

Following the Pillar of Fire

By Dr. Charles Ewing Brown, Editor of the Gospel Trumpet

There is a passage in the Book of Exodus that ought to have appeal for the dreamer and the doer alike. I refer to the passage which tells how a cloud hovered over the tabernacle by day and a pillar of fire by night, and how whenever this cloud or this pillar of fire lifted the Israelites must be prepared to follow it wherever it led them.

The dreamer will find much to interest him in musing over the strange mystic fire poised over the tent of the congregation, probably turning and wheeling like the sword of fire that closed the road to Paradise, possibly pulsing with an inner life and spirit like the seven tongues of fire that constantly rise and fall responsive to the heartbeats of God before the Throne of the Most High in Heaven as described in the Book of Revelation.

And the doer will certainly thrill as he thinks of the stir which would awaken the night life of the desert if during the night it were observed that the Pillar of Fire were lifting off the Tent and moving forward upon its journey.

Imagine the blowing of trumpets, the alarm as of battle, the hasty packing of worldly goods, tents folding, groaning camels kneeling, children crying, the sharp command of authority; and at last the long line of march stringing out across the sand-hills of the desert to a place of which no mortal man could foretell.

There would be sad hearts in that caravan. People would remember with sadness the dear old place they were leaving. Some would have had very comfortable arrangements made for camping which it would be hard to leave. Others would think kindly of the place where they had made love and entered into marriage. And the thoughts of others would linger lovingly around the graves of dear ones left on the

hillsides or in the valleys of their old camping-ground.

But if it were hard to leave, to stay was even worse. To stay meant the loss of friends who were moving; it meant the loss of the divine



Chas. E. Brown, D.D.

sustenance in the desert. It meant separation from the community of Israel, possible destruction by desert enemies; and last of all, the incurring of the divine wrath for disobedience. There was no hope in evading the dangers of moving by sitting calmly still where one happened to be. Those who disliked change—who wished for a constant and abiding thing—had to be contented with an unchanging guide and a constant and abiding order of aspiration and progress.

Doubtless there were others who longed ardently for the forward march before it came; and became almost refractory and rebellious because it waited so long. These hailed the movement of the cloud

with joy, and followed along the desert trail making the night vocal with songs of delight. It's hard to please everybody.

Change Is the Constant Order of the World

Man has always longed for security and calm. It is doubtless his reaction against the relentless urge of nature's change which has caused him to create within his own mind that alluring picture of a static and unchanging world. This is the ruling concept of ancient philosophy, although there were philosophers who taught that all life was a becoming; and that the world was a process rather than a static thing.

Doubtless it is perfectly fair to say that nine-tenths of us were born into a mental atmosphere which assumed that the world was static, and that therefore the true ideal of life was to put it into such a posture that it would require no further change.

But modern science has revealed to us a quite different world from the imagined one of our childhood. Rather has it confirmed the picture so sadly drawn by the poet when he wrote deplorably of the difficulty of making the world stand hitched: "Change and decay in all around I see."

The poet might also have written of the constant process of renewal which one may see; of the flowers and grass of spring renewed ten thousand times and fresh as they were in the morning of the world; of the golden song of birds perpetually renewed in the earth; and of the faith and courage of mankind springing immortal in the souls of youth. Yet all is change.

I think it is of the utmost importance that we grasp, and recreate in our own minds this concept of a changing world. It will help us to get a true picture of the interac-

tions of society and of every social organism.

A concept of a static world is as complete a distortion of truth as a map of the earth drawn on Mercator's projection and not on a globe. Everything is bound to be out of place in such a picture.

If we think of unity, for example, in a static world, we think of a dead and nerveless thing, uniformity, quietness, calm. Any deviation from this standard is regarded as a divergence from the proper ideal of unity.

But if we think of unity from the standpoint of a moving and dynamic world we expect a moving and growing organism. We think of an army on the march, of adaptation, interaction and planning—many plans submitted and discussed, and sometimes the worse rather than the better one adopted—of a living growing organism plodding onward slowly but surely toward some divinely ordained goal.

