The morning mists
Are rising from the river,
And o'er the hills
They form white wispy shrouds.
A million golden arrows
From his quiver
The sun has drawn
And shot against the clouds.

Among the trees,
A gentle wind is blowing;
A mockingbird
Is practising his parts.
Nature here
A masterpiece is showing,
By Him who is
The Master of all arts.
(William Thomas Powell)

BRYAN STUDENTS ATTEND TRAINING SCHOOL

About sixty people attended the Teachers' Training school last week at the M. E. church, North. Two courses were offered: a course in religious education, taught by Dr. Samuel Quigley, and one in hymnology, taught by the Reverend Joe Hampton, who is superintendent of the Harriman District of the M. E. Churches.

Among those who took advantage of the school were representatives from the Churches of Dayton, Vine Grove, Mountain View, and Graysville. Of the Bryan students who were enrolled, Miss Dorothy Caudle, William Daughtery, and Ralph Cline were awarded certificates.

The Sunday evening service at the Presbyterian Church was well attended by Bryan Students due to the fact that one of the Bryan students preached. William Daugherty spoke rather effectively on the story of Zacchaeus' talk with Jesus. Special music was furnished by Miss Gwendolyn Gibbs and a quartet.

DAYTON OBSERVES MOTHER'S DAY

To the many Bryan students not fortunate enough to be with their Mothers on Mother's Day, came fond memories and perhaps, a few tears. It seems but natural to find that many Bryan students were active participants in the services of the local churches.

At the First Baptist Church, a morning worship was held in which Mothers were especially honored. The pastor, Rev. Frank Grazadei, spoke on that precious subject—Mothers. Appropriate music by the orchestra, and by a large choir, including many Bryan students, lent effectiveness to the program. In the evening, the B. Y. P. U. enjoyed a service in which they, too, honored Mother in speech and song.

Dedicated to Mother, the evening service at the M. E. Church, South was led by the Junior League, with Mrs. H. J. Kline, Mrs. J. H. Miller, and Dr. E. H. Austin, wife of our Professor of Science, as advisors.

Con't. P.8
"Cootie! Cootie! Cootie! Cootie! Cootie! Cootie! Cootie! Cootie!"

"Cootie, Cootie, Cootie! Here, Cootie! Brave Cootie! Brave Cootie!

"Oh, I have a body, and there's my third leg."

"Fehaw, who wants an eye when he has no head?"

"Oh, say! That gives me two feelers!"

"Hot Dog! All I need now is..."

"Oh, there's my last log--Co-o-o-o-o-tie, Cootie!"

And so on into the night....

No, folks, this is not a war story; it is merely an eye witness report on the Cootie Party given on last Thursday to the members of the Faculty and Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Morgan by Dr. and Mrs. Austin and the Misses Morgan and Yancey.

Starting from scratch, Dr. Austin proved himself an able bugologist by having at the end of the evening more cooties than had any other member of the group. But he was closely seconded by Mrs. Rudd, whose exuberant calls of "Cootie! Cootie! I've got a Cootie!" finally brought into the house one of the neighbors, who wildly waved a Flit can in the air as he demanded, "Where, where? I'll get him, lady!"

And, oh yes--the prizes.

Dr. Austin received the cutest little furry rabbit--one which squeaks and hops at the demands of his master's voice. My, did his cooties jump and shout as they dove gleefully into the fur and began house-keeping. Indeed, Mrs. Rudd's cooties enviously turned green, and one of them even threatened to flee, until assured that Nick would soon be back on Cedar Hill.

"What in the world," questioned Dr. Curnons, "is all that rumpus in the kitchen?"

But it wasn't rumpus--it was delicious angel-food cake, buried in luscious strawberries.

"Cyclone Sally," an uproarious comedy will be presented at the High School Auditorium on Friday evening, Feb. 26, by the Sigma Tau Literary Society.

The play is built around the character of one Cyclone Sally, who earns a living on a cabbage patch next door to the estate of Jack Webster.

The cabbages seem to offend the aesthetic sensibilities of Mr. Webster, but nevertheless, he stays out of her way.

Miss Thelma Lee, the leading lady, is natural and just Cyclone Sally. No, she doesn't use her million-dollar smile, but she could certainly make a cyclone ashamed of itself.

David Thornton is the fine looking, yet hot tempered young Romeo who owns the Webster estate, but can sell cabbages.

You will vibrate (like an old ford) at the dumbness of Clinc Stair, playing the part of Reggio Manners, our bally Englishman.

Heyt Murphy is Sue Bascom's beau and the world's eighth wonder. Jim Jerkins, or else Borneo who owns the Webster estate, but can sell cabbages. He will vibrate (like an old ford) at the dumbness of Clinc Stair, playing the part of Reggio Manners, our bally Englishman.

And yet there is Calilico Smith, a peach Reggio would like to pluck. There's no one who could be the cute little neighbor but Pauline Neergaard.

And still there is the Belle of Cedar Point, Marjorie Yancey.

Come and see or you'll be disappointed when your friends tell you all about it.

And whipped cream.

