

# ALUMNI ECHOES

Published every four months by the A. B. S. S. Alumni Association, Anderson, Indiana.

VOLUME II

OCTOBER, 1926

NUMBER 3

## The New Seminary Year

J. A. Morrison

October with her "bright blue weather" is here and doubtless when this article reaches the reader, she will have gone. October, as you know, always marks the beginning of the new Seminary year.

On Wednesday morning, October 6, the opening exercises were held in the Seminary chapel. The student body, together with a few visitors who had come in to share the inspiration of the occasion, filled the chapel room almost to the door. The faculty, fourteen strong, was introduced to the student body and Dean Olt gave an address on, "The Offering of the Ministry," which was enthusiastically received.

The enrollment this year shows an increase over that of any previous year. At present it has passed the two hundred thirty-five mark and the winter term registration is likely to bring it up to two hundred sixty or seventy. And while the enrollment has gained in quantity, it has not lost in quality. The group of experienced and ordained preachers this year is much larger than ever before. Those who speak to the student body in the chapel now seem a little careless of speech if they address the students as "boys and girls." Several alumni of the earlier years of the school are back this year to take further work. Among this number are Brother Lloyd Miller and Brother Edgar Busch of Canada. At least two students are taking work leading to the B. D. degree and several are hastening towards the B. Th.

Our remodeled building is a thing of beauty and a joy to all. The new dining hall seems to attract everybody—at certain hours of the day. It is light and roomy and pleasant. The old laundry, shower-bath room, and ironing room are no more. The new dining hall occupying their space presents a glad contrast to these familiar haunts of former years.

Someone said that our new reception room, occupying the space of the old kitchen, is a dream. If so, it is a pleasant one. All who enter instinctively remark as to what a change "hath been wrought."

All alumni have lingering memories of the days when the reading room was overburdened with those who were eager to study (?) Students are still studying but they are not crowded. The old reception room is now used as additional reading room and library space.

The new lobby and halls with their new floors, and decorations, and win-

dow shades and draperies cause us to feel comfortable when we have company. The new executive offices and professional studios opening into the new wide hall make for the convenience of officers, teachers and students. The Home Study Division of the Seminary, presided over by Sister Koglin, is located in the quarters occupied by the Dean last year. Two new class rooms eliminate much of the congestion which has vexed us in the past.

The remodeling is completed but not finished until paid for. Our pledges thus far have been inadequate to pay for the work already done. Then too, there are other items of remodeling that should be taken care of. Some of these needs are urgent. But our budget of \$25,000 is not much more than half raised. We expect to push the matter throughout the present Seminary year in the hope that every congregation will come forward with its full quota. Several alumni who are pastors have not set in their pledges yet. We can not believe that it is indifference but just procrastination. We have the pleasant feeling that every A. B. S. & W. alumnus-pastor will be one hundred per cent in helping his Alma Mater be a bigger and better, and more useful instrument in the hands of God towards the salvation of men.

An optimist is a student who gets up at four o'clock on a cold winter morning, and begins to study, whistling, "All the World Will Be Jealous of Me."

Turn defeat into victory,  
Don't let your courage fade,  
And if you're handed a lemon  
Just make some lemonade.



H. H. WARD  
Editor-in-Chief



WALTER SCHROCK  
Business Mgr.

## THE TOWN OF D'ont You Worry

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,  
On the banks of the River Smile,  
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy  
Blossoms sweetly all the while,  
Where the Never-Give-Up and Pa-  
tience  
Point their faces to the sky,  
In the valley of Contentment,  
In the province of I-Will,  
You will find this lovely city,  
At the foot of No-Fret hill.  
There are thoroughfares delightful  
In this very charming town;  
And on every hand are shade trees  
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown:  
Rustic benches, quite enticing,  
You'll find scattered here and there;  
And to each a vine is clinging  
Called the Frequent-Earrest-Prayer.  
Everybody there is happy  
And is singing all the while,  
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,  
On the banks of the River Smile.

—Selected.

## NOTICING

"If we notice little pleasures  
As we notice little pains;  
If we quite forget our losses  
And remember all our gains;  
If we looked for people's virtues,  
And their faults refuse to see,  
What a comfortable, happy,  
Cheerful place this world  
Would be!"

