Knoxville, visited several days with her son, Jimmie Linderman, and daughter, Mary Frances Scales.

Miss Ruth Jeys from Nashville, was also a guest at the school for the week end.

Atlanta was well represented here at S. J. C., last week end for the organ concert. Those present were: John Bata, Horace Marple, Elder and Mrs. I. M. Evans, Dorothy Evans, Barbara Gibbs, Mrs. D. L. Dortch, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dildy and Nancy, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Travis, Betty Jo Boynton, Mrs. Adolph Widmaire, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Summerour and Juneau, (the family's pet Spitz). Former students of S. J. C., from Atlanta were: Margaret Jo Urick, Arlene Hughes, Doris Webb and June Wright.

Two most welcome visitors to our campus over the weekend of October 31 were Elder L. C. Evans, president of the Florida Conference, and Mrs. Evans. They stopped to visit their son Leonard while on their way back to Orlando after attending the Fall Council. Come to see us often, Elder and Mrs. Evans.

Other campus visitors of the week end included: Mrs. B. H. Shaw, Mrs. W. J. Parks, Mrs. H. A. Philmon, C. R. Brooks, Henry Hasty, Mrs. V. W. Esquilla, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Field, Bobby, Anne and Paul Biggers.

AND LOOK WHO'S LEFT

Among those who have left S. J. C., in the past few weeks are Anella Ewaschuk who returned to her home in Washington, D. C., and Darrell Chisholm who has accepted a position in the Capital City.

HONOR ROLL

College	
Jane Summerour	2.79
Max Ritchie	2.75
Wayne Foster	2.62
Ray Rogers	2.61
Jack Parnell	2.55
Robert Callicott	2.47
Claudine Hopkins	2.47
Jean Rebok	2.44
Betty Brooke	2.31
Earl McGhee	2.23
William Schomburg	2.19
Lawrence Scales	2.17
Clarence Wellman	2.15
Harvey Bowen	2.06
Academy	
Margarita Dietel	3.00
Rogers Henderson	2.88
Margret Wrenn	2.67
Wylie Fowler	2.50
Edith James	2.44
John DeNoyer	2.40
Ruth Risetter	2.33
Emma Mae Ryan	2.33
Mae Gerber	2.28
Eloise Rogers	2.25
Corrine Graham	2.22
Alice Umlauf	2.17
Verne Dortch	2.14

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

ELDER C. L. BOND BRINGS WEEK OF PRAYER MESSAGES



Elder Bond

A spiritual revival, entered into by practically every member of our college family, was conducted during the week beginning November 6, and ending on Sabbath, the fourteenth. We were very fortunate in having with us as leader for these spiritual activities, Elder C. L. Bond, Associate Secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference. The particular phase of the messages given by Elder Bond, that brought the most general appreciation, was that of their practical and applicable nature. It was distinctly a youths' revival, dealing with youth problems and life goals.

(Continued on page 4)

MUSIC AND EXPRESSION DEPARTMENTS' RECITAL

The students of Professor Dortch and Mrs. Batson successfully demonstrated the fine musical talent of this department in a well-rendered concert on Saturday night, December 5. Despite stage fright, with which every one is afflicted more or less, all the individual members were presented in a fine way; and many of our students displayed artistic ability in the rendition of their selections. Many more students in these departments possess like abilities and will be presented in future programs.

Special features on the program were those presented by the Sylvan Choir of ladies' voices, the Pre-school Piano Class and the A Cappella Choir. The Sylvan Choir sang the beautiful "Bells Over Jordan" by Hamblen. The Pre-School Piano Class of little tots under Mrs. Batson's tutorship certainly showed that they are having much musical fun in the first steps of their musical attainment. They really entertained the audience for fifteen minutes of the program. The A Cappella Choir selections were so much appreciated that several are already asking that the Christmas song "Jingle Bells" be repeated. In a special eight-part arrangement of the Star Spangled Banner, the choir appropriately closed this musical feast.

A CAPPELLA CHOIR GIVES CHRISTMAS CONCERT

RENDER HANDEL'S "HALLELUJAH"

DIRECTS CHOIR



Professor Dortch

"And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

Of all seasons of the year, the Christmas season seems to be the one that brings greater joy and inspiration to the heart than any other. It is also the season when the world is most vividly reminded of Jesus Christ.

