

A. B. S. S.

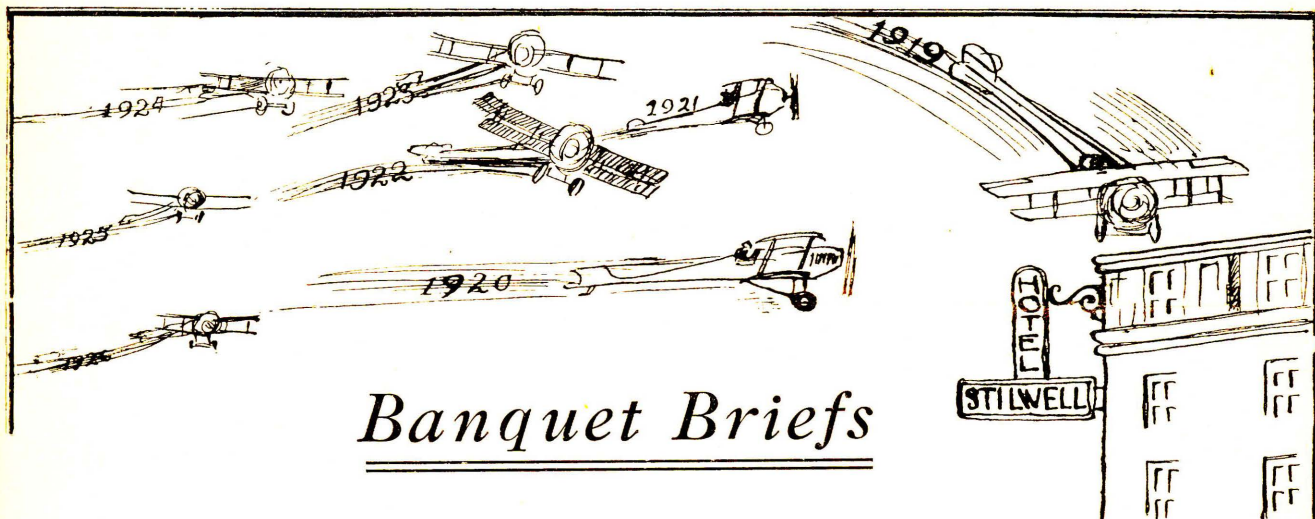
ALUMNI ECHOES

PUBLISHED EVERY FOUR MONTHS BY THE A. B. S. S. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, ANDERSON, IND.

Volume II

June, 1926

Number 2



Banquet Briefs

Paul—"Well, well. Praise the Lord! John. I believe most all the A. B. S. S. graduates are here."

John—"Mighty fine, isn't it, to meet again from the four corners of the earth, as it were. Too bad all our miss'y alumni can't be here. There are Mona and Burd, the Bleilers, and Roarks; but they'll be present when they're home on furlough."

Paul—"Yes, and they'll hardly recognize the A. B. S. S. It has grown so fast. I'm not going to miss a single alumni meeting if I can help it, for I want to keep abreast with the School's progress."

John (whispering)—"Who is that professorial-looking brother at the end of the table?"

Paul—"Oh, that's the new dean, Brother Olt. He's as fine as he looks, too—very scholarly and spiritual."

John (eating with relish)—"Good eats and a beautiful banquet room for seventy-five cents, isn't it?"

Paul—"Yes. It's much more convenient, too."

John—"Good! I'm mighty glad they made that business meeting short and to the point. Now for the program."

Paul and John had no more time for conversation with the rest of their eats to take care of and listening to the program. The incoming Class of '26 had all our attention for a few minutes. Then music, instrumental and vocal. Just like some of those finest selections on literary night. The dialog of "A Faculty Meeting Ten Years Hence" revealed some unexpected happenings.

At the close of a real wholesome, merry program, our dear Brother Wilson talked about the great task of soul-ministry before us, and we returned to the Camp-grounds happier for having met and laughed with "auld acquaintances," and more serious for having had the greatness of our task impressed

upon our hearts more deeply than ever before. How the closing song did ring: "Then away to the work we will go, And join in the reaping of grain, And back from the harvest with beautiful sheaves, We'll come with rejoicing again."

Fellow-Alumnus, hurry and let us know if you are coming so we can reserve a place for you.

Dinner fee, seventy-five cents.

Time, 8 o'clock, Monday night, June 14.