## THRILLS!

By Edith Young

As the beginning of each new school year approaches, the hearts of the old students beat faster and faster. They are eagerly looking forward to the time of renewing old acquaintances and of forming many new ones.

Throughout the past summer hints of awaiting surprises were continually floating through the air. With the aid of our imagination we could easily hear the humming of the saws and the sounds of hammers as they echoed through the halls of the vacant buildings. These sounds were made merrier by the occasional chimes of the wedding bells. The anticipation of these surprises made us more eager to return to our Alma Mater.

When we finally arrived, our surprise was almost as great as that of the Queen of Sheba, for truly the half had not been told concerning either the new building or cupid's wonderful accomplishments. We satisfied our curiosity by making a complete survey of the portions of the new building which were affected by the change. Instead of the usual kitchen room. The kitchen was moved to the basement. Who would have thought that the old laundry could be so beautiful?

Throughout the corridors shouts of "Hello, Mary, so glad to see you again," "Well! look who's here," or "Have you heard the latest news?" pitch, and made even the new pupils feel that it was good to be here. How we miss the faces of those who failed to return! Many new students came to fill the vacant places.

Variety is very much in evidence in our student body. There are large ones, small ones, tall ones, short ones—in fact, any kind you are looking for. They come from all parts of the country, north, south, east or west. Some have come across the deep blue ocean to be in our midst.

The climax of our "surprise" came when several of our former students walked in, accompanied by their better halves. Cupid certainly conducted a successful business this year. We congratulate him.

Brother Russell Byrum is especially happy this year, and there is a reason. He is instructor of the largest class of history of the school. It takes three and one half minutes to call the roll, since the class numbers one hundred and twenty-four. He makes his assignments to correspond with the size of his class. He has promised to reform when we have fathomed the depths of the mysteries of textual criticisms.

The work of the new year is now in full swing, with prospects for a very successful year.

# IF I WERE A WRITER

By E. F. Adcock

Some men are lawyers. Some are doctors. Some are merchants. Some are preachers. They are that and nothing more. My regard for the legal profession is high. The opportunity for joyous service to God and the human race which the medical profession affords appeals to me. I would like to be a merchant. And I know God has no higher calling than that of the pulpit man.

Some lawyers are also known as writers. Doctors and merchants may enlarge their sphere of influence and service by wielding the pen. Some preachers known as preachers are also familiarly met in the printed page.

But there is another class. They write. They are known as writers. Nothing more.

Now, If I belonged to their class—if I were a writer—I think I should be supremely happy. Of course, I may have an imaginary halo on my pen—flourishing hero. Others will not agree with me. "What is the highest joy?" was the question once put before a campfire group. Some said it was realized at the marriage altar. Others said it was in the accomplishment of a life-long ambition. Wealth, travel, fame, good company, and still other answers were given. There could be no general agreement.

Dr. Copwell once said, after he had been talking of the satisfaction that the lawyer finds in a successful verdict, or the sailor in a safe harbor, or a mechanic in the triumph of his invention: "But none of these appear to touch the heights of bliss or the depths of happiness which come to the orator speaking for God, when thousands hang upon his words, and characters are changed under his influence." Yet speaking of large audiences discomforts me not one whit concerning my hero, for provided that he is always as good a writer as the preacher is a preacher, he'll have the larger range, radio notwithstanding. And when the victory songs are sung they will ascribe praise to the writer who both reached his ten thousands and the preacher who reached his thousands.

But suppose I never get to be a writer, as writers are known, what then? Then I'll be a lawyer, or a

doctor or a preacher—may God help me—or something else. And I'll write. Just as long as any editor will print my stuff, I'll write.

What about inspiration? Well, that never troubles me. I always get more inspiration than I get writing done. It's a sort of game with me to hunt up subjects for articles, or work out the plot of a story, or make an outline for a book, write them out on scraps of paper, and slip them into my vest pocket. I am thinking of devising some index system for these vest pocket fillers of mine. But if my pen should ever become so pliable as to overtake all my stored up list of subjects—which the Editorial stenographer says she hopes never occurs, unless with the increased pen activity there is also increased legibility—I know how to get a new supply. For in every sermon I hear, in every book I read, in every meditation is inspiration.

