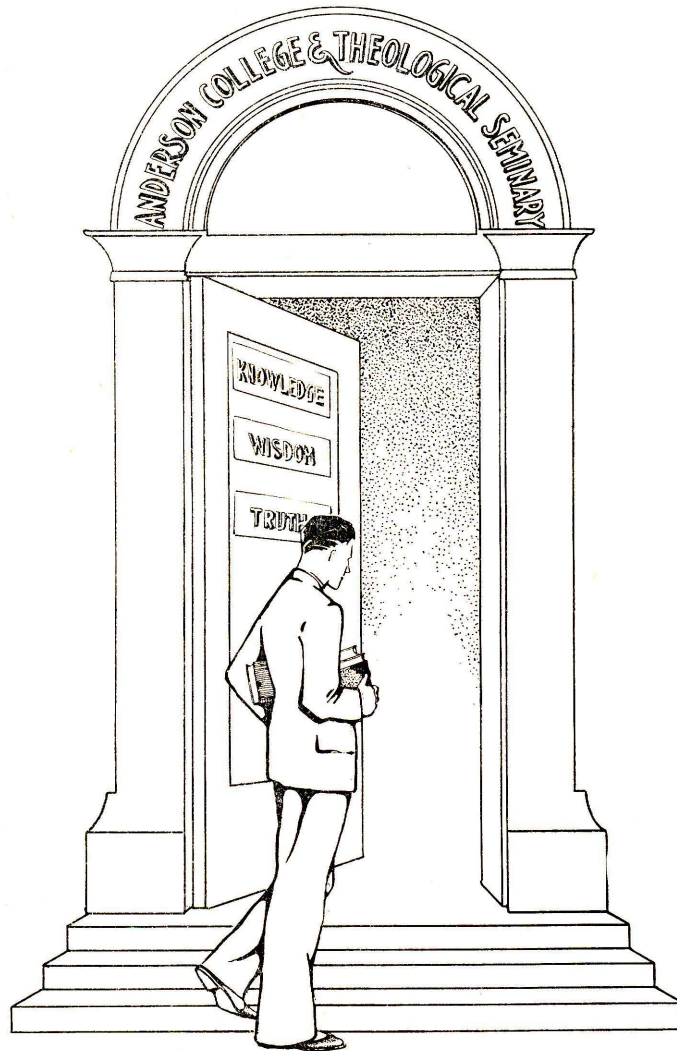


Anderson College Registration September 14



He who assumes the attitude of the learner enters the portal through which have passed the great spirits of all the ages. He who humbles himself to become a student initiates himself into that fraternity of exalted souls whose thinking has guided mankind in the ceaseless search for truth and reality. The great masters of art, of science, of music, of philosophy, of literature, of religion who have taught the world all that she knows, have in the truest sense and to their dying day been students. They learned that they might teach.

Anderson College and Theological Seminary opens her doors wide and welcomingly to the hosts of American youth who in humility of mind and in sincerity of purpose wish to enter upon the age-long quest for knowledge.

J. A. Morrison

The Alumni Banquet

By Miss Amy K. Lopez, '26, Alumni Editor

"The memory is a fairy gift which cannot be worn out by using. After a dozen usages, the little sunbright pictures shine out with not a lineament defaced, not a tint impaired." Although Robert Louis Stevenson has not couched his definition in terms consonant with the findings of modern psychology, he has given us in words which the lay mind can grasp a description of an experience in which all of us take pleasure. To be able to forget for a while the work-a-day world which is always "too much with us," and as by the touch of some magic wand to relive former experiences and see again, as we knew them then, faces of comrades who shared with us a common task or felt with us a common joy or sorrow, is indeed a luxury in which we delight to indulge. Perhaps for some the time of day at which it is easiest to slip into such a mood is the hour of twilight, when Day seems to lose himself in the languorous embrace of Night; for others it may be at the early dawn when the heavens, like some shy maiden, is blushing at the approach of her lord.