Place, Hotel Stilwell, Anderson, Ind.

—Elizabeth Jackson.

The Date

A copy of the Camp-meeting program was secured and carefully scrutinized. By the process of elimination Monday was arrived at as the only available date for the banquet. A number of advantages may be named in favor of that date also: More Alumni will be here for the first of the meeting than for the latter part; we won't be too tired out to enjoy the affair as we should be later on in the week; and then we'll get that off our minds so we can devote the remainder of our time to matters of a more serious nature.

The Hour

The hour decided upon is 8 to 10. We plan to have an informal gathering at some convenient place of all who can be free to get together from 7:15 to 7:45, the time we shall leave for the banquet. This will give every one a chance to shake hands with old friends and meet new ones.

John Kane, Elizabeth Jackson, and H. H. Ward are preparing a program that you can't afford to miss. More is said about it elsewhere in this issue.

The Reservations

Checks, money-orders, and cash accompanying signed slips clipped from the last issue of the Echoes have been

streaming in to my desk for more than a month. And still they come. Only this morning I made reservations for Amanda Kinas, Coila Lindner, and Anna Ratzlaff. I am very grateful to all who have responded so promptly. It has enabled me to make a fair estimate of how many reservations to make. It will be necessary that all reservations be made and money paid before June 7. If you are not sure by that date that you are going to be here you may send your money and then if you find you can not be present and will notify me to that effect by June 11 I can cancel your order and refund your money. I will do my best to serve you and to give you every accommodation possible. I must have the money, however, before I can place an order for your reservation.

With high hopes of greeting you at the banquet,

I am Yours,

L. Helen Percy.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Of course all of our Alumni members who are coming to the Camp-meeting will be at the banquet, and since you will be there, we want to introduce some of the members of the present Senior Class to you, in order that you might more easily get acquainted when you meet them. We do not mean that the ones to be mentioned are the only graduates who are making good, or who have bright prospects. There is much that could be said about each of them; their good records in school, how God has miraculously helped them in times of need, and so on. However, only a few will be mentioned, so you must be sociable and get personally acquainted with all of them at the banquet.

First of all might be mentioned their president, Amy Lopez. She is a native of the West Indies, is exceptionally versatile, and has ample opportunity for demonstrating it here in the School

Sister Lopez is a product of our missionary efforts in the West Indies, and represents the highest type of native the islands of the seas produce. She is preparing to teach in the Jamaica Bible School. Hutchins Ward, the vice-president, is a graduate of Western Maryland College and is now pastor at Lawrence, Ind. Irvin Parker is another college student, and has been quite active in school affairs. Both of these boys say that the greatest benefits derived from school are not contingent upon what you bring with you, but rather what (who) you get, and take with you. Walter Shrock is a man "small of stature," but possessing qualities of mind and heart that well might be envied by those much higher up in the ranks than he. His duties as Editor in-chief of the Echoes (The Annual) have made him an exceptionally busy man. Earl Slacum makes week-end trips to Danville, Ill., where he is pastor. He held a revival there recently, when seventy-five were to the altar, most of them for salvation. If you wish to get more enthusiastic about working for God, talk to him a while.

There are a few in the class this year who have come across the waters to get their education. Walter Dimba is a native of Africa, and expects to return to his people soon. Haig Darpinian, an Armenian, intends to continue his studies in a university next year. Hans Thorsen plans on going to his home in Denmark this June. We believe these brethren will make good in their efforts to win souls among their own people.

Perhaps you who are musically inclined would like to know some of the graduates who are gifted in this line. O. I. Plunkett is a hymn-writer, having studied music several years in the South, and is now doing similar work here. Leila Martin displays more than usual ability at playing the piano. She is always cheerful, and emphatically denies any tendency toward ever being cross. Robert Paris is an evangelistic singer, leaving school frequently to take part in meetings during the winter months. Helen Holbrook and Esther Laucamp are often heard by the students, and no doubt you will hear them in a ladies' quartet at Camp-meeting this year.

RECIPE FOR AN OMELET

"One morning last week my wife asked me to copy the radio menu from a Detroit broadcasting station," writes McKinley H. Sauer of Middletown, Ohio. "I did my best. It seems another station was cutting in with the morning exercises. Anyway, here is my menu:

"Hands on hips. Place one cup of flour on shoulders. Raise knee, depress toes and wash thoroughly in one cup of milk. In four counts raise and lower left foot and mash two hard-boiled eggs through a sieve; repeat six to ten times. Inhale one-half tea-spoonful of salt, one level tea-spoonful of baking powder and one cup of flour; then breathing naturally, exhale and sift.

