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THE SOUTHWESTERN '37



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The Southwesterner

Lumber Camp Edition

1937

Published by

The Senior Class

of

Southwestern Bible School

316 East Cherokee Avenue

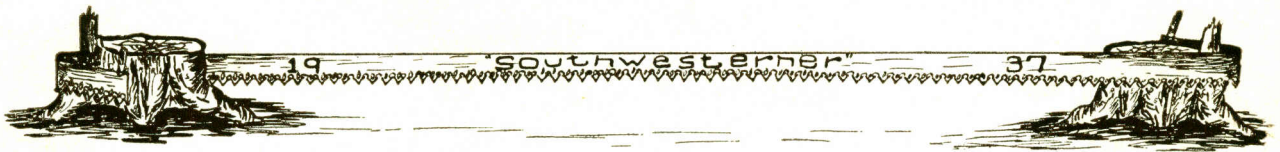
Enid, Oklahoma

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Enid is Oklahoma's fourth largest city. It has a population of 26,399--a growth of 60 percent since 1920. Commercially and industrially, it is the third city of Oklahoma.

Diversified is Enid's enviable economic background. It has a high-type citizenship, 98 percent of whom are native born Americans. Industrially it boasts of 125 different concerns manufacturing products valued at \$40,000,000 yearly.

Two large oil refineries ship their manufactured products to all parts of the nation. Enid has the largest flour mill in Oklahoma and has more terminal elevator grain storage than all other points in the state combined--a total of 9,500,000 bushels.

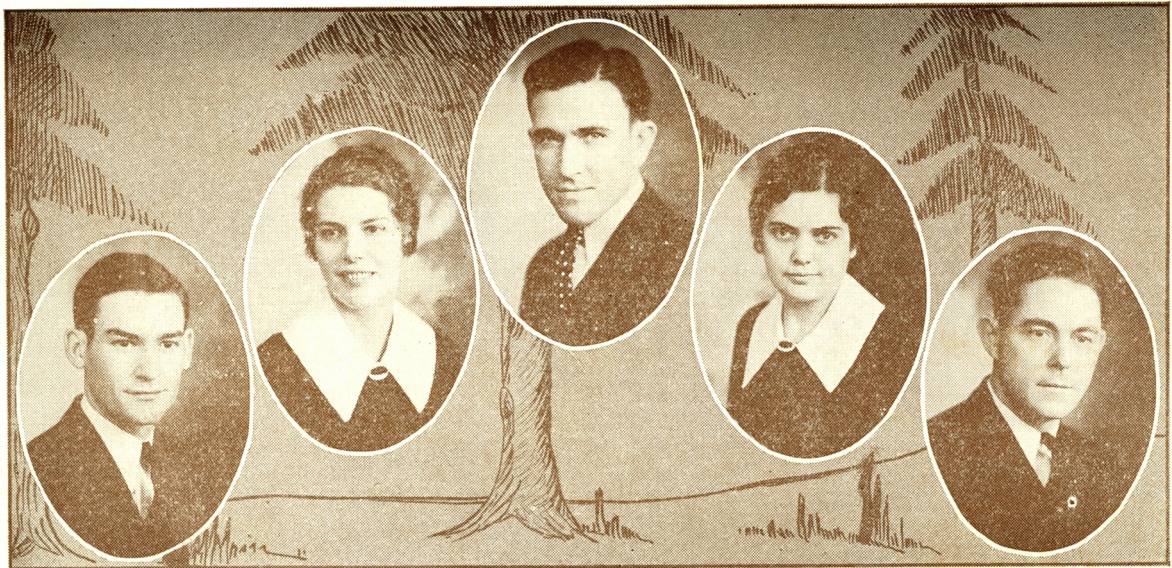
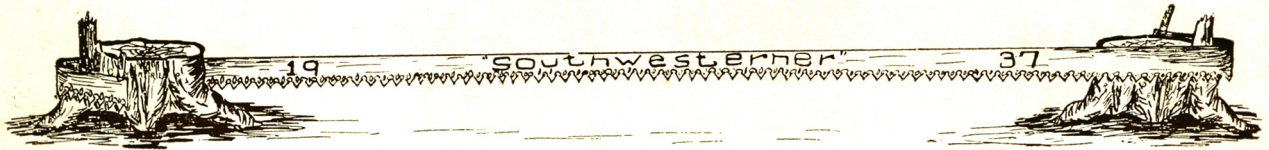
Agriculture is basic in the Enid area. In this city are many industries based on the vast agricultural background. There are creameries manufacturing butter, poultry packing plants, meat plants, flour mills, milk condenserv and many other industries based on successful farming.

Enid is fortunate in having an abundance of cheap electric power, natural gas for fuel purposes and pure water. It has ten railroad outlets that afford economic distribution of manufactured and jobbers products.

Good roads, paved with concrete, link Enid with every principal point in the state. Bus and truck lines add to the transportation network. A fine municipal airport rounds out an enviable system of transportation.

Enid covers an area of 4,500 acres. It has miles of paved streets lined with lovely trees and beautiful homes.

Enid is the largest city within a radius of 100 miles. It is capital of the vast western half of Oklahoma--the Queen city of an Agricultural Empire.



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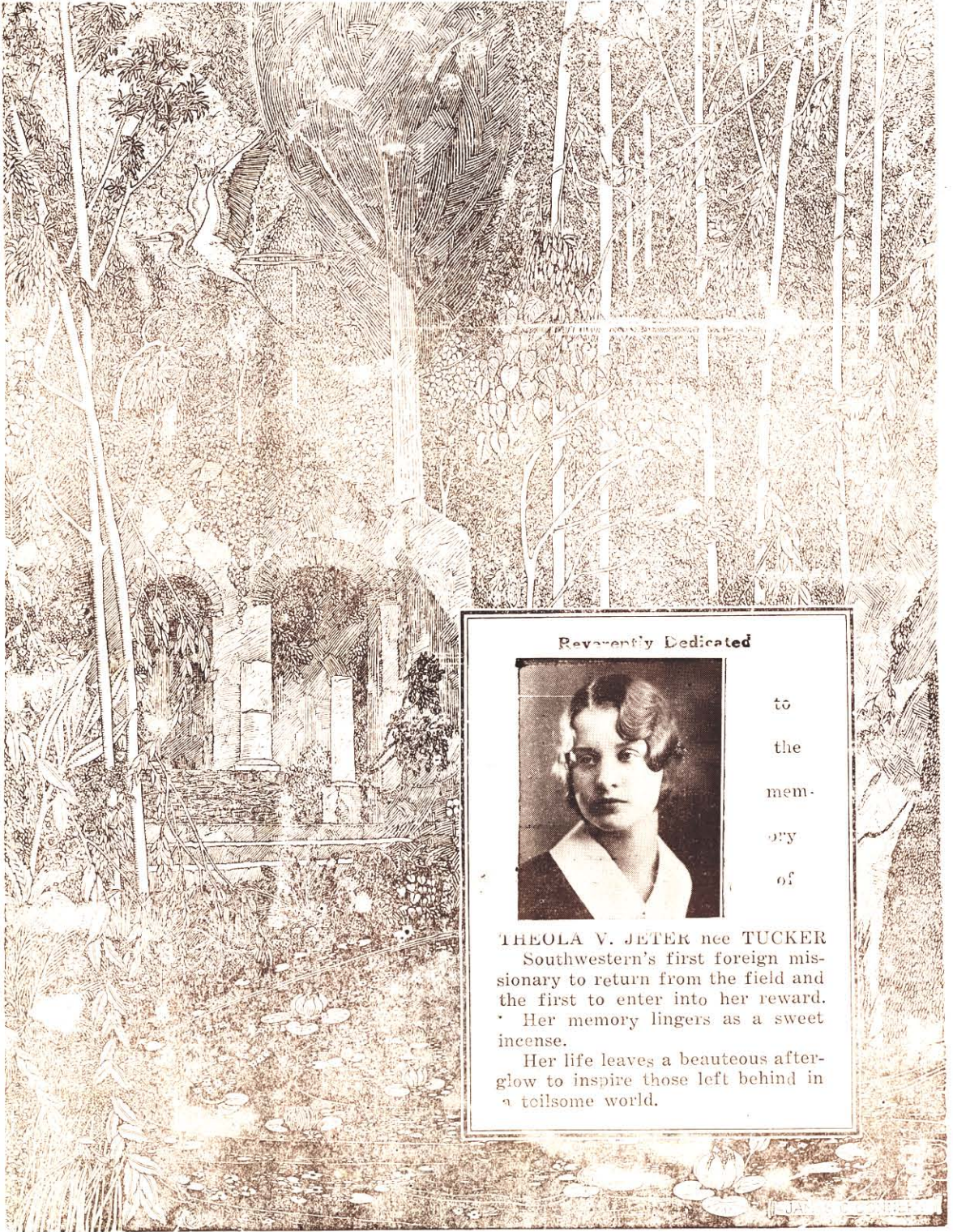
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Reverently Dedicated



to
the
mem-
ory
of

THEOLA V. JETER nee TUCKER

Southwestern's first foreign missionary to return from the field and the first to enter into her reward. Her memory lingers as a sweet incense.

Her life leaves a beautiful after-glow to inspire those left behind in a toilsome world.



Introduction

The Holy Scriptures have many times compared the human race with trees. In this issue of "The Southwestern" we have endeavored to keep this thought in mind.

The world is a "Forest." All of us are or have been trees in this great "Forest." We have been cut down and brought to a great "Lumber Camp" where we enter as "Logs," and, in the course of time, must pass through the "Mills." The "Logs" must be sawed into "Dimensions" (two by fours, four by fours, etc.) The "Dimensions" must be sawed and planed and finally come out "Finished Lumber," to be sent to the yards and "Sold for Service." Among this lumber is found a very fine and choice grade. Out of a great many "Logs" that go through the "Mills" only a small amount of it is obtained. This material is labeled "Finishing Lumber."

There is a great variety of uses for good lumber. Some of it is used for building houses, churches, furniture, factories, tools, and many, many other things. What are you being used for? Are you giving real service in your position or are you still in the lumber yard?

The Editor



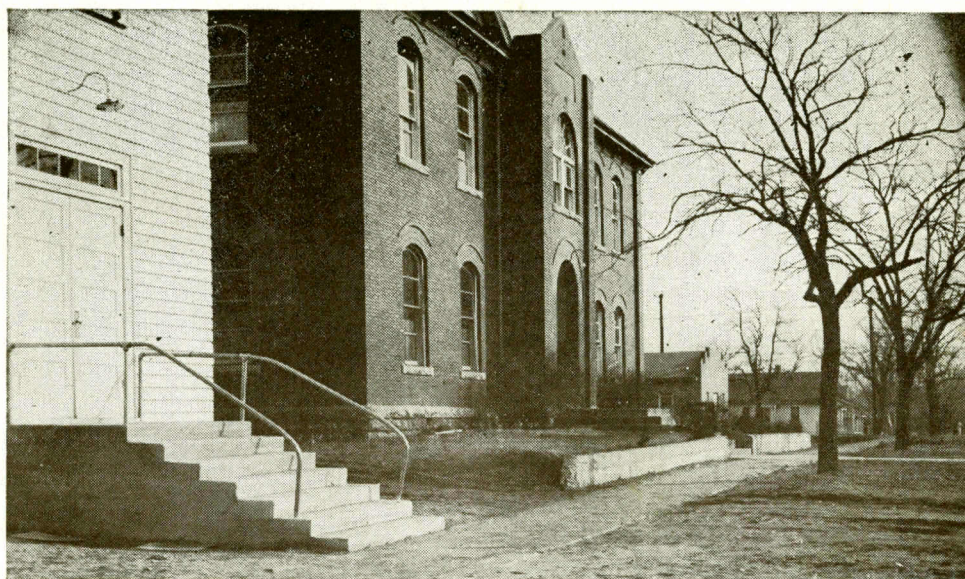
The Forest

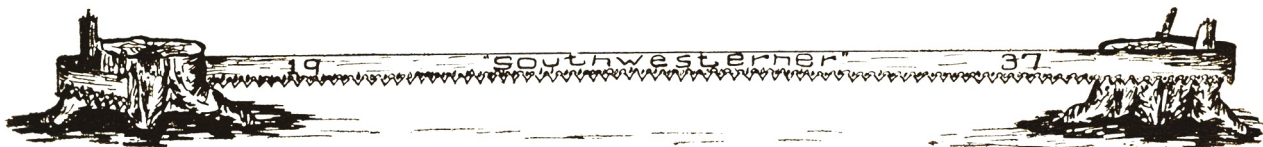


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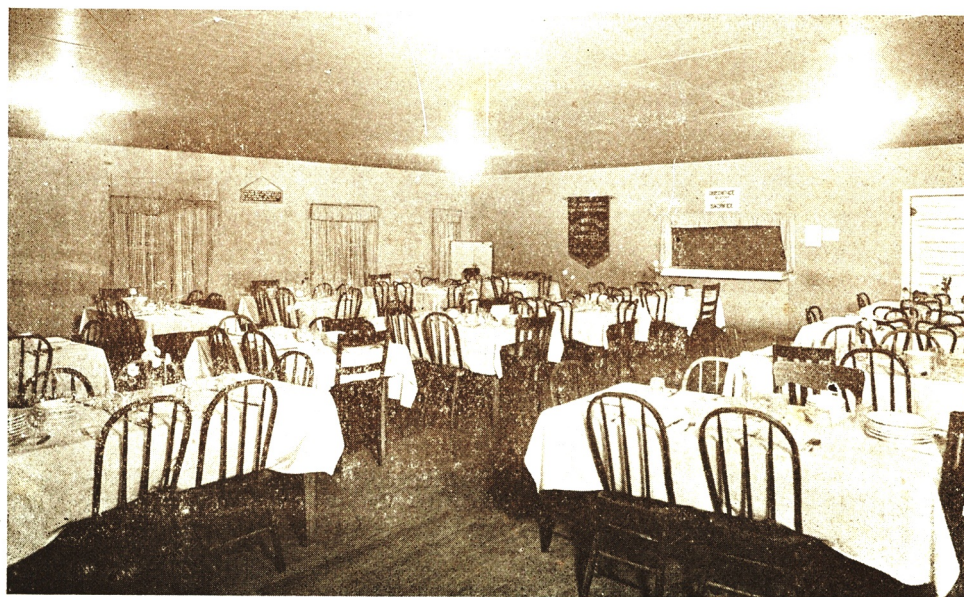
"The Field is the World"

The Camp





Boys' Building



Dining Room



Daddy Nelson

Thankful unto God are we for the President of our school, our own dear Bro. Nelson. His profound learning, his great wisdom, and his Job-like patience make him an ideal leader for this great institution, Southwestern Bible School.

In him we find our ideal in the realm of learning. His store-house of knowledge is seemingly inexhaustible. He is that good servant who brings forth from his store "things new and old. Let the occasion be what it may, Bro. Nelson always has an appropriate message. The wisdom he displays in dealing with each one is surely God

given. As a class we have good reason to be especially glad for the loving patience he exercises in dealing with his big family of boys and girls.

The evening shades are lengthening. The sun is about to set. It is with this fact in mind that Bro. Nelson moves on with this great institution. He feels that a vast multitude of consecrated young men and women must be prepared for service, so that he may live again in them as they go to the end of the earth to struggle and conquer in the glorious cause of Christ.



Mother Bamford

"Tis a place where angels have trod---
Filled with the power and presence of God.

Amid the humming of the saws in the Southwestern Mill is one place of quietness, a sort of refuge from the terrific buzzing--- Mother Bamford's room. There Mahogany can weep away her injured pride. There Walnut will find balm for every wound.

Ten seasons this lovely place has held its sway over the mill. The superintendent, foreman, and laborers alike, knowing its value, visit it frequently and profit by the great wisdom that abounds therein. The room is precious--yea, indispensable to the organization. Yet more precious and more nearly indispensable is the one who dwells there, our Mother.

Seventeen years ago a little lady bade farewell to verdant England's shores and turned her face westward to be a "Missionary" to the United States. For seven years,

God led her through varied experiences then placed her in the S. B. S. Mill where her very presence is the power of God. Her cheerful smile and motherly, "God bless you son, Mother is praying for you," has given courage to many disheartened ones. Cowards have turned to heroes at her command.

It is beautiful to see, every chapel morning, our little Mother standing with eyes lifted and hand raised over the orchestra pit; it is wonderful to hear in a moment, the melody that bursts from the hearts of those who have sat under the shadow of the uplifted hand. Therein is strength for weakness, courage for the day. "Indispensable," did we say? Throughout the day she is in demand. Her name is on every tongue.

Whether things go right or wrong,
Our voices will fall on faithful ears,
'Tis "Mother" in our triumph hour,
And "Mother" in our tears.



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Library

The Bible contains God's message to men. The Bible, the most important book at Southwestern, makes straight the pilgrimage of life for each individual.