If we read the history of the Civil War, the merest tyro can correct the mistakes of men of genius like Grant and Lee; because hindsight is better than foresight. All history is a record of almost hopeless blun-

dering. But somehow something got done. Washington failed repeatedly; but he won the Revolution. Grant blundered often; but he won the Civil War. Unity is not a beautiful picture of perfection in a changeless world. It is the animating passion of a group moved by a single purpose. I believe we have practical Biblical New Testament unity within this reformation today, as viewed from the standpoint of a living organism in a changing dynamic world.

The Pillar of Fire Before the Individual

Whether we like it or not the pillar of fire is moving for multitudes to-day. Divine Providence has placed us in a world that is throbbing with the pain of bringing forth a new era in human history. We must become alert and awake or we shall be left alone, camping by ourselves upon some desert hillside with no company but the jackal and the wolf howling in the moonlight while the army of civilization and of Christianity recedes into the distance.

With all my heart I believe in a changeless gospel. It is like that

wheeling pillar of fire before the hosts of Israel. Alive and pulsing with the passion of God it remains the same thing while the men of Israel pass from youth to decay under its brilliant light. It is changeless; but in order to remain within its light men must change, they must progress, they must leave the old and dearly loved scenes and push into new and unexplored territory.

That blazing light still goes before the hosts of the Lord. To follow it to-day means that a young person must develop his powers of body, mind and soul, that he must adopt a progressive attitude toward life; that he must prepare to march into strange countries of the mind if that eternal lamp of truth leads the way.

But in doing so he will not be called to leave the host of Israel. He may become a leader and march at the front of the column; or he may even become a scout and go out to places of which the host knows nothing; but always and ever he must keep his place in Israel, or he will transgress the law of true progress and become merely an aimless wanderer instead of a fire-piloted Israelite.

Personal Mention and News Items

Eugene and Lura Reynolds have so nearly completed their new home that they have moved in.

Franklin Miller, a former student, has recently completed a most successful revival at Elwood, Indiana, where Rev. Charles Decker is pastor.

Sidney and Fern Rogers are the happy parents of a fine boy. Sidney says he thinks that Bruce Alvin is going to be a real athlete.

Word has been received from Paul Froelich that it is swelteringly hot in New York and that he is working and studying approximately 20 hours per day. No doubt his waist line will be somewhat reduced ere he returns to college this fall.

Word has been received from all three of the quartets in the field that wherever they go, they receive the warmest kind of a welcome.

President Morrison and family spent two weeks in the Ozark Mountains and then attended the Liberal, Kansas, camp meeting.

M. C. Cheatham painted the interior of President Morrison's and what used to be the Secretary's office during the absence of the President.

Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Reynolds, father and mother of Eugene, visited the Anderson Camp Meeting and remained as guests of the Managing Editor for six weeks.

The music studios have been moved to the second floor. What was Professor Hartselle's studio is now the office of the Dean. The office which was formerly occupied by the Dean is now the business office of the College. And what was the Secretary's office will be a book store during the coming year.

Ralph Benson, Ruth Zimmerman, Elmer and Ruth Rich, Wilford and Hilda Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Loy Sorrell, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Rogers, Mignon Greene, Thelma Brekken, Selma Gunderson, Clara Davis, Sam Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thompson, Henry Hartman, Isabelle Lowe, Charlie Kissell, and a number of other students are remaining in Anderson during the summer months.

