Y. P. M. V. PROGRAMS VARIED AND INTERESTING

The Young People's Missionary Volunteer Officers during the first semester of the year 1942 were as follows: Miss Juanita Carithers, Leader; Mr. Earl Mcelroy, Assistant Leader; Mr. James L. Evans, Secretary, and Miss Alyne Plier, Assistant Secretary.

Some very interesting programs have been given in the form of musicals, educational meetings, temperance meetings, and lectures given by prominent men of our denomination along with many others.

We are very proud of our musical talent here at Southern Junior College and on one occasion nothing but music was rendered. Nurse Williams gave us some splendid advice and startling facts in the way of temperance and better living in one program. At the same time there were several experiences which proved that in the long run temperance does pay.

The Thanksgiving program consisted of a small group dressed as Pilgrims having their church services with Mr. Ted Church as their pastor. They sang songs of praise to God thanking Him for the necessities of life which had been provided for them. It brought home to our minds how ungrateful and unthankful we of today really are.

We also had some personal experiences which proved that in the long run temperance does pay.

FOREIGN MISSION BANDS PREPARE FUTURE WORKERS

Although many of our foreign missionaries have found it necessary to return home because of world conditions, we cannot believe that our great mission program is yet to close. We are told that the work which should have been accomplished in years of peace and prosperity must be done under more difficult circumstances and crowded into the hours of setting sun. Surely now is the time for us to prepare for a greater advancement of the Lord's work than ever before.

The students of Southern Junior College desire to secure the best possible preparation to help forward our mission work as soon as these fields (Continued on page 4)

A medical cadets complete intensive training

Howards accept call to Indiana Conference

During the holidays the faculty enjoyed a pleasant social evening. It was the first social gathering they have had this year and was held in the reading room of the library. After a delicious supper prepared by the ladies, each family was called upon to suggest a game or something suitable for the occasion.

The gathering was really to honor Elder and Mrs. M. D. Howard, who had accepted a call from the Indiana conference to do pastoral work in that field.

During the evening the Howards were presented with a beautiful double waffle iron as a reminder to them that they were leaving many friends at Southern Junior College.

They left Collegedale Sunday, January seventeen for their new home in Evansville and we wish them Heaven's richest blessing in their new work.

Betty and Ruth will remain with us until the close of school.

Weather Forecast for South Hall December—cold, turning colder January—cold, turning warmer. You see, our steam boiler is fixed.

Captain R. K. Boyd

On January 4, 1943, the Nineteenth Medical Cadet Corps Unit for the Southern Union Conference was successfully concluded on the campus of Southern Junior College. Forty cadets comprised the unit and participated in a final review in front of the Boy's Dormitory on Sunday afternoon.

The exhibition, consisting of company drill and litter drill, gave the spectators some indication as to what had been learned in actual practice on the drill ground under the competent supervision of Cadet Captain R. K. Boyd, Company Commander, and Lieutenant C. E. Winter.

Much vital theoretical and technical instruction also was received in the classroom under the expert tutelage of Captain C. D. Bush, U. S. Army, Retired; Chaplain P. E. Chumby, and Lieutenant W. E. Williams, Corps Nurse. Some of the subjects studied were: Denominational Principles, Military Courtesy, Military Law, Army Organization, and First Aid.

For the duration of the corps the basement of the normal building was converted into a classroom and barracks, and the gymnasium into an indoor drill ground when weather conditions necessitated. The college cafeteria, although serving its normal purpose, found it necessary to make some small adjustments also in order to satisfy the seemingly insatiable appetites of its patrons.

You prospective cadets might be interested in knowing that, although the course as taken in two weeks is strenuous one and will keep you on the move from first call at five A.M., till taps at nine-thirty P. M., if the amount of weight gained is indicative, such a program is definitely not detrimental to the health. The corps just completed gained a net total of ninety-four pounds or an average of 2.3 pounds per cadet.

O Joyeets January

J is for the jerk we make as we joyfully jump from juvenile jocundities and begin to jam our jangling brains with juicy jots of jolting information which we juggle jestingly and after examination eventually junk.

A is for the abrupt abundance of awful anxiety that aids and abets us as we anxiously accrue additional knowledge, seeking avidly to avoid alarming amnesia.

N is for that nameless numbness that nolens volens is going to nag and natter with us in our nap time and naggingly naggingly nag at our tests.

U is for the unavailing uproar we unfortunately make whose uppermost hopes have been unreasonably upset and unreasonably upturned.

A is for the letter the teachers so sparingly use; here's hoping you receive an abundance of them.

B is for the real sense of relaxation we relish after we have finished those revolving reviews and recently reorganized our papers to the radiant instructor.

Y is for the many yawns that escaped you while you yawned to jump in your bed a yard away (but you must study)! and it is also for the youthful yelp you will make when you see your grades.

(Continued on page 4)
Afar From Us

THE ALUMNI

Miss Sadie Mae Haughhey, who was graduated from here last year, is now taking the nurse's course at Murray, Kentucky.