"Attention! Jump to a squatting position, bend white of egg backward and forward in cadence of quick time. Twist sideward, right or left, as far as possible; bring fists together forcibly

and beat egg slowly and briskly. Arms forward overhead. Raise cooked eggs from the flour and in four counts make a stiff drop dough which is stretched at the waist, thigh flexed. Lay flat on the floor and roll marbles the size of a walnut. Hop to straddle into boiling salt water, but do not boil at a gallop. After ten minutes remove and wipe with rough towels. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

EDITORIALY

Wednesday, June 9, is designated Commencement Day for the Anderson Bible School and Seminary. On that day the Seminary will graduate forty-seven men and women and release them for active Christian service. After their few years here most of these students have a deep appreciation for the School. Question any one of them and he will quickly tell you that he has been greatly benefited. And he has. But just how much remains to be seen. The real test will come after they leave school, and in their work they will best prove the value of their few years' training. They will go forth with a store of facts in mind and perhaps as great a store in a heap of note-books, all accumulated in school. But better still if they go with clearer minds and enlarged hearts. For what shall it profit a student of the A. B. S. S. if he gain the whole store of theological data and not be able to apply that knowledge in terms of life and service?

When a student is in the midst of his school term, constantly pursued by horrors of exams, and ever much concerned with present realities, the word "commencement" as applied to graduation exercises somehow seems wrongly applied. It is to him a misnomer. It will be an "endment," not a commencement. No more forced hours of study, no more exams—oh, glorious day!

But with the close approach of graduation comes a strong feeling that after all graduation from school is not an end in itself. It is only an end to a short period of preparation for a life work. And so graduation day is really but the "commencement" of active service. Which idea is well illustrated by the practice in the University of Cambridge, England, of calling the day on which masters of arts, doctors, and bachelors receive their degrees, "commencement day." Of course the meaning is clear that the candidate "commences" master, doctor, etc., on that day.

And so on June 9 forty-seven new names will be added to the Alumni list. To every one of this incoming class we extend a hearty welcome. You will find us busy, happy, and highly pleased to be counted worthy of a part in God's service; and we wish all this for you and more. We invite you into the ever-growing force of consecrated workers for the cause of Christ. You have had long, prescribed hours of study; we invite to longer hours of forced labor. You have had difficult exams; we invite to life examinations that are far more

difficult. You have been acquiring learning; we invite to a life course in the school of experience in which you will learn far more. To the disappointments and poor grades we do not invite; they will come in some degree to all. But we do invite you to the divine pleasure of spending life in fruitful service. Come! Reapers are needed. There is room for all.

Forty-seven graduates! Think of the blessing such a force should be to our common cause. What a dynamic! From the "Haystack Meetings" of a few earnest young men went Judson as the first great American missionary. From the little praying circle at Oxford went the Wesleys to lead in a revival of religion world-wide in its scope. Who will name one impossibility for a group of forty-seven young men and women fully consecrated and working in vital union with God for world evangelization?

FROM A KINDERGARTNER

Dear Fellow Alumni-ites:

How good it seems to once more be gathered around the hearthstone of Alumni Echoes! It seems to me like such a long time since we chatted together, but I presume that you, the same as I, have been more than busy with the most pressing immediate duties.

In my fancy I can see us seated about the lobby in A. B. S. S., exchanging experiences, and giving an account of our present whereabouts. Of course, we are there in spirit. As I now have the floor I shall begin by giving a brief account of my conduct this winter. In December I left the Missionary Department at the Office—I think for good, to pursue my studies at Teachers' College in Indianapolis, in Kindergarten and Primary. In June I will be supposed to know enough about the Kindergarten and first four grades of the public school to receive a license to teach in any one of the five. The fact of the matter is I feel as if I know very little, and that I scarcely deserve a diploma. There is a large field here—not only in the public school, but in the Bible School as well—or the Church School, if you wish to call it so.