College is the place where one spends several thousand dollars for an education and then prays for a holiday to come on a school day.
—Ohio State Sun Dial

The BROADCASTER

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EDITORIAL

The Preacher With the Saw and the Hammer

(Published also in Gospel Trumpet)

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

SOMETHING like seven or eight years ago it was, I think. Time has a way of slipping by with the speed of an airplane and I almost lose count of the years. All the more so as I grow a little older. But I think it was about seven summers ago that a sprightly young lad came to my office and said that he had come to go to school. I asked him what he had and he said he had a wife and little boy. I told him that I meant what did he have in a financial way. A wife and boy are valuable assets, I explained to him, but not much help when it comes to paying one's way through school. How much money did he have, I wanted to know. He had but very little that he explained, and yet he did not seem in the least discouraged at his poverty. In addition to the quiet, industrious wife and the white-headed boy, and a few dollars, he had a few carpenter's tools, a carpenter's apron, boundless energy, and a call to preach the gospel. I liked the appearance of his wife. She impressed me as one of those quiet, saintly, industrious souls that help to make the world good to live in. The white-headed boy was worth a million dollars, I thought, but couldn't be realized on in time to help pay school expenses. The carpenter's tools and apron impressed me as implements of industry, but his call to preach, not having been tested, was without proven value.

Practically all the work around the Seminary is done by students, so I gave the young brother the job of being Seminary carpenter. This job consists of keeping the carpenter shop in order, repairing broken furniture, making an occasional book case, fixing door locks, putting up window screens and other little jobs as numerous as they are important.

Well, the new carpenter put on his faded, pale blue overalls, his work shirt of the same complexion; he tied his apron strings at the back; provided himself with an impressive bunch of keys and went to work. He soon did all the carpenter work that needed to be done at the time, so he took on some extra work as janitor and some work in the dining hall. And how he did work. Those who were here may remember him yet

as he hurried through the halls with his saw and his hammer. As he worked through the years we discovered that he had some faults, of course, but laziness was not one of them. As to his wife, she took some work in Religious Education to better prepare her for Sunday school work when her ambitious husband should assume the duties of the parish. She was quiet and faithful and exemplary. As for the white-headed boy, he romped through the halls and increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with—some of the students. The most interesting thing he did while here was to fall out of the third story window of the Main Building and land on the porch roof even with the second floor. He never seemed to be any better or worse for the experience.

Well, the years went by and final examination day came and then Commencement day. The carpenter took off his apron. He gathered up his tools and put them in a box and locked it up. He went out of the carpenter shop and locked the door and turned the big bunch of keys in at the office. He got together a few dollars to buy his good wife, his white-headed boy, and himself some clothes for the graduation occasion. Some of their relatives came from way back home to be present to see him get the diploma which he had worked out with his hammer and his saw.

But what of the call to preach which he had brought with him when he came to school? He still had it. The fire still burned in his bosom. He rolled an old Ford car out under the spreading branches of a big tree on the campus and ground the valves and took out as much rattle as is possible to be taken out of such a vehicle. He fastened a big trunk to the rear end of the Ford. He put his carpenter's tools, his wife, his white-headed boy and the boy's little brother who had arrived on the scene by this time, into that old Ford and rolled away into a land where they needed the gospel. He had fought a good fight; he had kept the faith; he had finished the course. That was four or five years ago.

Less than a month ago from the time I write this, when several hundred former

students and graduates of Anderson Seminary were gathered on the campus of their Alma Mater, the carpenter was in the crowd. It was the first time he had been able to return to see teachers and school-mates of the former days since leaving here. And he was happy. It was a busy time, but he elbowed his way through the crowd to where I was and shook my hand. In the few minutes we had to talk he told me of his work those four or five years. When he drove away in his old Ford he went to a great, needy field where there was little in the way of financial remuneration. In fact, he told me that during the recent depression and the drouth last year, that many people in his locality have actually gone hungry. During these years he has labored with them, sacrificed with them, suffered with them. He has built up the work to a better standing in the community than it has known before. A church house has been erected. The saints have been encouraged. Sinners have been converted. The preacher with the saw and hammer has succeeded.