Why say more? Of course, everybody had a grand time--even Mrs. Rudd's cooties, who having become reconciled to their nomadic lives, now look forward to the arrival of Nick.
"I love her better than my Rattail mare loves Alfalfa."

Duce Perkins was a former bachelor of thirty-five--long, lanky, uncouth, uncultured, commonplace--yet bold, relentless, and persistent in his determination to win the hand of Millie, a fair maid of thirty-seven from the nearby village. No wonder the courtship had sithered, raged, sparkled, smouldered, and flamed for over twenty years. Yes, indeed, Millie had many qualities that were not to be discreditable. In contrast to the lankiness of her suitor, (she never had but one) Millie was short and plump. Many loveable qualities could be found in her, but those special features that make romance successful seemed to have been eliminated.

This particular night Duce was blue. Why wouldn't he be blue? Millie had rejected his proposal--Duce had proposed at least twice each week for "high on to twenty-one years." He used what public speakers would call a "canned speech"--the same little proposal each time. Millie always had a good excuse for saying "No", and always a different one. Her big excuse was that Duce lacked all sense of Romance. She longed for a suitor that would rush to her aid when she was the victim of some great catastrophe.

Duce did not go straight home tonight, as he usually did after being rejected. Instead, he strolled through the streets of the village, wishing that something--anything--would happen that he might step in and parade himself before Millie as a real hero.

Suddenly he smelled smoke! He looked around, and there, just a block away, was Millie's house on fire.

Con't. P.9
Some people say that love is a tickling sensation of the heart that cannot be scratched. This is facetious, merely a definition of infatuation, not real love.

In the springtime we see that long procession of sweet hearts. Some think that they are in love—but it is really infatuation. Of course this is helped along by songbirds and romantic atmosphere. But we do find in this parade true lovers—having a love based on respect, friendship, and mutual ideas and ideals.

In the dictionary we find an elaborate definition of love, but even with this, we are still left "in the dark" about the real meaning of love. Also, man has not vocabulary large enough to define love—it is not definable.

RADICAL vs. CONSERVATIVE

Some one has said that we are living in the midst of a great war between the Conservatives and the Radicals of education.

Let us ask, "Who is the Conservative?" and again, "Who is the Radical?" The Conservative is commonly looked upon as a man who is chiefly concerned with maintaining and conserving present conditions. He is a servant of the past. The Radical, on the other hand, is an advocate of change, sanctioned in the interest of tomorrow, or sometimes, for the mere sake of change. He may be more interested in revolution than in construction. The extremes of the two camps are so widely divided that the conservative radical is considered a mere trumper despised by both and justly despised if his attitude is assumed for the sake of avoiding any whole-hearted committal and its consequences.

Con't. P. 6
Walking takes no brains;
And our boys aren't so dumb.
Week-ending gives no strains
Because they use their thumbs.

A tennis team is being organized by the Phi Kappa Literary Society. The team is to be composed of four players. Three places on the team have been filled. Carlton Neergard, Pete Stegel and Walter Cramer are the players. Estus Goss, S. D. Hodges, Tibbs Maxey and Neal Pemberton are fighting for the fourth place. Challenges are being made to any team in and around Dayton. This includes the faculty.

VISITORS FROM J. F. C.

We were very glad to entertain overnight, May 11, a group of students from Johnson Bible College. The gentlemen were Wesley DeBoer, Carl Mullen, Franklin Pomeroy, J. B. Smith, Virgil Lilly, and William Patterson. We are glad you came, fellows. Stay longer next time.

THANKS

The Johnson boys wish to take this opportunity to thank the students and faculty of Poyen University for the good old southern hospitality shown us during our visit. Especially do we thank Mrs. Quigley and Mrs. Rudd. We couldn't have been treated more royally.

The girls of Cedar Hill Dormitory gave a program of the evening of Friday, May 12, in honor of their mothers. With the quiet of the evening for the time and the porch of the dormitory for the stage, the girls presented their program, showing excellent skill. Each listener seemed to be touched by the beautiful thoughts expressed by those participating.


At the close, bouquets of roses were presented to Mrs. Quigley and Mrs. Rudd as tokens of appreciation for the gentle, motherly care and kindness shown to the girls staying in the dormitory.

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Dr. Charles H. Current

We who have, in the past nine months, learned to know in some measure and to love our Professor of Bible, Dr. Charles H. Current, have discovered in his life and acts that profound belief in the integrity of the Bible as the Word of God which leads him to count the hours wasted which are not spent in telling of his Saviour.

Dr. Current was born in Plymouth, Illinois. He attended Beloit College at Beloit, Wis., continuing his studies at Emporia College, Emporia, Kan., and receiving his seminary training at McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago.

Dr. Current served as pastor at the Eleventh Street Presbyterian Church in Chicago, and later at Haywood Church in the same city.

Then for several years he was engaged in evangelistic work in Oklahoma and Kansas.

At present, beside his position on the faculty of Bryan University, Dr. Current is an instructor in the Atlanta Bible Institute. And as another phase of his work, he writes Sunday School lessons for an Atlanta church.