However that may be, it was recently at night that I found myself indulging in such a mood—the night, in fact, of the Alumni Banquet. I must confess that those who sat near me did not find me the witty conversationalist one is supposed to be at such a time. But I am bold enough to assert that I do not deserve any censure, for were there not many others who found themselves even as I?

There are so many types of memories that flood one's mind on such an occasion. The very walls at times have tales to tell, for did not that very southwest wall of the dining hall tell of ardent tennis enthusiasts who practiced there surreptitiously so that eye and muscle might be ready when the test came? Did not the classrooms, whose doors we passed, remind us of many a mental struggle, when we wrestled not only with books but with principles which were to form foundation-stones for future life and conduct? Did not the chapel remind us of hours spent there when doubts and questions faded

before the reality of the presence of Him whom we love and serve?

It is inevitable that the coming again to the halls of our Alma Mater and the meeting again of comrades whom we have not seen for years should start for us such trains of memories. And it is well that it is so; we would not have it otherwise.

Since this year is Jubilee Year, it seemed a particularly happy decision on the part of the committee in charge—Mrs. Elver Adcock, Mrs. John Kane, and Mrs. Gene Reynolds—that the banquet should be held, not at some hotel or the Young Men's Christian Association in the city as has been done for some past years, but in the College dining hall. We gathered in the lobby of the main building on the evening of Tuesday, June 16, and were glad for the opportunity afforded us before the banquet was served for the hearty handclaps and words of greeting which all delight in after months and years of separation. There were some present who had not attended the annual meeting for many a long year; some who, like Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Flynt, have labored unseen for us for years; others whose call would be taking them away from our midst for a long, long time to come. There were W. J. Bailey and his wife who will be returning to British East Africa where they have already spent many years of persevering and effective service; there was Mona Moors whose cheery wholeheartedness has not been dampened by the monsoons of the India whom she has adopted and to whose shores she once more turns; there were Belle Watson and Daisy Maiden whose hearts still take in China and her four hundred million, and whom we claim as being of us for the months we spent together in years gone by. There were others for whom we feel the tender regard of the disciple of the master—a regard which only deepens with experience and a better understanding of humanity. J. W. Phelps and Mrs. Phelps, and Mrs. Mabel Helms Sanders (accompanied by her husband, the Reverend Roy Sanders) were with us, and some of the present faculty of the College

and Seminary. Among these, President and Mrs. Morrison, and Dean and Mrs. Olt, ever ready to be counted as of us and to help foster that spirit of loyalty and comradeship without which such an association as ours would be valueless.

The processional, played by Professor Cecil Hartselle, ushered us into the dining hall where some of us were surprised by the table decorations in the colors of the College, which have been adopted since we left her halls. We liked the orange and black, and appreciated the dainty, artistic arrangement of the black bud vases with black-eyed susans against a background of orange. The place-cards in silhouette of dignified graduates in caps and gowns lacked not even the well-earned diploma. The menu prepared by the Ladies' Aid of the Park Place Methodist Church was good and the program pleasing in its originality. Instead of the usual after-dinner speech, we had a program of varied selections. There was one particularly original number wholly unplanned for by Dale Oldham and his faithful committee. The lights suddenly went out when the program was about half way through and we were plunged into Stygian darkness. However, our President was equal to the occasion and although we could not see his hand directing us, we followed his strong, vibrant voice as he led us in songs that are dear to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the manner in which those songs were sung, in rhythm and harmony and with a wealth of enthusiasm, speaks of the fact that years spent together in common tasks and a common purpose have not been in vain. We have learned more than the notes of music or the proper beats of measures; we have learned also lessons of pulling together which will stand whatever test the future might hold.

As is our custom, the alumni were asked to stand by classes. Although in some instances the representation was small, the Class of 1919 was the only one at the naming of which there was no response. We missed you 1919! Don't fail us another year. We enjoyed giving a

[Continued on page 4]

EDITORIAL

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

Here it is again. Father Time has turned his great wheel again and before we could scarcely think about it, summer is here again. This is written on the first day of July in my office in the Main Building of the College with the mercury standing at nearly one hundred, so we around Anderson are much aware that summer has arrived.