Paul Boynton, Byron Lightbady, Walker Oliphant, Leslie Pitney, Clyde Franz, and Mr. and Mrs. Verlie Reiber, graduates of '32, '33, '38, and '40 were seen recently at the council meetings held at the Memorial Auditorium in Chattanooga.

Lorraine Mauldin, graduate of '42, is now teaching the church school at Knoxville, Tennessee.

Sara Trummer, now Mrs. Dale Lohman, lives in Worthington, Michigan, where she is keeping house since her marriage last August.

Former graduates of Southern Junior College now at Emmanuel Missionary College include Emory Rogers, John Ray, Paul Douglas, Esther Carterette, Benjamin Herndon, Marie Romney, Carl Smith, June Snide, and Max Trummer. Seen on our campus from this group was Carl Smith, who stopped to visit his sister, Ruth Smith, who is a student with us this year.

Maisy Franz, now Mrs. Karl Duge, is at home in Santa Monica, California, where she has been since her marriage this past summer.

George Tolhurst, graduate of last year, is now at Washington Missionary College where he is rooming with Bob Spangler, also a former student at Southern Junior College.

Evelyn Shivers and Craig Alderman, both graduates of Southern Junior College, are now Mr. and Mrs. and are living in Takoma Park, Md. Eleanor Edgmon was a guest at Southern Junior College during the Christmas holidays. She was a graduate of the class of '38 and is now at Washington Missionary College.

Rumors have it that Roland Shorter and Louise Sherer were married recently. Congratulations to you both.

NEW SEMESTER, JAN. 25

Examinations will start January 19 for the students of Southern Junior College and registration for the second semester will take place on Monday, January 25. Southern Junior College will offer the following courses the second semester along with the other courses already in progress for the first semester.

Business Department and Social Sciences


Education


Bible

Revelation, World Religions, Gift of Prophecy and Denominational History.

Mathematics

Trigonometry.

Other courses may be offered if there is sufficient demand for them.

THE ALPHABET OF SUCCESS

A means ambition to do and to dare, to nobly aspire and to play the game square.

B means to Battle for that which is right, and to keep bravely climbing though rugged the height.

C means the Courage to face a hard task, to be self-dependent and few favors ask.

D means decision to know what to do, to have a clear purpose and see the thing through.

E means efficient in thought and in deed, to work in a way that is sure to succeed.

F means the Faith that can see afar ahead, that quickens the mind and ignores foolish dread.

G means the grit to maintain a firm hold, in face of obstruction to be strong and bold.

H means the Health that you guard every day, that keeps you alert and robust on the way.

I means Improvement in all that is true, that is ready to learn ways and means that are new.

J means the Judgment to plan for the best, that knows how to act when you're put to the test.

K means the Knowledge by which you acquire position and power and worthy desire.

L means the Loyalty true in its aim, through sunshine and gloom to be always the same.

M means the money you make and you save in times that are thriving for times that are grave.

N means Nobility, largeness of view, broad-minded and kindly in all that you do.

O means Obliqng with those whom you meet in everyday speech to be always discreet.

P means the patience to long persevere, intent upon progress and free from base fear.

Q means the Quest for the lofty and true, to build the fine qualities latent in you.

R means Resourceful whatever the need, to be always ready in word and in deed.

S means the Silence that guards well the tongue, in praise of which wise men and poets have sung.

T means the Tact that is ever alert to say the right thing and never to hurt.

U means upbuilding the best things of life, to acquire easily and avoid senseless strife.

V means the Vision that pictures success, that aims at achievement and seeks nothing less.

W means the Wisdom that prudence inspires—a faculty rare that the world most admires.

X means the "X"cellence marking each day, crowning the work that is done the right way.

Y means that You are progressing aright, that the torch of ambition is always alight.

Z means the Zeal you display in the race, despite every hindrance to still keep the pace.

Here is your alphabet, learn it by heart, and highly resolve that you'll fill well your part.

Grenville Kleiser

"Think On These Things"

"The Christ was the only sinless one who ever dwelt on earth; yet for nearly thirty years He lived among the wicked inhabitants of Nazareth. This fact is a rebuke to those who think themselves dependent upon place, fortune, or prosperity, in order to live a blameless life. Temptation, poverty, adversity, is the very discipline needed to develop purity and firmness."

"By one day's neglect they (Joseph and Mary) lost the Saviour; but it cost them three days of anxious search to find Him. So with us; by idle talk, evil speaking, or neglect of prayer, we may in one day lose the Saviour's presence, and it may take many days of sorrowful search to find Him, and regain the peace which we have lost."
Florence Nightingales of Tomorrow

BY BUNNIE PLYER

One day I came home nursing a sore back and an ugly burn on my hand where I had carelessly caressed a fomentation tank, and Ruth came home feeling wonderful. The next day I came home feeling very expensive and began to love the process of efficiency and humanity and Ruth came in limp and listless, worn and weary, sore in body and spirit—and so it goes—one day up, one day down. We've been discouraged, and we've been at peace with the world. All in all it has been an experience which we wouldn't trade for anything. It has in its own way been wonderful.