Yet writing cometh not by inspiration, but by perspiration. C. H. Spurgeon, the Prince of Preachers, was also a mighty wielder of the pen. Hear what he says, "Writing is to me the work of a slave. It is a delight, a joy, a rapture to talk out my thoughts in words that flash upon the mind at the instant when they are required; but it is poor drudgery to sit still and groan for thoughts and words without succeeding in obtaining them. Well may a man's books be called his 'works,' for if every man's mind were constituted as mine is it would be work indeed to produce a quarto volume. Nothing but a sense of duty has impelled me to finish this little book, which has been more than two years on hand. Yet have I at times so enjoyed the meditation which my writing has induced, that I would not discontinue the labor were it ten times more irksome; and, moreover, I have some hopes that it may yet be a pleasure to me to serve God with the pen as well as the lip."

But the time—what about time for writing? Well, it is said that anyone can find time for what he wants to do. Anyway the 'no time' excuse is so threadbare I would hesitate to use it any more. But really I haven't time or space to say more on this point.

So I herewith respectfully submit these few cogitations in writing, and

Edgar Busch, '22.  
Chester Egert, '22.  
Vada (Gerig) Fleenor, '22.

Elver Adcock, '21.  
John Kane, '21.  
Lloyd Miller, '21.

Helen Percy, '23.  
Mary Renbeck, '23.

Eunice Cortner, '24.  
Walter Haldeman, '24.  
Carl Kardatzke, '24.  
Bessie (Linamen), Powell, '24.

Carl Hagan, '25.  
George Johnson, '25.  
Anna Ratzlaff, '25.

# ARE YOU GETTING IT DONE?

Dear Fellow Alumni:

What a pleasure it would be to step into your sphere of existence today and have a real friendly chat with you and, "a fellowship meetin.'" But since the pleasure is not mine to enjoy—and perhaps yours to endure—I'm going to tell you what I think I would find if I should drop in.

Our good Editor remarked in his letter to me that, "some men are the A. B. S. S. Alumni summed up in a nutshell. But still we are of three classes, if of but one brotherhood in Christ Jesus. Many words might be employed to determine your class or mine; yet it would avail little for what counts most is whether or not one accomplishes something, and in spiritual work that ultimately means the salvation of precious eternity-bound souls.

"Get it done," should be the motto of every one of us I believe, and concerning some of you I have heard reports that prove you are "getting it done." This phrase was suggested to me as appropriate for the Alumni, as I was reading recently of its being the motto of one of America's greatest business men.

It matters little where we come from or where we may plan to go, or even 'what we are doing,' but the question we are facing is, "What are we getting done?" Some folks are always "doing," some few are finishing products—really getting results. We may be limited in the number of souls we reach, but yet if we succeed in bringing in the ones and twos we have gone "into the highways and byways and brought them in," and what more does the Master ask?

Some are born great, some achieve greatness and others have greatness thrust upon them." Well, we must agree he has

Just recently I received a copy of "The Missionary Review of the World" which I have before me at this time and from it I quote the following paragraph, "The importance of a parish is not dependent on its size; a preacher is not powerful in proportion to the length of his life; the amount of his salary or the advertising space devoted to him in the press; the vitality of a church cannot be judged chiefly by its numbers of members, the cost of its structure or

the completeness of its organization." So in my visit today I see your work in the light of "Getting It Done."

My vision is of a lighthouse, sending forth streams of spiritual light to gleam out over the black troubled waters that abound with many a hidden peril for souls outside of Christ, and you the keepers of the lights ever dutifully trimming the lamps and filling the vessels. May I take the privilege of mentioning some of you by name? There's Mack Caldwell, who by the time this is in print will be again directing the activities of the Southern Bible Institute. What a great factor this work will be to the future development of the work among the negroes of America. And there are Brother and Sister Ludwig, who soon will be standing on board the steamer, waving farewell to home shores and with tear dimmed eyes but rejoicing hearts, turning their faces seaward to catch the first glimpse of their beloved Africa and its needy souls. Then in far off India, Brother and Sister Bleiler have the blessed "Jesus Message" for their orphanage work. In the Province of Canada the Abells, Busehs, and Wrights are getting answers from glory, and down in Texas, the Batters, too, are laboring to "Get It Done."