School kiddies are out of school with their books stored away somewhere in a closet or in the attic and are rambling care free in the fields or orchards or woods or by the river. Bare-footed, brown faced boys with pants rolled high are wading in the creek or sitting in a shady spot on its banks with a rod in hand and bait can nearby. Country lasses are gathering flowers and "swinging 'neath the old apple tree." In the cities, thanks to our modern ways, millions of happy children are playing in the beautiful parks where the sand piles, the slides, the swings, the teeter-totters, and many another device add to summer happiness of childhood. College graduates have tucked their precious sheepskins less than a month old securely away somewhere, have said good-bye to college chums, are looking reminiscently already at college annuals, and are going forth to see what the great big world of actual life holds for one who for so long has seen it mostly through books.

The farmer, God's workman of the soil, plods his hopeful way across his sunny fields. His corn, warmed and watered by the sun and showers of old July, is growing into winter wealth. His cows lie peacefully along shady river banks while baby cows frolic in the meadow. The farmer believes in God, and he is hoping that the coming autumn will bring him plenty. When the farmer is poor none of the rest of us can be rich.

And vacation time is here. A million motors sing the song of recreation as they carry happy vacationists out of the great busy cities into the great, wide open places. The majestic mountains and rolling plains of the west and the peaceful hills and valleys of the Appalachians, the Adirondacks, and the Ozarks hold a thousand balms for tired nerves. The lakes of northern Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan are offering a paradise to those who like to boat and fish.

But no summer ever yet has lasted long. Quickly she came, quickly she will go. Vacation days will soon be over. The birds will be gone from the trees. The children must come in from the fields and the parks. Even now teachers are preparing long hard lessons to be learned at school. The highways will soon lead back to duty and to work. So it is and so we would have it be.

We love Thee, Good Old Summer Time, and we shall love Thee evermore in that realm where shadows never cross the pathway of raptured spirits.

IT WAS A GREAT MEETING

Tens of thousands of people had prayed and their prayers were answered. They had prayed that the 1931 General Assembly and camp meeting at Ander-

son would be good. That this week of meeting would be as a diamond set in this the Golden Jubilee year of our work. That the hosts of the Lord would meet in the power of His Spirit. That strife and contention would be conspicuous for their absence. That the spirit of brotherliness, humility, and unity would hover over the camp like a heavenly dove. That youth would be here in the humility and sincerity of age and that age would be here in the open mindedness of youth. That those who came on the grounds would feel that they were "treading where saints had trod." Thus we prayed. And it was so.

If there were those here who held pessimistic views as to the spiritual strength and cohesion of the Church of God their pessimism certainly was removed. There has been no time in the history of this reform when there was so much real solid brotherly unity based on the Christian experience. The ministerial conference held at the Park Place church on Friday preceding the camp meeting proper demonstrated that we have reached the place in the onward march of our development where a brother may state his belief with frankness and sincerity without being held in question. As I sat and heard the brethren discuss their various problems, I was deeply moved by their brotherly consideration of each other. I could not get away from the thought that a fundamental plank in the platform of Christian unity is a tender regard for the opinion of a brother who honestly differs with us. When we cultivate this attitude among ourselves, it will naturally be extended more to others. Certainly a movement unfettered by the creeds of Protestantism and the dogmatism of Romanism should be in a good position to lead in the great quest for Christian unity.

But let no reader suppose that there was a lack of positiveness in the preaching in this year's meeting. Could the walls of these great auditoriums speak they could tell of no time when the great verities of the Christian message were preached with a more certain sound. Preaching must be positive. If it is not positive it is not preaching at all.

In a recent editorial in the Trumpet, Dr. Brown said that five harmonious camp meetings held here in succession would be worth a million dollars to the movement. One of the five has been held.