I think of you, my classmates of '20, and of other classmates of later years, and I wonder how you are prospering. Of some of you I hear often, of others, I can only conjecture what time and experience may have brought to you. Of one thing I feel certain, and that is that most of you are proving true to the trust placed in your hands by our God when you left the halls of dear old A. B. S. S. At least I have heard of only three or four that have fallen by the wayside, and of only one member who has preceded us to the glory land. God has been so good to us, giving us all a place for which we alone are fitted, that if we were truly together in the flesh in the lobby of A. B. S. S., I should suggest that we kneel and have a season of thanksgiving just for God's good, guiding hand in each life since we left our Alma Mater. But that isn't what I started out to say at all. That is thrown in for good measure.

Oh, yes, I meant to tell you something about the place I am rooming. It is a nice place. There are thirteen of us girls occupying the second floor of this house. The landlady and her family live downstairs. Eleven of the girls are much younger than I, and one is my age. Every girl in the house has bobbed hair but me—every girl but one, I remember now. But that doesn't make any difference. I am rooming in a large double room in front with three other girls. Have nice room-mates. Well, they are all nice girls, and as lively a crew as any one would care to meet anywhere. Two of the girls are taking third-year work at the college, and one of these two is a ring-leader. We have gay old times up here. Some evenings there is a continuous uproar from six o'clock until midnight, and other evenings it is as quiet as the grave (as it is tonight), when some go out to the movies, others have dates, and the rest of us study. I always have plenty to do, and as I do not have dates, I am always here. Have been privileged to go home every week-end but once since I came in December. It has been a real treat to me, although I fear I have pestered some folks at home nearly to death. This has been one of the most joyous school-years I have spent, second only to the two years at A. B. S. S. Nothing can take the place of those two years, for there the atmosphere was conducive to spirituality. Here the spirit of the school is wonderful, but I do so long for a spiritual feast sometimes. There is no privacy for prayer or reading as I should like to have.

Haven't I talked long enough now? I am eager to hear from some one else who is a better public speaker than I.
Your classmate of 1920,
Grace Phelps.

"WHERE SPIRITUALITY PREDOMINATES"

By Amy C. Phillips

THIS phrase has been justly ascribed to our Alma Mater and as we retrospect with fond remembrance we like to think of it as such, but when that appellation is dissected just what does it contain?

If spirituality prevails, then the characteristics of Christ must be dominant features of the School. We look for them in classroom and hall; among the members of the faculty and the students individually; in the dining-room and on the campus.

Christ was richly endowed with love: love for his fellow man in general; love for his followers; love for wayfaring sinners. Some of the products of this great love which was extended to all were kindness, helpfulness, sympathy, compassion, loyalty, and forgiveness. He possessed mercy and justice.

This love caused Christ to stoop to help even the wayfarer whose garments were deeply dyed with sin. In his kindness he did not upbraid him, but tenderly showed him the way to a higher and holier plane.

Compassion caused him to go to those in sorrow or trouble as he did to Mary and Martha when Lazarus died, and his great heart of love gave forth sympathy and helped them as only he could.

The lone widow whose son was being borne to the city of tombs was a recipient of this sympathy, and compassion.

That brief utterance: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," as he was cruelly suspended between heaven and earth, is a beautiful portrayal of his forgiveness. And he was loyal—loyal to the work God

had committed to him and loyal to those who put their trust in him.

His mercy was almost synonymous with his love and his justice was meted out in righteous judgment.

Are these characteristics predominant in our school, the A. B. S. S.? They were when I was a student there and I believe they still are.

The Seminary Outlook

By Russell Olt, Dean

THE Apostle Paul gloried in the fact that he was a "citizen of no mean city." No alumnus of Anderson Bible School and Seminary need hang his head because his training was obtained there. Born but eight years ago, with an enrolment of 94, with 65 of these students pursuing but one or not more than two subjects, it has steadily mounted upwards in attendance until this year the student body numbers almost 250 with but 27 part-time students.

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IF!

If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us,
Would brighten in the blue;
If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while;
If purses would untighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not,—
Then love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty
A dream within a dream.

—Washington Times.

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This is something to be proud of, for who is there who does not desire his every association to be coupled with something that is growing? The ambition of all of us is to see everything which touches the ego grow—his mind, his devotional life, his congregation, his city, and what not. I should rather be identified with a small growing institution than with one which, though large, is on the decline. This is only one reason, however, why an alumnus should glory in his coming out of A. B. S. S., and moreover only one phase of the power of an institution.

