

## Photo-Naturalist Depicts Thrills In Photography

Howard Cleaves Shows  
Pictures of Wildlife  
In North America

"My earliest recollections of interest in wildlife were those of my boyhood on the small farm near Aurora, Ill. We boys would walk through the cornfields looking for the wild prairie chickens and go down to Fox River in search of turtles and fish. I have often wondered just how many chores I ran away from as a result of this inborn interest in natural history." This, according to Howard Cleaves, photo-naturalist, is what he gives as his beginnings and background of 30 years of work on the lecture platform, which has brought him before an estimated 200 audiences a season. When he left the farm at the age of 13 he had a collection of between 30 and 40 species of birds' eggs. In three moves he reached Staten Island, N. Y., where he has had his headquarters ever since.

It was there at Staten Island that he first decided to combine the study of birds with the hobby of photography. In 1906 a friend was persuaded to loan him a camera and with this his first bird pictures were made. Cleaves was

See CLEAVES, page two

## Investment Benefit To Be Held Nov. 25

Mr. B. T. Anderson, Superintendent of the Sligo Sabbath School, stated that an Investment benefit program will be given in Columbia Hall on the evening of November 25.

The feature will be motion pictures taken by Mr. T. E. Vlier, who is a member of the Sligo Sabbath School. These are colored pictures of beauty spots of eastern United States. Mr. C. C. Pulver, the Investment promoter of the Sligo School, states that they are among the finest pictures of the kind he has ever seen. He further said, "We have to have Columbia Hall crowded November 25."

See INVESTMENT, page four

## New Space for Press Bindery

A steam line has just been finished to give heat in the Columbia Union Conference storage building which the College Press plans to use for the rest of the school year for bindery work. The bindery department of the Press, which includes four folders, a cutter, and several stitchers, had become so crowded that additional space was needed.

Mr. S. Arason, superintendent of the Press, stated that permission had been secured from the conference for temporary use of the wooden structure until arrangements can be made for permanent space in the plant itself.

Steam for the heating will come from the College Mill plant, while lights and power for machinery will be brought from the Press.

## White Hussars Nov. 4 Lyceum

Welsh Imperial Singers  
Cancel Engagement  
Because of War

By S. W. TYMESON

Offsetting the fact that the Welsh Imperial Singers were called back to England, the Social Committee has fortunately secured the program given by Herbert Petrie and his White Hussars.

Essentially each member of this colorful group is an outstanding artist, having an unusual cultural and musical background, supplemented by years of study and training in his respective field.

Herbert Petrie, musician, producer, director-cornetist with the famous Naval Battalion Band, directed by the immortal John Philip Sousa, is well-known for his work with this unique and versatile organization.

This is a program music lovers will enjoy. Their closing number will be "The Lost Chord" played on the harp, piano, five trumpets, and sung by Henry Thompson, world-famous tenor.

## Theological Benefit-- Scientific Program

The Theological Department benefit program to be held on Saturday evening, October 28, will feature Harry C. White in a lecture demonstrating the wonders of the science of electricity, chemistry, and light.

With a platform full of electrical and scientific apparatus at his command, Mr. White promises to bring many amazing and awe-inspiring experiments showing both practical and theoretical uses of natural phenomena. A lecturer of 20 years' experience, he is said to have a dynamic platform manner of interesting his audience while instructing at the same time.

See WHITE, page three

## College Sponsors X-Ray Service

The Montgomery County Health Department is cooperating with the College Health Service by giving X-rays at greatly reduced rates. This service is limited to the students who reacted positively to the tuberculin test which is given in connection with the medical examinations. Ordinarily, about 25 per cent of the adults react positively to the test, which indicates that these individuals, at some time previous, have at least had the germs of tuberculosis in their system. In the great majority of cases, the X-ray shows that they have effectively resisted these germs, and that there is no trace of tuberculosis.

Occasionally there is a tuberculous infection present, which if diagnosed at once, and treated immediately, can be easily cured. Last Monday and Tuesday, 30 students were taken in cars, by the Health Service, to Rockville for this purpose. The College Health Service is bearing not only the transportation expenses, but also the reduced charges for the X-ray made by the County Health Department. This is only one of the additional services that the College is providing for the students this year through the Health Service.

## Students Show Campaign Spirit In Fast Letter-Sending Drive



Sligo Creek for which the Sligonian was named

## Silver Anniversary Campaign

This year is "The Sligonian's" Silver Anniversary. Volume 24 has been closed and we are now issuing Volume 25. It was in 1916 that the students of Washington Missionary College elected a group called The Sligonian Board. These students published the school monthly which they named for the Sligo creek which borders our campus.

Those students left us a wonderful heritage—the official organ of the College, "The Sligonian," and the tradition it bears.

"The Sligonian" is no longer a magazine published once a month; it is now a bi-weekly newspaper. Ambitions are high to make it better than ever before. We need students, teachers, patrons of the College, and everyone to help.

Isn't it fitting that in the anniversary year we who are interested in Washington Missionary College have joined in a "Sligonian booster" campaign? Two thousand two hundred subscriptions! That is our aim!

M. J. D.

## Desks Bought by Benefit Proceeds

Proceeds from the program sponsored by the Takoma Park Union Church School are being used to furnish new desks in all rooms of the school. The program was "Pamahasika's Pets."