Time and space do not permit me to name you all, but often I think of you in prayer and am sure you are neither too big to need God, nor too small to be missed by him. So instead of visiting you this afternoon I breathe a prayer for your encouragement, that you may really 'accomplish something' for God and bring in your armful of sheaves.

When you read these lines, the Seminary will have been remodeled; the halls will be noisy with strange feet and unfamiliar voices, but let us pray for our Alma Mater, who so lovingly bound our hearts together in this great Alumni.

Good-bye, dear ones. May tomorrow be even a brighter day for you and your field of labor than was yesterday with all of its pleasant memories. My desire and prayer for you is that you may prove to the world and to our heavenly Father that you are "getting it done."

—Philip.

## SYMPTOMS OF DEGREE-ITIS

Train an A. B. S. S. student in the school he should be trained in, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

I am cognizant of the fact that I have made a statement that may be noted, but if you will take time to read the names below you will be convinced that I speak with authority.

They are:  
Stella Weigle, '19.

Edward Marti, '20.  
Grady Montague, '20.  
Grace Phelps, '20.

Erma Dallas, '26.  
Wm. Fleenor, '26.  
Helen (Holbrook) Wright, '26.  
Esther Laucamp, '26.  
Susie Marti, '26.  
Arthur Lumm, '26.  
Amy Loney, '26.  
Robert Paris, '26.  
Irvine Parker, '26.  
Luella Rowe, '26.  
H. H. Ward, '26.  
Willard Wyer, '26.

Teacher: "What is a metaphor?"  
Pupil: "A place to graze cows."

Salesman: "Here is a very nice automatic pistol, lady. It shoots eight times."

Fair Customer: "Say, what do you think I am—a polygamist?"

When days go wrong, remember they are not self-starters.

Truth is elastic. Don't stretch it unless you want it to fly back and hit you.

# DAN KUPID'S KORNER

## GARDNER-BON DURANT

There is a matter of some importance which is giving the members of the Alumni Association some concern. Is the climate of America really changing? Or is a recent event which would seem to suggest this but a sporadic phenomenon?

It has hitherto been thought that planting gardens in temperate zones should take place in the spring of the year, yet we have learned of one planted as late as August 31, which is, from all accounts flourishing luxuriantly—in spite of the fact that this particular Gardner has been transferred from the warmth of the Sunny South to the regions of northern Canada.

With surprises in our eyes and much more in our minds we quote the words of a certain young lady who found herself in unwonted (?) attire: "So this is Wilma!"

## WRIGHT-MILLER

The marriage of Walker Wright, pastor of the church in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, and Eva Miller of Sellersburg, Indiana, was quietly solemnized in the home of Bro. R. K. Robertson, Saskatoon, Sask., July 8th. Rev. Edgar L. Busch performed the ceremony, assisted by Bro. J. C. Millsbaugh.

Brother and Sister Wright are both graduates of the Sem-nary. They are now pastors of the church in Edmonton, Alta. Sister Wright is a valuable addition to the ministerial force in western Canada. We wish them many happy years together in the Lord's great harvest field.

## QUINN-SEELEY

On the evening of the ninth day of June, Lowry Quinn graduated from the A. B. S. S. They told him that it was his commencement day, but he chose the following day as an even greater commencement day, for it was on June 10 that Lowry motored over to Springfield, Ohio, and was married to Herma Seeley of that city. Hutchins Ward was best man and the bride's sister acted as bridesmaid. The new church on Maiden Lane, which seats six hundred people, was filled with friends and relatives of the young couple. They left the next day for Anderson where they attended the camp meeting then in progress. Brother and Sister Quinn are now in Moundsville, West Virginia, doing pastoral work.

## ZAZANIS-SPIESS

Sometimes Cupid's ways are mysterious and almost past finding out. It seemed thus this time and we are still in the dark as to his workings in a particular case. But he evidently worked, for on June 18th Rev. Nick Zazanis, of Chicago, Illinois, obeyed Cupid's laws to the letter when he took unto himself a bride, Miss Rose C. Spiess. The ceremony was performed in the reception room at the A. B. S. S. The room was banked with flowers and the bride beautifully gowned. Rev. H. A. Sherwood officiated in the presence of many friends of both the bride and groom.