Every book worth reading should contain only thoughts that will inspire and ennoble character. True books are as difficult to find as true men; but in our library there are approximately 7,000 books which contain the best thoughts of the world's greatest writers, books that have been carefully chosen and evaluated by the President and Faculty.

In this collection are numerous books on sermon material, a complete line of information on Sunday School and Young People's work, thirty one complete sets of encyclopedias, including the Britannica, and Americana. There are dictionaries in several languages and a complete selection of concordances, including several in English, some in Greek, Hebrew, Dutch and numerous Bible Dictionaries. There is a multitude of miscellaneous volumes on Church History, The-

ology, and a wealth of material on all phases of a Christian life. Helps for the pastor are here in abundance. The evangelist as well can be perfectly at home in our library, for there are many volumes devoted to him and his work.

Extremely rare, and considered the most valuable book in the library is the English Hexapla. It is a Greek New Testament with six English versions. The Greek text is printed at the top of each page and under it in parallel columns are the texts of Wycliff (1380), of Tyndale (1534), of Grammer (1539), of the Geneva Bible (1557), of Rheims (Douay or Roman Catholic, 1582), and the Authorized (1611).

There is an entire section devoted to missions. This includes histories of the mission fields in all parts of the world, encyclopedias of mission, reviews of missionary progress, and an abundant supply of missionary biographies.

"A collection of books makes a real university"



The Spiritual Lumber Mill

By Wm. Burton McCafferty

Trees are often used in Scripture as symbols of men and nations. Much is said therein of "the cedars of Lebanon," and figures in a symbolical and figurative way. The oak is a symbol of the nation of Israel. "The oaks of Bashan" is another figurative phrase referring to the people of a certain district. The fir, the palm, the cedar, the bay, and the lignaloos are mentioned in the Scripture. The fig tree is an outstanding symbol of national Israel, as well as is the cedar. The cedar will represent Israel in several ways; (a) Israel under God's blessing (Psa. 92:12) (b) as a flourishing nation (Psa. 89:10) (c) grandeur and stateliness (Isa. 37:24) (d) in pride (Isa. 2:13), (e) in triumph (Isa. 14:8). Israel in judgment is spoken of under the symbolical phrases, a "fallen cedar" and a "cut cedar" (Zech. 11:2; Jer. 11:2).

Other trees figuratively used of Israel may be mentioned in the following way: (a) Israel in righteousness--the palm tree (Psalms 92:12-14) (b) Israel in fruitfulness--the fig tree with its "good figs" (Jer. 24:2. See also Hos. 9:10; Joel 2:22), (c) Israel flourishing--a green tree (Ezek. 20:47), (d) Israel in wickedness--a dry tree (Ezek. 20:47).

What is true of Israel is equally true of all. Therefore to say that the men of Israel are "trees of the Lord's planting," is tantamount to saying the same of any of the righteous, whether Jews or Gentiles. Of the Righteous it is written: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."--a tree of the Lord's planting.

Not only do we find the fruit tree as a symbol of the righteous, or the stately palm as a figure of the holy, but the serviceable cedar as well. The cedar and the oak were trees used in building. They were dressed down and worked into various timbers for stately buildings, for strong houses, and for many other things.

We may therefore say of these who come to Southwestern Bible School: "They are trees of the Lord's planting, and material

for God's building." Among them we have not only the deeply spiritual palm tree, the fruitful fig tree, and the sweet, fragrant lignaloos, but we have the stately, decay-resisting cedar, and the strong Oak of Bashan,--materials out of which the lumber is made for the building of our God.

In God's lumber mill of Southwestern the machinery has prepared each sturdy log for a wonderful service. Out of the trees of the world's forest they have been taken for His service (Ezek. 17:24). Some of God's "lumber-jacks," the evangelists, have brought them in from the "front" to be made into lumber in the "Southwestern Lumber Mill" At the "fronts," as we call the place where we get out the logs, the limbs are cut off and the logs made of the proper length for the mill. So it is with our first experience with the Lord: the unnecessary things of our old life are cut away with the axe of the gospel and we are thereby made ready for Bible School. At the mill the log is placed on a "carriage," a machine that takes the log to the saw. Men ride the carriage and hold the log, by means of levers, against the saw. As they turn the log around, the sawyer operates the carriage and the log is sawed. The slabs are taken from it, it is squared, and cut into proper dimensions.

The carriage riders are the teachers, who hold the student to the Word of God, while the Spirit saws away the slabs and properly shapes the spiritual "log" for some future service. The dimensions are varied: some two-by-fours, some two-by-sixes, two-by-eights, eight-by-tens, twelve-by-twelves, etc. There is a place for the two-by-fours as well as for the twelve-by-twelves.

In a great house there are timbers of various kinds, and each timber has its place to fill. The great heavy beam may have its place in the foundation to support the superstructure; but the smaller timber may occupy a place in the ornamental work. God is glorified by both strength and beauty. Every timber has its place in "God's building."

There are various other processes in the milling of lumber. The cut-off saws have a



work to do. This machine is made of several swiftly revolving saws which rise and fall, cutting out an uneven edge here, a weak place there, a knot-hole over there, until the piece of timber is as it should be. It may come forth from the process considerably shorter than when it went in, but it may now be properly classified and placed where it can be shipped out to its future service. It must also pass through the finishing process—the plane. Many of us need a spiritual smoothing.

In Southwestern Lumber Mills there are just such saws and planes, by which the weak parts of our Christian life are cut away, and the uneven edges and thin spots cut out by the sharp saws of truth. If we come out of the process shorter than when we entered, it is that we may be properly classified for our future service. One student said on entering Southwestern: "I do not need (a certain course) I have studied that before." He later said that he had discovered that he knew practically nothing of the subject. The old saws had cut out some of the uneven places and had left him a somewhat shorter but usable piece of timber. He is now a flaming evangelist. Praise the Lord!

The kilns of the great lumber mills season the lumber. The process is hot, but it is necessary to the proper seasoning of lumber,

The trials incident to student life are the kiln-drying processes which will season him for future use in "building up the temple of the Lord."

There are the rejects--slabs, knotty pieces, rough edges, weak places which have been cut out of the timber, etc. These are placed on a conveyer and carried away to the fires where they are consumed. God forbid that any "log" of Southwestern Lumber Mills should find itself among the rejects. Let the slab-sided condition go that way, the knots, and knot-holes, but not the log. Don't become a reject!

Rejects may be redeemed! The splinters, knotty parts, slabs, sawdust, and shavings may be redeemed by the paper mills, where they may be made into beautiful white paper, on which mighty messages are written. If there be any who have gotten among the rejects, and are about to be taken away to the everlasting fires, remember there is hope. God will take you through the pulp process and make you a new clean sheet of paper on which He will write His message of everlasting truth and righteousness, and you shall become "an epistle, read and known of all men!"

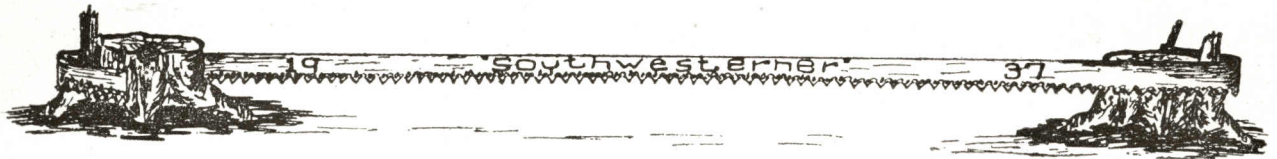
Wm. Burton McCafferty.



The Mills



Cat through Courtesy Chamber of Commerce, Eureka, California



Logs

Trees

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree----

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the Earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain;

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

--Joyce Kilmer



Logs

It was October first. The streams were swollen. The Master Lumberman knew it was time to move His logs. In the months passed, he had gone into the heart of the forests, sought tall, slender pines, sturdy oaks, stately redwoods, and had piled them near the rivers to wait for the fall rise. Camp Meeting clouds gathered. Latter rain fell in torrents. Spiritual streams overflowed their banks, carrying pines, redwoods, and all into the open gates of the S. B. S. Mills, where the camp was just awaking from a long summer's sleep. The fireman had shaken off his drowsiness and fired up the boiler. Workmen had oiled the pulleys and polished the saws until they shone like mirrors. Others clearing the storage yards, had heard a roar in the distance, dropped their tools and run for the gates. "Timber! Timber!" shouted the foreman. "The logs are in!"

From Canada they came, from California, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and a score of other states. Rolling and tumbling, they bounced against each other in their eagerness. Pretentious redwoods pushed past slender pines and the little logs sank out of sight to rise no more until the big ones had floated on.

Into the mill they went and registered. Quaking, they stood before the critic, who, with careful scrutiny ordered them piled in certain "dormitory" yards to await a further process. Dignified Walnut looked a bit disturbed. Imperious Redwood felt his authority slipping. Toothpick pine stumbled over a red toe, with only a grunt from the victim. The fact that only a few minutes earlier, in a similar incident, the big fellow had lost a good slab of bark because he had become a little too supercilious, was still fresh in his mind.

One day passed--two. The sun of abatement beamed vehemently upon the logs. The moisture of hilarity they had absorbed on the journey fled before the hot rays leaving a dry feeling--a tinge of homesickness for the cool, damp forest. The atmosphere grew tense. Even the big bay tree quivered and rolled over displaying slight nervousness. Consternation prevailed. Little Willow, driest of all, had overheard the foreman say, "Tomorrow, they all go through the saw of Dispensations." Mahogany glanced at the big gang saw and cringed. That would mean at least seven slabs taken off.

"A-t-l-a-s," spelled out Cedar, her eyes fixed upon the huge sharptoothed disc that stood like a giant beside another circular fellow equally as large, named English.

"Oh, let us take courage!" said the sturdy oak. He could hold his peace no longer. "Do you not remember how the Master came into the forest last year and chose you from all the others? He needs lumber for His business. Be brave! What is a little cut or two?"

That's right," chirped dry little Willow. I will be brave."

"And I" echoed a dozen others.

The saws hummed. The bark flew. An occasional groan accompanied the falling of a knot. By May seventh, the log pile had grown small, and even disappeared. The dormitory yards were empty. But beyond the view of the public eye, moved the Master Lumberman through His drying room. Higher than His head rose stacks of roughly cut lumber.

"They must wait now for another year. Then I shall come again." He smiled and walked away.



First Row, Left to Right: Harriet Britton, Lois Bates, Nora Austin, Beatrice Comer, Savannah Anderson, Minnie Arnote, Catherine Beard. Second Row: Frances Berkehisser, Willie Cevin, Jessie Bratton, Martha Allan, Leona Chandler, Laura Cates, Hazel Bristol, Marjorie Ball. Third Row: Clifford Burkett, Everett Casteel, Lawrence Andrews, Jack Coe, Arthur Benson, Roy Ballard, Lee Beasley, Lee R. Aikins



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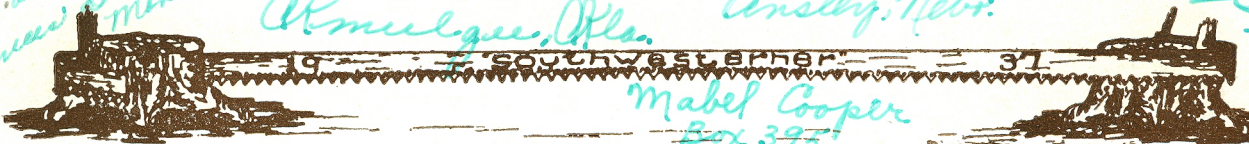


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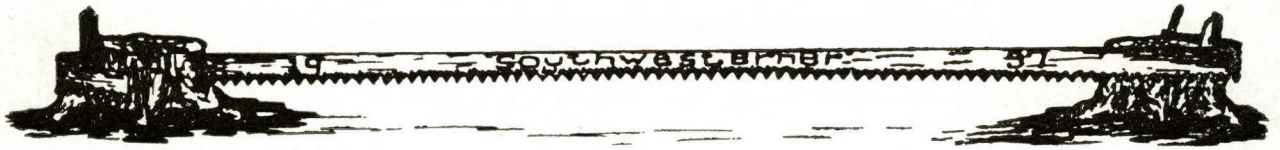
Dimensions

When thou passest through the sawmills,
Deep the cuts may be and long;
But Jehovah is our refuge,
And His promises are strong;
For the Lord Himself would say it,
He the faithful God and true;
"When thou comest to the sawmills,
Turn not aside, go through."

Saws of sorrow, saws of trial,
Bitterest anguish, fiercest pain,
Buzzing circles of temptation
Cutting into heart and brain--
They shall ne'er destroy or ruin,
For we know His word is true;
All His saws and all His edgers,
He will lead us safely through.

Threatening whirlers of destruction,
Doubt's insidious sawdust train,
Shall not harm us, shall not teach us,
That to cut will be in vain.
Please the Master. Please the Foreman,
And the day you'll never rue.
When thou comest to the sawmills,
Be thou fearless. Go thou through!

Rearranged--D. Howard



Dimensions

Above the din of rolling logs, and rushing workmen rose the clear unmistakable voice of the foreman. "Clear the storeroom!" He shouted. "That rough lumber must go through the mills again." A great iron door swung open.

The big redwood beam heaved a sigh of relief, his arrogance rising. Mahogany shook her head at the thought of more saws. She still bore a scar from last year. Little Willow giggled in anticipation. Anything was better than being locked in a room where one couldn't romp and play a bit. Fidgety Mr. Bay Tree would have rolled over in his nervousness, but his sides were no longer round as they were last year when he floated into camp. Acorn Oak sturdy as ever in spite of the loss of a great deal of bark looked with pitying eyes upon his fellows and would have been disgusted but for his righteous nature.

Two-by-fours, six-by-eights, twelve-by-twelves, they heard the foreman count, his eyes scanning the room. The beams had passed the saw of "Dispensations." Never would they be logs again. The time for "Dimensions" was at hand. Only the Doctrines saw would avail.

"Zum, zum, zim," hummed the Cosmological blade.

"Zzzz, zzz," buzzed the Anthropological one. Boards cracked. Splinters fell off.

"Oh, will there be nothing left?" wailed poor Mahogany wiping a sawdust tear from her wooden eye.

"I'm going to be a nice white lath when I come out," piped Little Willow wincing a bit. The saw tickled her ear.

"A lath," Pine smiled as she trembled

under the vibrations of Parliamentary Law. "I move we hasten the process."

"Must I go there?" howled the uneasy Bay as the sawyer hoisted him on the carriage. A grinning edger gleamed before him. It was the dreaded Homiletics.

"You know well I have spread my branches wider than any other tree in the forest."

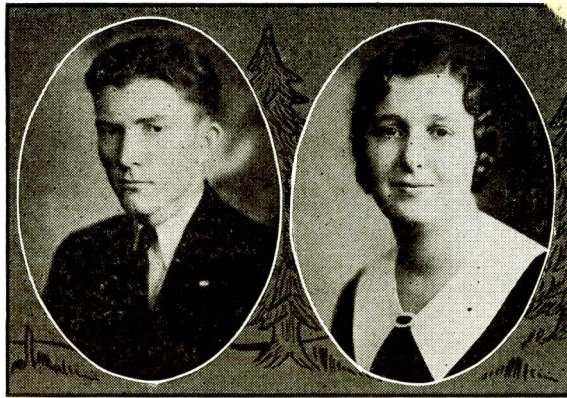
"All the more reason," comforted the workman. The shining circular thing ended the protest.

The False Cults saw, with quick jerks, nipped the knot holes out of Oak's sides and left him smooth and even. His companions looked on and wondered at his unflinching steadiness. Surely he would be a fine piece of lumber. He was so brave.

A general chorus of stifled groans and smothered moans rose at various intervals during the second sawing period. It seemed **the saws never tired, nor** was their sympathy easily played upon. Their bright steel teeth gnawed away at the cedar, pine, and redwood, with special favor to none until the foreman's dimensions order was filled.

Weak and exhausted, two-by-fours and six-by-eights lay prostrate. Mahogany in her weariness forgot to wail. Bay had overestimated his enthusiasm. He would not have spread himself even if he could. Miss Walnut looked as worn as the rest.

"Back to the store room," ordered the foreman. The phrase was music to the ears of the weary boards. Very quietly they lay while the huge crane lifted them ever so high and stacked them ever so gently it seemed in the storeroom to await another season. Again the Master Lumberman smiled and turned away.



Mrs. Jewell Davidson

CLAUDE KENDRICK
President

Claude Kendrick-----
How Arizona's deserts that grow only cactus and greasewood could ever produce a timber like Claude is beyond our understanding, but when the logs came in from the West, there he was. The saws seem to have done him no harm. The "Dimensions" think there is none like him.

JEWELL DAVIDSON
Sec'y-Treas.

Jewell Davidson-----
Missouri sent this amiable pine to the S.B.S. Mill as the wife of our Brother Davidson. We have heard of murmuring pines, but this one evidently left her moaning in the forest. She, too, has passed on to the edger table with little disturbance. Her inflexible character endears her to the hearts of the "Dimensions."