Mrs. S. W. Tymeson, principal of the school, is authority for the statement that the school has a larger enrollment than it has ever had before. There are 225 pupils enrolled; all the rooms being filled to capacity.

The school has an active Home and School Society backing it. This society has raised money to sod the lawn.

The new building was erected two years ago by the Takoma Park Church, and is a brick building with all modern school conveniences.

## H. Wolcott Opens Musical Service

Music students of the College will now be able to purchase all common musical supplies from the bookstore and be able to order anything from an ocarina to a piano from Hollis Wolcott, who is instituting the new service, beginning today.

Having made contact with several supply houses in both New York and Chicago for the College agency, Mr. Wolcott will place the material on display and for sale at the bookstore. Regular supplies may be purchased there from Miss Walker, while any type of instrument may be ordered by catalog.

Mr. Wolcott states that he already has two orders for pianos, and that all instruments are reasonably priced.

## Award Buttons Spur Bands in 100-Sub Aims

Within 15 minutes of the time that the "push-button" SLIGONIAN campaign opened, the students of Washington Missionary College had turned in 500 letters to be mailed to friends, each destined to present the message of the return of another campaign. Within the next 24 hours nearly 200 more had followed the same path. This feat was duplicated on the following two days and when the chapel period on Friday, October 13, was closed 500 more order blanks had been sent out into the field. Circulation Manager Gerald Dolan and his corps of helpers have been kept busy ever since the opening of the campaign last Monday trying to keep their mailing desk cleared of the outgoing mail.

Although at time of writing it has been less than a week since these first letters went out, several students and two faculty members are wearing their white "Booster" pins emblematic of the return of two orders while Prof. S. W. Tymeson has been proudly displaying a five-subscription gold pin all week.

The goal of 1,600 subs at one dollar a piece seems to be a very possible one if the student body continues to exhibit the same whole-hearted spirit of cooperation that they have evidenced so far. On every hand can be heard comments on the amount of school spirit that is seen and how much the students are enjoying this type of contest wherein

See CAMPAIGN, page four

## Lounge Opened For Resident Women of College

The lounge for the use of the women of the College was opened last Sunday evening. Miss Maybelle Vandermark, head of the Placement Service announced.

The idea was primarily predominant with the administrators of the school that a homelike place should be provided for the girls who have no home while at school other than the one in which they are working. Accordingly, the room which was formerly Mrs. James' classroom was redecorated and furnished. The room is placed at the disposal of the College women who live off the campus.

The floor is covered with a multi-colored carpet which blends with the predominating blue of the room. Venetian blinds soften the light. The room is furnished with a pleasing combination of modernistic and period furniture. The ceiling fixtures and the two floor lamps give indirect light. The decorations committee secured two copies of Wallace Nutting photographs, a plaque, and several small prints for the walls.

The lounge adjoins the new Student Placement Service office, which was formerly the church office. This room has been redecorated, also.



THE

Sligonian

VOICES OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS AND THE ALUMNI

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A Parable - or Two

Ballads are known in every part of our country and England. Everyone knows at least a part of one or more of these old songs. When asked how he knew snatches of "Lord Lovell," or any of a dozen others a person would probably say, "Oh, my mother taught it to me," or "I heard it somewhere." There is the theory that these songs evolved through centuries, that they were composed communally, that the folk passed them down from father to son, from mother to daughter, down to the present age. These folk were uneducated, unlearned. If they could make these enduring songs, why isn't it possible for a group of intellectual college students to make a school paper that will be worth the while to read?

The other day I heard of a man who bought a suit he didn't like. After he had bought it he had to wear it. The next time he buys one he will make sure he likes it before taking it from the store.

The moral is: We have a SLIGONIAN. We have to work with it, bad or good. What goes into it is up to each individual student. Each one makes news; the comings and goings of each one are interesting. Let the editors know the news about you.

We are campaigning now for a larger subscription list; we are also campaigning for a good school paper. Let's do it 700 strong. Every student a SLIGONIAN booster.

M. J. D.

Alumni

Since our newsletter for the summer did not become a reality, we'll begin our records where we left off last May.

At the annual alumni meeting held on the College campus in conjunction with Campus Day the following officers were elected to serve for one year:

Elder George S. Rapp, '23, president; Dean H. T. Terry, '28, vice-president; Theo. G. Weis, '26, secretary; Lenma Myers-Guenther, '38, treasurer.

Since our last writing we received several very interesting letters. Some of them were written for the alumni number of THE SLIGONIAN, but space denied us many precious things—one of them putting into print scores of friendly letters. We take this opportunity to thank all of you for your loyal support and your continued interest in your Alma Mater.

Mr. E. R. Corder, '19, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, writes, "One of my happiest memories of Washington Missionary College was the interest the teachers took in the individual students."

Mrs. Carrie Sims-Watson, '19, of 636 Fifth Avenue, Palmetto, Fla., tells us of the immense pleasure she finds in her tasks and the frequent reminders of happy days at W. M. C. She casually remarks that Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wrigley are doing a splendid work in her community. We are most happy to know that. Edgar G. Wrigley, congenial member of the class of 1928, has somehow slipped away from us and three years of effort seems to have failed on our part to locate him correctly. Hello, Edgar, write us a post card, won't you please? We don't remember the former name of Mrs. Wrigley. We blush with shame, but won't someone help us adjust our files? Maiden names are an alumni secretary's sorrows—they're so deceptive and misleading.