## DOWN IN WEST VIRGINIA

Of our many friends whom we cherish there is one especially who belongs in that list. All of you who have been in the A. B. S. S. the past four years remember a certain Canadian boy who was always jolly and having a good time. Often he went out to lead singing in meetings during the school year, which caused him to become well known among the ministry in a short time. In looking over a Charleston, West Virginia, newspaper of last June 30, the following bit of news concerning him was found:

"One of the prettiest home weddings of June took place on Sunday when Miss Charity Sayre became the bride of Rev. Robert Paris. The Rev. R. B. Roan of Huntington performed the ceremony.

"Mrs. Paris is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Sayre of South Ruffner. She was a member of the mid-year class of 1923 of the Charleston high school and attended Marshall college, Huntington, and Anderson Bible Seminary, each one year. Rev. Paris is a graduate of the seminary at Anderson.

"Rev. and Mrs. Paris left last evening for Pennsylvania where they will be engaged for five weeks in revival services, after which they will go to Wisconsin. They are both talented musicians and expect to travel in gospel work."

We have since learned that Brother and Sister Zazanis are very happy in their union, and that God is blessing them in their pastorate in Chicago.

## CROSS-MARTIN

Going to a small congregation, working hard and faithfully to build it up to the point of a flourishing work, and building a new church building, all before getting married, is a phenomenon almost foreign to the minds of most of the A. B. S. S. alumnites. There is one however, who has done this, and we felt he deserves special mention in this column. Perhaps the most of you have heard about his success as a pastor at West Point, Pennsylvania, so we will tell you something about his success, matrimonially speaking.

On the evening of September 22, Myrle V. Cross and Lela Martin were married at West Frankfort, Illinois. Rev. E. L. Voight, pastor at West Frankfort, officiated. They left immediately for their honeymoon trip, which includes stopovers at Chicago, Kalamazoo, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. Upon their arrival at West Point the happy pair were given an elaborate reception and shower.

As members of the staff, we feel that we speak the sentiments of all our alumni friends in saying that we wish them the greatest possible success.

## FRYE-STOKES

On the evening of June 10th, while wedding bells were softly ringing, Rev. Dale Frye, a graduate of the class of '26, decided he too wanted to enjoy the thrill of setting the bells a ringing. So he found a modest little



CARL KARDATSKE  
Society Editor

bride, Miss Laura Stokes, from Ohio, and rushed over to Alexandria, Indiana, where at the pastor's residence a short ceremony was performed by Rev. E. A. Fleenor.

The bride was beautifully adorned in a white crepe dress with shoes to match and wore a lovely long flowing veil which was held in place by two rows of pearls. She carried a bouquet of pink and white roses. Immediately after the ceremony strawberries, ice cream and cake were served.

Not more than thirty minutes after the ceremony for Rev. and Mrs. Frye, they were found in the balcony of the Park Place Church watching Brother Morrison tying a double knot. We hope they both hold, but we are somewhat worried for Brother Morrison forgot to tell one of the couples to join hands.

## WARD-ANDERSON

If the walls of the Park Place Church could speak! On August 3rd, they again echoed the strains, "I Love You Truly," as the soloist's voice charmed the large audience of friends who had gathered to watch the nuptial ceremony. Once again those walls saw a bride-to-be, becomingly gowned, march down a flower-strewn path to meet the groom-to-be at the altar rail. And then with a stentorian voice the clergyman read from the popular little volume, "The Star Book for Ministers," something very formal. The two before him joined hands; said something; the minister said something else—married! And congratulations were in order.

The bride? Miss Lillian Anderson, who many of the Alumni know as President Morrison's former secretary.

The groom? Mr. H. H. Ward, the young man from Maryland, who is now the Echo's editor.

The clergyman? Rev. Walter Haldeman, also a graduate of the Seminary, and a close friend of Mr. and Mrs. Ward.

The attendants? Maid-of-honor, Miss Minnie Anderson; best man, Rev. Walter Shrook; bridesmaids, Marguerite Bowser, Edith Norris, ushers, Clarence Paterson, Willard Wyer.

Bro. Ward is pastor of the church

at Lawrence, Indiana. They are attending the Seminary again this fall, Mrs. Ward is resuming her studies, and Mr. Ward is engaging in post-graduate work.