We were reminded of this in the lovely program of Christmas music rendered by the A Cappella Choir on Friday night, December 18. This organization of forty voices has been working faithfully to serve both college and church with fine, uplifting music that draws the heart and mind to God and Heaven; and this was certainly demonstrated in the many lovely Christmas carols and anthems on this occasion.



ALL-REQUEST SELECTIONS PLAYED BY MR. BRALEY

It was Friday morning in chapel at Southern Junior College. We strained our ears to hear the announcement that President Rebok was getting ready to make.

"Saturday night, we will have an all-request program by Mr. Braley."

We were all so thrilled. We are extremely proud of our organ, just recently installed by the competent Mr. Bradford Braley. He had given a concert just two weeks before, and we knew there would be no vacant

(Continued on page 4)

Selections used on this program were:

"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," "Silent Night," "O Come, All Ye Faithful," "We Three Kings of Orient," "The First Noel," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "Angels From the Realms of Glory," "The Hidden Years of Nazareth," "Lullaby on Christmas Eve," "Sleep Holy Babe," "Hallelujah Chorus." These numbers were arranged in groups and appropriate Scriptures were read between each group by Prof. Ludgate.



NOTED BLIND XYLOPHONIST ON OUR LYCEUM SCHEDULE



Pierce Knox

Saturday night, December 17, Southern Junior College had as its guest artist for the evening Mr. Pierce Knox, famed blind xylophonist, who has been acclaimed as one of the greatest blind musicians of America.

Mr. Knox has just recently finished High School and a very successful year of concert work, including many leading colleges.

His program consisted of several lovely numbers and some very difficult music written for the xylophone namely, "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," "Nola," "Gypsy Airs" and many others.

Between the musical numbers the blind demonstrated and explained their Braille system of writing. This was done by means of a device which allowed the audience to see just what a blind person does when he writes.

Southern Junior was very fortunate in getting Mr. Knox to make his appearance here and we welcome him back at some future date.

Professor Tippett, of E. M. C. Gives Illustrated Lecture on Religious Art

Human nature, in its search for something tangible to cling to, looks to the lives of others for kindly qualities which can be gleaned and adopted as its own. Perhaps it is a cheerful disposition we see in one, a helpful spirit in another, or one of the many other attributes we can see in those about us; but from each of these we must glean only fragments. If you are looking for someone in whose life you may expect to find the lovely traits which you desire to claim as your own, go with me to spend an evening with Professor Tippett, of Emmanuel Missionary College, as he shows us in pictures the perfect life of Christ.

No more beautiful a setting could one find for a life, which was to be spent in loving service for others, than that humble little manger-bed which was the cradle of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

As He lay there in the innocence of babyhood, shepherds, while keeping their flocks, sung of the arrival of the Redeemer of men; and wise men came with their gifts to lay at His feet.

While we feast our eyes upon this magnificent scene, the organ is playing in deep and rich tones, "Lovely Infant," and "Jesus Bambina."

Then we skip twelve years of His quiet life at Nazareth with his parents, and see Him as He stands with the doctors and lawyers at Jerusalem, asking and answering many questions. He is then seen as "Christ the Councilor," and the organ bursts forth with "Casting All Your Care Upon Jesus." Then, and ever since, He has been living out the motto of His life which He started when He said, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

We could see a hunger for sinners expressed in His face when He said to the rich young ruler, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Had this young ruler made the full surrender of his life then, it could have been recorded of him as was expressed in the soft violin solo, "Have Thine Own Way, Lord."

We passed quickly from one scene to another in His life. Next was the

(Continued on page 4)

SOUTHLAND SCROLL

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Look Who's Been Here

Look who came back to our campus for a little visit: Mary Riley, Margaret Jo Urick, George Tolhurst, Charles Davis, Lloyd Mauldin, George Winters, Mr. and Mrs. Admiral Frederick.

Claudine Hopkins was glad to have her mother, Mrs. Hopkins and two aunts, Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Douglas, visit her a little while last Tuesday.

Wanda Lee Holland had visitors from Birmingham: Stella Whitehead, Pauline Ausburry, Mr. and Mrs. Giles, and Charles and Stanley Giles.

Miriam Moore was pleased to have her father here from California, for several days.