One Sunday night when we walk down the aisle and catch our gleam of service from a modern Florence Nightingale, and when we solemnly take the oath of our profession, I shall probably shed a few tears, because in spite of all the ups and downs, the heartbreaks and aching feet, I find that I love my profession. Now that I've seen it stripped of all its glamour and laid bare before me—I know that I have caught in an unyielding grasp, and shall be a nurse forever.

"I solemnly pledge myself before God, and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession of faith fully—I will devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

"We will take our oath and become a part of the profession. Yet each of us who completed our probationary term at College and who was privileged to attend some of these meetings and a new inspiration has been derived from the messages given by some of the speakers who came from the convention to speak to us at chapel.

One party was held in the Girls' home on the evening of December 17 when the girls' club members gathered around a tree in the corner of North Hall to attend a pajama party under the direction of the club president, Miss Jean Duke. If you haven't tried your skating and tobogganing and acrobatic ability on the new floor of the gym, you should do so by all means. Advice from the experts is: "Take a pillow along!"

A Sabbath school orchestra is in the process of preparing a Christmas pageant, and we have already heard one short impromptu program topped by a watch party. The new week of entertainment got off to a fine start on December 27, when the A Cappella Choir from Southern Junior College made a trip to Chattanooga January 11, to sing for the Evangelistic Convention held there January 7-13. Their program consisted of five numbers including a special "We're You There" which was rendered very beautifully. Many of our student body were privileged to attend some of these meetings and a new inspiration has been derived from the messages given by some of the speakers who came from the convention to speak to us at chapel.

The New Week of Entertainment

Let us go back to the evening of December 17, 1942, for an event in the home of Professor and Mrs. Ludington.

A cheery log fire is burning on the winter air, but truly we can say that this was the most enjoyable evening.

December 21, 3:30 P.M., no more students went to the rest of the year. We had a glorious thought. Hurried "good-byes" mixed with, "I'll be seeing you," were the order of the day, so much so in fact that by Tuesday noon, our beautiful campus usually just teeming with joy and laughter, now seemed barren and forgotten. Forgotten in the last grand rush to catch that five-ten train, and the cherished expectation of being home soon with all the joys that bring. Yet for another group it was not forgotten. That was the American girls who didn't go. With a "Heep, three, four," one was very much aware that there were at least forty-five young men who didn't go. What about the rest?

Yes, there were a few of us. Once in a while one could notice (that is if he happened to be there at the right time) a fleeting shadow turning some distant corner or perhaps just entering one of the big empty buildings. Generally though, we would all emerge from our respective hiding places at least twice a day at meal time. But in spite of that lonely feeling, we were bound to make the best of it.

There was a little dance was planned with Miss Rhodes in charge. Later we returned to the girls' parlor for games. Wednesday, more games in the girls' parlor but thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Christmas eve, the joint club's meeting, under the leadership of the club president, and sponsored by the student body, provided the evening's entertainment. Perhaps the high spot of the evening was the gift of Mrs. Santa, pinching-hit for Captain Santa (of the Alaska air force) in the form of some other than Parry Alaska. Presents ranged all the way from two all-day sukkers wrapped in fifteen-ply of newspapers to cardboard bugles and tin cannons.

Friday, Christmas day, a most excellent Christmas dinner was served and everyone seemed merry in spite of the rain.

Saturday night, more rain, a good crowd, a fine program, beautifully rendered and greatly enjoyed. Professor Dortch, assisted by Corporal Louis Ludington (home on furlough), and Charles Pierce gave us an excellent variety of vocal, organ, violin and piano music.

The new week of entertainment got off to a fine start on December 27, boys entertaining the girls on the 28th, games the 29th, a formal supper on New Year's eve, followed by a short impromptu program topped by a watch party.

Saturday night, the girls' club did a grand job of entertaining in the form of a movie, a New Year's eve, Sunday, everything seemed to be alive again. Old familiar faces reappeared, why the chapel was packed for the viewing of that evening sponsored by the school. Our minds were suddenly brought to the realization of the fact that there were many thousands of others who "didn't go" here for the Christmas; yes, boys on the front lines as we viewed them there, giving their lives for the ones of us who stayed at dear old S. J. C.
The Army Calls...

On Tuesday night, December 22, in the "Starkey Hill Top House," Collegedale, Tennessee, Barlett and Oliver Foist were united in marriage by J. C. Thompson, former President of Southern Junior College.

The bride was attended by her sister Lydus Belz, maid of honor, and Edwina Smith, bridesmaid.

The groom's attendants were Dr. McDavid of North Carolina, best man, and George Meister, attendant.

Lydus Belz sang "My Heart is a Haven" followed by "O Promise Me" sung by Dean Leaze. The wedding march was played by Professor C. W. Davis.

A small reception followed the wedding, and Mr. and Mrs. Foist are now making their home at Southern Junior College and will be entering the call to service for his country.

In the little Adventist church at Deer Lodge, Tennessee, on Thursday night, December 24, Evelyn Kirkham and Darrell Chisholm were united in marriage, Elder O. D. Cardey of Knoxville officiating.

The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm are now at home at 210 Flower Avenue, Takoma Park, Maryland.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm attended Southern Junior College and took an active part in the school activities. All the students and faculty wish them much happiness, and may God ever be with them.