First Row, Left to Right: De Etta Buttler, Mary Doom, Ruby Alderson, Grace Bogan, Adeline Bryan, Claudia Dunn, F. e. a. Dou-c. l. e. n. d. e. n. Second Row: Lucille Hickman, Lo Ree Heisel, Opal Garrett, Ruth Balderson, Jewell Davidson, Kathleen Bowman, Lillie Marie Barker, Pearl Hardaway. Third Row: Edmond Downy, Herman Austin, Lawrence Clark, Nelson Dickerson, Murray Brown, Violet Bluhm, Gaines Couch, Verla Earnest, Earl Ayres, Ruby Earnest, Glenn Ahlf, Truby Hamilton, Guinne Brown, Donald Herrick, Arthur Bean, Lawrence Haskins, Hal Byers, Ted Chopper.

*Shonda Faye Shedd
Lanona, Okla.*



First Row: Lucille Robertson, Inez Milam, Helen Voth, Edrie Steger, Thelma Martin, Ruth Primrose, Helen Matteson, Myrtle Wolford. Second Row: Mae Ninemire, Wanda Fae Wells, Christine Reid, Gladys Reichwein, Dorothy Wells, Tabitha Primrose, Avis Reynolds, Louise Young, Maxine Horton. Third Row: Carl Parsons, Gene Martin, Gene Lanch, Geneva Keel, Ethel Kannen, Pauline Hurd, Leota Pains, Gordon Jaus, Earnest Illum. Fourth Row: Clyde King, Claud Myers, James Villani, Claude Kendrick, Winefred Rains, Darrel Keahey, J. W. Tucker, George Robertson.



Memories of Southwestern

A happier journey cannot be imagined than one that is taken down Memory Byway. This sequestered trail winds down through the shadow-arches of titanic trees, by sweet-scented bushes, and around the lumber mill of old Southwestern. As we journey down this green-bowered lane the memories of the past crowd in upon our thoughts. Hard by this sylvanian road is a place where we meet a group of happy boys and girls, who are assembled here to present to us the pictures of the past. Here before us, like the pictures of television, are the scenes through which we have lived in times past at old Southwestern.

A dapper looking radio announcer, with his learned-looking glasses reminds you of Gene Martin, as he announces the program to be broad-cast, finally saying: "Take it away, Red."

"Thank you, Gene," says the announcer of the evening, whom we greatly suspect as Claude Kendrick.

Suddenly we see before us a scene depicting a morning chapel service, with Brother and Sister Nelson, Miss Swank, Mother Bamford, and Brother McCafferty, seated on the platform. Yes, there can be no mistake about it. That stockily built person with the horn-rimmed spectacles is certainly Brother McCafferty. On closer inspection, however, we discover that it is Brother Illum in "character!"

The glasses remind us of the "spoonerisms" of which our Epistles teacher has so often been guilty. He might have been heard to say: "Where are my rimmed-horn spectacles? Oh, er my speck-rimmed hornacles. I mean my horn-specked rimacles. No! No! I mean my speck-horned rictacles. Delpha Wantland might have been heard to have quietly suggested that what he wanted was his horn-rimmed spectacles.

Back to the scene before us: Well! There is Mother Bamford as true, almost, as life; or is that Myrtle Wolford in disguise? Thus scene by scene the events of the past years of

the Senior Class of '37 are presented in living pictures before us. Both pathos and humor are here and we weep and laugh by turns. But is not this the way that life is made up? Now we are looking upon a memorial service for our departed Theola of the class of '32, who journeyed away to the land of the Incas and the wide-winged condors, to tell the old story to a people held in the chains of Roman superstition. Her sweet story was soon told, and then she went high--higher than the snow-capped peaks of the Andes, higher than the wide-winged condor's flight, higher than the highest heaven, even to the bosom of God. Ah! Juniors, you, too, learned to love her, or you could not have presented those two wonderful scenes of our dear Theola. Carl and Margaret, you, too, came before us, and we are carried adown the byway of memory to far away India, and we remember our missionaries on the field.

But what is this? A girl speaking from a dormitory window:

"Hello, Brother McCafferty." (The girls are quarantined for measles).

"Hello, girls. How long are you in for?"

"For about an aion," the girl replies. The girls are learning the meaning of that mysterious Greek word, which the Dispensations teacher has so often explained to them. Moran Annear looks up to the window and sighs: "Oh, for a good case of the measles" Looking closer we discover the three to be Brother Illum, Gordon Jaus, and Leota Rains, acting their parts.

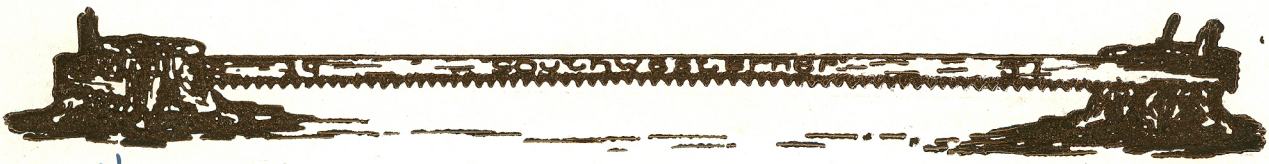
There is Mother Bamford in her room, and at her knee, an erring student who has come for comfort and for prayer to Mother's room.

Thus do we see our three years of life in old S. B. S. go by us in review. And now the announcers are signing off; and with Ruby Copeland, Adele Dellenbach, Harold, Charles, Lester, we must now say "Farewell" to old Southwestern. Thank you Claude, thank you Juniors, for "Memories of Southwestern," for these pictures of the past in old Southwestern. May God bless you every one.



Shavings

Mrs. Jewell Davidson
Brimson, Missouri



Edwin Steger
624 So. Walnut
Lawton, Okla.

Nelson Dickerson
Pawhuska, Okla. Chips

Claudia Dunn
Henderson, Tex
Mary Room
Erid, Okla.

Clyde King
W.H.
L. Ree G. Keisel
Studley, Kansas.

Mae Ninemine
521 North 3rd St.
Manhattan, Kansas

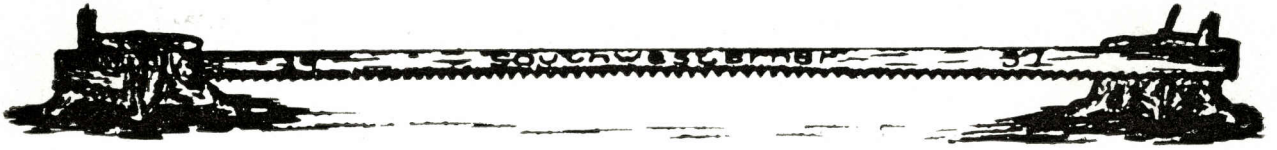
Grace Boyer
330 S. P Street
Fayetteville, Ark

Klaude Kendrick
Buckeye, Arizona

Leata Raine
Caldwell, Kansas
"my eyes be a blessing
to others as you have
been to me."



Chips



Finished Lumber

If you can't be a beam in the mighty ship,
That sails the southern seas;
If you can't be the frame of a mansion grand,
That's kissed with an ocean breeze;

If you can't be an arm of a beautiful chair,
Where the rich lays his crafty hands;
If you can't be the arch of a picturesque
bridge,
As a lazy river it spans;

Be just a board in a tiny boat,
That rescues men from the waves.
Be just a piece in the humble cot,
Where great men are born and made.

Be just the rung of an old arm chair,
Where the weary find peace and rest.
Be just a plank 'cross a narrow stream.
Be what you are----be the best.

--D. Howard



Finished Lumber

Having assigned the logs to dormitory yards and given the dimension orders, the foreman stood with furrowed brow as though in deep thought. Finally he turned to the workman next him.

"There are forty-three pieces of lumber in that back kiln. Some of them are two-by-fours, some are two-by-sixes, and a few are six-by-eights. They have been there two years. They are well seasoned, but will need to be planed and finished a bit. In seven months the Master will need a new ship that will, at intervals, make voyage to Africa to bring some ebony from a forest He has purchased. It will sail to India as well, and perhaps to other countries where He has interests. This vessel must have a durable framework. There may be possibilities in those beams."

No sooner had the foreman finished, than the huge door of the back kiln swung open disclosing the forty-three pieces of lumber. Onto the carriage the workmen hoisted them for the third time. This time the sharp blades of the plane were to replace the saw. The boards were to be finished.

Mr. Redwood, his imperiousness gone, humbly submitted to the steel blade of General Epistles determined to be a "doer and not a hearer only--to count it all joy and lack nothing." Shavings curled into corkscrews as the plane of Missions cut to the heart of Mahogany. Only her heart would be strong enough for use. Big Bay Tree was much smaller than he had been. The saws had been extravagant with him, but his nervousness was gone. Together he and Acorn Oak met the plane of Daniel and Revelation. Images loomed before their eyes and for a time they worried with visions of the head. The trimming was hard to bear, and it was long

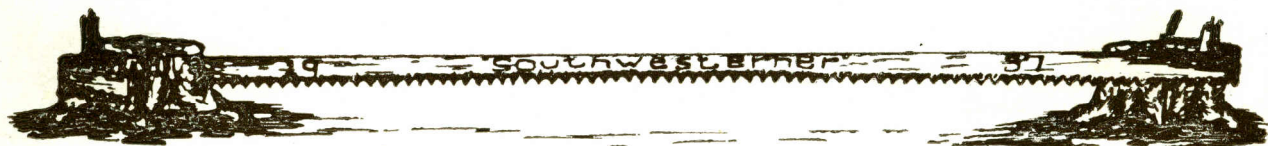
after the last stroke of the knife that they regained their equilibrium.

Cedar yielded to the caress of the Poetical Books plane. The scars from her many knots fell off, but not without leaving their marks. The rings that remained, shading from yellow to dark reddish brown, linked into each other, enhancing the beauty of her satiny surface.

Walnut was much shorter that she had been, but lines of suffering had softened her face. Little Willow had a certain dignity now. Everyone appeared so different from his original self. Three years ago the gates had swung open to them, a lot of unhewn logs. The saws had gnawed away at their rough exteriors, they had been measured, and cut unsparingly. Much of their flesh had fallen down in sawdust and had been cast into the furnace to heat the boiler for the process.

The planes had cut deeply into their hearts until the foreman had said, "Finished," and and they found themselves at the gate again, not entering this time. No, the mill was no place for finished lumber. The iron gate swung open. The foreman, ashen of face, said not a word, but stood with arm outstretched, finger leveled toward the future.

With bowed head, Acorn Oak led the procession. He was to sail on that ship soon. Walnut followed, her face full of compassion. Bay and Mahogany walked hand in hand. Half-halting, they would have lingered, but the Master stood by the foreman now. He didn't smile and turn away this time, but with face set and eyes fixed upon the horizon he pointed ever into the future. The forty-three passed out. The gate clicked behind them.



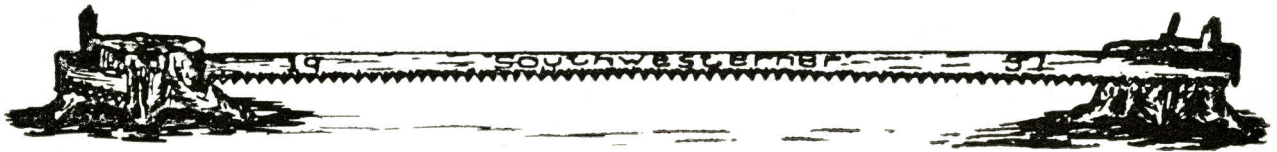
Lester McNabb
President

Mrs. Annie Bamford
Sponsor

Gertrude Erwin
Sec'y-Treas.

Motto
"Forward Till We Come"

Colors
Royal Purple and Gold



Seniors



MORAN ANNEAR Cleburne, Tex.
Class President '36; Missionary Board '36; Mis-
sionary President '37; Annual Staff; Orchestra
'35, '36, '37; Prospective Misionary to Korea.

Firm as the rock of Gibraltar of old,
Described by a friend, "He is pure gold."

LILLIAN BAETKE Kansas City, Mo.
Prospective Missionary to India.

Peace and power are mine in Thee,
I am triumphant-happy-free!

WARREN BASSFORD Waynoka, Okla.
Prospective Missionary to India.

To God and man he gave his days
In loyal service, scorning praise.

ALBINA BRUMEK Houston, Tex.
Prospective Misionary to Russia.

He who hath helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through.

MARTHA BRYANT Grand Junction, Colo

I will move forward in the power of quietness,
In the hour of need, I will be at hand.

RUFUS CATLETT Okmulgee, Okla.
Annual Staff.

I refuse to be a slave of ease,
In God I will presist in undertaking great
things.

RAYMOND CLEMONS Owensville, Mo.
Kitchen Force '36, '37.

The quiet mind is richer than a crown----
To wear a smile, better than to frown.

RUBY COPELAND Bethalto Ill.
Class Sec'y-Treas. '36 Missionary Secre-
tary'37; S. W. Crusaders; Annual Staff;
Prospective Missionary to Africa.

Within her heart the Eternal soundeth,
And springs of joy well up.

*Ruby
Copeland*



Seniors

HAZEL COUCH Okmulgee, Okla.
Monitor '37' Annual Staff Secretary.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

FAYE CYPERT Konawa, Okla.
Head waitress '37

Blessed are the sincere in the way.

ADELE DELLENBACH Partridge, Kan.
Assistant cook '37; Mixed Quartet; Soloist;
Orchestra '36, '37.

She is earnest, brave, and strong----
She makes light the way with song.

ELMER DELLENBACH Partridge, Kan.
Orchestra' 36, '37.

This my song through endless ages,
Jesus led me all the way.

MARGUERITE DURBIN Enid, Okla.
Annual Staff

Martha's hands and Mary's heart,
Never delay to do their part.

HELEN EARLEY Alton, Ill.
Trio '35-'37; Instrumental trio '37; Assistant Editor of the Annual; Leader of India Group; Orchestra '35, '36, '37; Prospective Missionary to India.

She dwells with music, love, and grace,
Her smile would adorn an angel's face.

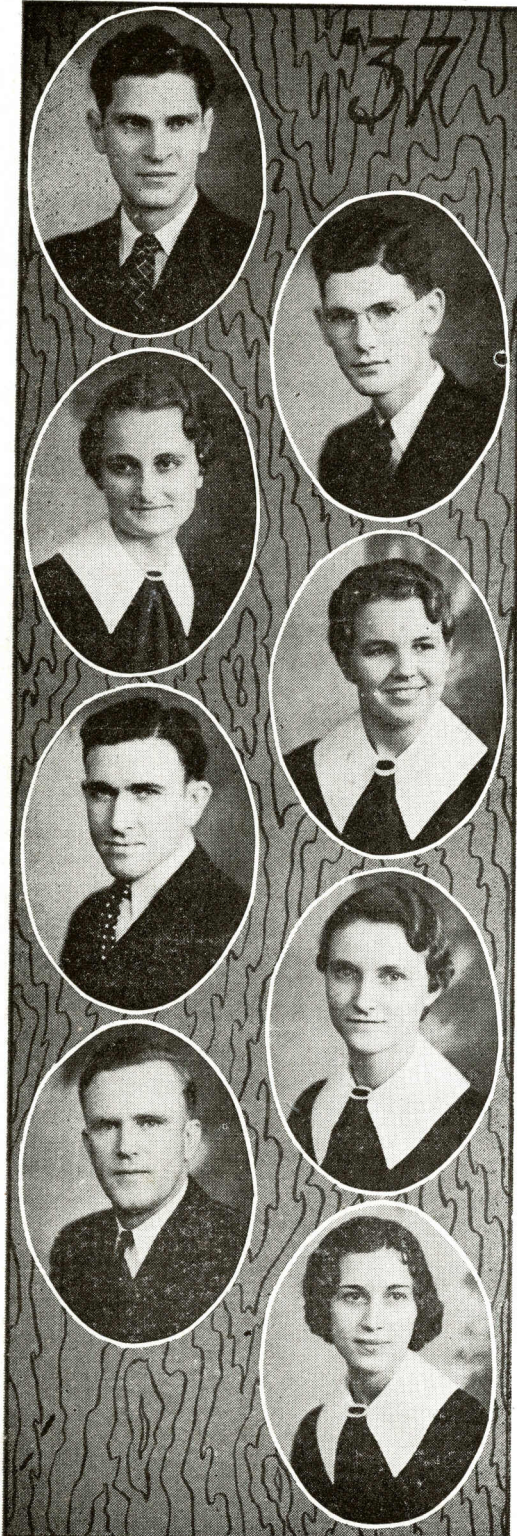
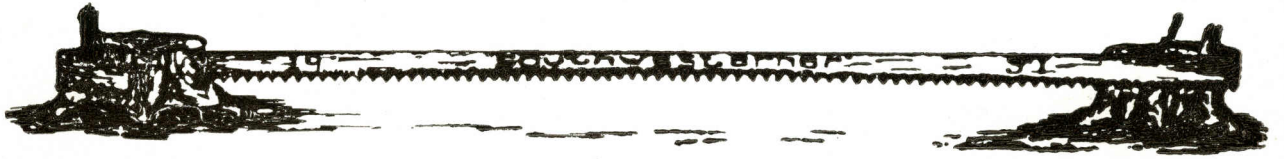
GERTRUDE ERWIN Mutual, Okla.
Class Secretary-Treasurer '37; Work Monitor '36, '37; Orchestra '37.