Kenneth and James Carpenter were here to visit their sister, Margaret.

Ella Simpson's brother, Earl, was here from Fletcher.

Other visitors of the past few weeks to our campus were: Laverne Reeves, Val Artress, Roy Latimer, Aileen James, Josie Newlon, Helen Bush, Mrs. Hickman, Mrs. Thorpe, Anna Brownlee, Mr. L. F. Pierce, and Professor Kaelin, the M. V. Secretary of the Carolina Conference.

THE PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

MARKS OF A WELL-EDUCATED MAN

The educational process is a series of changes produced in the individual as a result of certain stimuli which are brought to bear upon him inside and outside of the school room.

Since changes may be either good or bad, depending upon the kind of stimuli brought to bear, it becomes increasingly more important to be sure that the source of the stimuli—that is the environment—is the very best that human hands and minds can make it—free from every evil and wicked influence. This is the greatest concern for parents and teachers today. Students likewise who care at all about themselves and their future pay most careful attention to such matters and choose with discrimination the kind of school and the associates to be found therein.

Seventh-day Adventist parents, teachers, and young people should be of all people in the world most careful in this matter; not alone for their hope of eternal life in God's kingdom of glory, but for the benefits which accrue in this life here and now.

Take the matter of the drinking of alcoholic beverages as one example of the many which might be mentioned. In a recent study 13,000 students were asked their attitude about drinking. The report says that, "Of the entire number 52.9 per cent said they drank more or less, 27.8 per cent did not drink but were not opposed to it, and only 19.3 per cent had any real scruples in the matter."

From an address by Dr. George Barton Cutten, President of Colgate University, we quote these sentences, "The day after election in 1932, the *Brewery News* said 'not one-tenth of one per cent of the youth of America know the taste of real beer—we must educate them.' In the *Brewer's Digest*, for May, 1941, are found the following words:

'One of the finest things that could have happened to the Brewery industry was the insistence by high ranking officers to make beer available at Army camps. . . .

'Here is the chance for brewers to cultivate a taste for beer in millions of young men who will eventually constitute the largest beer-consuming section of our population.'

Parents, teachers, and students what alone can be the result of such a trend and such an environment? Listen to the painful admissions of men who know:—

The American Business Men's Research Foundation said in a statement not long ago, "Liquor has defeated more men, more armies, more nations than any other cause."

In 1925 France's famous editor, Payot, wrote, "Alcoholism, under the indifferent eye of the authorities, is indeed destroying the nation." And then when France went down into the ignominy of defeat her old Field Marshall, Petain himself, sobbed, "Our soldiers were drunk and could not fight. Since the victory of the World War the spirit of pleasure, of riotous living and drinking has prevailed over the spirit of sacrifice."

Thank God, dear friends, older and younger as well, Southern Junior College is free from this terrible evil of drink. We cannot say that much for the high schools and colleges where many of our Seventh-day Adventist youth are today enrolled. When, ah, when, shall we awake to the dangers of such environments and gather our youth into our own "havens of refuge" as our schools are so appropriately called?

Who of us can afford to take the chances of an ungodly school? How can we stand by so serenely and see our own children and youth suffer under the impact of so many unholy influences and stimuli? Can we longer resist the challenge and the inspiration of these appealing words from the book "Education":—

"The greatest want of the world is the want of men,—men who will not be bought or sold; men who in their inmost souls are true and honest; men who do not fear to call sin by its right name; men whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right though the heavens fall."

This is the aim of Southern Junior College. It is in every one of our hearts to make this school all that it ought to be and to set in motion such stimuli as will make of every student in this school a well-educated man or woman—approved unto God—workmen that need not to be ashamed.



Recreation Center Needed

Splash! In the midst of busy school life that leaves little time for outdoor exercise and fresh air, comes the pleasant thought of a cool swim, a brisk game of tennis, or perhaps a good old game of shuffle board. What about this recreation bowl in the valley back of the administration building? Don't we want one? Why not? When a student goes to school a large part of the day and spends several hours at a machine of some sort, or at a long, tiring job of any kind, he would welcome a little of the fun and relaxation that such a place could offer.

Can you picture an oval-shaped track surrounding a tennis court, volleyball court, basketball court, swimming pool and croquet court? It would make an attractive place to go and enjoy a little outdoor fun, and it would greatly add to the beauty of our campus. Let's work for our recreational center and prove that it can be a success.