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Ninety years ago a sweet little package, a lovely baby girl, was delivered at a Christian home. This little lady has grown sweeter each year and we all know her as "Grandma Goodrich." Mrs. Luckington's step-daughter who is raising a mother to her own little family and to the natives for thirty years in the Orient: Honduras, the Bay Islands, Panama, and Cuba has made her face like an angel's and her life beautiful and sublime.

The ladies of Collegedale and a few who squeezed in gave "Grandma" a surprise on her last important landmark. Imagine if anyone could be the bishop of ninety candles on one cake. It took several puffs before it was illuminated and the madrigals began. We all tried, however, to enjoy this beautiful cake.

The future scientists of Southern Junior College enjoyed an excellent party given on the evening of December 12 at the home of Professor and Mrs. Nelson.

When all members were present the fun began, first, in the form of games that were played with their usual success. These and many other interesting programs have filled the young people's hour with an inspiring message during the past year.

FOREIGN MISSION BANDS

(Continued from page 1)

LOOK WHO'S BEEN HERE

Recent visitors to our campus were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleming from Atlanta, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Cherry, Sue Summurel, and Stilte Kremer from Emmanuc Missionary College; Mr. and Mrs. Roland Shorter and Emenie Edmonson, from Washington Missionary College; Elder Roy, from Keene, Texas; Evan Richards, Louis Ludington, and Clarence Blue, on furlough from various parts of Arkansas and Elders A. L. Simonis, F. F. Schwinted, and Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Anderson, who were with us last year.

Y. P. M. V. MEETINGS

(Continued from page 1)

THE OBSERVATOR

(Continued from page 3)

The Army Calls...
CARNAHAN WRITEs
FROM ARMY CAMP

Company A, Maintenance Battalion 16th Armored Division Camp Perry, Ohio
February 15, 1943

My dear Hosicky Mill Family,

Well, here I am in the Army now. I came here at Camp Perry since Thursday, February 4.

We started our basic training last Monday and we are to finish in four weeks. We are in the drill field the other half. We get about seven hours sleep each night and the other seventeen hours we are on the run.

Here is a summary of my first day at Camp Perry, which was February 5.

5:30 A.M.—Fall out. 5:45—Roll Call. 6:00—Breakfast. From 6:30 until 10:00 I mopped floors. From 10:00 until 12:00, I peeled potatoes. 12:00 until 12:45 was lunch. From 12:45 until 4 o’clock, they let me peel more potatoes (I made good in the morning), and from four until six I mopped more floors. 6:00 until 6:30—Chow (to the Army). From 6:30 until 9:00 it was a special detail which included many things. I then had until (Continued on page 2)

KEPLINGER HEADS SENIORS

The atmosphere at Southern Junior College on Monday night of March 1 was rather unusual. Eyes were brighter, laughter was a little louder, and halls were noisier. Even the habitual sleepy-heads took no rest in their last period classes. Indeed, it wasn’t an ordinary night, and any So-Ju-Conian could tell the reason for the phenomenal excitement. It was the night for senior class organization.

At eight o’clock in room eight twenty college seniors and twenty-eight academy seniors, with Professor Ludington, their sponsor, met to elect officers in parliamentary procedure. Each senior made his own choice for all five offices by secret ballot. The choices were compiled and vote was then taken on the three candidates having the highest number of votes. Vote was first taken for president. For a moment the seniors held their breath; then there was a loud burst of applause for John Keplinger who was elected president of the Senior Class of 1943.

In the voting that followed Marian Miles, an academy senior was chosen as vice-president. Marilyn Byrd was elected secretary, and Charles Wood was elected treasurer. Lamar McDaniel was voted class pastor by an overwhelming majority. Ted Lysek was chosen by the class to act as class activities editor on the staff of the Triangle.

To quiet the cries of Speech/Speech the officers gave pledges of their full support and co-operation to make this the best Senior Class Southern Junior College has ever had.

In Memoriam

Word has just been received of the loss of 1st Lt. Evan Hughes. The notice from the Secretary of War was that Lieutenant Hughes was lost in action somewhere in the Pacific. As far as is known, Evan was the first Southern Junior College boy to make the supreme sacrifice for his country, although the Soldiers’ Directory records the names of 104 of our men who are serving in the armed forces in many parts of the world.

Deepest sympathy is extended to the relatives and friends who mourn.

THE FACULTY PRESENTS INTERNATIONAL NIGHT

Collegedale boasts of many returned missionaries and those acquainted with foreign customs and culture who are better equipped with information and costumes to amuse and instruct than many yeveum course lecturers and paid entertainers.