Our library (The Machlan Memorial) is still growing. Elder M. G. Conger, '16, donated a splendid collection of 30 volumes. One book, though not a

readable book to most of us, is most unique in typifying the work of W. M. C. Alumni. It is a Bible doctrines textbook prepared by Elder Conger in the Chinese while he was in service in that country. We like books in the Machlan Memorial collection that bespeak the achievement of the contributors.

Mr. Clay Packer Malick, a former student, now a lecturer in social sciences at the University of Colorado, sends us a volume of his recent contribution to the field of "Labor Policies under Democracy." We appreciate this treatise.

We shook the hand of Dr. Walter Stilson, '29, of Los Angeles, Calif. Cheerful and pleasant greetings from him to all of you. So many forget how concerned this office is about the doings of all alumni. Usually those who come a long way to meet friends are the first to greet us. Those nearby forget. However, we feel sure all are doing well.

Dr. Edmund E. Miller, '22, had to leave his work in Munich, Germany, because of the war. He is at present connected with the University of Maryland in the Department of Modern Languages.

Mr. Bruce Gernet, '29, and Mrs. Evelyn Brown-Gernet, '28, forwarded a large box of books to us last spring. There were so many items in the box—some textbooks not usable in the library—that we haven't fully selected all needed items. However we want to express our sincere thanks for this big gift from the personal library of the late Mr. Brown.

Several others have donated books. Miss Harriette B. Hanson, '36, gave us Edman's "Philosopher's Holiday" and Mrs. Nora Klopfenstein-Livesey, '32, has offered several new volumes.

One other word. This office may not mail you a copy of THE SLIGONIAN regularly. We hope, therefore, that you will subscribe to the paper. We hope you will keep this office informed about yourself.

Halcyon

By ANABELLE MILLS

Here is a timely warning, Halcyonites. Be prepared. Mid-semester exams are not losing any time in coming upon us. Now is the time to store in that knowledge for future use. We'll need it. It will save many sleepless nights and last-minute rushes to get in those overdue papers.

The bakery seems to be having a rush on pecan nut rolls and butter gems, for they seem to be the favorites brought to South Hall.

Evelyn Dunak has been confined to the Health Service for a week.

Nellie Ferree has joined the "crutch brigade," and the "order of the bandaged ankles." Nellie slid all the way down the stairs on one elbow and an ankle. Cheer up, Nellie, it's only two weeks and you'll get all your books carried to classes in the meantime.

Of all the dilemmas and problems confronting us, one of the most distressing of situations is when you are in the middle of the top row of curls of your unruly locks, and you are craning your head around to eye the progress and discover you have left out three hairs and then—the lights go out. Or you are telling your roommate about what happened at some great moment and you are just at the most eloquent and flowery part of the actions and then—the lights go out. Or maybe you are reading in history about the reforms of 1832 in England and—the lights go out. Even the moon's guiding rays are sure to be elusive at that explicit moment. We may as well set the alarm and relax our weary bones and hope to resist the temptation to sleep "just one more minute."

We are sorry that Virginia Zeedyk has dropped school to return to her home in Michigan. Best wishes to you, Virginia, and, "Good-bye!"

Jeanette Spencer was called home because of the illness of her mother.

Phyllis Johnson was visited by her parents, her brother, grandfather, and a girl friend over the week end.

A birthday party was given by the kitchen girls to Charlene Rockwell in the dining room last Friday evening at supper. Charlene's mother also came for the week end.

Helyn Paller was visited by her mother over the week end too.

"Yankee" Foreman and Janice Kepner enjoyed a flying trip to Janice's home in Hagerstown. "Yankee" states that they ate "an awful lot," but they managed to return Sunday afternoon.

Marjorie Panches spent the week end at A.U.C. Knowing that she was going, we all bade her a fond farewell in the morning. At noon, being surprised to see her, we said farewell again. Evidently she enjoyed the idea a great deal, for we turned out again when she at last left at three o'clock.

South Hall almost had a mascot in the form of a very black cat. However, all you superstitious people who went around that cat need not worry, it wasn't all black, for it had one white whisker.

We are glad to announce that our traditional "friendship friends" are at work again. Last Thursday night each Halcyon member received her friend by choosing a small brown dog which carried a letter in its mouth. On the outside was "hello" and on the inside was the friend's name.

faculty philosophy

This excerpt from Stevenson came to my attention as a college student. I regard it as a bit of philosophy which has been very much worth my while.



LEO F. THIEL

A Task

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same condition to keep friends with himself; here is a task for all a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Later on, when I became definitely interested in Christian service, after I had started in the work of the cause, I found the philosophy in this bit very much worth while.

Others May—You Cannot

If God has called you to be really like Jesus, He will draw you into a life of crucifixion and humility, and put upon you such demands of obedience that you will not be

able to follow other people, or measure yourself by other Christians, and in many ways He will seem to let other good people do things which He will not let you do.