THAT DELEGATE SYSTEM

One of the great problems confronting a religious movement not definitely organized as an ecclesiastical body is the equitable representation of its members in the control of its general institutional work. For instance, our brethren on the Pacific Coast have pointed out for years the fact that they have little voice in the control of the various boards elected by our General Assembly. Our theory is fine enough, namely that the brethren from California have the same voice in our Assembly that the brethren in Illinois have. All the preachers have to do out in California is to get on the train and come to the annual Assembly and exercise their right to vote,

just as the Illinois or Indiana brethren do. The theory is good, but anyone with half an eye could see that in practice it almost amounts to a disfranchisement of our brethren in the far west for the simple reason that only a very small per cent of them are able financially to get here even once in several years.

In June 1930, the Assembly through its chairman appointed a commission of fifteen ministers to study the possibility of a plan whereby there would be a more equitable representation of the entire church in the control of our institutions. As was to be expected these fifteen men were not unanimous in their report of what system would best serve the interests of the cause of Christ. The commission did agree to submit a plan to the Assembly for its consideration. The plan has been called the "delegate system." The commission of fifteen men did not feel like taking the responsibility of recommending that the Assembly either adopt or reject the plan. The commission felt that it was expected to present some plan, which it did. Briefly stated the plan was to have the Assembly composed of ministerial and lay delegates elected by

the ministers in the various states, the number from a given state, to be determined by the number of ministers in that state listed in the Year Book. The change was to have been effected by amending the Assembly's present Constitution. When the plan was presented on the floor of the Assembly it was promptly and almost unanimously turned down. And it should have been. Personally, I opposed the plan as a member of the commission on the grounds that it was more complicated and less democratic than our present system. I do not think, as some of the brethren expressed themselves as thinking, that the plan had in it the seeds of apostasy. It was not a matter of apostasy or orthodoxy but just a matter of honest brethren trying to find a solution to a practical problem.

While apparently only a few of the brethren favored the suggested plan, the fact remains that some method should be found whereby our brethren at a great distance from Anderson could have an equal voice with those who live near in the management of the church's business. Who will suggest it?

—J.A.M.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET

[Continued from page 2]

hearty hand clap to the Class of 1931, whose president, Lester Shrook, spoke fittingly in reply to the address of welcome given by Edgar Busch. Dr. A. T. and Mrs. Rowe were also with us; the Doctor representing the "Class" of honorary degrees for 1931.

We were fortunate in having as our Toastmaster J. R. Tackett of a Class of long ago who "filled in" while the following program was rendered:

Processional.....	Prof. Cecil Hartselle
Invocation.....	Harvey Wright
Address of Welcome to Graduating Class.....	Edgar Busch
Response.....	Lester Shrook
Piano Solo.....	Esther Guyer
Vocal Solo.....	George Blackwell
Business Session—Presided over by Dale Oldham, President, 1930-1931	
Vocal Solo.....	Earl Wells
Reading.....	Merle Dierolf
Ladies' Quartet.....	
Mrs. John Lackey Mrs. Virgil Johnson	
Miss Opal Davis Miss Eva Clare Holbrook	
Reading.....	J. W. Phelps
Ladies' Quartet.....	
Mrs. John Lackey Mrs. Virgil Johnson	
Miss Opal Davis Miss Eva Clare Holbrook	
Benediction.....	President J. A. Morrison

NOTES AND QUERIES

Some faces, not seen in Anderson since Commencements of long ago helped to make Camp Meeting a time of glad reunion. H. G. Montague, '28, and B. A. Jenkins, '27, from Louisiana, and Jacob Wiens, '20, from Canada, reminded us that differences in climate do not affect friendships. Their presence made

us wish that others who are far away might have been with us. We look forward to seeing you next year.

It is with deep regret that we learned during Camp Meeting of the death of Steele Smith's mother, to whom he was deeply devoted. God comfort you, our brother.

The new officers of the Association as elected at the annual business session are: President, Lawrence Brooks; Vice-President, Edgar Busch; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Walter Haldeman; Editor, Amy Lopez.

