

# The Milligan College Periscope

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Since the days of *The New Horizon* the student body has felt the need of a representative publication through which to give expression to its policies and sentiments. That need is supplied by *The Periscope*. Through the foresight and energy of the Faculty a committee was appointed out of which grew *The Periscope*. We thank our professors for their kindly interest in helping us to start this publication and bespeak for it the loyal support of the faculties and student bodies of future years.

For several years, it has been the custom of the Senior Class to publish *The Buffalo*, a very creditable annual. Because of the war situation and for the sake of economy, the Senior Class has considered it a patriotic duty to abandon the publication of *The Buffalo* for the present year.

Accordingly we are making this issue of *The Periscope* a special Senior Number. We are endeavoring to present to the reading public a magazine that will represent the College life of 1917-18 as faithfully as possible. We have fallen far short of our wishes, however, we hope that the perusal of these pages of the "*Periscope-Annual*" will give to its readers a present pleasure and many fond remembrances of years to come.

## CONTINUE YOUR EDUCATION

The importance of education is being realized today as never before. This is not simply a war of force fought out in the trenches by the soldiers. It is pre-eminently a war of science and education. Our army is composed of trained mathematicians, engineers, chemists and geologists, besides men from many other scientific fields. The government is requiring the services of the best trained men of our educational institutions. The College Man has responded gladly. He has proved his efficiency and is playing a large part in the winning of this war.

But what about the leadership of the future? Who will take the places left by these brave students? The challenge is to the young men and young women of the rising generation. They must fill the ranks made vacant by the College Men who have gone to the front. It is our patriotic duty to continue our education. By so doing we can better fit ourselves for effective service in this great scientific struggle. The Government is pleading for educated men. Why not prepare to render your country the most efficient service possible? You can only do this through education.

We must also prepare for the war after the war. The world is looking to the younger generation for its leadership in the reconstruction period. It is our duty to our government and to the future generation, so let us not be so short-sighted as to neglect our educations at such a critical time. This being the case, each young man and woman under draft age and those awaiting the call should spend a goodly portion of his or her time in College. No parent can make a more patriotic sacrifice than that which gives a College training to his son or daughter.

## WAR TIME VACATION

It is not a question of how we will spend our vacation but how we will do our "bit" to help win the war. This is no time for vacations. The nation is devoting its entire energy to the winning of this war. The war machinery is in full swing. The administration is concentrating its attention on plans to bring about a speedy victory. Thousands of our boys are on the firing line in France and thousands more are in training in the camps. All of our great industrial enterprises are forging ahead at full speed. The farmer is undertaking to produce more than was ever known in the history of our nation. Already our industries are being severely handicapped because of the tremendous shortage of labor. The farmer has gone to the limit and is now pleading for help to tend and gather his crops. The call comes to us, we must call out the last reserves. We constitute the second line of defense. We must come to the aid of industry and the farmer.

This is a time of production and conservation. The productivity of the land must be raised to the absolute maximum and we must conserve every resource for our allies and ourselves. Abso-

lutely nobody must allow his own pleasures, conveniences or personal interests to stand in the way of his duty to his government. Every College boy and girl has a part to play. We can use our summer working for our nation. All of us can have a part. The boys can go into industrial work or help the farmers produce food; the girls can preserve fruit and conserve food.

Let's get back of the government, back of the soldier, back of the industries and back of the farmer. Surely if our soldier boys are willing to serve in the trenches, dig ditches, build railroads, and risk their lives, we can well afford to give up our vacation and cheerfully serve in the kitchen, or the furrow, or the factory.

### WHAT WE HAVE WRITTEN WE HAVE WRITTEN

If we may think of life as a volume of history, may we not think of the past school year as a chapter in this volume? But what shall we name it? As we entered Milligan College, which has its motto, "Character Building," we pledged our honor that we would so conduct ourselves as to be worthy of a place by this motto. May we then entitle this chapter "Christian Education?" If so, then we have been writing this chapter of our life, each day adding a new page, until we come to the close of the school year, the end of this chapter of life. But what have we written upon its pages? Does the chapter written correspond with its title? Or does the title misrepresent the chapter? If this bit of history is worthy of title, "Christian Education," we have succeeded. If unworthy we have wasted time, money, life and have failed. And What We Have Written We Have Written. It must now remain unchanged.

As we have finished this chapter we must now turn to another. As the school year closes and the students scatter each will go to his respective occupation. These occupations will widely differ in nature, but will at the same time fall in one of two classes, idleness or service. Let's name this next chapter of life, which we hope to make during the summer months, "Service." During the months of school the faculty of Milligan has made itself our servant in order that we may be prepared to serve. The greatest teacher the world has ever known was the most humble servant of man. Would we be among the great? If so, then we must serve. As others have made themselves servants for us, will we enter into the summer's work to serve others? When the summer's work shall have closed will we be able to look back over our history and say that we have really served? I trust that in our reflection we may be able to see ourselves as servants of a noble cause, because in these different stages we are writing the volume of our life. And when we stand at the other end of life, and the volume has been finished and signed, may it really be a volume of Christian Education and Service. For as now, so it will be then. What We Have Written We Have Written. It will then remain unchanged.

W. C. S.

### THE REAPER

Liberty, standing in awed reverence, watches the dead go by—the march of the innumerable dead. On and on moves this mighty army, marching by forever to the land just "Over There," marching to its last cantonment. Each casket bears a mangled body, each mangled body a tragedy, each tragedy a broken heart. Why have they gone never to return? Are they lost forever into that mystic chaos called eternity? They in their bloom of youth have given all for justice! For this supreme sacrifice is there no recompense? For the inhabitants of those millions of nameless graves, is there a reward of no kind? Is war an inexorable necessity? Liberty replies, "It is." Death looks on with ghastly approbation. He sees the fields running red with blood, vultures circling over the shadowed corpses; starving women and children with thin white lips and deeply sunken eyes. He hears the roar of the cannon, the moan of the dying, the hiss of the flames, the prayer of the outraged mother, the shriek of the wind over the devastated and frozen land. Over this Hell rules HE, the Reaper of the Dead, who without discriminations beckons all. The soldier boy, kissing his sweetheart good-bye, parts cheerfully with thoughts of their tomorrow, but e'er another morrow charges "over the top" into eternity. The son silently pressing an old gray head to his breast, says "farewell," and before many sunsets, joins his comrades in the land just "Over there." The father, gazing into a little boy's big brown eyes, turns away with a broken sob and marches off to return no more. Many are the heartaches and the shattered hopes. Many are the prayers and the disappointments. Many are the beautiful boys that march away in splendor under their country's flag but few it is that return and they the maimed and crippled lads that come back in pathos. Yet they have not died in vain, for their lives shall bring freedom to generations yet unborn. They shall soon be forgotten, but their sacrifices shall be perpetuated in their deeds, and after all, when they receive their laurels in the afterworld, they will gaze into the crystal globe of life and ask: "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

C. D. L.

We wish to call the attention of all those interested in Milligan College, to advertisements in our College Magazine. The kindness of these friends of ours has helped to make it possible for us to send out this publication. We hope, therefore, that you will remember each of these firms when you have business in their line. We also wish to express our appreciation to each firm that has furnished us an advertisement.