It might be interesting to compare our growth with that of others on the field, or with seminary growth in general. The high-water mark in seminary enrolment throughout both Europe and America came just thirty years ago. The growth had started fifty years preceding this time. After 1895, there followed a steady decline until the low mark was reached in 1908-09. About this time Dr. John R. Mott wrote a book on the subject of the Decline in the Number of the Candidates for the

Ministry, in which he pointed out a dozen or more reasons for it. Following this year, attendance again mounted upward until the opening of the World War, when it declined until the last few years, when a slight increase has been noted in some seminaries, although enrolment in many schools for the past five years has been stationary. This is all the more reason, considering our phenomenal growth, why we should be glad and thankful.

Let no one feel unduly complacent, however, for the product of no ministerial training-school is meeting the demand of any church as far as numbers are concerned. In the denominations the number of ordinations is barely keeping pace with the number of deaths in the ministry. As time goes on the young oncoming, untrained preacher and gospel worker will find there is less room for them in the work of the church than there was a decade ago. Trained workers will be in greater demand.

Here is the point of the message of this little article. If the A. B. S. S. is to go forward, two things are needed: additional recruits and more money in the form of a substantial endowment as well as regular financial support from the church. While it is true that many of our older brethren who have eminently qualified themselves for the work of the Lord are now foremost supporters of the School; still the fact remains that the alumni of any school always prove to be its best supporters both morally and financially. As pastors, they are the best recruiters for the ministry. Every institution has a right to expect these things of her graduates, and in this I think there can be no doubt that A. B. S. S. graduates and former students will not be one whit behind.

The young minister had become the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. The arrival of his first-born gave him much happiness, but his purse was lean and his salary was meager, so he could ill afford the expense attending the great event. A generous member of his congregation, who realized the financial plight of the minister, presented him with a check for \$200. The presentation was made after the closing of a prayer meeting and the minister, in expressing his gratitude because of the gift, exclaimed: "O Lord, I thank Thee for this timely succor!"

A little later the donor of the two hundred, while commenting on the minister's display of thankfulness, remarked: "I didn't quite get his meaning when he spoke of a timely sucker. Did he mean the money, or the kid, or me?"

A BUSINESS STATEMENT

Vandergrift, Pa., April 26.—To the Alumni: A statement in detail was given at the annual meeting last June, but as many of you were not present, I here give a brief summary.

On June 1 the number of paid subscriptions totaled 133, and money received amounted to.....\$71.10

The Expenses:

Preliminaries—letters to alumni	\$ 7.66
Cost of October, 1924, issue of Echoes	16.30
Cost of February, 1925, issue of Echoes	16.88
Supplies on hand.....	1.70
	<hr/> 42.54

Balance June 1, 1925.....\$28.56

At our Alumni meeting it was the opinion of the majority that future editions of Alumni Echoes be printed if possible, despite the fact that a printed paper would be more expensive and yet smaller in size. Also it would save much work for the publishing committee, who have given freely of their time thereto. Accordingly, the June issue was a printed edition.

My report today reads:

Balance June 1, 1925.....	\$28.56
Received in new subscriptions and renewals.....	58.70
	<hr/> \$87.26

Expenses:

June, 1925, issue:	
Printing	\$25.00
Stamped envelops..	3.50
	<hr/> \$28.50

November, 1925, issue:	
Printing	20.00
Stamped envelops..	2.93
	<hr/> 22.93

March, 1926, issue:	
Printing	20.00
Stamped envelops..	3.37
	<hr/> 23.37
50 Postal Cards50

Total 75.30

Balance, April 26, 1926.....\$11.96

While a number of new subscriptions have been received, yet so many expired subscriptions have not yet been renewed, and the present value of 105 unexpired subscriptions far more than completely wipes out our balance. We have done well for the first year, but we must do better this year. I want to see the subscription price kept at 50 cents a year. Surely you want the paper to continue. There is just one way out—more subscriptions!

A net paid subscription list of 200 continuously will carry us along nicely. With just a little effort we can easily have it. Then as the subscribers increase, we can increase the size of the paper. It costs comparatively little more to print 1,000 copies of an issue instead of 200. I am expecting Alumni Echoes to grow just as fast as the alumni. Will you help? Thank you! I am trusting to receive enough renewals during the next month at least to enable us to have a balance on hand after this June issue is published. An up-to-date report will be given at the annual meeting in June.