We wish them many years of happiness.

—The Business Manager.

## BENTLEY-EGERT

No, the editor did not overlook the fact that the title is repeated. It is exactly right, and this is why:

On Thursday evening, October 28, on the last evening of the Michigan Ministerial Assembly at Flint, some of our former classmates fell, fatally wounded by Master Dan Cupid's darts. Laura Egert and Paul Bentley were united in marriage by Jay Bentley, the brother of the groom; and Gwendolyn Egert and George Bentley were married by Chester Egert, the brother of the bride. Mrs. Jay Bentley (we all knew her as Lena) played the wedding march, and Marion Bentley and Myrtle Egert, small relatives of the respective brides and grooms were flower girls.

Paul and Gwendolyn were members of the class of '23. George, we remember as a classmate of '24, but he has never returned to graduate. We all extend congratulations and best wishes, don't we?

## WRIGHT-HOLBROOK

No doubt most of the students who were in the A. B. S. the past three years are acquainted with a certain young lady whom Brother Clausen one day in music class advised (quite piously) "Let no man deprive thee of thy freedom." Brother Clausen's words of encouragement to her in directing singing were taken to mean something else by the class, but she assured them that she would do as he had asked.

Perhaps you who are reading this are asking what this has to do with the story I am about to tell. Only this: she changed her mind, forgot the kind admonition given her, and became much interested in a young man who happened at the time to be feeling the same way she did. You know how these stories go—they met in school, his ultimate acceptance by her in preference to all others, and then, last September twenty-fourth was picked for bringing things to a final settlement. On this day Harvey Wright and Helen Holbrook were married, in Chicago. The wedding took place at the church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The pastor, Rev. Wayne Cross, officiated. After the ceremony a reception was given at the home of the bride's mother. The happy couple received congratulations and best wishes ad infinitum, plus a tin can barrage in the front yard.

For the consolation of those of our Alumni group who faltered through this very interesting part of their lives, and for the encouragement (?) of those who are contemplating taking this step, let it be said that everything, seemingly, went wrong. You know it's a fine thing to "plan—schedule—execute" as Brother Byrum advocates, but he certainly could not have meant that that rule should hold good here.

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H. H. Ward ..... Editor-in-Chief  
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Carl Kardatzke .... Society Editor  
Walter Shrock .... Business Manager  
Price, 50 cents a year, 20 cents a copy.

## EDITORIALLY

A very pleasant evening was spent on Tuesday, October 5th, by a group of members of the Alumni Association, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Phelps, 902 High St., Anderson, Indiana.

Most of the time was passed in a social way, but some business matters were brought up for discussion. It has been suggested that the Association adopt some plan whereby it might be able to do something in a financial way for the A. B. S. S. The committee appointed to revise the Constitution and By-Laws will also work on this matter. The personnel of this committee is John Kane, Helen Percy, and Elver Adcock. They would appreciate suggestions from the Alumni members.

As former Editors of the Alumni Echoes have solicited suggestions from among the members of the Alumni Association, so will the present Editor do. He is very eager for each member to feel free to suggest any method whereby the paper may become more useful to the majority.

## THE FUTURE

Did you ever stop to think what a wonderful word "future" is?

To some it is the excuse for procrastination and delay. To such the future means tomorrow, next month, next year, which is "never."

To others the future is an unexplored continent of achievement, of opportunity. The one says, "I will do it in the future; the other resolves, "The future is my heritage, the culmination of my dreams of success, and



LUELLA ROWE  
News Editor



GRACE PHELPS  
Associate Editor

I will prepare for it NOW."—Sel.

Following the line of the least resistance is what makes rivers and some men crooked.

The wise man must be wise before and not after the event.

Too many get the wish-bone where the back-bone ought to be.

## THE IMMENSITY OF OUR TASK

It has never occurred to many of us just how great a problem we have to deal with in the evangelizing of our American cities. We are brought face to face with nearly every nationality.