D. R.

DO YOU KNOW THAT . .

On a one-way trip across the Atlantic Ocean Great Britain's pride of the sea, "Queen Mary," consumes 32,500 barrels of fuel oil?

The average life of paper money in normal use is one year?

The Statue of Liberty has a small theater in its interior in which illustrated lectures can be given?

The patriotic American hymn, "Hail Columbia," was originally written for use in a vaudeville act?

It costs approximately \$8,000 a year to illuminate the Statue of Liberty?

At the present rate of consumption, the world's coal supply will last a thousand more years? So don't worry.

Annual Hike, Banquet, Top Activities On Thanksgiving Day

Grindstone Mountain Place of Yearly Pilgrimage

Would tomorrow bring snow? Would it rain? These questions were in our minds as we went to bed Wednesday night before Thanksgiving.

Thursday dawned dark and cold, but by ten o'clock the weather was perfect for the annual football game. Captain Boynton passed his team to a 27-0 victory over the team of Horace Parrish.

As was scheduled, the hike to Grindstone began at noon with about thirty students "armed" with broom handles.

Climbing the rocky paths up Grindstone soon made the hikers realize that something besides broom handles was needed,—their lunches. These "delicacies" were safely stored in the station wagon. After vainly searching for it for sometime, everyone formed the opinion that the station wagon and all had been stored away.

As the evening shadows were lengthening the hikers turned wearily homeward. A few miles from the school the "lost" was found and there on a quiet hilltop they ate their "delicacies" and then resumed their journey home. No one seemed to notice the wind blow a little colder,

or the shoesole wearing a little thinner—all was right with the world.

Last, but not least, the banquet was the end to a perfect day. Let us reminisce a little. As we enter the dining room we see the servers putting the finishing touches to the attractively decorated tables. We see at the guest table a miniature scene of a pilgrim home. Behind the table stands Old Glory against a background of red, white, and blue crepe paper.

Now the music begins and the students are finding their places. The menu, including mock turkey and pumpkin pie, reminds us of the first Thanksgiving of our Pilgrim fathers.

Following the banquet President Rebok and Dr. Walther gave a short talk. Several patriotic films were shown and we joined lustily in singing "God Bless America."

As we leave for our different homes there is a prayer in our hearts that we will make every day a Thanksgiving day.

The guests of the evening included six service men from Fort Oglethorpe. Among them was one of our own boys, Clarence Griffin.

SCIENCE CLUB ORGANIZED

CLUB PREXY



Ray Rogers

Several of the number of Southern Junior College students who are interested in the scientific aspects of life met in the Organic classroom on the evening of November 21 to organize the Science Club for the first semester of the school year. The officers chosen were: *President*, Ray Rogers; *Vice-President*, Elaine Williams; *Secretary*, Dorothy Reed; *Treasurer*, Mr. Bottomley.

At the first regular meeting held Saturday night, December 5, the members gathered and were entertained in a very profitable manner by two timely discussions, "Synthetic Rubber, its Preparation and Properties," given by Bayard Benfield, and "War Time Gases and Their Treatment" by the new president, Ray Rogers.

Honor Roll

(Students carrying twelve or more semester hours or three or more units.)

College

Max Ritchie	2.75
Jack Parnell	2.72
Wayne Foster	2.69
Clarence Wellman	2.69
Jean Rebok	2.45
Jane Summerour	2.43
Harvey Bowen	2.38
Lawrence Scales	2.33
Robert Callicott	2.29
Lamar McDaniel	2.19
George Virley Fuller	2.13
Farrell Brown	2.08

Academy

Ruth Risetter	3.00
Margaret Wrenn	3.00
Rogers Henderson	2.88
Margarita Dietel	2.80
Gunter Koch	2.67
Estelle Wheeler	2.67
Mae Gerber	2.57
Wylie Fowler	2.50
Melvin Hickman	2.44
John Denoyer	2.40
Bernice Hasty	2.33
Eloise Rogers	2.25
Jack Ward	2.20
Bobbie Johnson	2.17
Alice Umlauf	2.17
Ruth Smith	2.14
Beatrice Ralls	2.13
Delice Graham	2.11

"EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD"



Mrs. Batson

When one-thirty came on Friday afternoon, the nineteenth day of November, less than half of Mrs. Batson's Public Speaking class was present. Five minutes later the missing ones came in bearing trays of ice-cream, cake, dishes, napkins, and spoons while Mr. Braley played "Happy Birthday to You" on the piano.