Judson A. Rudd

Judson Archer Rudd, the vice-president of Bryan University, has tried to plan his life a step at a time under the leadership of God. God has led his family for generations. Not only were both of his grandfathers pioneer Baptist ministers in the West, but also two of his great grandfathers before them. Mr. Rudd, having been dedicated to God by his mother, was willing and anxious that God guide him where He wanted to use him.

Though ready to go, he did not feel called to enter the ministry. So it was with no particular goal that Mr. Rudd first undertook undergraduate work at Ottawa University, of Ottawa, Kansas, the town in which he had received his primary education.

Upon finishing at Ottawa, Mr. Rudd was offered a fellowship at the University of Kansas. There he received his M.... degree. He then taught at Austin College, Sherman, Texas; at the University of Alabama; later he entered business for a short period. Deciding to get back into teaching, he accepted in 1931 the offer that Bryan University extended.

"If this institution doesn’t have a future," Professor Rudd says in regard to Bryan University, "then the present is not worth while, humanly speaking.

The fact that the Lord has enabled us to go forward under such world-wide suffering shows that the Lord approves of the institution. As business improves, Bryan will be blessed in a material way. However, the more we have to depend on the Lord’s blessing from day to day, the more conscious we will be of Him and the more inclined to seek His guidance."

TO SERGIO MONTOYA

All through the ages men have sung praises of those who have mastered some art, or who have given their lives to some noble cause. This certainly may be said of Mr. Montoya, who is playing a mighty role in the business of molding lives at Bryan University.

Mr. Montoya was born in Peru, of Spanish and Portuguese parentage. From the beginning he had a great desire to come to America. This desire was strengthened during the World War and was fina...
opportunities—and so in all walks of life whether lowly or exalted.

Our Lord, speaking through Paul, says this, "Study to show thyself approved before God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Not simply to be able to memorize, or to quote passage after passage, but to be able to use the underlying principles in making this world a better place in which to live.

Mother's Day

William Daugherty, a ministerial student at Bryan, delivered the evening message at the Cumberland Pres. Church. A quartet, Katherine Lee, Sam Scott, Margaret Delaney, and Park Hale, all Bryan students, sang "If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again."

The morning service at the Mountain View Sunday School was conducted by Washburn Morgan, who was preaching for his first time. He spoke on "Mother's Love".

Every Sunday is a busy day for Bryan students, but only once a year comes this special opportunity for honoring Mother, and that day was employed and enjoyed to the fullest.

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OPPORTUNE

Con’t. from P. 3
A half dozen leeps on his stil-like lers and he was on the scene. The whole lower story was in flames. Up over the rain barrel, on to the back porch roof, he scampered like a frightened squirrel. In another second he was at Millie’s bedside.

"Millie, Millie!" he cried, "Don’t you know yer house is on fire?"
Millie awoke with a scream.

"Duce Perkins, you wretch! You villain! You contemptible, filthy brute! How dare you!"

"Yer house is burnin’—"

"I don’t care if it is," wailed Millie, "I’m a lady—"

What had seemed like fear now turned to rage. Before Duce could move in self-defense she had leaped from her bed, seized a chair, and completely demolished that article over Duce’s head. He crumpled to the floor.

"Oh! oh! Now I’ve killed him," she wailed.

Smoke began to pour into the room.

"Oh, he’ll burn, he’ll burn!" She picked Duce up and, shoving him out on the porch roof, crawled out herself. Flames licked at her feet. Again she picked the senseless man up, staggered with her burden to the edge of the roof, and deliberately dropped him to the ground ten feet below.

An hour later Duce regained consciousness. Millie gently stroked his head.

"Well, what’s your excuse this time?"

"I’ve run out of excuses, Duce."

"Well, I’ll be damned, somebody got the person."

A PLAY

Con’t. from P. 3
all the while making cows’ eyes at the fair damsels on the side line while getting his form.

He pauses, raises his club slowly, determinedly. The crowd is silent in open-mouthed suspense.

When! He hits the ball squarely! It is a beautiful drive -- three hundred yards down the turf. He steps gradually backward, smiles and booms to the crowd.

The second knight steps up.
He proceeds to put a semblance of form. It seems, though, he cannot use the driver with freedom. When! the white sphere rises high in the air; the crowd almost faints. The ball gains a good altitude, then heads for the cup like a homing carrier pigeon. A hole in one !

The first knight cannot believe his own eyes. He stands in a daze until his caddie slips up to him and whispers:

"My lord, Be nonchalant! Have one of my favorite brand. The billboards say they’re good for the nerves!"

TO SENIOR MONTOYA

Con’t. from P. 7
ally fulfilled.

Arriving in the United States in 1920, he immediately began his education in South Dakota Wesleyan. From here he went to Clarksville, West Virginia, where he finished high school.

Mr. Montoya was offered a scholarship at Bostom University, but preferred Mercer College, in Macon Georgia. Here he received his B. A. degree in 1923 and his M. A. in 1926. While at Mercer Mr. Montoya met Lawanna Geiger who later became Mrs. Montoya.

Prof. Montoya has taught in Bossic Tift College, Forsythe, Ga. and Norman Junior College, Norman Park, Ga.

Since 1930 Mr. Montoya has been a faithful and dependable professor of Romance languages at Bryan University.
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