For fourteen years Anderson College and Theological Seminary has been in the business of training such young men as this brother. It has been a glorious work. Dark hours have come and discouragements at times have seemed to overwhelm us. But an institution so definitely dedicated to so holy a task cannot fail. Just at this time we are trying to wipe out a \$5,000.00 deficit which last year's operations showed. It was the first year in the history of the school that current expenses over balanced current income. And we have our budget so planned for next year that if the church does as well as this year in donations, we cannot run a deficit. But we must not allow a debt to pile up. We positively will not allow it. But we must clean up this deficit for this year. Let our friends come at once to our aid with a few dollars. Send all you can of course but do not despise the day of small offerings. One dollar given in the name of the Lord and blessed by him will do wonders. Pray a prayer to God and do what he directs. Send checks and money orders to Anderson Seminary, Anderson, Ind.

CONVENTION VISITOR



REV. A. F. GRAY,
President Missionary Board

LOVE, DIVINE LOVE

O love, divine Love, coming down
from above,

Now filling my soul, and making
me whole.

Oh reign, blessed Lord, down deep
in my heart

And ever to me, thy rich graces
impart.

Oh, well do I know when I found
this great love,

Bringing peace like a river from
heaven above,

And oh, what assurance God gave
me just then,

Giving full understanding of
Christ within.

Oh what a great change has come
into my life,

As result of this love, moving
hatred and strife.

I looked at the people, and thought
they had changed,

But, alas, it was I, transformed
and cleansed.

This love so possessed me, I could
not refrain

From telling lost sinners the
peace that it brings,

And now I am happy as onward
I go,

With deep in my bosom, this love
all aglow.

I shall sing it and preach it, to all
whom I meet,

As this is the message, so full
and complete,

For God and his Love, so wide and
so deep,

THE SOUTHEASTERN CONVENTION

By A. T. Rowe

The Southeastern Convention and Georgia State Camp Meeting is to be held at Atlanta, Georgia, August 28, 29, and 30. This is expected to be the outstanding convention of the Church of God in the Southeast. Among the speakers expected are Dr. Charles E. Brown, Editor of the Gospel Trumpet, A. F. Gray, President of the Missionary Board, and a large number of southern ministers. The Young People of Hickory, North Carolina, are giving the pageant, "Janey."

The convention opens with a luncheon in the church dining room at twelve noon, August 28. All the services will be held at the Neighborhood Church of God, Corner Edgewood and Euclid Avenues. Edgewood Avenue runs into Five Points and is one of the easiest streets to find. Convention Headquarters will be at 804 Edgewood Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia. Lodging will be free as long as we have it and other lodging may be obtained at very nominal rates. Meals will be served in the cafeteria. For information address Mrs. A. T. Rowe, 804 Edgewood Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

OPPORTUNITIES IN U.S. CIVIL SERVICE

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced open competitive examinations as follows:

Associate supervisor (home economics), \$3,200 a year, home extension agent, \$2,600 a year, Indian Service.

City Planner, \$4,600 a year, National Capital Park and Planning Commission, Washington, D.C.

Junior magnetic and seismological observer, \$2,000 to \$2,600 a year, Coast and Geodetic Survey.

All states except Delaware, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, New Hampshire, Vermont, Virginia, and the District of Columbia have received less than their share of appointments in the apportioned Departmental Service at Washington, D.C.

Full information may be obtained from your postmaster.

Is abundantly able to save and
to keep.

—By C. H. Featherston

GATHERED Here and There

The host (to Thomas Sexton—"Won't you have something more to eat, Mr. Sexton?")

Sexton—"Just a mouthful more please."

Host—"Waitress, fill Mr. Sexton's plate."

The Guide (to Streeter Stuart when he visited New York City last Spring)—"This is a real sky scraper." (Pointing to the Chrysler Building.)

Stuart—"My, wouldn't I love to see it work."

"Next." "Who, me?" "Yes sir." "Where born?" "Russia." "What part?" "All of me." "Why did you leave Russia?" "Because I couldn't bring it with me." "Where were your forefathers from?" "I had only one father." "Your business?" "Rotten." "Where is Washington?" "He's dead." "I mean the capital of the United States?" "They loaned it all to Europe." "Now do you promise to support the Constitution?" "Me? How can I? I've got a wife and six children to support."