Mrs. Batson informed us that she didn't have birthdays any more, but when she counted only eighteen candles she relented and marked the "well-wishers" present.

The class period was spent in eating and listening to several negro readings given by the happy but frustrated "eighteen year old."



"Christian schools are intended to serve as a barrier against the wide-spreading corruption, to provide for the mental and spiritual welfare of the youth."—*White*.

LITERARY CLUB ORGANIZED AS SO-JU-CONIAN SOCIETY

Not wishing to come behind in any good school project here at Collegedale, the English department is sponsoring a literary club known as the So-Ju-Conian Literary Association.

Mr. Lawrence Scales was chosen to be the *President*. Other officers chosen were: Juanita Carithers, *Vice-President*; Marilyn Byrd, *Secretary-Treasurer*; Theodore Lysek, *Chaplain*; and Robert Callicott, *Parliamentarian*.

"How War Affects Literature" was the general theme of the first program given by the new officers Saturday night, November 21. A quartet consisting of Leonard Evans, James Shephard, Joe Crews and Ben Gardner pleased the group gathered in the chapel by singing the negro spiritual, "Ain't Goin' Study War No More." Professor Ludington gave a very interesting talk on "What Men Think and Speak About During War" and this was illustrated by the great "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address" given by Allyne Plyer.

Next on the program was a very interesting account given by Mrs. Louise Walther on "What People Write About During War" and her topic was illustrated by that loved poem of the World War I "In Flanders Fields" recited by Ted Church.

To close the program, Mr. Lawrence Scales, the new president, gave a short discussion on "What is Sung and Played During the War."

This is a newly organized club but its members are already looking forward to many more enjoyable and profitable times as was the case in the first program of the year.

Musings of an American . . .

WITH MEMORIES OF DEC. 7 and PEARL HARBOR

BY ALLYNE PLYER

As I walked into the library the other day I noticed that Professor Brown was having a heated argument with a poster. Professor Brown seemed convinced that the poster was going up on the wall over the dictionary while the poster itself was of a very different mind. To its way of thinking the floor was a much more interesting place to recline. The argument proceeded in a very lively manner for several minutes, but finally Professor Brown won and the poster was in the desired place.

After he left I stood for several minutes just looking at the poster. Somehow or other it fascinated me and I could not take my eyes off of it.

I don't suppose it was the poster itself, so much, that held my attention, as it was the things for which it stood. At the top, in simple, white script across a sky of dark, angry looking war clouds, was written ". . . and we here resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain . . ." At the bottom of the poster, in black script against a background of the reddish smoke of battle, were the words "Remember December 7," while in the center was Old Glory, torn almost to shreds by exploding bombs and whistling shells, yet still gallantly waving "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Remember December 7." Can I ever forget it? Can any full-blooded, loyal American citizen forget it? I think not. We may grow rather indifferent about the war at times and try to put it out of our minds but as far as actually forgetting it is concerned, I don't think we ever can or will.

As I sat there amid the gathering shadows of evening, I could not help letting my mind wander back over the twelve months that have elapsed since that day.

There were four of us girls who were working together in the office of the business college back in my home town, and we were about as different as any four girls I ever saw. Jean was a "brownette," Evelyn was a straight-haired "golden blond," Leota was a "redhead" with a "redheaded" disposition, while I was—well, I was just me. Yes, we were very different in every way except one—we all disliked our boss.

He was a short, tubby fellow with grey hair and a domineering personality. Jeanne often remarked that she didn't understand how he got along with himself.

The four of us girls were in the office that day going about life as usual because none of us knew that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. I could see

WHAT'S IN THE NEWS

Collegedale was well represented at the Y. P. M. V. convention held November 21, at Memphis. Professors Russell and Winter; O. W. Fowler, Wayne Foster, and Pat Murphy give glowing accounts of the Memphis hospitality. Mr. Winter spoke of his recent war experiences in Hong Kong. Professor Russell spoke on Christian education, and the three younger men furnished music on several occasions.