Upright, even, undismayed,
Sure, serene, and unafraid.

GEORGE FLATTERY Wichita, Kan.
Missionary Board '37; Orchestra '36, '37;
Prospective Missionary to Africa.

To glorify God no lesser aim,
My earthly life and power shall ever claim.





Seniors

CHARLES FREDERICK Rapid City, S. D.
Annual Staff; Home Missions Leader; Active
Missionary to American Indians,

In Christ I am resolved--to run, when I can; to go
when I cannot run; to creep when I cannot go.

HAROLD HIGLEY Correctionville, Ia.
Annual Staff.

I will be an "undertaker" of great things.
In all my ways honoring the King.

DELILA ANN HOWARD Pratt, Kan.
Monitor '35, '36, '37; Secretary to Dean of Women
'36, '37; Annual Staff.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
and in her tongue is the law of Kindness.

ROBERTA HURD Wynona, Okla.
Prospective Missionary to Africa.

Her ways are the ways of pleasantness,
Her paths, the paths of peace.

JACK P. IRELAND Maramec, Okla.
Student Teacher '37; Tabernacle Chorister; Edi-
tor in Chief of the Annual; Soloist; Ambassadors'
Quartet.

He goes forth singing with a melody in his heart,
And his face set hard toward a goodly goal.

KATHLEEN KINDRICK Ft. Smith, Ark.
Trio '37; Orchestra '35, '37.

In the stillness of water is depth,
In the quietness of the soul is surety.

VERNALD LANDIN Sherburne, Minn.

Firm of purpose, sure of soul,
Pressing onward to the goal.

NAQMI LEWIS Tulsa, Okla.
Prospective Missionary to Africa.

Small things are not to be despised,
They are often useful, witty, wise.



Seniors

HELEN LYNCH Caldwell, Kan.

I will be courageous, I am determined to grow.

AGNES MAYO Laurel, Miss.
Orchestra; Prospective Missionary to South America.

My soul was made for gladness. Great joys are mine by Divine rights.

ORVILLE MILLS Enid, Okla.

Righteousness keepeth him that is upright in the way.

LETRICE MINYEN Watson, Okla.

I will speak the word I intend to act.
I will speak that which shall be done.

LESTER McNABB Zion, Ill.
President Class '37; Orchestra; Monitor '35, '37;
Zion Quartet '35; Saxophone Soloist; Music Makers Quartet '35; Annual Staff.

And in after years thy mind shall be,
A mansion for all lovely forms.

MADGE PATE Hornbeck, La.
Monitor '37; Annual Staff; Orchestra '37.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea!

HILDING PETERSON East Moline, Ill.

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear.

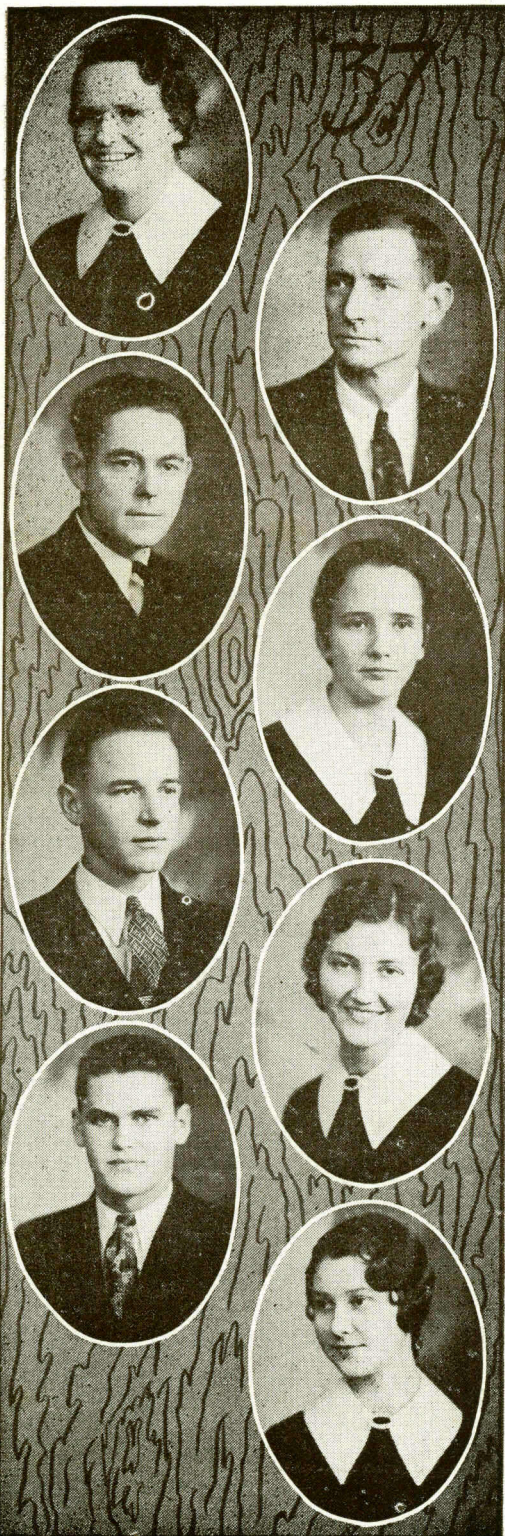
WILL FRED PRIMROSE Waterloo, Ia

For he was a strong man, and good,
Faithful in adversity, fearing God.





Seniors



BEULAH SEARS Pawhuska, Okla.
 Crusaders' Trio; Annual Staff; Prospective Mis-
 sionary to India.

I will keep my pitcher filled at the fountain of
 truth, and pour cups full for the thirsty ones by
 the wayside.

ARTHUR SLOAN Enid, Okla.
 Printer; Orchestra '36, '37;

For his knowledge and advice we often call,
 And he leaves an "impression" upon us all.

JACOB TROYER Westerville, Nebr.
 Business Manager of Annual Staff.

Seest thou a man diligent in business?
 He shall stand before kings.

LOUISE UNRUH Pine Bluff, Ark.
 Assistant Cook '35; Cook '37; Prospective
 Missionary to Africa.

To know her is to love her,
 To speak of her, to praise.

RAYMOND WAHL Fairview, Okla.
 Orchestra '35, '36, '37; Prospective Missionary
 to Italy.

What sweet delight such quiet ways afford,
 Ways that are yielded unto the Lord.

VELDA WAHL Guthrie, Okla.
 Annual Staff; Orchestra; Prospective Mis-
 sionary to Italy.

May the music of thy rich life ring on
 eternally.

FRANK WALLACE Grand Junction, Colo.
 Kitchen Force '36, Head of Kitchen Force '37.
 Slow to anger, quick to praise
 Walking steadfast through the days.

DELPHA WANTLAND Harper, Kan.
 Annual Staff; Soloist; Orchestra; '35, '36,
 '37.

Music hath charms--as well as the
 musician,
 Charms blessed of God--a precious
 possession.



By February the pressure of the saws and planes had become quite distressing to the lumber in the finishing process.

"Oh for a holiday!" yawned Walnut.

"The foreman says we may have one," piped little Willow.

So it was that the two by fours accompanied by the McCaffertys and the McCutchans, cast off all their dignity, forgot their polish and scampered off to the Erwin Forest for a day of rest. Acorn Oak acted like a young sapling again. In spite of the raging dust-storm that nearly choked the frolickers, Pine danced about with childish glee, while her more sturdy brothers and sisters played at jump-the-rope, or rode about in toy wagons, or upon the back of a Shetland pony.

"Such infancy," smiled Redwood, spryly mounting a fiery steed that dismounted him with the same spryness and sent him rolling in the dust.

"Poor thing! I hope he isn't hurt," whined Willow.

"Let's eat!" shouted Big Bay. "I could drink up three spring rains and no telling how much actual food I could consume."

Refreshed by the joy that freedom gives and with the wonderful hospitality of the Erwin Forest, the two by fours, with the setting sun, turned their faces toward the Mill again ready for the last finishing touch.



Jesus

Compiled by Lester McNabb

I sat upon the hill back of Nazareth and looked out upon the scene which Christ often saw as He grew to manhood and pondered His mission. The Holy Land was spread out before Him. It told of all God had done in Israel, fighting the nation's battles and delivering her out of distress, and made it clear that God was the God of the Holy Land. But more than that--the Mediterranean was in clear view. Vessels were passing up and down it. They were coming from Alexandria and going to Corinth. They were coming, too, from Rome and going to Antioch. And this was the very scene which Christ saw! So He knew all about Alexandria and all its special evils; about Corinth and all its vices; Rome and its temptations; Antioch and its seductions. By His power of omniscience He looked down the stretch of all time and saw ten thousand Jewish sacrifices done away with in Him. He saw the nations of the world and knew of the number that would accept His redemptive sacrifice. At this hour, when His followers were few and with no apparent prospect of gaining power and influence, He pronounced them "the light of the world" and "the salt of the earth." He knew of the nations that would refuse Him, and He knew just what the future held for those who would become "the light of the world."

He saw the multitudes misled, wandering, multitudes knowing not our God, multitudes whose hearts within them were desolate. Chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. He had, as it is written, "no form or comeliness--no beauty that we should desire Him."

One of the most beautiful paradoxes in the life of our Lord is that He who was sinless was the friend of sinners; that He who was purity cleansed the impure; and He who was Justice, came not to "call the just, but sinners." He hated sin, but He loved the sinner; He abhorred dishonesty,

but He called Judas a friend; He despised adultery, but forgave the adulteress. He moved among the impure with the natural simplicity of the pure, and with the strength of a healthy man among the sick.

Though in collision with the devotees of formalism, He has written "Blessed are the pure in heart" above doorways of vice and crime. The money changers, expert in illicit traffic and in oppression, despised the young Nazarene. The knotty lawyers, skillful in turning the law against the innocent, loved Him as a wolf loves the man that entraps him. The scribe, buried in precedents and legalism, hated Him. The infidel Sadducee, with his dogmatic negations, held Him in contempt. The Greek, with his wild mythologies, pitied Him for His foolishness. The Oriental, with his mystic speculations had not ears to hear His teachings. The Roman, with his gross materialism, considered what He said and did as the wild nightmare of a disordered brain. The priest, with his self righteous creeds, abhorred Him. The stately rabbis, looking at Him out of envious eyes, considered Him the fly in their ointment. Kings of His day slighted Him and the rich sometimes flouted Him. Even His friends, on occasions, thought Him beside Himself--thought Him bereft of His reasoning powers.

As man, He grew tired; as God, He said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." As man, He became thirsty; as God, He gave living water. As man, He was tempted in all points like as we are; as God, He was without sin, baffling His enemies with the question, "Who convinceth me of sin?" As man, He slept; as God, He arose from sleep and stilled the raging tempest. As man, He sorrowed over separation from friends; as God, He promised never to leave them comfortless and to come to them. As man, He was despised of men; as God, "all the angels of God worship Him." As man, He longed for human companionship and sympathy; as God, He "trode the wine-press a-



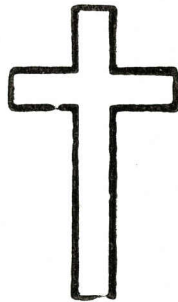
lone." As man, He wept at Lazarus' grave; as God, He raised Lazarus from the dead.

Born among cattle, dying among thieves, the Light that began as a taper has waxed into the glory of noonday, and the Voice that was a whisper has become a thousand trumpets, calling millions to His banner. In Christ is healing power for all the industrial wounds now bleeding or--stinking.

Taking Jesus from history is like taking matter out of physics, heat out of fire, fragrance out of flowers, numbers out of mathematics, mind out of metaphysics, cause and effect out of philosophy. Without Jesus,

the world's history is a diabolical joke. Without Jesus, "the Roman Empire is without purpose, Athens without a mission, Egypt an accident." Without Jesus, Judaism, with its thousands of years of prophecy, is the frightful mutterings of a race doomed to insanity.

We must preach Jesus, else our churches will be lighthouses without water, barren fig trees, sleeping watchmen, silent trumpets, dumb witnesses, messengers without tidings, a comfort to infidels, a hotbed for formalism, a joy to the devil, and a stench in the nostrils of God.

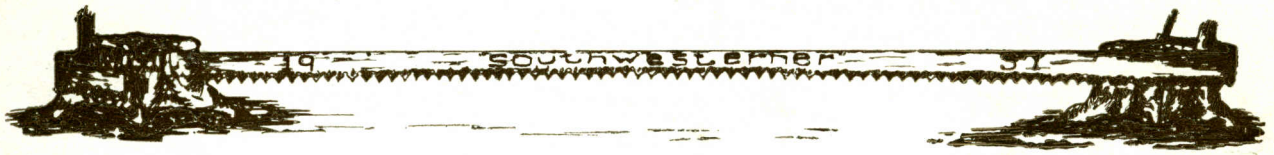




Shavings

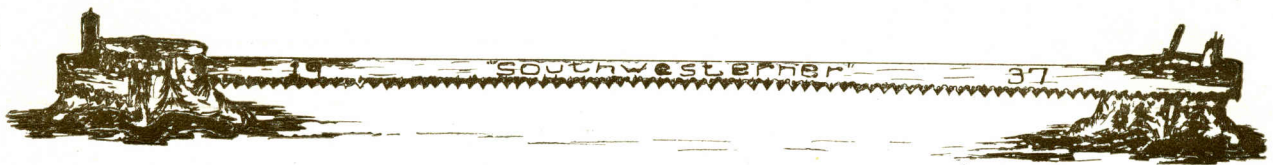
Finishing Lumber





Finishing Lumber

Out of the "finished" lumber there is only a small percentage that can be used as "finishing" lumber. This is the choicest, the finest, and the most expensive of all building materials. The Master-Workman carefully selects this "finishing" lumber and exports it from the mill to His branch offices in foreign lands to the most remote corners of the world where only lumber of its quality can endure the heavy strain, the constant wear, and all the surrounding conditions without breaking.



Student Missionary Band

Southwestern is a missionary school. The Student Missionary Band was organized to expedite missionary activities and to keep the missionary interest glowing.

The staff consists of: president, supervisor of activities; vice-president, assistant to president; secretary-treasurer, who has charge of records and finances; procurators for boys and girls, who procure literature for use of noon prayer leaders.

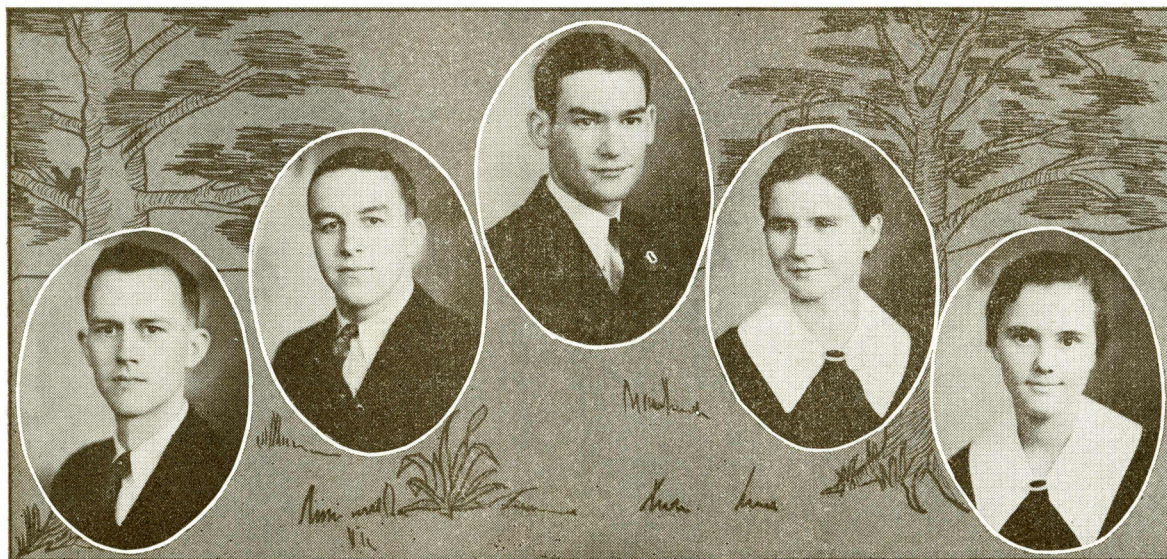
The Student Missionary Band is divided into six groups; India, China, South America, Africa, Alaska-Jewish and Home Missions. Six days a week from twelve noon to twelve-thirty is set aside for prayer for one of these fields. On Friday afternoon from three to four o'clock each group meets separately to pray. The same evening at seven-thirty the entire student body assembles for a missionary service.