We are relying on your constant cooperation in the various phases of the work of the Association for which we are responsible. Here are some things in which you can help immediately:

1. Pay your membership dues at once. It is a lamentable fact that our records show that with a list of 442 alumni, there are only 75 paid-up members. Are you one of the 367 who have forgotten to pay? The subscription fee is the nominal amount of 50 cents. Will you not remit this immediately to

Mrs. Walter S. Haldeman,
1221 E. 8th St., or % Anderson
College, Anderson, Ind.

2. Send us news, and still more news of yourself and your work. These columns must be kept worthy of the space they fill. We want to hear about you. But we want not only news, but articles, stories, poems. Here is an opportu-

nity to have printed those pages you have written and hidden away. Who knows but that this might be a means of helping you to get started on a form of service in which you have cherished hope that you would some day be active. Send us what you have already written; send us what you will write later. Address all news items and literary articles to Anderson College.

June, month of sunshine and roses, is a fitting time for the redeeming of pledges; at least, Faye Swick '30 and Esther Laucamp '31, must have thought so. Esther is now Mrs. Virgil Johnson. Her husband, the Reverend Virgil Johnson, '31, and herself are assuming the responsibility of pastoring the congregation at Athens, Pa.

On Thursday, June 18, Miss Swick became Mrs. Carte. Their home is in Charleston, W. Va. where Mr. Carte holds a position in one of the banks.

The BROADCASTER

Published monthly in the interests of the Anderson College and Theological Seminary, Cor. 5th and Union Streets, Anderson, Indiana.

J. A. Morrison.....	Editor-in-Chief
John Lackey.....	Student Editor
Amy K. Lopez.....	Alumni Editor
E. S. Reynolds.....	Managing Editor

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"It Is Hard, But We Plan to Be True"

(Published also in Gospel Trumpet)

By John A. Morrison, President of Anderson College and Theological Seminary

It was a day in March. And it was an ugly day. March is like some girls we all know—she can be very pretty at times and at other times positively ugly. This was one of the other times. Although the day the sky had shown no signs of the sun and there had been a steady down-pour of rain and snow, and the streets were smeared with soot-blackened slush.

Brother Dunn, the pastor of a great colored congregation in Chicago, had invited me to come up to be the principal speaker at the dedication of his newly remodelled church. In order to be there on good time Sunday morning I was obliged to take a night train for Chicago, leaving Anderson between nine and ten in the evening. In order to lose weight which I do not need and save money which I do need, I usually walk from my home near the College to the depot, a distance of about a mile. But what is a quarter even to a poor man on an evening like the one I have described? So I called a taxi. "Take me to the Pensy," I said to the driver as he stopped the big yellow Buick in front of our yard, and less than three minutes he had me on the depot platform at the Pennsylvania station. When I had purchased myself a ticket to Chicago at half-rate and had used the other half to buy myself a Pullman ticket, and was thinking just how to harmonize a soft Pullman berth with a ministerial consecration in a time of financial depression, I turned round and found myself facing a brother I knew. He was a student from the Seminary, a first year student. Supposing that he too was bound for Chicago or to some other point north to spend the week-end, I engaged him in conversation. "Going up on the nine-thirty?" I asked him as I placed my traveling bag on the floor and sat down by him. "No, I'm not going out on the train," he informed me looking up from a book he was reading rather startled that some one was near who knew him. "Oh, looking for someone in on the train then?" I said rather casually, not wishing to get my nose too deeply into business not exactly my own. "No," he

said, "I am not looking for anyone in on the train."

That was strange. A man here waiting in the depot, for ever so long a time when he was not going out on the train and was not looking for someone in on the train. It is always an interesting study in human psychology to watch a crowd of people in a depot waiting room. How they hurry here and there about the waiting room getting tickets, checking and arranging baggage and saying good-bye to friends who are being left behind or greeting friends who are coming in. But here was a man waiting for no train to come in and for no train to go out. I was very curious to know why he was there. He did not seem eager to tell me nor was he careful not to tell me. Finally he did tell me that he was waiting for his wife.