On the twentieth of February two small announcers, Robert and Chester Rogers appeared before each of the six main divisions of the program exhibiting the name of the country to appear. The first one was India-Burma. A variety of oriental music and a vocal solo. “On the Road to Mandalay,” by Wayne Foster, prepared the audience for the bazaar scene. Mrs. T. K. Ludgate, the experienced missionary, was helping the new recruit, Doris Martin, in the bargaining with the vendors. A Burmese boyer and his wife, (Mr. and Mrs. A. J. De Noyer) dressed in Karen costume, were having difficulty with the middle-class Moslem (Elder J. S. James) who was selling oranges. The vendor appealed the buyer who found his basket of fruit half filled with paper by giving him another basket of fruit. But the “mizzin’” or call to prayer momentarily stopped all business. A Karen girl (Margaret De Noyer) was selling rice and curry which filled the room with its delicious odor. A Burmese and his beautiful wife (Professor and Mrs. D. C. Ludington) were dickerong over a carved elephant they wished to buy for their son, (John De Noyer). The Burmese Buddhist priest or “pangyi” (Roland Simmons) and his attendant (Ray Madison) stopped at intervals for donations to fall into their begging bowl. The little cookie and vegetable boy (Donald Ludgate) and the Hindu servant girl (Mary Maureen Ludgate) completed the typical scene.

As if by magic the audience was carried to the Swiss Alps by the yodeling in the beautiful recordings which Dr. Daniel Walther and his wife brought from Switzerland. When the curtain was drawn, cool mountains, pine trees, a meadow, and a log cabin appeared in the background. From one side came little “Heidi” (Le Brun Power) calling for her tiny friend, “Peter” (David Walther) who entered leading a playful kid. “Heidi” picked mountain flowers to put into her apron and then sat down to eat and rest while “Peter” also stuffed his bread and cheese and lay down to sleep. The kid used this opportunity to steal the milk from their cup.

Claudine Hopkins played a medley of Spanish songs on her accordion to turn all minds farther south to Spain and Spanish countries. Edythe Stephenson-Cotren sang “La Princesita” and Margaret Cooper played the castanets and the tambourine as Roland Blackburn rendered “La Paloma” on the organ. A typical evening on any Spanish street is about to begin. Two old couples greet each other effusively and settle down to talk and to watch the young people stroll by.

The Moors lost the last of their possessions in Spain in 1492 but not their power of influence over Spanish customs. The boys still walk on the one side of the street and the girls on the other, but of necessity they must pass each time they reach the end of the “paseo.” Here come the good looking (Continued on page 3)
SPIRIT OF MISSIONS

EUROPEAN DIVISION

The European Division has started off in a big way this second semester. The membership has shown a large increase. At present about thirty members are enrolled and that is not all—more are expecting to join soon.

We have two members in some of the offices because of the rapid increase in membership and the extra work which the members are doing. The new officers of the European division are as follows: Secretaries, Marilyn Byrd and Pansy Albine; Treasurers, Dorothy McColough and Beecher Smith; Chaplain, Gunter Koch.

Everyone in the band is taking an active part in the mission program. Each member deserves special mention for the work which he has done on the Division map. He has obtained a firm of the countries of the division, and is no other person than Robert Harms himself.

Definite committees have been organized, one working on worship programs, another on the social programs.

All who do not belong to any mission band group are cordially invited to join this European Division. If you like to work, you will be more than welcome.

CARNAHAN WRITES

FROM ARMY CAMP

(Continued from page 1)

10:00 to bathe, shave, clean my house and get in bed.

I am living in a hut with five other fellows. Our hut is about fifteen feet square and has a cola stove in the center. It is kind of a camping trip. We have to wash our own dishes.

The weather is beautiful. Just ten degrees below zero today and the wind is coming off Lake Erie at about ninety miles per hour. Yesterday was very warm, just zero. We marched five miles, and am I stiff today?

I am having lots of fun and get a good laugh when I think how funny it would really be if you could see me doing some of the things I do. Such as turning to the left when everyone else turns to the right, or my being in step and the other hand two hundred and forty-nine being out of step.

I would appreciate a letter from all of you.

Love to all,

Staff Sergeant David T. Carnahan, No. 14105868

The President's Column

THE MARKS OF A WELL-EDUCATED MAN

President D. E. Rebok

(Continued from January issue)

Step into the study-hall, the library, or visit the rooms of students in the school home during the evening study period, and you can easily identify the boy who is well on the road to becoming a "Well-Educated Man." What you will observe there is the second "Mark" which we should bear in mind.

2. "He must be able to study and to think without guidance from others. He must have command of the method of the mind, and he must be—some extent—a thinker, and not a mere imitator. He may or may not have more opinions than other persons, but he has more opinions to which he has a right."

A student is not ready to graduate simply because he has occupied a chair through so many hours of recreation or lecture, even though it were a front seat rather than one on the last row. Neither does membership in a fraternity house or a literary society give evidence that a body has learned how to think.

A man is qualified to graduate when he has mastered a field of study and has learned how to use the materials of research without pressure from the outside but rather from a pressure within. Independent and self-initiated study is after all the only kind of study really worth while.

Pity the boy who studies only when the teacher is present or when some specific task is assigned. What goes on in a school room when the teacher is called out for ten minutes is an eloquent testimony to the fact that the majority of students are falling down on this "Mark" of the "Well-Educated Man."

Self-control, self-discipline, and self-initiation belong to the boy who has a self starter rather than to the boy who must be wound up or started by a crank, which the way in which the vocabulary of many boys is the synonym for teacher.