—Wampus

ANDERSON

Hail Anderson! To you we pledge
A world cup of devotion,
Filled to the topmost mountain
ledge

From deepest depth of ocean.

Then sing to Anderson my men!

Hail! Sing and shout—Hurrah!
Hurrah!

Let mighty paeans ring again
And let us join with Rah! Rah!
Rah!

Loved Anderson, depend on us,
We're for you, fire or water,
If foes attack, we'll calm the fuss
For you, our Alma Mater!

Since Veritas Fidelitas

Utilitas are one

We'll give a mighty Rah! Rah!
Rah!

For you, our Anderson!

—S.S.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

How Sam Walter Foss
Came to Write the Poem
that has Helped Many to
a Richer Realization of
the Beauty of Fellowship

HE WAS tramping through England on a hot, summer day. He had ascended a long, steep and tedious hill. Near the summit he passed a little house very close to the side of the road. After he had passed, he observed a sign which said: "Walk in and take a cool, refreshing drink."

He followed the path into a shady nook, where he discovered a sparkling, cool, flowing fountain. Just above it hung an old-fashioned, gourd dipper. After refreshing himself, he looked about and saw a basket of fruit upon the bench nearby, and over it the words: "Help Yourself."

As he thought upon it, he returned to the house by the side of the road to inquire the meaning of it all, and was told by the old couple who lived there that they had had an ambition to do something for the world that would make it better.

But, as the years passed by, they were unable to make more than a bare living upon the sandy, rocky farm, and thus they saw that life would pass and they would not be enabled to do anything of real value to the world. They then decided that they would do what they could and thought of this cool spring of water and invited the weary traveler to refresh himself. And from the time the first early apricots ripened until the last autumn apples were picked, the basket was kept full, and each was invited to help himself.

As Mr. Foss pursued his journey, he reflected and then composed these beautiful lines:

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths,
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
It's here the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong.
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss

THAT GOOD PART

By George W. Palmer

Now it came to pass as they went that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath

left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. Luke 10: 38-42.

The home of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus was a favorite stopping place for Jesus when he was in Bethany. Jesus had learned to love them because he always found a welcome, a warm place in their hearts which he had won through his friendship and contact with them. Often, after a hard day's labor, Jesus had been served with a refreshing meal in the cool of the evening shadows. This had been an especially hard day for Jesus. He had been teaching and preaching on his way, and reproving men for their perverse ideas about him. It was a delight to him when Martha greeted him and received him into her house again. Jesus doubtless had reclined at the table and had begun telling the gospel of the kingdom when time to serve came. Martha, feeling more responsible in the household, went about preparing supper while Mary became interested in the words that fell like music from her Master's lips.

Jesus, though weary, had become somewhat rested by this time, and feeling refreshed by the cool air had seen the anxious glow of interest on Mary's face as she listened silently but eagerly to his story. Martha knew Jesus must be hungry as she continued to prepare his food, thinking that thereby she was rendering a good service and she couldn't see why Mary should not help her so she rather scolded Jesus for taking Mary's interest, but Martha must have felt the concern in Jesus' voice as he said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

We know not how the scene ended or whether supper was served soon or not at all, but we do know that Mary had the earnestness and concern that Jesus loved. She had that which was needful. She had that good part. She sat at Jesus' feet where she could see him and listen to his words. This is the necessary thing. This is what gives life. How many Saints to-day are

concerned about much serving, the incidental things! They say, "The church needs to be painted, the walls decorated, the seats varnished. Why don't people become concerned about these things so those coming into our midst will want to come back?" These things are good and needful but first let us have a visit with Jesus. Let us not neglect **that good part**. Sit at his feet awhile and listen to his words. There may be some soul suffering from the tortures of sin; there may be some one discouraged with the different diseases preying upon his body.

How often we see the least important things and neglect the **good part**. We fail to see the grace by which our brother triumphs. We are not aware of his perplexities and problems. We invite him to an evening of enjoyment but we fail to see the one thing needful.