Other Christians and ministers who seem very religious and useful may push themselves, pull wires, and work schemes to carry out their plans, but you cannot do it; and if you attempt it, you will meet with such failure and rebuke from the Lord as to make you sorely penitent.

Others may boast of themselves, of their work, of their success, of their writings, but the Holy Spirit will not allow you to do any such thing, and if you begin it, He will lead you into some deep mortification, that will make you despise yourself and all your good works.

Others may be allowed to succeed in making money, or may have a legacy left them; but it is likely God will keep you poor, because He wants you to have something far better than gold; namely, a helpless dependence on Him, that He may have the privilege of supplying your needs day by day out of an unseen treasure.

The Lord may let others be honored and put forward and keep you hidden in obscurity because He wants to produce some choice fragrant fruit for His coming glory, which can only be produced in the shade. He may let others be great, but keep you small. He may let others do a work for Him and get the credit for it; but He may make you work and toil on without knowing how much you are doing; and then to make your reward ten times greater when Jesus comes, He may let others get the credit for the work which you have done.

The Holy Spirit will put a strict watch over you with a jealous love and will rebuke you for little words and feelings, or for wasting your time, which other Christians never seem distressed about. So make up your mind that God is an infinite sovereign and has a right to do as He pleases with His own. He may not explain to you a thousand things which puzzle your reason in His dealings with you, but if you absolutely sell yourself to be His love slave, He will wrap you up in a jealous love, and bestow upon you many blessings which come to those only who are in the inner circle.

Settle it forever, then, that you are to deal directly with the Holy Spirit, and that He is to have the privilege of tying your tongue, or chaining your hands, or closing your eyes in ways that He does not seem to use with others. Now when you are so pleased and delighted over this peculiar, personal private, jealous guardianship and management of the Holy Spirit over your life, you will have found the vestibule of Heaven.

In the years later, when I studied contemporary American literature, I found this one:

Life

Life is too brief  
Between the budding and the falling leaf,  
Between the seedtime and the golden sheaf,  
For hate and spite.  
We have no time for malice and for greed;  
Therefore with love make beautiful the deed;  
Fast speeds the night.  
Life is too swift  
Between the silence and the lark's uplift,  
Between the flowers and the white snowdrift,  
For bitter words.  
  
In kindness and gentleness our speech  
Must carry messages of hope and reach  
The sweetest chords.  
Life is too great  
Between the infant's and the man's estate,  
Between the clashing of earth's strife and hate  
For petty things.  
Lo! We shall yet who creep with cumbered feet  
Walk glorious over Heaven's golden street  
Or soar on wings!

—Margaret Sangster

Somewhere there in the three is found my philosophy of living.

Cleaves Continued from page one

so well pleased with the results that he decided to get a camera of his own. However, funds were low and it was not until three years later when a kindly dealer was located who would sell the desired camera to him on credit that he was able to film the birds with his own equipment. The camera was paid for with money earned by the sale of pictures which were taken with it.

Late in the year 1912 the desire came to try the rather new field of moving pictures. Thomas A. Edison was doing experimental work with his movie camera at East Orange, N. J., so Cleaves wrote to him for an appointment. Edison's grant to this request came by return mail and the original letter bearing the famous inventor's signature is still a prized possession. The result of the interview was that Cleaves was sent to Edison's movie laboratory in the Bronx to take lessons on motion picture technique. Later Edison sponsored Cleaves on a one-man expedition to South Carolina. Five hundred feet of the film exposed on this trip were released in the leading theaters of the

United States and several European countries.

The first sponsored lectures given by Cleaves were under the auspices of the New York City Board of Education. For this series, the first of which "scared me to death," he was paid \$10 per lecture while his assistants at the lectures netted \$8. In the last five years Cleaves estimates that he has spoken to about 300,000 high school pupils. One of the last high schools to which he spoke was in Hollywood, Calif.

Cleaves, whose parents were Seventh-day Adventists, says that he would have continued to specialize in bird photography if it had not been that his audiences wanted greater variety. Now he claims that he is not afraid to tackle anything. Most of his work has been done in the States although he has taken time out to spend one summer in the Canadian Labrador and has twice traveled to Nova Scotia and once into Mexico. Perhaps his greatest tribute came when he was chosen to be photographer on ex-Governor Pinchot's South Sea Island trip.

—Herb Walls



## "Literary" Impressions

SWISH—SH—sh

Being the reflections of a college senior, written on a rainy Monday.

\* \* \*

In all my years of college life there has been one sound that has been more startling and thrilling than any other. When I hear this little sound my heart skips a beat and I say to myself, "oh!" You certainly must have heard the same sound if you have ever lived in a "dorm," but maybe it doesn't affect you in quite the same manner as it does me.

Sometimes I hear it during the post-chapel period as I add a touch of powder to the imaginary shiny spot on my nose, or maybe it comes as my typewriter busily taps out the next day's lessons. No matter what the time—morning or afternoon—the sound has the same effect.

This peculiar little noise I am talking about is the distinctive little "swish" that letters make as they slide under my door. Now there are all kinds of "swishing" sounds in the world, but none quite like this particular "swish." For instance, there is the "swish" of the pages being turned in a book, there is the "swish" of the wind in the trees, and the "swish" of a ball sailing swiftly past your ear, but none of these is the same as the "swish" of mail being slid under my door. It may be a bill, an ad, a newsy letter from home, or just a card from the library saying that I have kept a book too long and it would be best for the fine to be paid before time to put the charge on this month's bill. No matter what the mail consists of, it will be personal. It means someone has taken a most personal interest in me if only for pecuniary reasons.