In conclusion, I should like to acknowledge every subscription, but that

is impossible. The personal notes often attached are appreciated, and I am glad to receive them. But send all matter for publication to the Editor. If you change your address, please let me know. Many are careless about this, and it means added expense.

God bless you all. Yours saved and happy,

Herman Ast,

Business Manager.

OTHERS WHO SEE DIFFERENTLY

In the last issue of the Alumni Echoes a report of a happy event was recorded, and the writer had in mind that it would be the last write-up of this nature for some time. However, a surprise was awaiting, for it was only a short time after the appearance of the last issue that two more weddings were brought to our attention.

On March 9, Brother Jacob Horne and Sarah Wilcher were married by Mack Caldwell in his home. The only information we have beyond this is that after the ceremony, Brother and Sister Horne left for Hammond, La., where they are now doing pastoral work.

At 11 A. M., March 31, Victor Lingren and Elsie Battdorf were wedded

IN MEMORIAM

Arthur J. Bunte, '24
Died March 27, 1926

at Ferintosh, Alberta, at the home of the bride's parents. Lloyd Miller acted as best man and Edith Battdorf as brides-maid. Walker Wright read some fitting scriptures, after which Edgar Busch officiated in uniting the happy pair. Following the wedding dinner, the bride and groom went to Edmonton for a short honeymoon. They intend to live on a farm, but will continue to take charge of the congregation at Ferintosh.

HE'LL NEVER FORGET

A student may forget English, Homiletics, and many other things, but he'll never forget:

The time the History class began without singing a "Sunshine" song.

When a student did a stunt in the gym called the "missing link."

When he first saw the "green carpet." (He thought he was color-blind.)

How he felt when his money gave out in the middle of a term.

When a lecture was given in chapel on "The Eternal Fitness of Things."

How a stranger looks when he hears five students, in as many different parts of the building, voicing at the same time.

When he saw two fellows try to enter their room up the fire-escape after 10 P. M.

The time he wrote in Pastoral Theology notes, "Pass blunders over lightly." These he'll never forget.

Some of these are moments we'd like to live over again, and others are times when a fellow needs a friend. These he'll never forget.

—M. M. Caldwell.

"We get what we want when we want only what we get."

ABOUT FORMER STUDENTS NOT GRADUATES

John Apostle is married and lives in Detroit, Mich.

Esther Olsen, who was in School in 1920, is Secretary of the National Republican Women's Club with headquarters in New York City.

Homer Byers, intermittently in School for a number of years, is engaged in electrical work in New York City and is taking a business course in Columbia University.

F. C. Weir, who was in School in 1924, is the pastor at Norwalk, Wis.

George Bentley, who was in School in 1923, holds a Government position in Washington, D. C., where he also assists with the young people's work.

Steve Thompson, who was in School in 1922, '23, is pastor of the Greek congregation in Detroit, Mich.

Harry Harp, who was in School in 1924, is assistant pastor at Elkhart, Ind.

Jacob and Goldie Wendel have charge of the work in Athens, Ind.

Floyd (Shorty) Martin, who was in School in 1923, is pastor at Mansfield, Ill. Perhaps some of his friends do not know that he has taken unto him a wife.

Freida Troeger and Birdie Heckler, who were in School in 1920, have a prosperous little Sunday-school near Des Moines, Iowa. Freida is teaching in the public schools and Birdie is attending Drake University.

Gena Wright, in School in 1924 and 5, was recently married to Fred Roberts Blair. Mr. and Mrs. Blair expect to make their home in Iowa.

W. Burgess McCreary is back in the Seminary after three years' absence. He is taking part time work in the Seminary in addition to his work as Book Editor at the Office.

Helen Austin, Class of '21, writes that she has been helping with the work in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, but is now located at Pavassan, Ontario, for the summer. She expects to return to Toronto in the winter.

PROVED

Freshman—Only fools are positive.

Sophomore—Are you sure?

Freshman—I am positive.

—Junior World.

One morning in Brother Morrison's Parliamentary Law Class one of the students was acting as Chairman—and some of you know just how frightened one can become at such a time. After considerable laughter at the resolution before the house, with its added amendments, etc., some one asked what was before the house. The Chairman replied, "A victim of stage fright."

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