It is not just once that we find Mary at Jesus' feet. We read again in John 12:3 how she took the ointment and anointed Jesus' feet. Again Jesus rebuked the objectors and justified Mary in her act. Certainly, at the feet of Jesus is a good place to be. At his feet we can always see his compassion, hear the tender words of wisdom flowing from his lips and feel the blessedness of his loving approval upon our actions. We can know we have chosen **that good part**. When the usual cares of the daily routine are pressing hard upon us it is a good time to seek "the one thing needful" then we can continue our work with a willingness that is lightened by the lifting words of our Master "Thou hast chosen that good part."

Mary again, when Jesus came at the death of Lazarus, fell down at his feet and wept and the Jews who had followed her were weeping and Christ groaned in his spirit. His compassion was touched. He commanded Lazarus to come forth because of the people who stood by (doubtless the Jews who had followed Mary) that they might believe. Then many of the Jews which came to Mary and saw the things which Jesus did believed on him. Here again we find Mary had chosen the one thing needful. She had been at Jesus' feet. Again she knelt and Jesus had compassion and through the influence of Mary others saw the works of the Lord and believed on him. She had chosen **that good part**. Certainly, my

friends, when we are found always at the feet of Jesus we can touch the compassion of his countenance and many will be healed and others brought to Christ through our influence. Had Martha chosen **that good part** and thought less about the cares of life she too could have led others to him. After all the anxiety over the trivial things and worry about the things of the daily routine there is 'one thing needful.' It is the falling at the feet of Jesus and listening to his words and pouring out our ointment of praise and petition. This is the 'one thing needful.' This is the key to human hearts. This is the soul winner's guide. This is **that good part**.

With the Alumni

— Amy K. Lopez, Editor —

Helen Hull, '27, writes that she enjoys reading news notes from former classmates. She is working in a Department Store in Anderson and doing her best for the Master at her home congregation in Alexandria, Indiana.

Orvill C. Horne, '24, writes that on September 1, he will begin his fourth year as a member of the faculty of the Farm Haven High School at Farm Haven, Miss. He does some pastoral work in connection with his teaching. At present he is studying at Mississippi State Teacher's College.

The following letter is characteristic of Virgil Johnson, '31.

"Please send all mail to 205 Pleasant Street, Athens, Pa. I am getting along fine but I surely am homesick. You know when you are 700 miles from home and 1000 miles away from your wife you are in some 'picklment.' Tell President Morrison to send my wife to me as soon as possible."

Editor's note: Virgil married Esther Laucamp, '31, during camp meeting of this year and immediately after the camp meeting he went to Pennsylvania to take a pastorate and she started to tour the middle west as a member of the College Ladies Quartet.

George and Olive Palmer, '31, are the proud parents of a fine girl,

Phyllis Jean. George is at present in Charleston, W. Va., where he has been the supply pastor in the absence of Rev. J. W. Lykins, who is being succeeded by Rev. W. C. Gray. A portion of a letter received from them recently is as follows: "We shall miss greeting the old and new faces at our dear old school this fall. It brings a deep shadow of regret when we realize that our school days at Anderson are over. But our hearts are with you and our prayers are for you. May the richness of His grace ever abound to each of you and to our beloved Alma Mater."

PAYMENTS

On Endowment

Pledges

Are Due Quarterly

A Payment

Was Due

July 1st

YOU

You are the fellow who has to decide whether you'll do it or toss it aside.

You are the fellow who makes up your mind,

Whether you'll lead or linger behind;

Whether you'll try for the goal that is afar

Or be contented to stay where you are

Take it or leave it. There's something to do.

Just think it over. It's up to you.