Notwithstanding the restricted traveling privileges a good many of our students were able to dine at their homes Thanksgiving. Jane Summerour and her guest, Marion Miles; Betty Brooke, Janice Wood, Pat Murphy and his guest, LaFilsé Chaney, boarded the train early Thanksgiving morning for their homes in Georgia. Ted Church got way up to Detroit. Don Perry and Farrell Brown visited Pisgah, while Agnes Ellis, Jimmie Linderman, and Mary Frances Linderman-Scales ate their Thanksgiving dinner in Knoxville. Alfred Jennings, Lamar McDaniel, Frances Greek, Virginia Murray, and Doris Rogers went to Birmingham, and the Dortch family, Ross Hughes, and Roland Semmens were in Atlanta.

Others missing from our campus over Thanksgiving were: Dorothy Abston, Angelyn Allen, Elvine Jones, Edith James, Wanda Lee Holland, Mina Ruth Hayward, Ann Harper, Evelyn Kirkham, Hervey Etta McClure, Betty Phelps, Alice Umlauf, Doris Umlauf, Doris Walker, Lillian Wiggins, Dorothy Wolfe, Bill Leet, Lee Clark, Duane Swanson, Frank Shultz, Herbert Rogers, Ed Reynolds, and Jack Griffith.

Two new students who have come to join our school family are: Iris Johnson, from Nashville, and Charles Pierce, from Pisgah.



WEEK OF PRAYER

(Continued from page 1)

The entire school schedule was adjusted to the one purpose of giving time to the study of our spiritual life, how to better understand what God would have youth know, do and become. One of the features of Elder Bond's work for us, which was greatly appreciated, was his many hours spent in personal interviews with students. It was in the personal, private talks that many were lead to respond to the call of Christ in consecration.

The efforts of the Week of Prayer has been followed up by conducting a baptismal class. There was a group of twenty students who evidenced their desire to live a new and different life. They have now entered the baptismal class and are taking studies which will lead them into church fellowship and the new life desired. Again we most enthusiastically express our appreciation for Elder Bond's very able leadership among us, for the spiritual inspiration he brought to us, and his very timely messages.



Saturday evening, November 21, was an evening long awaited by the faculty and students of Southern Junior College. It was the occasion of the Progressive Party sponsored by the various departments of the school. After everyone was assembled in the chapel, Dr. Walther announced the plans of the evening. Each person was given a card with the various room numbers on it. We were to go to the rooms in the order given on the card, each demonstration lasting eight minutes.

Professor Dortch began the program by rendering a vocal solo. Mrs. Batson gave readings, followed by an organ solo with Mr. Braley at the console. Professor Boyd demonstrated the old method of bookkeeping as compared with modern adding machines while Mrs. Diel illustrated a few of the Spanish and French customs. We were given a quiz in Dr. Walther's classroom on all subjects of interest. Mr. Brown "brushed up" our minds along the line of poetry while Mr. Ludington tested our skill at throwing darts. The Chemistry Department tested our wind power by having a volleyball game, using a balloon which was kept up by blowing. Professor Nelson demonstrated a few facts about our scientific world.

Last, but not least, we passed through the Home Economics room and were served cookies and punch, thus concluding a very enjoyable program and evening.



ALL-REQUEST PROGRAM

(Continued from page 1)

seats this Saturday night.

So many, many titles of songs were handed in to Professor Dortch, who, in turn, saw that they were put in the hands of Mr. Braley. It seemed that everybody wanted his favorite composition played on our organ. There were some repetitions, but many of the selections handed in had to be left out. Maybe some other time, Mr. Braley?

We were right about the absence of empty seats, for promptly at 8:15 the chapel and balcony were full of expectant listeners. Nor were we disappointed. Some of the songs we listened to made us a bit wistful, some of them made us all happy inside, some made us think of other days, and some he played were by masters whose compositions never grow old, but are a thrill to each succeeding generation. And Mr. Braley's interpretation of these last, made us know that he is intimately acquainted with the said masters.

After he had played for us several numbers, the program was varied by having a piano-organ selection, *Frasquita*, with Mrs. Batson at the piano. It was beautiful. We tried to encore them, but Mrs. Batson refused to come back!

Musings . . .

(Continued from page 3)

that scene as clearly as though I were back there.