To give you a more vivid picture of life in our large cities let us observe for a while, as one writer has, an aristocratic person residing in one of these cities. "A Roumanian takes the ashes from the cellar of his home and a Pole white-washes its walls. A Hollander prunes the vines or works in the garden; a German plumber comes to stop a leak and his helper is a Dane. The man who mends his rugs is a Syrian, the cook is a Swede and the waitress a Norwegian. His wife's seamstress is a Belgian and the man painting the fence is a Swiss. A Chinaman does his laundry, a Russian is his tailor; his groceries come from a Welshman, meat from a Scotchman, fish from a Frenchman and vegetables from an Italian. The policeman who patrols his street is Irish, the milkman is a Lapp and his

cobbler is a Hungarian; the bell-boy in the hotel where he spends his night is a Filipino and among the waiters are Slovaks, Greeks and Serbians. He takes his lunch in a Turkish restaurant where he meets a college classmate who is a Bulgarian, with a friend who is a Montenegrin. The Austrian Consul lives in the house opposite. In the Men's Bible Class that he attends are a Cuban Protestant, a Mexican, a Brazilian, a Lithuanian, a Peruvian and a Haitian, while a Japanese merchant and his family attend services in the church of which the sexton is a Portuguese. The janitor of his office building is a Canadian. The man who washes his office windows is a Spaniard, and his scrub woman is an Australian. In an early morning train, among the twenty-eight passengers in the car, four are reading German papers, twelve Jewish, six Italian, and the only American-born man in the car besides himself is a Negro."

So we can easily see the immensity of our task when we endeavour to interpret the Gospel of Jesus Christ to so many nationalities, possessing different characteristics.

H. H. W.

(continued from page three)

## POWELL-LINAMEN

She had worked hard among the young people at Kittanning, Pa., and her efforts were followed with splendid results (in more ways than one) for on June 16th she (Bessie Linamen) was married to Mr. Andrew J. Powell.

Sister Powell was graduated from the A. B. S. S. in the class of '24. Brother Powell is taking the Regular Course and Sister Powell is doing post-graduate work.

## BYRUM-WILSON

Next to the last week in October, the employees of the Gospel Trumpet Company received the announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Ethelyn Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson, of Anderson, and M. Myrl Byrum, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Byrum, also of Anderson. The wedding took place at the First Baptist church at eight p. m., Saturday, October 30. We all remember Myrl as a classmate of '23 who is now employed as credit manager of the Gospel Trumpet Co. Mr. and Mrs. Byrum expect to live in Anderson. We wish them joy.

When Cupid was touring the United States and Canada during the past summer the A. B. S. S. was selected as a special target. Since the last issue of the Alumni Echoes visited you over thirty alumni and students have fallen under his darts.

It would be very interesting indeed to be able to tell you the details of every one of these marriages, but due to lack of space we will have to confine our statements exclusively to the alumni. So here goes the ball a-rolling:

Present and former students who have become naturalized in the same state (that of matrimony) as the above mentioned alumni have, are: Harold Grabke, Mr. and Mrs. John Kurtz, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ritchhart, Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Goodrick, Mr. and Mrs. I. K. Dawson, and Zuda (Chambers) Rothman.

"Are you the man your mother  
Thinks you are, my son?"  
I am, because at close of day  
I've fought my fight, and WON!"

"Are you the man your sweetheart  
Thinks you are, my son?"  
"I am, because at eventide  
I've kept the faith, and WON!"

"Are you the man that God  
Wants you to be, my son?"  
"I am, because at Death's last call  
I've run my course, and WON!"

## Dear Fellow Alumnites:

Just several paragraphs of information:

1. We are sending this issue of the Echoes to every Alumnus. Frankly, it is an endeavor to get more subscriptions. Our barrels are not nearly full of half-dollars yet, so let them come. Many subscribe for two years or more, and I think I have one five year subscription. That's fine. It is good business on your part to do it.
2. I plan to have a brief financial statement in the next issue. There has been some talk of printing four issues per year before long. Enough subscriptions will make it possible.
3. The editor (our good friend, Mr. Ward) wanted to get a report on the opening of this term at the A. B. S. S. and also a line on all the belated weddings, and that is why this number is late.
4. Send all subscriptions, changes of address, etc., to me at LaGrange, Ind.

All matter for the editor should go to him at the A. B. S. S.

That is all from the party of the first part. He hopes that the parties of the second part will immediately "shell out."

The Business Manager,  
Walter Larue Shrock.