After the deep silence that always follows such a "swish," I wait until the tread of that mysterious bearer of either good or bad tidings passes down the hall. (I do not wish the bearer to know how really excited I am over this stray missive that has come sliding under my door.) I walk nonchalantly to the door, bend down to pick up whatever is there, and breathe normally once more.

Before finishing this little confabulation I wish to say that the saddest contingency of all is to turn the piece of mail over only to find it addressed to my roommate!

—Marjorie PUNCHES

## Tangents . . .

Although the stately oaks round our academic circle have participated in many a dress parade of gay October, the recurrence of that pageant of color does not fail to move this humble beholder to speechless (almost!) admiration. In case you've been too busy with scholastic oddments to notice, the forked giant on the southeast side of the chapel is a "thing of beauty," no less. Try the view from the English room windows.

October, by the way, arrived in a storm of tears—our sympathies go out to the freshmen, whose attacks of "home-was-never-like-this" multiply when W.M.C.'s fair campus shows itself through a haze of rain, and one comes seriously to consider navigating between classes, instead of walking.

As we splashed down toward the administration building the other morning, we noticed a dirt-bespattered dish, the murkiness in the water it held betraying milk as its original contents. Someone evidently braved the elements to take pity on a stray pet with a hungry look in its eye! This unknown humanitarian had placed his offering under the ramp, in vain hope that Tommy or Rover, as the case may have been, might stay dry during his repast. An impossibility during a Washington rain, as we might have assured him.

"Guess who's here to see you!"—thrilling words to any of us here at College. Florence and Louis Cornelius listened in on something like that a few days ago, when two old friends from their hometown, Eldred, Pa., dropped in to spend a few hours with them. The visitors were Dorothy Hopper and Joe Crispin. The Corneliuses and their friends spent the afternoon inspecting our capital city.

While roving through South Hall this afternoon, I found a new occupant attracting quite a bit of attention. A large, sleek, topaz-eyed cat stood arching his back before the mirror on second floor, haughtily receiving the admiration and sundry caresses of a group of Halcyonites. 'Twas Anabelle who discovered his real claim to distinction—a single white whisker—he was entirely black otherwise. One fair young miss disdained to do homage, however. "Friday's the thirteenth, this week," commented Margaret Zettelmeyer cagily. "No black cats for me."

Some people, it seems, were just born lucky—consider the Murphys, for instance. All inside two weeks, Carmen's mother, Mrs. A. C. Turnage, and Clarence's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Murphy, visited them. To make it even better, Clarence's brother Laurie, and his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Murphy, came a-calling also. The latter brought with them a charming young person by the name of Jimmie, who claims Clarence as his uncle—we heard that this was Jimmie's first trip away from home, at the brave age of two whole years! All the Murphys came from Wilson, N. C., and Mrs. Turnage from Farmville, same state.

Incident related to have occurred in North Hall recently:

"Bang, thump, clatter!" from the direction of Johnny Swartz's room. Monitor, hurrying to investigate, demands reason therefor. Registers outraged incredulity, on being blandly assured by Johnny that he'd merely dropped a banana.

Explanation: Johnny, evidently being of an inquisitive and experimental turn of mind, pressed into his service some leftover dry ice, the other evening, using his breakfast fruit as subjects. Result being that said fruit would do nicely as brick-bats in any Irishman's fight. Hence the clatter, and the truth of Johnny's statement to the indignant monitor.

Last Sunday morning, while sunk in reverie induced by overlong concentration on the literary antics of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, I was startled into wondering if spring had actually rolled around so soon, bringing with it release from my misery. Why? Well, if you didn't hear the lyric flood of bird song that morning, you missed a real treat. Evidently the feathered musicians from up north were blessing us with a bit of their ecstasy, as they rested a moment here on their southward journey. Professor Ashley, if you heard, could you tell us what kind of bird it was?

And on not quite so poetic a note—what wouldn't you like to do to that band of crows who begin the tribal argument just outside the dorm windows every morning at a quarter of six? Don't the noisy creatures know that that last 15 minutes is the cream of the night's slumber?

—Roberta SCHNEIDER

## Takoma Academy Echoes

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### THE SPIRIT OF TAKOMA

T-rue-hearted, loyal, each girl and boy  
A-lert and cheerful, brimful of joy.  
K-indly, and ready all wrong to forsake,  
O-n every question the right side to take.  
M-aking real progress, climbing each day  
A-nd scattering sunshine every step of the way.

L. W.

### New T. A. Student Tells of Life in North

Newfoundland, for those who may not know, is an island off the coast of Canada. It is not a large island. It is one-fifth larger than Ireland, but its population is much smaller, because only the coast is inhabited. The interior of the island, except for a few places along the railroad, has not been settled.

In the interior there are many lakes and swamps, and scattered all over are spruce-covered hills, which have the appearance of wooded islands emerging from the swamps. Such conditions make exploration very difficult, and those who have penetrated into the interior tell us that it is extremely difficult to make any headway. For this and other reasons the interior has never been settled.