The Master-Workman is calling for those who will pray, give and go. All the students are praying, some have gone, and most of them are giving that the work may go on. Student pledges are made annually--and the Lord sends the money. This year the pledges totaled \$617.50.

A missionary literature rack in the library filled with the best of missionary periodicals; a missionary bulletin-board with items and pictures of interest; and missionary posters arouse the interest of the students and educate them in the needs of the field.



Missionary Officers



Moran Annear
President

Nelson Dickerson
Vice-President

Ruby Copeland
Secretary-Treasurer

George Flattery
Procurator for Boys

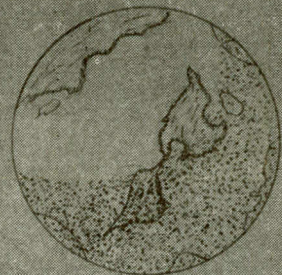
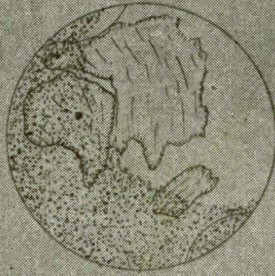
Snez Milam
Procurator for Girls



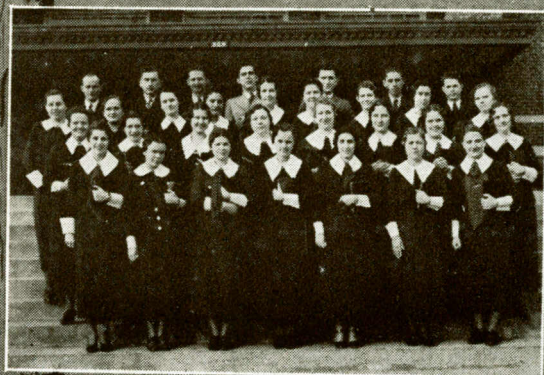


Alaska and Jewish Group
Lawrence Clark - Leader

South America Group
Iris Reynolds - Leader



Africa Group
Nelson Dickerson - Leader



China Group
Jimmie Villani - Leader

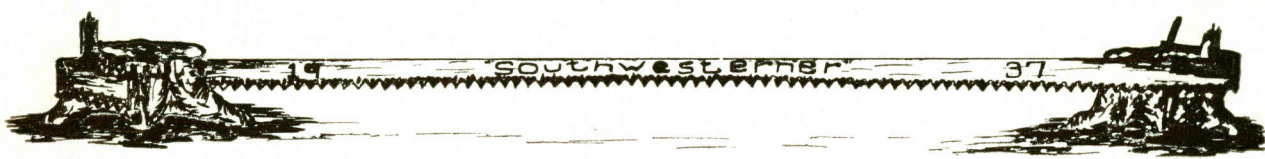
India Group
John Earley - Leader



Home Missions Group
Charles Frederick, Leader



Prospective Missionaries



Missionaries on the Field



NORMAN MOFFAT, former student of Southwestern, and his wife, HELEN MOFFAT (nee--Armentrout), class 1933, are laboring for the Lord at Ajmer in needy India.

CARL D. HOLLEMAN, class of 1933, and MARGARET, HOLLEMAN (nee--Welker), class of 1931, sailed in December, 1935 for their station at Dhond, Poona District, India, where they are now located.

TFD VASSER, class of 1930, and ESTELLE VASSER, (nee--Barnett), class of 1932, are serving as laborers in the harvest-field at Dnond, Poona District, India, with the Hollemans..

W. E . DAVIS, and HELEN DAVIS, (nee--Harding), of the pioneer class of 1930, are now in Cannanore, N. Malabar, South India. They arrived in India in 1935.



Missionaries on the Field

HUGH P. JETER, class of 1931, has spent several years in Peru, South America, doing missionary work. He is now teaching in the Latin-American Bible Institute, Saspamco, Texas, training others for missionary service. He anticipates a soon return to his former field of labor in South America.

LOUISE JETER, class of 1932, and ERNESTINE Jeter, class of 1931, are located at the little seaport town of Chimbote, in Peru, South America, and in conjunction with Agnes Sloan, are doing a wonderful work in and about this community.

AGNES SLOAN, class of 1935, sailed in July following her graduation and is now laboring in Chimbote, Peru, South America.

KATIE WISE, class of 1931, sailed in March, 1936, for her station at Yunnanfu, Yunnan, South China. This is the reward of several years of patience and waiting to fulfill the call of God.

BERTA VAUGHN, class of 1935, left in the spring of 1936, for Ketchikan, Alaska, where she has been working. Recently she has made her headquarters in Juneau, Alaska.

JANE COLLINS, class of 1933, expects to sail very soon for Peru, South America. She has been teaching in the Latin-American Bible Institute of Saspamco, Texas.

MOLLIE BAIRD, former teacher in Southwestern Bible School, is laboring now in Bettiah, U.P., India, for the same cause that all our missionaries champion----that Christ might be exalted in the heathen lands.



Deceased



Other Missionaries on the Field

EDITH EDWARDS (nee---Sumerall) a former student of Southwestern, is now doing missionary work in the Republic of Panama, Central America, her former home. JOSEPH GOSS, a former student of Southwestern, is engaged in missionary work in Nova Scotia, Canada, at present he is doing a wonderful work for God in that cold country.

JENNIE and ANNIE KULKA, sisters and

former students of Southwestern Bible School are now serving the Lord as missionary in their native country, Czechoslovakia, at Krid-lac 4, P. P. Nove Mestro, Na Morave, in Europe.

HOLLIS GALLEY, class of 1936, is planning to sail June 15th, 1937, to Miraflores, Peru, South America, where he will become a missionary-printer. One of the greatest needs of South America is to have the gospel in print.

Missionary Day in Southwestern

Have you enjoyed a "Missionary day" in Southwestern Bible School? You haven't? Then let me tell you about it. It is a time of forgetting self and praying for others. Friday is set aside for this purpose.

Promptly at eight o'clock A. M., the student body marches into the church auditorium to the strains of the orchestra, "Let the Lower Lights be Burning." A student who has a call to the foreign field has been appointed to take charge of the service. How often the songs chosen are "A Soul Winner for Jesus," "Lift Him up," or "Gathering Beautiful Sheaves," for these express so accurately the deepest sentiment of the hearts there assembled.

The missionary vision is not dimmed at Southwestern, but if it shows a tendency toward such a state, a special number rendered under the power and anointing of the Holy Spirit will do wonders to restore it. "Have I Forgotten?" will soon reawaken and fill the tender hearts of the Christian young people with a burning desire to tell the powerful story of the cross to the sin-blackened, dying world. After a missionary message, prayer is offered for all the missionaries on the field.

At twelve o'clock noon the whole student body assembles together once more to pray just as they do six days of the week. A song and a short informative message are followed by fifteen or twenty minutes of prayer for all missionary enterprises in a certain portion of the world.

In the afternoon from three to four o'clock, six different prayer groups--Africa, China, India, South America, Alaska-Jewish, and Home Missions--meet in various places. Both

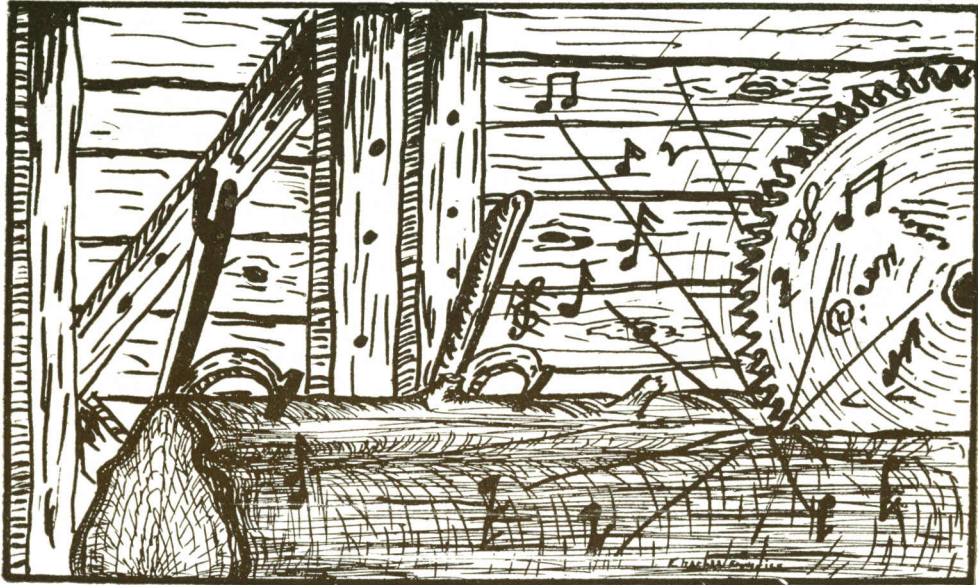
those with definite calls and those just especially interested in the places join these groups. Every student belongs to one of them. This is one of the bright spots of the week to the really missionary minded. It is a time of real intercession and soul-winning through prayer. Thank God for the Friday afternoon prayer meetings! Eternity alone can ever reveal all the good that has been done by the floods of tears that have been shed, the agonizing prayers that have battered their way through the resisting powers of the Evil One to Heaven's gate, and to the throne of God. How many have heard that still small voice of God that speaks so distinctly saying, "Go and tell them that I suffered for them too."

Again in the evening another missionary service is held in the church auditorium to which not only the students go, but also many outsiders. Perhaps there is a student speaker or there may be one of the prayer groups in charge; but, oh, how all hearts leap with joy when we are blessed with the presence of a missionary home from the field or one who is about to sail. God gets in a great work on this evening.

How much is accomplished in one missionary day? No one knows, but of one thing we are sure: and that is, while we are helping others with our prayers, our own souls receive more uplift than they do oftentimes when we lavish prayers upon ourselves alone.

I love to think that though on earth
We never meet,
Yet we may hold heart-fellowship
At God's dear feet.

The Saws





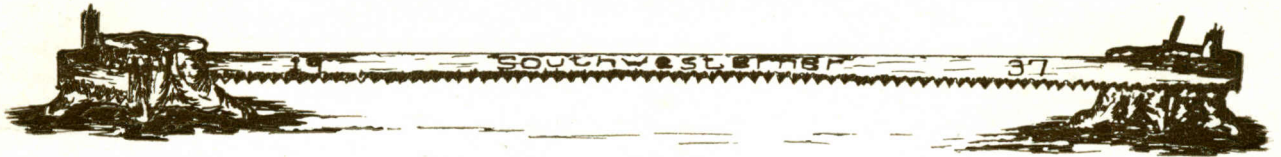
Music

“There is no music in a rest, but there is making of music in it.” In our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by “rests,” and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives; and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the “rest”? See him beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up the new note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune, and not be dismayed at the “rests.” They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the keynote. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we sadly say to ourselves, “There is no music in a “rest,” let us not forget “there is the making of music in it.” The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson!

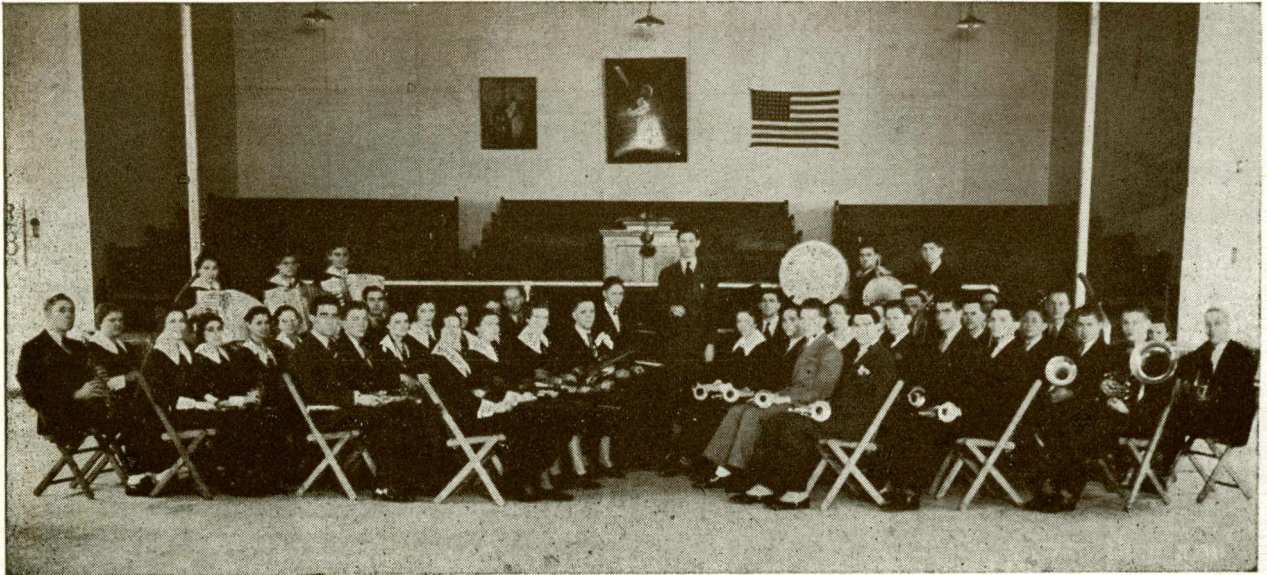
--Ruskin

From “Streams in the Desert”



S. B. S. Orchestra

Saines E. Couch, Director



ACCORDIONS

Adele Dellenbach
 Evelyn Willis
 Maxine Horton
 Mary Doom
 Grace Bogan
 Claudia Dunn

CLARINETS

Helen Earley
 Murray Brown
 Guinne Brown
 William Southerland
 Frances Simmerman

VIOLINS

Ted Chopper
 Mary Webber
 Thelma Martin
 Delpha Wantland
 Leota Rains
 Ray Harris
 Mavis Higgason

BASS HORNS

Gene Martin
 Leland Everett

GUITARS

Lawrence Clark

Avis Reynolds
 Raymond Wahl
 Clarence Owens
 Raymond Clemens
 Dorothy Durham

CORNETS

Moran Annear
 James Villani
 Gordon Jaus
 Lee Beasley
 Roy Ballard
 J. W. Tucker
 Vivian Kendrick

SAXAPHONES

Lester McNabb
 Gertrude Erwin
 Paul Davidson
 Kathleen Kendrick
 Velda Wahl
 Claude Kendrick

DRUMS

Nelson Dickerson
 Gene Lynch
 Elmer Dellenbach

PIANO

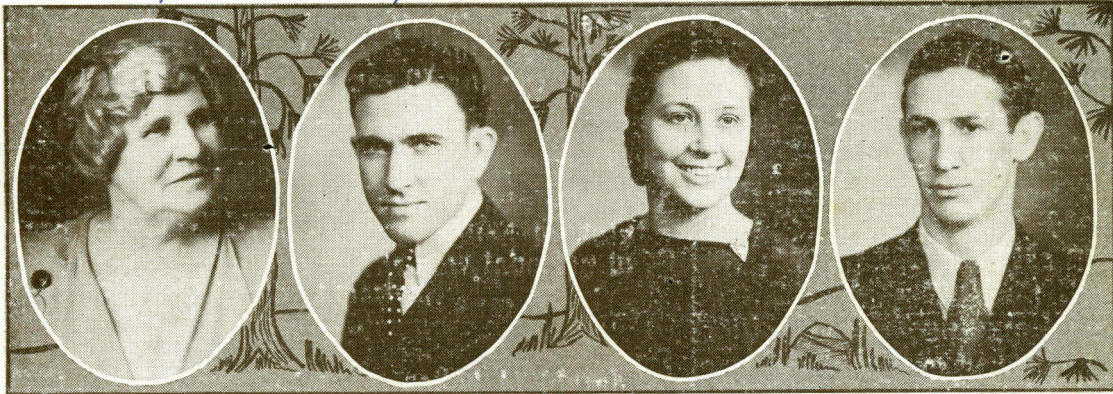
Earl Ayers



Music Staff

Deceased

Deceased



With Mother Bamford as supervisor of our Music Department much has been accomplished in the way of music. Her cheerful and helpful advice, and also her words of encouragement, have spurred many on to a real development of their musical ability.

Jack P. Ireland has charge of the vocal class of the entire school, the first year rudiment class and gives private vocal lessons. He is serving in his capacity in a very commendable manner, and the Lord's blessings are upon his work.

Mrs. R. L. McCutchan gives private vocal to young ladies. Her life of consecration and holiness stands out in her teaching, and each pupil is inspired to try to do her best for the Lord.

Gaines Couch is doing splendid work in directing the orchestra and teaching piano. He has a fine class of forty-five orchestra members who are making rapid progress in learning the art of evangelistic playing.