Jean was busy pounding out something or other on the typewriter, Leota was almost to the point of saying naughty words over a ledger that just wouldn't straighten itself out, Evelyn was trying to get the statements out, and I was working on a multigraph duplicator stencil for Mrs. MacDougal when Mr. MacDougal walked in. He didn't say anything at first—just stood there with his hands in his pockets eyeing us. It made us all extremely nervous because we couldn't but wonder what in the world we'd done wrong now.

I guess he stood there five minutes before he said anything, then he shrugged his shoulders in a kind of helpless way and said, "The Japs bombed Pearl Harbor last night." Then he turned around and walked out. We were stunned for a moment and to this day I can't recall whether it was what he said that stunned us so or whether it was the fact that he had condescended to speak a civil word to us. We were to learn a little later on that beneath his harsh manner Mr. Mac really did have a heart.

I turned and looked at Jean and she looked at me; we both blinked a couple of times and then she got up and went to the World Atlas to find out "where in the name of common sense Pearl Harbor was."

At first it didn't make much of an impression on any of us but gradually during the remainder of the day it began to seem real and by the time five-thirty came around we were pretty much upset.

When we came to work on December 8 we found Leota behind the files weeping. The ship her cousin was on had been sunk and they didn't know yet whether he was dead or alive.

Later on, Mrs. Mac invited us all up to their apartment (they lived up above the school) to hear the President address Congress and it was there that I really began to understand my boss.

He was sitting in the easy chair by the radio with his head in his hands when we came in, and although he glanced up, I had the uncomfortable feeling that he wasn't even aware of our presence.

All during the broadcast he just sat there with his head in his hands not making a sound. Only once, when President Roosevelt finally asked Congress to declare a state of war between us and Germany and Japan, did he move at all. Then his shoulders shook a little and I realized that he was crying. The fact jarred me not a little because I didn't think he cared enough about anything or anybody to ever shed a tear. It just goes to show how little we really understand people after all.

Then the band started the National Anthem and we all stood up. The tears were streaming down Mr. Mac's face and he wasn't making an attempt to check them. Somehow, I liked him a lot better because of that.

LECTURE ON RELIGIOUS ART

(Continued from page 1)

transfiguration, and His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and His Gethsemane experience. It was here that He emptied His heart to His Father, the only One who really understood Him. In keeping with the Gethsemane experience, the male quartett sang, "Into the Woods My Master Went."

Christ was taken before Pilate and later crucified, but all without a murmur. He was treated as we deserved that we might be treated as He deserved. Can you think of any trait of character that you would desire which He did not have? There was humility, true patience, kindness, tactfulness, helpfulness, and an unbounding love for others. We saw Him more vividly in His last great sacrifice as the quartette sang, "On the Cross."

We have reason to rejoice, however, that His experience did not end in this way. On the screen we saw Him, when three days later, He had come forth to become "The Light of the World." Last of all, there was a beautiful portrait of "The Face of our Redeemer," your Saviour and mine.

We wish to express in a most earnest way, our grateful appreciation for the visit paid us by Professor Tippet,



IT STARTED HERE . . .

McLarty-Satterfield—On Sunday night, August 30, in the First Seventh-day Adventist church at Memphis, Tennessee, the wedding ceremony of Louise McLarty and Earnest Wayne Satterfield, former students of Southern Junior College, was performed by Elder S. M. Schleifer. George Mills and Oliver Foust from S. J. C., were two of the attendants.

The couple are now at home in Atlanta, where Wayne is attending Atlanta Southern Dental College. All of their friends at Southern Junior send them best wishes for a happy and successful marriage.

He just stood there staring into space while the anthem was being played, and when it was all over he happened to look at me and I believe that he really saw me for the first time since I started working for him six months before. Suddenly, I wasn't afraid of him anymore and after a moment I said:

"Was it really so bad Mr. Mac?" "Bad?" he whispered, "Girl, it was hell!" Then he covered his face with his hands again. I couldn't stand anymore so I turned and ran out of the door. The other girls came too, and we left Mr. and Mrs. Mac just standing there—both of them sobbing.

Forget December 7, 1941? No, I don't believe I'll ever forget it and neither would you could you have been in that room and seen my boss's face that day because what I saw pictured there gave me a small idea of what our boys are going through "Over there."