Newfoundland is the most easterly point in North America, and is therefore the nearest point to Europe. Cape Spear is just 1460 miles from Cape Clear in Ireland.

Newfoundland has always been a fishing country, and in Newfoundland "fish" means codfish. The English started fishing there soon after Cabot's visit in 1497.

Another source of wealth, which also comes from the sea, is the seal fishery. Every year the seals come south for the bearing of their young. They may be seen by the thousands in March and April on the rough ice fields.

For many years, indeed, up until the beginning of the present century, there were no large industries except fishing and sealing. The fortune of the country depended entirely on the success of these. A bad fishing season meant a year's poverty and distress for the whole island. While this still holds good for a large proportion of the people, there are now many others who are quite independent of the sea for their living. They are making use of the great timber resources. Lumbering is a new but growing industry.

My first impression of the country was that it was just a large wilderness. There were trees and water everywhere, but few people. St. Johns, the capital, is a large city. About one-third of the island's population lives there. I enjoyed my stay there very much. One is impressed by the large number of horses and the queer-shaped wagons they pull.

We have a large church of 270 members and a junior academy in St. Johns.

We lived the longest time in a town called Corner Brook, a town in the northwestern part of the island. There were no Adventists in this part of the island when we first went there, but now there are a church and school there. You might laugh at our school, for all the desks and other equipment are homemade. The stove was a gasoline drum with four legs on it and a door cut in the front, but the children were eager to come and there were 120 applications for admittance.

When I first got there I used to get very homesick for the U. S. A., but I came to like my new home very much.

I liked the big snows, which would sometimes shut out all the light from our first-floor windows. I finally got so I could walk on a pair of snowshoes as well as my brother.

I must tell you about my dogs. One day Mother brought me two little puppies. The mother was the prize dog on the mailman's team. They were literally just balls of fur, for they were as wide as they were long.

I finally determined that my two pups would never have to work like other dogs when they grew up. They were going to be pets—at least that is what I thought.

One day when I came home from school I noticed my dogs were gone, but that was not unusual, as they sometimes followed my brother, but when I saw my brother come in the yard with his sled, I noticed his team was unusually large, and sure enough, there were my dogs harnessed with the others, and believe it or not, they seemed to enjoy it. After that they had a permanent job.

When the dogs were fully grown, we had a special sled for them, and they used to take me wherever I wanted them to. Of all my friends I had to leave behind, I think I miss my dogs the most.

—Betty Dolan

### Week of Prayer Enjoyed by Academy

"Prayer is the key in the hand of faith to unlock heaven's storehouse, where are treasured the boundless resources of Omnipotence."

—"Steps to Christ," p. 118.

Since the Week of Prayer, as students of Takoma Academy, we have realized the truth of this statement more than ever before. We have come to understand that without prayer and faith we cannot please God, and the darkness of the Evil One will surround us at every hand.

The school was divided into six prayer bands, each with a teacher as leader and several student assistants. Not only were inspiring talks given by our teachers, but often visitors came in to speak. The spirit in each meeting showed that our youth are seeking for divine truth and desire to have a part in finishing the work in God's great harvest field. Through the influence of the sermons and talks, many felt the need of a closer walk with God, and through earnest prayer many victories have been won. Others who had never known Jesus as a friend were brought to renounce their old habits and to choose to follow Christ every step of the way.

Now that our special Week of Prayer is over, may we carry this spirit of consecration throughout the school year to make every week a "Week of Prayer," and may its influence control our lives even to the ages of eternity.

—Ruth Minesinger

### White

Continued from page one

Mr. White will bring, with some new additions, the same sights which have thrilled his audiences all over the world—such feats as making man-made lightning over one million volts burn a hole through a wood plank, and making the same lightning voltage play through space.

This is the first appearance of Mr. White at the College, and the Theological Department asserts its pleasure in bringing a strictly scientific lecture to the school audience. Mr. Ted Webster, Student Association president, who is the student representative in charge of promotion, announces that tickets may be purchased from any member of the Theological Department. Price of admission will be 25 cents.

## Famous Fifty

By HAROLD GRAY

The other day someone asked why it was that Lincoln Levison always succeeds in falling in when he is near a creek or a river, as he did a week or so ago. Don't tell this to anyone but your best friend, but I think he gets behind himself and pushes.

At the end of a senatorial outburst which had lasted for an hour and a quarter at least, a dozen senators rose to their feet at the same time and started to speak. Order was finally obtained, and we learned that each one was arguing with the 11 others as to who was to speak next and for how long. Herb Walls leaned over to me and said, "It sounds like the Famous Fifty."

Did anyone happen to notice the boys in Columbia Hall the other Saturday evening selling tickets for their benefit program? It was worth the price of the ticket to hear the ballyhoo that one of them had to offer. This fellow, Bill Coffman, seemed to be working for first prize in the sales campaign.

Dean Terry reports a pleasant week end spent in Greensburg, Pa., with Wilson Johnson, former assistant dean. Wilson sent back his greetings and remarked, "I miss the old dorm."

Glenn Sutton was surprised by a visit from his parents from Collingswood, N. J., a few days ago.