The Saws

In the process of lumber-making there is an abundance of noise. It usually is not at all a pleasant sound, but a grating, grinding, screeching, noise very irritating and monotonous to the ear. In making student lumber, for the Lord at Southwestern Bible School, there are also many sounds produced as the saw faithfully performs its task, but these are pleasant to the ear. Ah, Yes, they are music-- music that inspires and stirs one to the very depths of his soul. It is the God-given music, which, in sweet, soothing strains, lifts one entirely out of his immediate surroundings, and wafts him away to a higher plain of praise, worship, delight, and ecstasy.

"Whir-r-r! Buzz-z-z-z!" Hums the saws, as the lumber yields itself to the shining instruments. Many and varied sounds fill every nook of the buildings and campus. Hark! A buzz comes from the Northwest corner of the Tabernacle. A joyful, rollicking melody bursts forth from a splendid array of trumpets, violins, clarinets, saxophones, trombones, accordions, and guitars. The beautiful song strikes a responsive chord in our hearts, and we are filled with praise and adoration for the Lord. But wait! Our ears catch the sound of a deep, boom! boom! boom!" Upon closer observation, we discover that it is only Gene Martin leading the orchestra with his baritone horn. In sharp contrast, we hear a shrill blare of a trumpet. Gordon Jaus, our bugler, is just practicing, for he says, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand; I want to toot my horn there, in the angel band." "Buzz-z-z-z!" "Whispering, Whispering, Oh, what joy is mine." sings our beloved teacher, Bro. McCafferty. The song, "Whispering," is a favorite among us. We feel as if we are being drawn closer to the Lord, and that He is, indeed, whispering words of love, peace, and comfort to our hearts. The wonderful messages in song, given by Bro. McCafferty, will long be remembered and cherished by every

student.

"Zum-m-m-m!" A new sound greets our ears. The Southwestern Crusaders Trio, composed of Wanda Fae Wells, Beulah Sears, and Ruby Copeland, is singing a glorious refrain, "Heaven Bound", with all the fervor and zeal they possess.

"Hum-m-m-m!" A song of consecration, "Speak to my Heart" comes from the Southwestern Trio, Helen Earley, Martha McLean, and Kathleen Kendrick, accompanied on the accordion by Evelyn Willis. The words of the song fall softly upon our ears. A quiet hush prevades the room, and the Lord seems so near to us, as we wait with bowed heads, for Him to speak to our hearts.

"Buzz-z-z-z-z!" Bro. Lester McNabb, one of our favorite instrumental soloists, will long be remembered for his soul-stirring saxophone numbers. He is especially famous for the beautiful song, "Face to Face."

There are a number of different phases in the work of the Music Department. We have a fine orchestra of forty-five pieces, which, under the able leadership of Bro. Couch, takes an active part in each chapel and Church service. We thank God for the faithfulness of the orchestra in providing good music for our services. Each Sunday afternoon, at two-thirty, a group of students go to the Enid Radio Station, K. C. R. C. and give their musical contributions for the Enid Gospel Tabernacle Hour, under the direction of Bro. Glen Hamilton, President of the local Christ's Ambassadors, and a graduate of the Class of 1936. At three o'clock each Sunday afternoon, immediately following the broadcast, the students gather at the Tabernacle for a Musical Hour, to which the public is invited. A large number take part in this afternoon program, and many hidden talents, which will be of much use for the Lord's work, are discovered. The Lord's smile of approval is surely on the musical aspect of Southwestern.

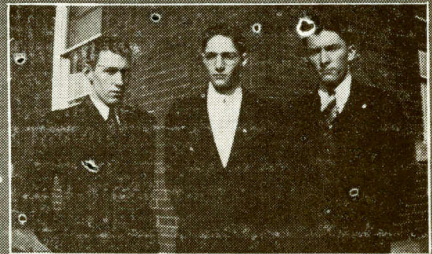
Nov



Trio



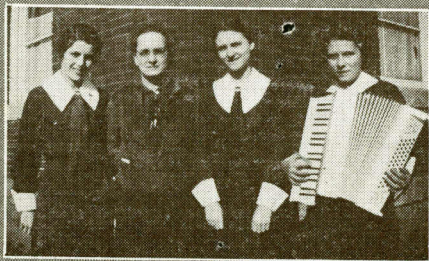
Instrumental
Sec. Year
Male
Trio



Crusaders Trio



Soloists



Southwestern Trio

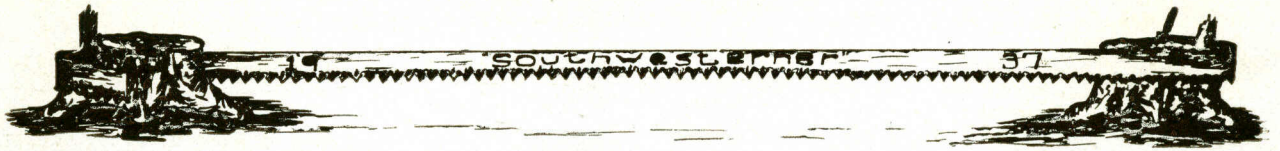


Sec. Year Girls Trio



Trumpet

Trio





In Memoriam

Arlie L. Beggs

Theola Seter

Vina Sellers

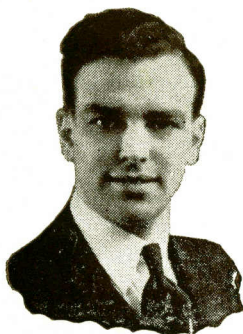
Bobby Jo Vassar

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me, a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." —II Timothy 4:7,8.



Special Visitors

Just after Christmas, Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Hoover of Santa Cruz, California, came for a ten day campaign. The two services a day were a blessing to all. While all the services were open to the public, the morning services were for the special benefit of the students, and were a time of feasting on the Word of God. In his own unique way that has endeared him to the hearts of thousands Dr. Hoover brought us the signs of the times in clippings, followed by a short Bible lesson. The evening services were for giving out the word of God to the unsaved.



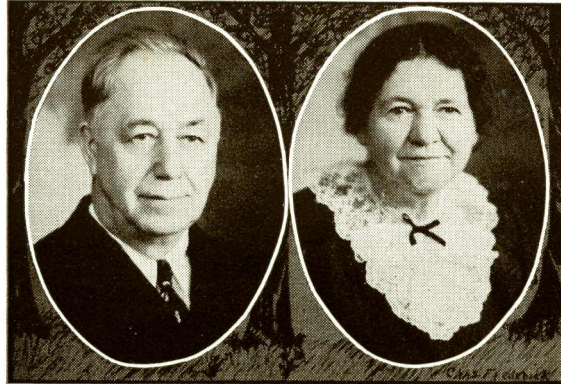
Bro. Hiram Brooks came with Dr. Hoover as a song leader and musician. He will long be remembered by the students and others for his services here. His good natured friendliness has won him a place in the hearts of all who knew him.

It was our privilege to have Rev. Raymond T. Richey, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Kerr, Dr. Houghton of Houston, Texas, and Lem Stroud of Toronto, Canada, with us a few days in a revival campaign. The Lord's blessings were upon the services from the first. Three services were held a day with large crowds in attendance. Many were saved and healed as the power of God came down. Reports are still coming in of healings that were not made manifest at the time.

Rev. and Mrs. Price Robertson of California were with us for a week in a revival. The altar services were a time of special blessing. Several were saved and filled with the Holy Ghost.



Enid Gospel Tabernacle



Deceased

Deceased

The Enid Gospel Tabernacle, three common words, but those three words have something back of them. The Enid Gospel Tabernacle can well be termed, as all churches should be, "The House of Prayer" as well as "A House of the Lord." Not only on service nights can prayer be heard ascending unto the Heavenly Father, but the church doors are kept open to students and lay members: and it is not an unusual thing to hear the silence broken by a fervent prayer in the early hours of the morning.

The church and school are very thankful for the new building the Lord has given them. Since the burning of the old tabernacle, a larger and finer one has been erected in the same location just west of the school.

Reverend P. C. Nelson, president of Southwestern, is now pastor of the tabernacle. The church seems quite proud to have once again the founder of their church serving as a shepherd over the flock. With thankful hearts the Enid Gospel Tabernacle reports victory.

We hear the Master say, "Go out in the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." This is the message that Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens of the Enid Gospel Tabernacle have heard. Each Sunday, assisted by the students of Southwestern, they carry the story of the love of Jesus to the County Farm.



Enid Christ's Ambassadors



LELAND HANKS
Vice-President

ELDA BAKER
Missionary Secretary

GLEN HAMILTON
President

LEROY FOUTS
Secretary-Treasurer

The C. A.'s of the church are a very active lot. The Lord has richly blessed them.

Not for flattery, but to give tribute where tribute is due, we mention Glen Hamilton and state that he is one of the Blessings. God has given Glen a burden and a zeal for the C. A.'s. He is their president and his desire is to see them accomplish something for Christ.

Miss Elda Baker, Mr. Leland Hanks, and Mr. LeRoy Fouts, are the other officers. Real cooperation has been shown among this group and the Lord is honoring their efforts.

It has been by their diligence and labor that they are now the proud possessors of a lovely C. A. room. They missed their place of worship after the fire, but the Heavenly Father honored and rewarded their patience.

Outstations



To the Master Workman His timber of course is most precious, but He also takes great pride in the tools that He owns. Without them the work could not go on. So it is that Southwestern takes great pride in her outstation workers.

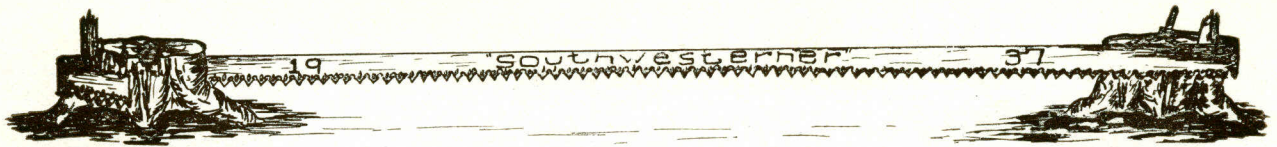
On Friday evening a Plymouth pulls up in front of the red brick building and sends out a clarion call. Ruby Copeland slips down the front steps, bag and song-book in hand, and joins Beulah Sears and Wanda Fae Wells. The Southwestern Crusaders are gone again to carry the Gospel Message. Their ministry has been a blessing to Kaw City, Fairfax, Braman, Blackwell and other places in the eastern part of the state.

A green Ford drives up into the parking space recently vacated by the Plymouth and Winnie Fontenot with joyful steps joins Frances Berkiheiser and another evangelistic party departs to proclaim the Old, Old Story. They have planted and reaped at Wynona, Jennings, Pawnee, Hominy, and other places in Oklahoma and Kansas.

Martha McLean, Heien Earley, Kathleen Kendrick, and Evelyn Willis; Jake Troyer, Rufus Catlett, and the Brown brothers, Murray and Guinne, are also engaged in active work for the Lord.

A number of students hold services each week-end. Several are engaged in pastoral work of nearby churches. The work at Isabella is prospering under the ministry of Arthur Bean. From Drummond comes the report of victory; Arthur Sloan, a member of the graduating class, is their pastor. Claud Myers is shepherd over a little flock at Klondike, and Lee Aikins carries the Message out to Cherokee each Sunday. The Garber oil-field church is well taken care of by Reverend H. C. Noah, a first year student. These pastors take a group of helpers with them from the school.

There have been a number of students engaged in the evangelistic work throughout the year, holding week-end services in various churches.



Outside Girls



When one thinks of Southwestern, he thinks of a boarding school and dormitory life. There is, however, another side of the picture. There are those who have not the means to live in the school; but, with a zeal for God in their hearts, and a "Go ye" in their souls, they have come trusting the Lord to make a way for them.

There are sixty-five homes that have opened their doors to Southwestern students.

This we know to be nothing less than the result of the power of God. These students have prayed, God has heard their cry, has seen their earnestness, and has answered.

Working out oftimes means little time for study and hours of strenuous work, but the Southwestern spirit is, "Work with a smile." These girls have a goal in view. May the Lord bless them, and may the seed that they have planted bring forth abundant harvest.

Kitchen Staff

Louis Unruh Austin E. Unruh. (2)



Just a Waitress
 Lucile Robertson
 Pretty Prairie
 (1) Kansas.

Gordon Jans
 1212 6th St.
 BROOKINGS, S. D.
 (2)
 Nelson Dickerson
 (8) Pawhuska, Okla.

(5) Grace Bogan
 "Trio"
 (4) Melba Ann
 "Trio"
 (6) Edrie Steger
 "Trio"

THE COOKS

Brother and Sister Austin Unruh, assisted by Adele Dellenbach, are Southwestern's cooks. Notes of praise that might be given them would not be exaggerations. Brother Unruh is a Southwestern graduate of the class of '32 and in '35 and '36 was a member of the faculty. Sister Unruh is now among the graduating class of '37. God has called them to gather sheaves in Africa. Someone has said if they feed the Africans spiritually as well as they have fed us naturally, they will surely have sheaves to lay at the Master's feet.

WAITRESSES

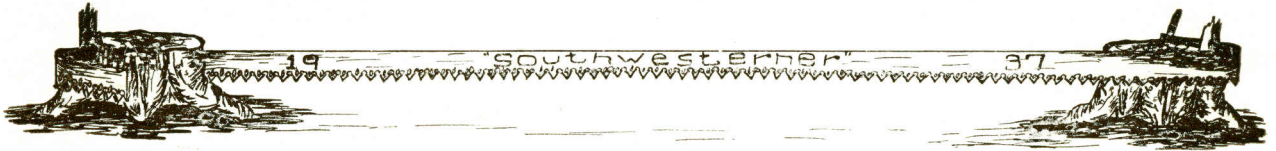
To value the true importance of the eight

dainty, trim, little waitresses one has but to let his mind for a moment imagine a meal at Southwestern without them. Not only their willingness to accommodate would be missed but to remove those eight smiling faces from the dining-room would be as a cloud coming over the sun.

THE KITCHEN BOYS

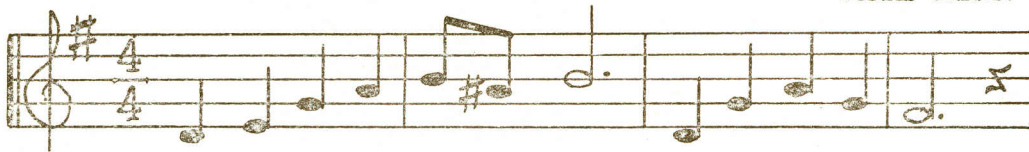
Now it is not that the boys are least that we mention them last. Oh no! Washing piles and piles of dishes could certainly be called no small thing.

Nine boys work in the kitchen. They are efficient, capable and active. Slothful ones would never do. The "Work with a smile" motto certainly is carried out in Southwestern's kitchen.

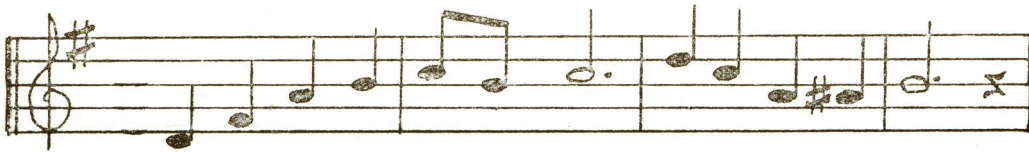


SOUTHWESTERN BIBLE SCHOOL MARCH

PHIL KERR



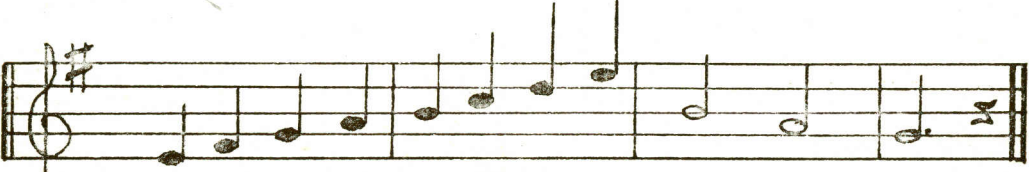
At Southwestern Bible School, happy every day;



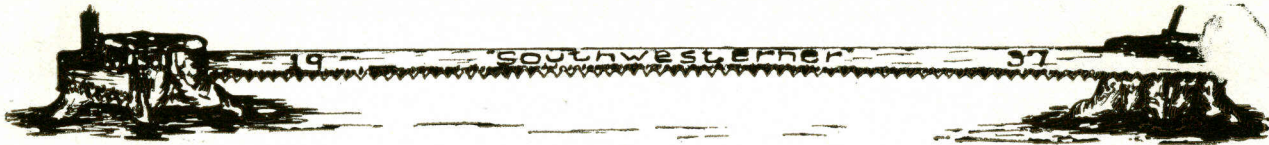
Trusting in His promises, on this Gospel way;



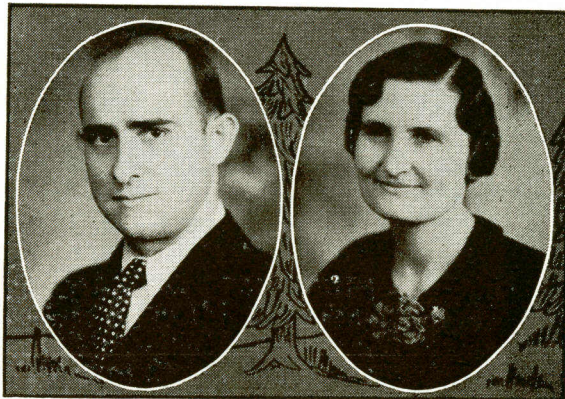
Feasting on the Word of God, learning of His love;



Singing, shouting on our way to Heav'n above.