The scream of the locomotive came up through the dark damp night, the great head light gleamed through the falling rain and snow, the brakes shrieked; I grabbed my bag and hurried out of the waiting room, across the platform, and onto the great train. The porter had already prepared the berth and he took my half-fare ticket and my Pullman ticket and with a polite nod of the head and a "good-nite Reverend Mistah," he left me alone with my thoughts. I wrapped myself in the spotless white linen and reached up and pushed the button, putting out the electric light that shone at my head. In the darkness and in comfort, I lay there as the palace of the rails rumbled on towards the great city where on the morrow I should speak at the dedication of a house of God. The student and his story he told me in the depot would not vacate my mind.

From early that morning he had been working at the hardest kind of work for which his pay was pitifully small. His work day had closed about nine o'clock. His wife, frail of body, but brave of heart was also working to help him get through school. At six o'clock that morning she had waded a mile through the slush from their scanty light housekeeping room near the

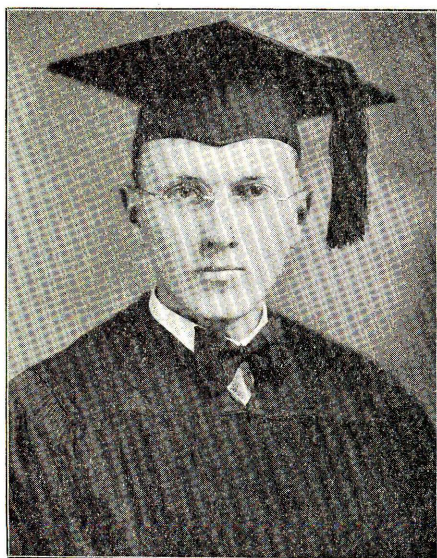
Seminary to a grocery store of a great chain company where all through the day she had stood on her feet selling groceries. This being Saturday she would be out from her work between ten and eleven and would join her husband who waited for her at the depot and together, arm in arm, they would drag weary feet through that mile of slush back to the room they called home and would get to bed not much before midnight, both of them together having earned not more than twenty-five cents per hour. He was studying for the ministry and she was trying to help him. He told me as we sat side by side on the bench in the depot of how he had felt the call of God and had left a well-paying job in an office to come and prepare for God's work. I tried to encourage him by pointing out what a high calling the ministry is. With some emotion in his voice he assured me, "Brother Morrison, it's hard, but we plan to be true."

That young man and his wife have the kind of a consecration that God is looking for. Theirs is the kind of idealism that takes the common drudgeries of life and sanctifies them to high and holy ends. Sustained and urged on by such an ideal, a young man and his bride can live in one poorly furnished room, tread the weary road to work all day at a hard task for a few pennies an hour. They have caught something of the vision that Paul had so long ago when he said, "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal but the things which are not seen are eternal."

It is on behalf of young men and young women like these that Anderson College and Theological Seminary is maintained. It is for them that these buildings are maintained. It is for them that these courses are offered. It is for them that faithful teachers holding high degrees from leading universities are willing to teach through weary hours day after day at salaries less than half what they could get elsewhere. In an age that is money

[Continued on page 8]

Graduates of Thirty-One



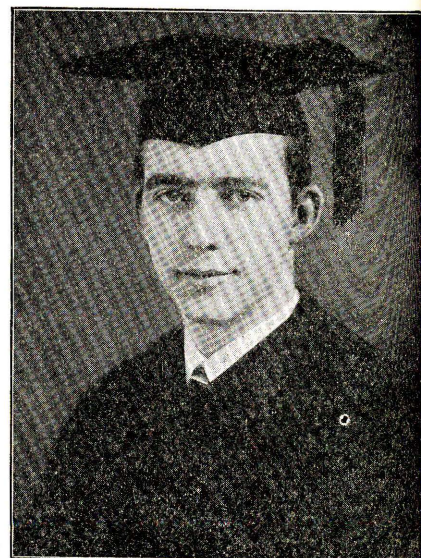
BERT JAMES
Bachelor of Theology

Traveling this summer with Jubilee Quartet. Will return this fall for further work.