I suppose that we have all noticed the youngster who devotes a great deal of his time to flying a model airplane on the campus. He is Michael, the younger of the two Medve boys, famous in North Hall for their quietness.

Speaking of quietness, Bob Hatt says that the quietness will be "horrible" if he finds the fellow who insists on practicing his tuba at 5:30 A.M.

In our last Famous Fifty meeting the nominating committee to act for the first semester was appointed. The members are: Glenn Sutton—chairman, Clarence Marple, Harold Gray, Lynn Gair, Herb Walls.

This year claims the most degree seniors in North Hall that have been there for some time. There are Woodrow Scott, Bob Hatt, Otho Buckman, Ed Nelson, Elmer Ross, Charles Crider, dean of Oakwood, and yours truly. Then of course the dozen or so who are "should-be's."

If any of you early risers, the 4:30 variety, notice a fellow bicycling down Flower Ave. toward the Stewart property, don't be too surprised. It will probably be fireman Carl Anderson hurrying from a warm bed in Oakwood to fire the Stewart boiler. The "bike" allows him an extra two or three minutes in bed. We understand that there is another reason for the bicycle also.

## Lost - and Found!

Dr. Paul T. Gibbs is worried for fear some young lady who was in his Harvest Ingathering band is thinking he deliberately took her flashlight and kept it. It's a bronze one with a good battery in it, and it might not be a worthless addition to one's personal possessions. "I'd know the young lady if I saw her," he said, "but I can't remember her name!"

All young ladies in Dr. Gibbs' band, notice. The facts of the case are: one bronze flashlight in full sight on the desk in Dr. Gibbs' office, one very disturbed professor who wants the rightful owner to have it. Please claim the light as soon as convenient, and relieve his worries.

P. S. Dr. Gibbs, doesn't she come to SLIGONIAN campaign band meetings?

P. S. again! She came and got it. . . . It pays to advertise!



# Grace Washburn At College for Oct. 21 Lyceum

## Coloratura Soprano Will Present Evening Of Classical Music

Miss Grace Washburn, a coloratura soprano well known to most of the residents of Takoma Park, will be the first performer brought to the College by the Social Committee for the Lyceum course this year.

Miss Washburn has been appearing on the College Lyceum course for a number of years, rendering a program of classical and semi-classical music. Saturday evening, October 21, she will sing, among other numbers, a hymn written by her father, J. S. Washburn, which was read at the second inaugural of President Wilson and which is described as being peculiarly suited to give hope in our present times of distress.

Miss Washburn has studied under some of the best teachers in both Europe and America, and comes highly recommended to the College.

# New Bulbs Placed in Main Auditorium

New light bulbs were recently installed in all the overhead fixtures of the Columbia Hall auditorium of the College. This is the first time the bulbs have been completely changed for a number of years, and concern had been expressed over the safety of the fixtures.

Members of the electric shop, under the orders of Mr. L. G. Small, not only installed the new bulbs, but tested the strength of all fixtures and cleaned the globes. The new bulbs will give about one and a half times as much light as the old ones without any more current consumption.

One of the bulbs removed was a pointed Mazda and is approximately 10 years old.

# Raymond Casey Directs Popular Evening of Music

Under the direction of Mr. Raymond Casey, of the College Music Department, the evening of familiar music given by student talent proved to be a well-liked program, judged both by the applause which greeted each number and by the size of the audience.

The program was divided into several groups which varied between vocal and instrumental numbers. The men's quartet and Mr. Casey rendered numbers in the first group, while the second was composed of a marimba solo, a trombone solo, and vocals by the mixed trio. Readings by Mr. Douglas Prenter featured the third group, and a string orchestra played the last group of the evening.

# Placement Girls Hold Problem Forum in Meeting

The first club meeting of the Student Placement Girls was held last night in South Hall worship room from 7:30 to 9:30. Elder Semmens talked on the privilege of service in the homes, in the devotional part of the meeting.

Virginia Stewart, the president of the club, opened the business meeting with the roll call. Ethel West was elected secretary of the club for the year. Four girls were nominated as members of the committee for the forming of the constitution.

Dorothy Detwiler played an accordion solo before a problem discussion period began. At each club meeting a certain time will be given over to this forum type of discussion of the problems confronting the girl who works in a home. Questions may be turned in at the Student Placement Office between club meetings.

Readings and musical numbers were given by Naomi Hunt, Helen Perdue, and Robert Paulson.

Miss Maybelle Vandermark spoke about the new lounge. The girls enjoyed going through it on their way to the Teacher-Training Building, where Mable Evelyn Spencer led out in several active games.

The next meeting of the club will be held November 12.

# Choir Sings for Red Cross Drive

It was the privilege of the Washington Missionary College A Cappella Choir to participate in a special program in honor of the National Red Cross on Red Cross Sunday, October 1. Inclement weather made it necessary to cancel the plans to broadcast the ceremony from the shell at the Watergate, so on short notice it was decided to broadcast directly from the NBC studios. The Washington Missionary College choir constituted more than two-thirds of the choral group which sang. The selections used were Luther's "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," a part of Bach's "Sleepers Wake" choral, and "America."