PAYMENTS

On Endowment

Pledges

Are Due Quarterly

A Payment

Will Be Due

October 1st

Itineraries of College Quartets

COLLEGE MALE QUARTET	
June 23	Chicago, Illinois
June 24	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
June 25	Tomah, Wisconsin
June 26	Minneapolis, Minn.
June 28	Grand Forks, Camp Meeting
June 30	Billings, Montana
July 1	Yellowstone Park
July 2	Livingston Christian Church
July 3	Butte, Christian Church
July 5	Spokane, Washington
July 6	Walla Walla, Washington
July 7	Milton, Oregon
July 8	La Grande, Oregon
July 9	Grand View, Washington
July 10	Yakima, Washington
July 12	Portland, Oregon
July 13	Eugene, Oregon
July 14	Grants Pass, Oregon
July 15	North Bend, Oregon
July 16	Salem, Oregon
July 17	Olympia, Oregon
July 19	Aberdine, Washington
	Montesano, Washington
July 20	Seattle, Washington
July 21	Everett, Washington
July 22	Bellingham, Washington
July 23	Takoma, Washington
July 24-26	Woodburn, Oregon Camp Meeting
July 28	Corvallis, Oregon
July 29	Oregon City, Oregon
July 30	Ranier, Oregon
July 31 to	
August 1-2	Edmonds, Wash., Camp Meeting
August 3	Vancouver, Washington
August 4	Bandon, Oregon
August 6	Live Oak, Calif.
August 7	Sacramento, Calif.
August 9	San Francisco, Calif.
	Oakland, Calif.
August 10	Red Wood City, Calif.
August 11	Santa Cruz, Calif.
August 13	Modesto, Calif.
August 16	Atwater, Calif.
	Fresno, Calif.
August 17	Parlier, Calif.
August 18	Visalia, Calif.
August 19	Laten, Calif.
August 20	Exeter, Calif.
August 21-23	Tulare, Calif., Convention
August 24	Oildale, Calif.
August 25	Pomona, Calif.
August 26	Baldwin Park, Calif.
August 27	Long Beach, Calif.
August 28-30	Los Angeles, Calif.
August 31	San Diego, Calif.
Sept. 2	Phoenix, Arizona
Sept. 3	Skull Valley, Arizona
Sept. 6	Tucson, Arizona
Sept. 7	Hatch, New Mexico
Sept. 8	Carlsbad, New Mexico
Sept. 9	Clovis, New Mexico

Sept. 10	Elk City, Okla.
Sept. 13	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Sept. 14	Springfield, Mo.

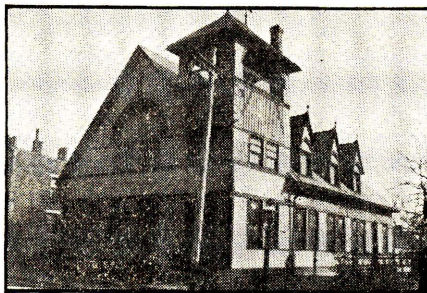
COLLEGE LADIES QUARTET	
June 24	Clinton, Illinois
June 25	Clinton, Iowa
June 26	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
June 28	Marshalltown, Iowa
	Madrid, Iowa
June 29	Peru, Iowa
June 30	Ottumwa, Iowa
July 1	Avon, Illinois
July 2	Mt. Olive, Illinois
July 3	East St. Louis, Illinois
July 5	St. Louis, Mo.
July 6	Jefferson City, Mo.
July 7	Newburg, Mo.
July 8	Springfield, Mo.
July 9	Tulsa, Oklahoma
July 10	Britton, Oklahoma
July 12	Oklahoma City
July 13	Shawnee, Oklahoma
July 14	Enid, Oklahoma
July 15	Ponca City, Oklahoma
July 16	Emporia, Kansas
July 17	Topeka, Kansas
July 19	Kansas City, Kansas and Missouri
July 20	Morrill, Kansas
July 21	Lincoln, Nebr.
July 22	Beatrice, Nebr.
July 23	Smith Center, Kansas
July 24	Almena, Kansas
July 26	Norton, Kansas
	Trenton, Nebr.
July 27	McDonald, Kansas
July 28	Kanorado, Kansas
July 29	Garden City, Kansas
July 30	Ulysses, Kansas
July 31 to	
August 9	Liberal, Kansas, Camp Meeting
August 10	Sublette, Kansas
August 11	Elkhart, Kansas
August 12	Liberal, Kansas
August 13	Beaver, Oklahoma
August 14	Pratt, Kansas
August 16	Caldwell, Kansas
	Wichita, Kansas
August 17	Newton, Kansas
August 18	Anthony, Kansas
August 19	Protection, Kansas
August 20	Arkansas City, Kansas
August 21-23	Sand Springs, Okla., Camp Meeting