Most students fail to appreciate the fact that there is a close correlation between good scholarship and a good position in adult life. President Walter S. Gifford of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company made a careful study of 3806 of the company's executives. The results of his investigation showed that most of its successful officers had been successful students in college. They had earned above-average grades, and thirty years later they were earning above-average salaries.

President Gifford makes the declaration that, "The man in the highest tenth in scholarship at college has not one chance in ten, but nearly two chances in ten, of standing in the highest tenth in salary. The man in the lowest third in scholarship, on the other hand has instead of one chance in ten, only one in twenty-two, of standing in the first tenth in salary."

Now scholarship comes as a result of study and thought. The boy who must be watched every minute and driven to his books, or who is satisfied with just "getting by" will not find himself in the highest tenth in scholarship.

Good study habits will grow in good work habits, for after all "study is mental work." Thomas Edison once said that he had never worked a day in his life. To him his work was so interesting that he could immerse himself in it for long hours, even days, at a time and not realize that he was working. His work was his play. When the college boy's study becomes his play, then he will not consider it something to which he is to be exposed—something done to him but rather something done by him and him alone.

Learning is something which cannot be done by proxy.

Some one has said, "Study is the college student's busi-
ness, and the way he carries it on depends, among other things, upon how much he enjoys it. Whether it is enjoyable or not depends upon his attitude.” It is that attitude which is the second “Mark” of a “Well-Educated Man.”

The old adage that, “you can lead a horse to water but you can’t make him drink” is true only to the amateur stockman. The professional adds, “Salt the beast and he’ll drink.” With self-discipline, self-initiative, self-reliance as the salt, the student will “drink at the fountain of knowledge.” It is that salt which is the second “Mark” of a “Well-Educated Man.”

Dear student, stop for a minute and analyze your own study and thought habits. Do you have to be watched every minute? Does your teacher have to tell you every step in the solution of your problems? If you depend upon guidance and directions in every detail? Or are you learning to study and think without constant guidance?

Remember that the latter is a “Mark” of a “Well-Educated Man.”

INTERNATIONAL NIGHT

(Continued from page 1)

brunette (from Mrs. Mary Dietel’s Spanish classes), the girls with high combs and mantillas, pretty shawls, fans that talk in their hands, and flowers in their dark hair; the boys with “sarapes,” “sombreros,” and long lashes, who cast admiring glances and compliments at the “senoritas” who pretend not to see nor hear. But one of the girls (Margaret Cooper) who lives on the “paseo” returns home. A young man (Max Ritchie) appears before her grated window singing, “Nita, Juanita, dame el corazon,” etc.until she appears to carry on a conversation with him. The parents (Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bottemley) are becoming concerned by the very frequent visits of this young man so they go out to inquire from the old people concerning his reputation, social standing, and financial status.

Satisfied with the information received, they invite their future son-in-law into the house for the first time and witness the presentation of the engagement present, a wrist watch. “And they lived hap...” CURTAIN

Mrs. Olive Batson carried the audience back north again with her piano number, Grieg’s “Concerto.” Seated in a comfortable Danish living room Fru Nelson is telling her little daughters (Maryn and Myrna) the Hans Christian Anderson story of the ugly duckling. Company is arriving. Herr and Fru Jacobson, their two children (George and Priscilla), and Frozen Wirak enter. The hostess hastens to make them comfortable and to prepare and serve for them some delicious fruit juices and “smorbrod” (open sandwiches). Guests always eat lunch in every Scandinavian home they enter. The long skirts, hoods with flowing ribbons, bright yellow trousers, and red tasseled soles made a quaint and beautiful picture.

Suddenly the audience was thrust into the heart of China where the Chinese grand opera “music” swallowed it up with its hideous screaming and declamatory shrieks. It is possible to learn to like even Chinese opera if one lives in China long enough. Then all looked right into a Chinese home. In one room sat the men (President D. E. Rebok, Dr. Paul Quimby, Professor C. E. Winter) eating long noodles with chopsticks and talking Chinese. In another room beside a high, uncomfortable Chinese bed, chatted the women (Mrs. Quimby, Mrs. Winter, Jean Rebok, Betty Howard, and Ruth Howard) while eating oranges and watermelon seeds and drinking tea. The “zhah” or servant (Miss Dora Greve) shuffled happily in and out with food and drink and then handed to each a small, wet towel at the close of the meal. The barefoot cootie (Ross Hughes) with his eight-cornered hat and long pole over one shoulder bearing a heavy burden suspended at either end, and the house cat complete the typical Chinese picture such as the onlookers had often seen in old geographies.

But how did all reach home again so very quickly? On the organ came the strains of “Dixie,” “Swannee River,” and other southern airs. At the curtain was drawn, our own American soldier boys, back privates and “Private Buck” were whiling away a few minutes trying to cheer each other by recollections of loved ones and by witty remarks. Then they went into a huddle and sang “Over There” and “Anchors Aweigh.” Odd Glory appeared in the center of the rostrum as the audience sang our national anthem, glad to be back home again but hoping for an annual trip around the world with the same guides who really know the way.

The Southland Scroll

What Are You Going To Do?

by Mrs. Edythe C. Williams, R. N.