ESTHER LAUCAMP JOHNSON
Bachelor of Music

Traveling this summer with College Ladies' Quartet. Will join her husband this fall. He is pastor at Athens, Pa.



GEORGE PALMER
Bachelor of Theology
Will soon accept a pastorate



MYRTLE SCHIELDS
Ministerial Diploma

Has returned home but plans to get into active gospel work.



RALPH COOLIDGE
Ministerial Diploma
Plans to take a pastorate.



FRANK TOWERS
Ministerial Diploma
Traveling this summer with College Male Quartet on the Pacific Coast. Will return for degree work this year.

Graduates of Thirty-One



BONNIE MILLER
Ministerial Diploma

Doing gospel work in Canada.



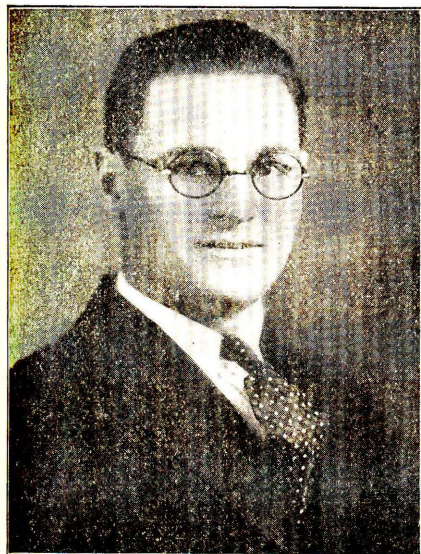
MARY BASE
Ministerial Diploma

Returned to her home in California.



CHESTER BASE
Ministerial Diploma

Returned with Mrs. Base to her home in California. Plans to take up pastoral work in the near future.



ELMER RICH
Ministerial Diploma

Returning this fall for further work.



MARY SCHMITZ
Ministerial Diploma

Returning to her home in Ohio. Would like to get into active gospel work.



VIRGIL R. JOHNSON
Ministerial Diploma

Has taken pastorate at Athens, Pa.

GRADUATES OF 1931—Continued



GRACE ROSENBERGER
Ministerial Diploma
Doing gospel work in Canada.



LESTER SHROCK
Ministerial Diploma
Entering upon pastoral work.



RUTH RICH
Religious Education Diploma
Returning for further work.



MILDRED WILLIAMS
Religious Education Diploma
Returning for further work.



EDNA BERRYMAN
Music Teacher's Diploma
Teaching music in Anderson.



IRENE FULTZ CULP
Music Teacher's Diploma
Returned with her husband to Oklahoma.

"IT IS HARD, BUT WE PLAN TO BE TRUE"

[Continued from page 5]

mad there are still people in whose hearts gleam the spark of spiritual idealism. Anderson Seminary seeks to fan this spark into a flame in the case of youth who come to her. Every dime and every dollar that you give to Anderson Seminary shall be set to work for the promotion of spiritual values. We are not catering to the demands of the flesh, here at Anderson. Our students and faculty do not smoke nor chew nor

swear. They do not dance nor gamble nor drink. It is the privilege of youth to do these things if they want to, but not at Anderson College. And this is not our temporary policy; it is our permanent policy. Those not in sympathy with that sort of a policy are respected in their views but they are not invited as students here. We believe this policy pleases the church and we know God approves it. We believe that there are many thousands of dollars in the church which will be cheerfully given each year to promote that type of education which

does not cater too much to the animal that is in man. On this basis we appeal to good people everywhere to help us. We need money now and need it badly. Heavy obligations fall due in the summer months. On my desk now lies a great bundle of checks which I have just signed in payment of bills. Only a few more weeks until the new year opens and by all means we should start the new year with a clean slate. Checks and money orders may be sent to Anderson College and Theological Seminary, Anderson, Indiana.