JUBILEE QUARTET	
June 23	LaPorte, Ind.
June 24	Kalamazoo, Mich.
June 25	Battle Creek, Mich.
June 26	Grand Rapids, Mich.
June 27	Muskegon Heights, Mich.

WHAT STUDENTS ARE DOING

The Lords are doing a fine work in Cincinnati, Ohio. They recently purchased a splendid church building with a seating capacity of more than 200 in the main auditorium, with Sunday-school rooms on either side of auditorium that can be thrown open to accommodate another 200 persons and a full basement which is being partitioned to make 10 Sunday-school rooms.

Reverend Lord, '29, says that since they have moved into their new location their Sunday school has increased about 35%. Sister Lord has organized a choir of 21 voices which adds greatly to the spirit of the service.



New Church Building in Cincinnati



Church Building and Sunday School Group at Ellwood City, Pa.

Reverend L. Earl Slacum, '26, is pastor of a growing work in Ellwood City, Pa. You will note the large group present for Sunday school on the day this picture was taken; 179.

Reverend Slacum says that their Sunday school has more than doubled in the past year.

INTERESTING EXCERPTS FROM THE MAIL

"Dear Brother:

I am sending you my renewal to the Broadcaster. I had not forgotten about it, but I just haven't had the money. I surely like to read the school paper."

Hartley McFerrian,
Arkansas

"We are sending our subscription to the Broadcaster. We cannot do without it." Ray Hatley,
Washington

"I am mailing my dollar for renewal subscription to the Broadcaster. To me it is a most inspiring descriptive paper of the entire activities of the College."

Esther Guyer,
Ohio

"Dear Friend:

Here is my dollar for one year's subscription to the Broadcaster. I do not wish to miss a single number. It keeps me in touch with so many of my friends whom I learned to love so dearly while in school."

Merle Dierolf,
Pennsylvania

"Dear Sir:

Inclosed find check for \$2.00 for the Broadcaster. I do not know how long I have been getting it, but I surely do enjoy reading it."

Paul Gengston,
Iowa

"Brother Gene or Somebody:

'Absotively' we want the Broadcaster for two years so here comes the cash."

George and Ruby Blackwell,
Kentucky

June 28, 29	Belding, Mich.
June 30	Flint, Mich.
July 1	Defiance, Ohio
July 2	Cleveland, Ohio
July 3	Cleveland, Ohio
July 5	Alliance, Ohio
July 6	New Philadelphia, Ohio
July 7	East Liverpool, Ohio
July 8	New Springfield, Ohio
July 9	Masury, Ohio
July 10	Sharon, Pa.
July 12	Erie, Pa.
July 13	Cambridge Springs, Pa.
July 14	Oil City, Pa.
July 15	Franklin, Pa.
July 16	Franklin, Pa.

July 17	New Bethlehem, Pa.
July 19-26	Eldred, Pa., Revival
July 27	Kittanning, Pa.
July 28	Punxsutawney, Pa.
July 29-31	Robertsdale, Pa.
August 2	New York, N.Y.
August 3	Philadelphia, Pa.
August 4	Federalburg, Md.
August 5	Baltimore, Md.
August 7-17	Emlenton, Pa., Camp Meeting
August 18	Washington, Pa.
August 19	Wheeling, W.Va.
August 20	Moundsville, W.Va.
August 21	Portsmouth, Ohio
August 22	Cincinnati
August 23	Middletown, Ohio