Sold for Service



JAMES G. MAYO Jr. KATHERINE McCAFFERTY
 President Secretary-Treasurer

Alumni

Class of '30

Motto: "Others"
 Baker, Altha May Enid, Oklahoma
 Baker, George Evangelist Hershey, Nebraska
 Carmichael, Christine Evangelist Duncan, Oklahoma
 Davis, W. E. Missionary to India
 Davis, Helen Harding Missionary to India
 Grandstaff, Beadie Wellston, Oklahoma
 Hammerville, Edna Jackson Oakwood, Oklahoma
 Hart, Charles Cook at S. B. I. Zion, Illinois
 Howard, Lelia Brewster Enid, Oklahoma
 Jackson, William Pastor Mansfield, Texas
 James, Edna Smith Pampa, Texas
 Lea, Grace Ninekah, Oklahoma
 Livengood, Ben Oakwood, Oklahoma
 McCamey, Audra Los Angeles, California
 McCutchan, R. L. Enid, Oklahoma
 Teacher in S. B. S.
 Brocks, Mildred Page Enid, Oklahoma
 Schmidt, Irene Street Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
 Christian Worker
 Shotts, Malinda Yost Hutchinson, Kansas
 Swank, Celia Enid, Oklahoma
 Teacher in S. B. S.
 Templeton, Elzy Evangelist Thyra, Mississippi
 Vassar, Ted Missionary to India

Class of '31

Motto: "Forward"
 Bishop, Camille Woodward, Oklahoma
 Christian Worker
 Campbell, John B. Pastor Newton, Kansas
 Campbell, Bonnie Lake Newton, Kansas
 Carrington, F. R. Pastor Tahlequah, Oklahoma
 Ethridge, Hildreth Evangelist Caldwell, Kansas
 Hink, Cleo Evangelist Beaver City, Nebraska
 Holleman, Margaret Welker Missionary to India
 Hunter, Charley Evangelist Morland, Texas
 Jackson Margaret Vass Mansfield, Texas
 Jeter, Ernestine Missionary to Peru
 Jeter, Hugh Saspamco, Texas
 Missionary on Furlough
 Little, Milton L. Pastor Portales, New Mexico
 Lyon, A. C. Evangelist Waco, Texas
 Mikesell, Eloise Fredonia, Kansas
 Murphy, Noast Amarillo, Texas
 Ramby, William Pastor Bryan, Texas
 Rexroat, Stella Goodwin Humbolt, Kansas
 Christian Worker
 Smith, Lelah Siloam Springs, Arkansas
 Evangelist
 Thomas, Katherine Eichman Cyril, Oklahoma
 Vassar, Ben Pawhuska, Oklahoma
 Wentz, Sadie Christian Worker Waco, Texas
 Wise, Katie Missionary to China



Alumni

Class of '32 Motto: "In Christ We Conquer"

Beudorf, Mary Waldon Enid, Oklahoma
 Boyd, Noal Murphy Amarillo, Texas
 Davis, Calvin Evangelist Tulsa, Oklahoma
 Dickenson, Myrtle Rexroat Aurora, Neb.

Christian Worker

Edwards, Geraldine Trefethen Idabel, Okla.
 Christian Worker

Freeman, Beulah Burleson, Texas

Freeman, Ima Burleson, Texas

George, Ruth Wyoming, Iowa

Hall, Virgil Tule Lake, California

Prospective Missionary to India

Hartshorn, Edward Pastor Buena Vista, Ky.

Jeter, Theola Tucker Deceased

Missionary to South America

Kelley, Thelma Enid, Oklahoma

Bookkeeper S. B. S.

Millard, Hazel Lincoln, Nebraska

Christian Worker

Pearson, Alvin Evangelist Electra, Texas

Rayborn, Ora Waldron, Kansas

Christian Worker

Reeves, Vina Sellers Deceased

Christian Worker

Rexroat, Russel Humbolt, Kansas

C. A. President of Kansas

Unruh, Austin Cook S. B. S. Enid, Oklahoma

Vassar, Estelle Barnett Missionary India

Wells, Rena Fredonia, Kansas

Zimmer, Liddy English Enid Oklahoma

Class of '33

Motto: "All Things Through Christ."

Brazier, Raymond Americus, Kansas

Evangelist

Collins, Jane Missionary to South America

Hargis, Ruth Pastor Noxie, Oklahoma

Holleman, Carl D. Missionary India

Howerton, Lydia Butler Pearl, Illinois

Christian Worker

Jeter, Louise Missionary Peru, S. America

League, Edna McCracken, Kansas

Lienard, Miriam Topeka, Kansas

Moffat, Helen Armentrout Missionary India

Prather, Fred Evangelist Caldwell, Kansas

Prather, Dorothy Caldwell, Kansas

Evangelist

White, Virginia Tulsa, Oklahoma

Christian Worker

Williams, Elizabeth Umbress Dallas, Texas

Christian Worker

Class of '34 Motto: "His Will Our Will."

Bolan, Leona Enid, Oklahoma

Bruton, Paul Pastor Macomb, Illinois

Bruton, Helen Grant Macomb, Illinois

Christian Worker

Clausimier, Almeta Clouse Enid, Oklahoma

Erwin, Kenneth Mutual, Oklahoma

Evangelist

Hall, Beula McCreaney Tule Lake, Calif.

Prospective Missionary to India

James, R. G. Publisher Perkins, Oklahoma

Johnson, Mary Thomas Emporia, Kansas

Christian Worker

Mayers, Albertha Smalley Detroit, Mich.

Mikesell, Julia Fredonia, Kansas

Miles, Harold Pastor Perrin, Texas

Osell, Mabel Macomb, Illinois

Christian Worker

Holman, Pearl Runton Hereford, Texas

Christian Worker

Shores, Ernest V. Evangelist Creston, Iowa

Strausbaugh, G. R. Medicine Lodge, Kansas

Christian Worker

Sullivan, Nellie Breckinridge, Missouri

Christian Worker

Zigli, Gertrude Vortex, Kentucky

Home Missionary

Class of 35

Motto: "Nothing Less than God's Best."

Arnett, Wilma Jeanne St. Louis, Missouri

Christian Worker

Barnett, Hershel Evangelist Electra, Texas

Blair, Vida Belle Pinkston Sapulpa, Okla.

Christian Worker

Busha, Jewel Evangelist Warden, Montana

Day, Ruby Brown Kansas City, Kansas

Edwards, Arthur Pastor Idabel, Oklahoma

Freeman, Edna Troup, Texas

Christian Worker

Hall, Harold Evangelist Sedalia, Missouri

Harris, Mildred Freeport, Texas

Hodgson, Alma Rock Island, Illinois

Evangelist

Jensen, Alfred Roselle Park, New Jersey

Evangelist

Johnson, Cyril Pastor Webster, Kansas

Jose, Alfred Evangelist Fox Lake, Minnesota

Jose, Velma Fox Lake, Minnesota

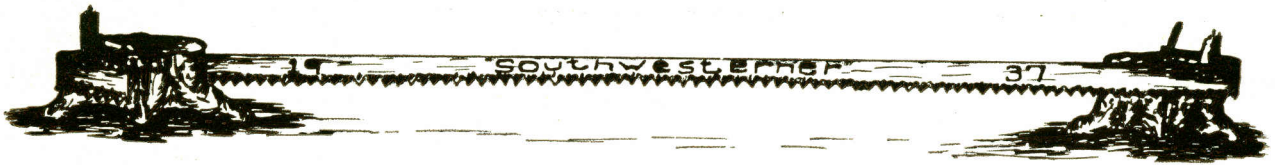
Kennedy, Lloyd Anthony, Kansas

Evangelist



Alumni

Logan, Irene Baston	Greenville, S. C.	Galley, Hollis	Saspamco, Texas
Christian Worker		Prospective Missionary to South America	
Mayo, James G. Jr.	Columbus, Georgia	Hadley, Vera	Enid, Oklahoma
Pastor		Hamilton, Glen	Enid, Oklahoma
Mayo, Madge Torrence	Columbus, Georgia	Christian Worker	
Christian Worker		Hamsher, Iona	Parsons, Kansas
McCafferty, Katherine	Enid, Oklahoma	Higley, Margaret Galley	Enid, Oklahoma
Teacher in S. B. S.		Hinderliter, Beulah	Wichita, Kansas
Miller, Gladys Snead	Ft. Madison, Iowa	Hirschy, Charles	Little Rock, Arkansas
Owens, Grover T.	Evangelist Tulsa, Okla.	Evangelist	
Sellers, Robert Pastor	Fayetteville, Arkansas	Hoyer, Gladys	Tulsa, Oklahoma
Sellers, Virginia	Fayetteville, Arkansas	Iker, Ona Faye	Sapulpa, Oklahoma
Christian Worker		Jackson, Ann Benefiel	Muskogee, Okla.
Sloan, Agnes	Peru, South America	Jordan, Mona Edwards	DeSota, Kansas
Missionary		Assistant Pastor	
Stephan, Edith	Enid, Oklahoma	Kimes, Andrew	Kansas City, Kansas
Stevens, Willie Ray	Fleming, Colorado	Christian Worker	
Trimmer, Olivia	Fox Lake, Minnesota	Krause, Evelyn	Hutchinson, Kansas
Vaughn, Berta Missionary	Juaneau, Alaska	Lotridge, Ralph Pastor	Oakwood, Oklahoma
Watts, Randal	Pine Bluff, Arkansas	Mack, Mrs. Nancy	Brown Branch, Missouri
Evangelist		School Teacher	
Willmon, Flora Lee Watts	Lufkin, Texas	Mangold, Ruby	Kentucky Mountains
Christian Worker		Home Missionary	
Witt, Ruth	Russellville, Arkansas	Mangold, Marion	Kentucky Mountains
Prospective Missionary to Palestine		Home Missionary	
Class of '36		Martin, Ethel	Enid, Oklahoma
Motto: "Redeemed, Ever to be True."		Pastor at Bethel, Oklahoma	
Benedick, Robert	Bethel, Kansas	Martin, Vera Draper	Westerville, Nebraska
Christian Worker		Christian Worker	
Bryan, Treasure	Enid, Oklahoma	Marriel, Eva	Levy, Arkansas
Bryan, Tressie	Enid, Oklahoma	McBride, Virginia	Kewanee, Illinois
Bedell, Thurman	Enid, Oklahoma	McIntosh, J. Billie	Union City, Tennessee
Burris, Edwin	Russellville, Arkansas	Pastor	
Christian Worker		McLean, Martha	Enid, Oklahoma
Coffee, Hattie Pastor	Okmulgee, Oklahoma	Teacher in S. B. S.	
Davidson, Martin L.	Caldwell, Kansas	Pride, Hope	Tulsa, Oklahoma
Evangelist		Christian Worker	
Donnell, Cordelia	Guthrie, Oklahoma	Rains, LaVeta	Caldwell, Kansas
Evangelist		Christian Worker	
Dudte, Gertrude	Newton, Kansas	Robinson, Hubert	Enid, Oklahoma
Christian Worker		Pastor at Carmen, Oklahoma	
Flowers, Lottie Lee	Enid, Oklahoma	Seaman Clifford	Waynoka, Oklahoma
Teacher in S. B. S.		Smith, Mae	Elkland, Missouri
Francis, Lawrence	New Orleans, La.	Smith, Annabel	Nowata, Oklahoma
Evangelist		Williams, Margaret	Pratt, Kansas
Friend, Bernadine Estes	Hackberry, La.	Christian Worker	
Galley, Elizabeth	Dallas, Texas	Wilson, Opal	Waco, Texas
Prospective Missionary to China		Wood, Douglas	Waco, Texas
		Wooldridge, Arlene	Tulsa, Oklahoma



Here's our faculty at an early age; Pete Nelson, in his chin a dimple-- and there we have it, plain and simple--a country boy, who became a sage.

"Full many a flower is born to bluish unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air," but Thelma flourished, grew, and turned quite green, and now she blossoms as a sapling rare.

Then "Mother" Bamford, did you say? Ha! Ha! That's rich! She'd swooned away had you called her that on a former day. "Fair Annie's" best as poets say.

There's Willie Burt, his mother's joy, and leaving home, the naughty boy! a blight had started but God spoke; now "rooted and grounded" is the oak.

There's Gainsey-Wainsey---from the south; "Now watch the bird and fix your mouth." I wonder if they fooled **him** so? well, even Gaines has had to grow

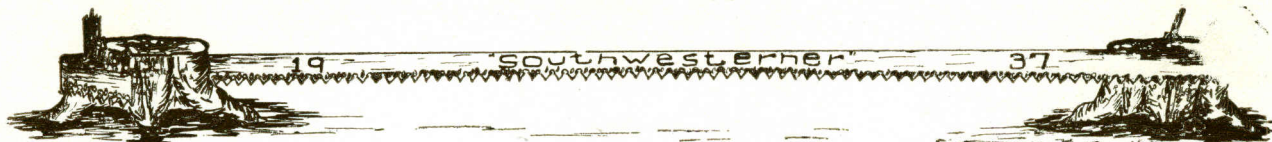
Blessings on thee, little scout! "Come on, pitcher, fan 'im out! I sure will catch it, don't you fret!" (From the Senior class I catch it yet.)

Dear little boy with curly hair, the friendly smile, and eyes of the sky--such a pretty youngster from the hills--however, I ask did **he** grow so high?

The soul of the Poet--Lottie Lee who grew with the "Flowers," the bird, the bee; her start was small but big her heart and her brain musta been--for she sure is smart.

We do not find our Swankie's picture here; she would not let us have it, I assume; but, there's no question in my mind at least, that at first for much expansion there was room.

*Thelma Kelley
Pete Nelson
Annie Bamford
Willie Burt*



Sawdust

I SPEARED HIM WITH A JEST--Selected
FRESHMAN MOODS

Itch to become a big teacher----Germination
Thoughts of entering school----Inspiration
Trying to be like Billy Sunday--Impersonation
First time on laundry duty----Consternation
Habit of leaving shoes in middle

of floor-----Extermination
Impression of Seniors -----Domination
Washing white shirts with socks----

-----Condemnation
Wondering about dean of men--Subordination
Thinking of the monitor-----Abomination
After monitor bawls him out----Resignation
Late for breakfast -----Explanation
Failure to wash teeth daily-----Alienation
Freshman meets a co-ed-----Combination
First invitation to faculty

meeting-----Declination
Thoughts of the young lady-----Carnation
Extra potato-peeler -----Nomination
Too much English in one night---Stagnation
First look at report card-----Revelation
After looking at report card--Determination
The dollar from Aunt Sarah-----Donation
Freshman plays a solo -----Intonation
Election of Sophmore Class

president-----Coronation
Day before Free Day-----Imagination
Free Dav with all its veneer--Hallucination
Distribution of Senior pictures---Fascination
Choosing Commencement

speakers-----Discrimination
Commencement speakers'
practice-----Hibernation
Commencement -----Termination

Confused Freshman: "Let me off at the
next stop, conductor, I thought this was a
lunch wagon."

We've been reminded of the longsuffering
student who, after spending a school term
in a house-trailer, went to his grandmother's
for a visit and got lost in the parlor.

Optimism Plus.

----The dear old lady who said she just had
two teeth and thanked God that they met.

Connubial Evolution

Raymond Wahl was overheard to say: "Be-
fore I married my wife I called her my pet
lamb; but since then I have found she is a
little bossy."

Pedagogical Lamentations

During all the long semester
Not one thought is for the test;
Nor until the day preceding
Will the student do his best.
Thoughts of recess, thoughts for "town-day,"
But no thought for the exams,
Till the zero hour approaches,
Then he settles down and crams.
—One of 'em.—

Capacity

Elmer: "Got a minute to spare?"
Bro. Davidson: "Sure."
Elmer: "Tell me all you know."

Melodious Torrents

And then there is the proffesor of music who
during the annual flood, was washed down
the river on a bass viol, and was later accom-
panied by his wife on the piano.

Miss Swank: "Is your horse a dray horse?"
Local Milkman: "Naw, it's a brown horse.
Cut out the baby talk."

Modest Student: I can't eat this soup.
Head of table: Sorry, Sir; I'll call the waitress
Modest Student: Miss, I can't eat this soup.
Waitress: I'll call the cook.
Cook: What's wrong with it?
Modest Student: Nothin', I ain't got no spoon.