“Take my life and let it be, consecrated, Lord, to Thee”—Yes, it is a group of young girls singing. They joyously stand at the threshold of their professional career, clad in their blue and white striped uniforms and stiffly starched aprons.

The Director of the School of Nursing is speaking.— “You have come to an high hour in your experience. To this event, Your Capping Exercise, you have eagerly looked forward for months, or perhaps for years.

“You are to be congratulated for the wise professional choices you have made in this hour of crisis. In the nursing profession you can serve your country in a very real way; for, even as you pursue your studies, which lead to an R. N., degree, you will pity the sick for the sick. In doing this you may relieve a graduate nurse for governmental service.

“Moreover, you are preparing yourself for life. In what other way could you spend three years as profitably in gaining an all-round training for your future, as in nursing?

“As you study and work each day, remember that you are not to be ordinary nurses. The Master Physician desires you to volunteer to give high-grade, consecrated service for the comfort and relief of sin-sick souls, as well as diseased bodies. Yours is the opportunity to break down prejudice at nothing else can, and to give the message of salvation to perishing souls who could be reached in no other way. Constantly hold before you the highest ideals of service, that you may excel in the art of nursing the body, mind, and soul.

“The suspicious moment has come! Each nurse is capped and given a lighted candle. As hearts beat proudly, gentle lips repeat solemnly the famous Florence Nightingale Pledge. A prayer of dedication is offered. “I’ll go where you want me to go, I’ll do what you want me to do,” singing the white-capped girls. Then, to the tune of “Onward Christian Soldiers” they march out of the little chapel. Holding firmly their brightly burning candles,—and the inspiration of the hour. Yes,—

“To be a nurse is to walk with God Along the path that our Master trod; To soothe the aching of human pain; To faithfully serve for little gain; To lovingly do the kindly deed. A cup of water to one in need: A tender hand on fevered brow; A word of cheer to the living now; To reach the soul through its body’s woe.

All this is the way that Jesus would go! White-capped girls with hearts so true,

Our great Physician’s working through you! You!”

PRUDENT STUDENTS

Don’t be surprised if you see some industrious students, fire extinguishers in hand, deftly searching for little flames. Dean Lease just organized a fire-fighting unit.

El Caballerio Dortch makes a perfect Mexican. Maybe you should check up on your lineage, Senor Texan.

If anyone finds our new playground committee how about reporting them to the lost and found column?

Did examination week have anything to do with Verne Dortch and his sprained ankle? While paying third week end, it appeared he allowed so many hundred pounds of Perry to hurt his ankle. Not satisfied with that he finished the job while chasing a ball. Perhaps he thinks the teachers will pity his infirmity.

Collegedale students got a chance to exercise their democratic rights. Every student was asked to write out his ideas on how to improve the Y. P. M. V. Society. President Rebok carried our suggestions to the convention at Boulder.

The colporteur convention of the Southern Union took many of our students away over the weekend. A large number at S. J. C., plan to go out next summer. These are truly “prudent students.”

Sailor Melvin Waldron, former S. J. C. student of 1936, visited us over the weekend. But how did he see nor hear. At La Sierra he joined the navy as a pharmacists mate. A blue uniform is unusual here.

WEATHERISTIC

CHARACTERISTICS

Speaking in physicists terms these alternating currents of cold (negative) and sunny warmth (positive) are mentally disturbing. A less sporatic weatherman is desired, preferably positively minded.

There’s one weatherman that nothing can be done with. Mr. Groundhog seems to be taking a great joy in keeping us guessing whether he will break his tradition or not. February 2 was a cloudless day.

Trees have budded and daffodils have bloomed. Gardens are planted and spring is on the boom. Let’s hope March doesn’t knock it off.

FACULTY FACTS

That we have as fine a faculty as there is, is not just propaganda. The faculty apologizes to the students, especially of Florida, for rationing sugar this year. There is a promise of possible leniency next year.
This isn’t news, but Dr. Walther was almost minus an audience a few Saturdays ago. An army training ploned found the county highway a most convenient place to practice deadstick landings at 11 a.m.

While on the subject of Dr. Walther; his history classes pronounce his name Va-terror. Despite mentally terrorist assignments he is extremely well liked.

SPORTS
All tennis-loving fans would do well to watch the championship race for the tennis crown. The contestants are Meister, Linderman, and Ward.

Discovered: A new and great psychologist, Jimmy Linderman. His mind is keyed to such a perfect psychological extent that he carefully surveys the geographical lay of the tennis court and two balls to see which one he should pick up first in order to walk the least.

Baseball is just around the corner. The king of sports promises to have the tennis court and two balls to see which one he should pick up first in order to walk the least.

Baseball is just around the corner. The king of sports promises to have the championship race for the tennis crown. The contestants are Meister, Linderman, and Ward.

PEAVEY-MIDKlFF MARRIAGE
The Seventh-day Adventist church was the scene for the beautiful wedding of Miss Loralei Peavey to Mr. Marvin Midkiff, on Sunday evening, January 17, 1943, at 7:00 o’clock. An altar banked with white lilies, pastel gladiolus, fern, and palm plants was the appropriate setting. Elder G. Montgomery, Washington, D. C., officiated. Five hundred guests were present.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, Mr. Carlyle E. Peavey. Miss Marlys Peavey, sister of the bride, flew from Orlando to act as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were: Helen Chumley, Betty Norton who attended Southern Junior College.