The following is a letter of appreciation sent to Prof. G. W. Greer by Donald S. Bittinger, chairman of the Red Cross Sunday Ceremony:

"My dear Mr. Greer:

"As chairman of the Red Cross Sunday Ceremony and on behalf of the Roll Call Committee, I wish to convey to you and your A Cappella Choir our appreciation for your preparatory efforts and participation in the Red Cross Sunday broadcast.

"The comments we have received have been most gratifying in their enthusiasm regarding the broadcast—most of them stressing particularly the impressive dignity and expert choral work. For the latter we are deeply indebted to you and the combined choir."

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

—Bacon

# Poetry Preferences

## THE VISION SPLENDID

He had a vision splendid,  
This youth of common clay;  
He dreamed, and then set out to be  
Uncommon all the way—  
Uncommon in his private thought,  
Uncommon in his aim,  
Uncommon in his daily life,  
All in the Master's name!

For years he struggled day and night,  
To make the vision fact,  
To make it his and his alone,  
Conscious of much he lacked.  
And when at last he had attained  
And fame was his to own,  
He bowed his head: "Dear Lord,  
The praise is Thine alone!"

"The vision Thine, Thou gavest it,  
Time, strength, and all to be  
The human agent of the task  
Thyself has wrought through me!"  
And thus the vision splendid  
In the yearning heart of man  
Has led the race to do and dare  
Since history began.

—Anon.

# Campaign

## Cont. from page one

the 16 Harvest Ingathering bands are being kept intact in personnel as a result of their splendid work in that campaign. No detailed report is available yet as to how the blue band stands on the 16 thermometer charts which all burst their red columns in the two-week Ingathering drive. It is hoped, however, that before the campaign closes in two weeks that the blue will be mingling with the red as the streams of liquid gush out and run down the edge of the devices.

—Herb Walls

Herbert Preston, Stanley Holst, and Genevieve Armstrong all felt the call of New England this week-end. The two gentlemen of the party went to visit friends at the Melrose Sanitarium while Genevieve visited her mother and sister in South Lancaster. We hear that Howard Hester and Victor Williamson journeyed with them as far as New York in order to see the Fair.

William Coffman, chaplain of the Famous Fifty, placed first in the ticket sales campaign in connection with the club's benefit program held last Saturday evening.

Mr. Coffman, in selling a high of over a hundred tickets, won the first prize of \$5.00. Wayne Pote also sold over a hundred tickets, but fell short of the first prize to gain the second of \$2.50.

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# Faculty Doings

Dr. SCHUBERTH has a new car . . . Dr. WILKINSON is returning shortly from the Fall Council. We shall undoubtedly hear a report of this meeting . . . Professor WEIS is taking work in the Library School of Catholic University . . . Notice the melancholy expression on Dr. GIBBS' face. Maybe it is because Mrs. MORRISON got a gold button for five subscriptions . . . A clatter, a shove, and lots of other noise! What happened? Professor THIEL'S desk was moved from his old classroom into his new office on the second floor of Columbia Hall . . . Have you all noticed the expression on Professor WERLINE'S face during chapel programs? It is really educational to watch the reflections of his sentiments on his face, and to see him state opinions to Professor BLUE who sits next to him . . . And that reminds us, Professor BLUE is seen around these days giving philosophical advice to would-be chemists . . . Miss ABRAY amused herself visiting dormitory rooms the other day. Wonder what she saw! . . . Mrs. MONTGOMERY has been away visiting relatives and the World's Fair the last few days . . . The hymn-singing in chapel has improved noticeably this year over that of last year. We think it is because of the enthusiastic leadership of Professor GREER . . . Raymond CASEY presented a fine program in Columbia Hall on the evening of October 7 . . . Professor MARTIN keeps busy all Tuesday afternoons. There are more enrolled in the Art courses than have ever been before . . . Professor STEEN gets his exercise early every morning when he takes a two-mile hike before breakfast . . . Miss NINAJ and her assistant, Elaine Cromer, are busy people these days. The Health Service is usually full of people waiting for various services . . . And isn't Miss

WILCOX proud of her new classroom in the Elementary Teacher-Training Building. . . . Professor TYMESON seems unusually proud of that gold button he's been wearing for a week . . . Miss VANDERMARK is now installed in her new office next to the new lounge . . . John Richard Jones came to College the other day. His age of about 3½ months made him quite ineligible to enroll, he came in company with his father, Professor Carl T. JONES . . . Mr. PULVER has been away visiting the World's Fair. He picked grand weather to go a-traveling.

"Fran" Meyers, superintendent of the College Press, was throwing Clark bars to the left of him and Clark bars to the right of him, Sunday afternoon, October 15. Why all this? "Fran" and "Midge" are the proud parents of a seven pound, three and three-quarters ounces, 22-in. boy, born at 12:25 p.m.

## Investment

Cont. from page one

One-fourth of the proceeds will go to the Academy division to apply on their Investment goal, for helping promote the plan in Takoma Park.

Admission charge will be announced later.

The following week, on December 2, the Sligo Sabbath school will take up the annual Investment offering.

May every soul that touches mine—  
Be it slightest contact, get therefrom  
some good,  
Some little grace, one kindly thought,  
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of  
courage  
For the darkening sky, one gleam of  
faith  
To brave the thickening ills of life,  
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the  
gathering mist.  
To make this life worth while,  
And heaven a surer heritage.

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