We have heard about Harriet Beecher
Stowe (Beecher's toe), but what about
Beulah Sears (Beulah's ears)?

About the only thing left in this world that
can be shocked is grain.

*Luna ...
Box 194
Crank ...
Art.*

Chips

"Behold he sleepeth and will in no wise be moved."

Verna says, "Just another chip off the old block."

Popeye doesn't seem to be able to settle the "sit-down strike."

One Jimmie in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Mr. Annear counting his letters from Russelville.

The girls are coming down as soon as the steps are cleared.

Gertrude and Helen are getting the practical side of theological training.

A charming delivery.

Brother Herrick waits patiently by the fire escape, but seems to have encountered another "sit-down" striker.

Sister Durbin--feeding again.

Louise needs someone to foot the bills.

"I'm off to the broadcast boys. Take good care of little Elmer."

Wash day for Savannah.

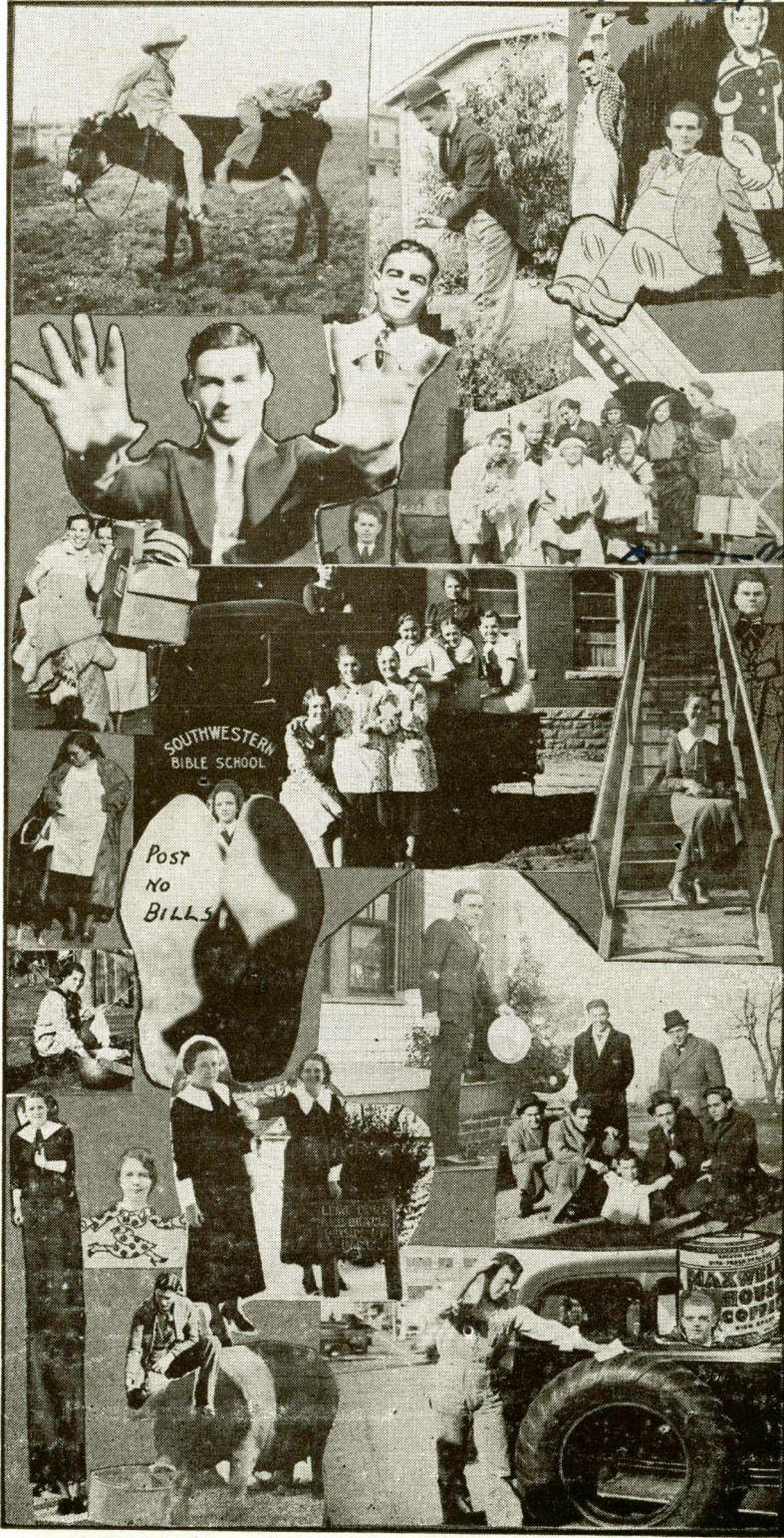
Helen's Bible School training has been an "uplifting" one.

Martha seems to be running from "post" to "pillar".

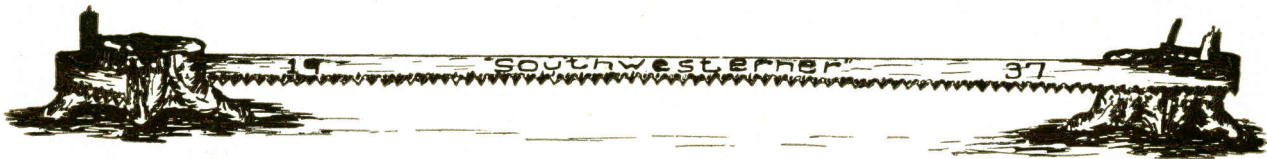
Kendrick looks into the pork question.

Mr. Bean insists on fine Coffee.

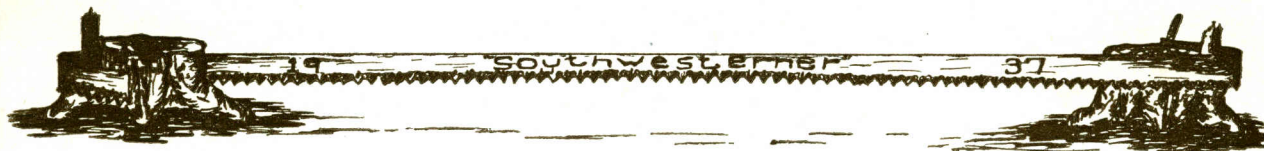
Elmer has tried and tried, but now he is "Tired".



*Mary Webb
Bazine
Lanson*



	<p>Pearl Divers. Scoot over, platters; here come the prune bowls. Hoover Meetings. Since then we've been studying to show ourselves approved. Unexpected Guest. The dean is caught napping, and reports the bunk of the transgressor hard. S. B. S. Sport. "Fowl" ball—or—Hole in one. Trailerville. Here we have no continuing city. Papering. Bible School "Pastry." Outstations. Sure cure for preacher's itch. Ranch Day. Just spring in the air. Ding Dong. 10 P. M. The moon lures,—but Sinai thunders restraint. Free Day. All captives at liberty--till supper time. Alumni Banquet. All our feet once again under Daddy's table. Commencement practice. "Notes"--without interest. Commencement. Now for a city-wide campaign! Sept. 30--Official entry date. -- Last meet west. Dispensations. The Freshman wonders about the simplicity of the Gospel. Lights out. What, no lights? and no talking either till 5:50 A. M. I Am Still Late. Traces of McCafferty's railroad experience. Richey Meetings. Students learn about faith and raising money. Christmas Vacation. Annual injection of nerve balm. Students going home just for the present. Sherlock. --And they, departing, leave behind them footprints there both great and small. Prophecy. Senior nightmare: O, for a revelation! Bed Warmer A cold night—thin covers—a flaming young preacher. Wash day. The windup of a perfect day. Shin-knee. The annual freeze and a multitude of discolored knees.</p>				



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ciation.*

The Staff.

**Congratulations to the
Graduating Class
of 1937**

Proverbs 8:32-36; 16:3.

**The
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Church**

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Henry R. Samples, Pastor

218 East Eighth Street, Pawhuska, Okla.

Congratulations

Class of '37

**Russellville
Assembly of God Church**

L. L. Riley, Pastor

North Boston and "G" Streets,

Russellville, Arkansas

Greetings from the
**Arkansas-Louisiana District Council
Assemblies of God**

Headquarters at Russellville, Arkansas

Elder Wm. David Burris
Superintendent

Elder Chas. Pepper
Secretary-Treasurer

P. O. Box 310

May God cause His face to shine upon Southwestern Bible School. It has given to the world many efficient and well trained young people whose lives will reflect the efficiency in training, the soundness of doctrine and depth of spirituality of this great institution.

The Arkansas-Louisiana District is enjoying a steady and substantial growth for which we are grateful to God.

Assembly of God
AT
Marland, Kansas

DEACONS

Robert Taylor

Elmer Engleman

Homer Merriweather

Rev. W. A. Baker, Pastor

Congratulations to the Seniors of 1937

Christ's Ambassadors

West Laurel

Assembly of God Church

Corner 15th Avenue & 10th Street

Laurel, Mississippi

Congratulations to

Southwestern Bible School

in its tenth year.

REV. R. D. STRINGER, Pastor

Welcome to our Church

Heartiest Congratulation and Prayers

Nebraska Christ's Ambassadors

"Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example to the believer."—I Timothy 4:12.

M. F. Brandt, President

Mrs. Oscar Martin, Secretary-Treasurer

Richey Evangelistic Party

Houston, Texas

Compliments the Senior Class for their excellent work on their annual.

Congratulations
to the Senior Class of 1937 and
Southwestern Bible School
in its tenth successful year.

Assembly of God Church

Carmen, Oklahoma

Reverend HUBERT ROBINSON, Pastor

Congratulations

Seniors of 1937

Greetings from the

Christ's Ambassadors

OF THE

Dodson Avenue

Assembly of God Church

Ft. Smith, Arkansas

"The Church where Everyone has a

Hearty Welcome.

Reverend C. A. LASATER, Pastor

Full Gospel Tabernacle

Fifth & Peoria

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Guy Phillips, Pastor

Sunday School 9:30 A. M.

Evangelistic Service 7:30 P. M.

Morning Worship 11:00 A. M.

Bible Study Tuesday Night.

C. A. Meeting 6:00 P. M.

Preaching Service Friday Night.

Congratulations to the Seniors of 1937

Assembly of God

Hornbeck, Louisiana

Congratulations, Southwestern Bible School, for your tenth successful year; may God's blessing be with the class of "37" as they go "Forward".

Prov. 3:6—"In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths."

ODIS B. HUBBARD, Pastor

Congratulations to the

Senior Class of "37"

Assembly of God Church

Garber-Covington Oil Field

"A Friend of Southwestern"

Rev. HAL C. NOAH, Pastor

Greetings from the

Full Gospel Church

Westerville, Nebraska

"The little church with a big message"

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Rev. and Mrs. Oscar Martin

(Acting Pastors)

Nebraska District Council

of the

Assemblies of God

Greetings to

SOUTHWESTERN

and the

Graduating Class of 1937

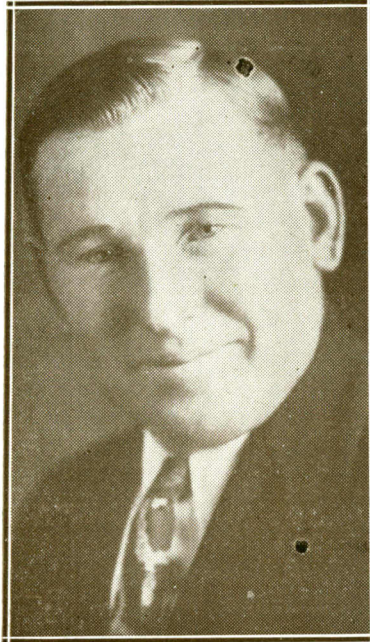
A. M. ALBER,
District Superintendent

E. W. WHITE,
Assistant Superintendent

GLEN E. MILLARD
Secretary-Treasurer

"How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

—Psalm 133:1.



Deceased

Rev. G. W. HARDCASTLE

From a very small beginning, about 15 years ago, the Assembly of God in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, has grown to be one of the largest Churches of the city. From a 25 by 25 building, we have grown to occupy a brick structure on the corner, seating about 400 in the auditorium and across from this, a summer tabernacle with a seating capacity of about 600. Our Sunday School is the second largest in the city in the matter of attendance. All of our efficient staff of teachers are Spirit-filled, and we are now trying to perfect a plan to have a Departmental School and increase our regular attendance to 600.

At the present time, we have eight students in Bible Schools, six of whom are in Southwestern Bible School in Enid, Oklahoma (three of them Seniors), one in the Shield of Faith School, at Ft. Worth, Texas, and one at Central Bible Institute, Springfield. Since the beginning of our church here, we have sent out ten young people, and two entire families, the Barnes' family and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis and daughter, Peggy.

Our present Pastor, Rev. George W. Hardcastle, formerly Secretary-Treasurer of the Arkansas-Louisiana District was unanimously chosen on October 17, 1936, and under his able leadership, the Church is growing both spiritually and numerically. Our services are well attended especially Sunday nights, at which time stirring evangelistic messages are given under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and souls are finding God in almost every one of these services. We have a fine group of Christ's Ambassadors, who have charge of the Wednesday night meetings, and on Fridays the services are again evangelistic.

The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad, and the end is not yet.

Enid Gospel Tabernacle Assembly of God

School Phone 3595

P. C. Nelson, Pastor

Res. Phone 2608

May 6, 1927, this assembly was set in order and at the same meeting it was voted to purchase the present site of the Tabernacle and Southwestern Bible School. The Tabernacle is the spiritual house of the Faculty and students, who take part in all the services. The School makes constant use of the Tabernacle for chapel and classes. The Assembly and School cooperate in a fine way for the furtherance of the Gospel.

Afflicted people come hundreds of miles to be anointed for healing in the Tabernacle and thousands of requests come from all over the United States for prayer for healing. Hundreds of handkerchiefs are anointed and

sent back to sufferers in all parts of this country.

Many missionaries visit this Assembly; and visitors are always welcome. Services on Sunday morning and evening and on Tuesday and Thursday nights. During the school year the students hold Friday night services, and give a program of sacred music, vocal and instrumental, each Sunday from three to four in the afternoon.

Help us make this Assembly a good model church for our students to copy as they go forth throughout the world to start new work and to build up old assemblies.

Greetings from

Alton Gospel Tabernacle

Fifth and Spring Street

Alton, Illinois

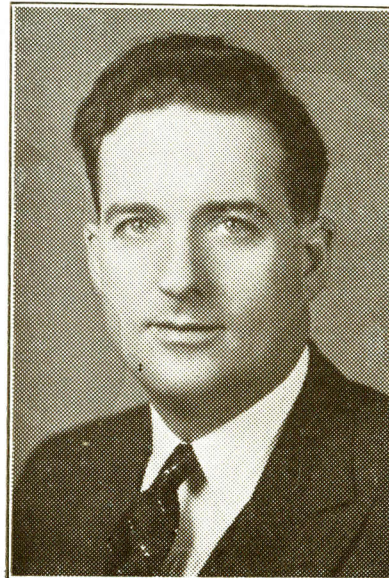
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Evangelism

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Robert L. Hillegas, Pastor





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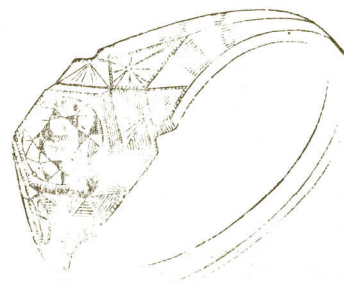
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The Press is operated by students who are busy printing books and papers. This annual is the product of their work. The Press has turned out, among others, the following books for P. C. Nelson:

The Young Minister's Guide

Two editions, both exhausted now out of print.

Hermeneutics; or How to Interpret the Bible, by Eric Lund. Translated from the Spanish by P. C. Nelson. Used as a text-book in several Bible schools.

Paper cover 50c, cloth, 75c, postpaid.

"Bible Doctrine," an elaboration of the General Council's "Statement of Fundamental Truths." Used as a text-book in several Bible schools. Second enlarged edition.

Paper covers, 60c. Full cloth de luxe binding with photo of the author, \$1.00, postpaid.

A book by the same author on divine healing now on the press.

SOUTHWESTERN BOOK SHOP

Operated in connection with the Bible school. Carries a line of Bibles, Commentaries. Bible Dict oraries, Histories, Bible Introduction, Doctrines, Homiletics. Concordances, Encyclopedias, English Dictionaries and miscellaneous religious books, new and old.

If you need a book of any kind write to us. All the profits go to Southwestern Bible School.

Mimeographed copies of P. C. Nelson's Outlines of the Epistles of Paul. Price reduced to \$1.00. Also his studies in the Bible texts concerning the rights and restrictions on women. —"The Woman Question," (mimeographed), 25c.

SOUTHWESTERN BOOK-BINDERY

Operated by students in connection with the Press and the Book Shop. This means much for the school library, and books are written, printed and bound right on the school premises.

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