ATTENDING PHYSICIAN WRITES TO SCROLL
Many of our readers will remember Byron W. Lighthall and Betty Norton who attended Southern Junior College.

One of our nature lovers writes a letter home.

“We are required—but I like it—to gave upon thirty birds whether they like it or not. After this day’s experience, I’ve concluded that they will not mind, for they have been very obliging, accommodating, maybe concealed in showing themselves. Especially, you should have seen the robins. The old gentlemen stood there as if I were going to pin a medal on him. I merely bowed politely and said, ‘I’m so sorry, perhaps, after the duration.’ One of them replied rather dryly, ‘Remember, medals on the breast, not in the breast.’ I thought that a bit insulting, since I’ve practically joined the Audubon Society. The whole flock of robins from the Southern Union were holding ‘workers’ meeting in the field near the garage. There were more than I had ever seen before.

“I had a very delightful walk and was better rewarded than I had expected. To begin with, a sleek, gray bird flew directly over my head and landed in a nearby tree. I had barely begun guessing, when it opened its beak and announced that it was a mourning dove. I saw others later in the afternoon. The killdeers have been here quite a bit. I hear them every morning. I saw one perfectly reflected in a pool of water in the field. How he could run!”

Musings From the North and South

MUSINGS

Dear Diary,
Rolled out of bed at 5:16 this morning, dressed, and dashed to breakfast. The few who came down that early were there as usual, but seemed to be having the same trouble as I was—getting that other eye open. Didn’t have to worry about that long, though, for that north wind put me on the alert when I started to the Hosery Mill.

Some visitors were shown through the mill this morning, and they seemed so interested. Their eyes got big when they saw the long runs, rags, and even the menders come into view as I inspected the stockings.

Oh, yes, I mustn’t forget to tell you about the explosion in lab, this afternoon. It was a little deviation from the regular routine. (What I liked best was that Mr. Dean let me go without finishing the experiment, because I got a little scare from it, along with a few sulfuric burns!)

Well, goodnight! Better put myself to bed now, for 5:16 comes all too soon and that means—roll out again! Oh, well, this is life and life is one long, hard struggle—trying to keep money coming in—and presentable grades going home.

I Love You,” and Mr. Levon Kenny, who sang “Because.”

A reception was held in the home of the bride.

The couple met at Southern Junior College, from which both were graduated. Mr. Midkiff will continue in his defense work, and Mrs. Midkiff will continue her work with Dr. L. L. Andrews. The couple are at home at 1737 N. W. 42nd Street, Miami, Fla.

MUSINGS

Triangle Club

Enjoys “Feed”

On Monday evening, February 22, at 7:00 o’clock, the members of the Triangle Club assembled in the parlor of the Boy’s Home for their weekly meeting.

The president, Mr. Ted Lysek, announced an hour of recreation in the “Gym” from 9 to 10 o’clock that same evening. At the blinking of the lights all rushed down to the “Gym” and we were greeted with “cheese and onion” sandwiches and the famous “College-dale orangeade.”

There were games of skating and basketball for those who wished to participate.

The boys enjoyed themselves and are looking forward to more occasions such as this in the near future.

Dear J.
Well, I received your letter asking the state of affairs since you departed.

The old place, especially South Hall, is sinking into a state of somnolence. No more hilldy music in the middle of study period, or pranks on the monitor, since you’ve gone.

There are only forty-seven of us left but we can still stir up a baseball game on Friday afternoon, and a Roller Derby sometimes on Thursday night. Last Friday it was a little cold, but Wayne Foster and George Meister got together two teams and wound up with a final score of 3-3 (I think you know the usual argument that goes on over a ball game).

Speaking of the girls, the ratio is still about three to one. But even at that, what with this ration program going on, some of the boys still can’t have dates. Why? Dates are rationed too. For a ration card, one must have a birth certificate to prove that he is eighteen years of age. So you see that even here the manpower situation is getting bad.

One of our most famous musicians, (I’m sure you remember him) Donald (Pappy) Perry, has left us for the Army.

On the other hand, an old student, Leonard (Stormy) Bratcher has returned to the fold, so to speak.

Well, it’s still quiet, so I must close and study a little. Write soon.

Your friend,

ATTENDING PHYSICIAN WRITES TO SCROLL

Many of our readers will remember Byron W. Lighthall and Betty Norton who attended Southern Junior College.

They were married in September 1940 since Byron felt that he was unable to finish college unsassisted.

On the morning of February 24, 1943, the Lighthalls came to the Petrie Hospital at Murphy, N. C., and so did the stork. Thomas William weighed eight pounds and three ounces and has a powerful set of lungs. The mother and baby are doing very well.

James T. McDuffie, M. D.
Attending Physician

FLASH!!

Red Army sub chasers: do your patriotic part. Chase those subs down where ever they are. We dood it before and we can do it again.

“Don’t be a sub chaser; Be a sub chasser.”

(This is a paid political announcement.)