Billy Bryan Jr. wishes to say thanks for everything. He'll see you when he's well. I'll see you soon.
This past year has been a hectic one for the Freshmen. Boys have left for the Army, problems have arisen, yet thru it all, the Freshman class has been guided by the calm, steady hand of one who has come to mean much to us. In our work, in our play, in our troubles, Mrs. Pettit has been there to help us, whether it be to advise us in problems or to rejoice with us in our joys and fellowship together. As the Freshman class looks back over this year, we realize that our lives have been enriched and strengthened through contact with a Christian who really puts Christ first. The love and patience and gentleness of our sponsor have given us a glimpse of the infinite sweetness of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Pettit, we, the Freshmen class, have grown to love you and respect you for your untiring devotion to our class. Your help in the little things, and in the big things has been a constant source of blessing to each one of us. We pray that God's richest blessing will be yours in all things. May He continue to use you daily for the salvation of precious souls. We thank you for your patience and forbearance with us this year, and our prayers will follow you this summer that God's best may be yours.

* * * *

Prayer is a handclasp with God. How many times we have longed for a few minutes to have that sweet handclasp with our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. We praise God that He has used the Sophomores to bring about our beautiful prayer room. The simplicity and quiet beauty of this room reflects the loveliness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we know that each one at Bryan will be drawn closer to Him as they find solace and help in the Prayer Room. We know that the Sophomores want the praise and the glory for that room to go to the Lord, but the "Cryer" pays a special tribute to the untiring efforts of Ward Tressler in building this room. We know that he had sleepless nights and hectic days in the process, and so we offer our thanks to him, and to everyone who had a part in building this room. May its blessings and joys increase as the years go by. Only the Lord knows the marvelous deeds which will be wrought because someone prayed in our Prayer Room.
The schoolyear has passed with incredible swiftness, and once more we make our plans for the summer. God has for each one of us a place of service for Him. He has, in His wisdom and love, provided many good things for us. But God also has a best for us. Have you learned to distinguish between His good and His best? Seek for yourself this summer—His best for your life. Do not be satisfied with the good things but claim the very best that God has for you. Pray about your plans, lay aside personal ambitions, and do what God wants you to do. The alluring promises of wartime profits are tempting, the magnetic pull of home ties is strong, but the joy and peace of a life in complete surrender to Him outbalances them all.

Have you claimed His best?

"God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you."

I Sam.12:23

An Appeal to You

How long has it been since you have read the Prayer Chart posted in the hall, or examined the Prayer Request Box? This is to remind you—that each one of our boys in the service and each one making a request is depending on you to become a prayer warrior in the service of the Lord.

Maybe you feel that you haven’t done as much as you might have in remembering those requests and in praying for our representatives in the armed forces. No, it isn’t too late. True, you won’t have the list before you when you have your devotions and times of prayer at home, but you can remember some of the things that were burdens to your friends at Bryan and you must remember our classmates in service.

Fellow classmates, they’re depending on us to hold them up in prayer. Isn’t that a small thing to ask of us when they are doing so much? Let’s intercede in behalf of the boys at the Throne of Grace. Remember that “The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”

James 5:16

Dottie B.

“Here’s an immeasurable gulf between acceptance of Christ and submission to Him.”

This thought was written in many of our annuals by Joe. We think it bears repeating.

HILLBILLIES

Almost invariably Tennessee is associated with Hillbillies and they, in turn, are linked with the extreme ignorance of the English language. However, noted grammarians have somewhat succeeded in shattering this popular illusion.

They have found that the original ancestors of our present day Hillbillies came to America as a group of the best educated people in their day. They spoke the perfect English of the Elizabethan period. Although their destination was farther west, some of the less hardy were forced to fall out in the mountains and hills of the Carolinas and Tennessee. Here they began a way of life which has changed but little through the years; in fact, only the last decade has seen any noticeable change at all. Mixing little or none with outsiders, they have suffered the natural disintegration which goes with isolation. Thus, today they still speak practically the same pure Elizabethan English used long before their first ancestors landed upon American soil.

Some of the older that have been found read original Chaucer quite well and seem to enjoy it immensely.

Something to think about before ridiculing the next Hillbilly, oh?

--Sue

ORIGINAL POEM by Virgil Serge

"In fourteen hundred ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

It wouldn’t have been a tragedy
If he had sailed in ninety-three;
For then we could still say that he
Had sailed across the deep blue sea.

But if, in searching through our lore,
We found he’d sailed in ninety-four,
Oh, what a shock would be in store,
For we would have a rhyme no more!

(Ed. note—He! He! Well, go ahead and laugh. Virgil said it was funny, and who are we to dispute his word. Virgil wrote this little poem one night when the count of NEWSETTES came to 1492. Virgil, if it affects you that way, please, please don’t stay up all night working on NEWSETTE any more.

"If you want to keep a thing—give it away. If you want to learn a thing—teach it".

Dr. Gregg.
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE AN EDITOR

"When's the "Cryer" coming out. If you aren't going to get out another one you can give me my nickel because I paid in advance," "I didn't like what you said about me in that last issue," "You haven't mentioned me in your paper yet," "I'm sorry, but I just didn't have time to write up my assignment," "No, I can't help on this one. Maybe I can on the next," "Five O'clock--come on, get up. It's time to get the "Cryer" out.

All this--and more. There are sleepless nights--unprepared lessons and displeased patrons. But then along comes a letter like the one dropped into our contribution envelope that makes us forget all the bad comments and push forward with new zeal. We print an article entitled "Comment on your "Cryer" from a Junior" (Anita).

"It passes close inspection with flying colors! No kidding, it's a little bit of all-right! Make them longer, with less time between editions."

I quote from one of Henry's letters: "Give the Freshmen my congratulations for a good idea interestingly carried out. I get a big kick out of it!"

MUSICAL RECITALS

Two evenings of delightful music were presented to us by Professor J. W. Hartman these past weeks. The first was an unusual presentation of American Indian Music, which we thoroughly enjoyed. The high spots of the second concert were the choral selections and the delightful "Rhapsody in Blue". We have heard many of the townspeople who attended comment favorably on these recitals. Orchids to Mr. Hartman for his fine directing and training of these singers, and to Mrs. Hartman for the original and lovely stage settings. Let's have more of them next year.

We also enjoyed a piano recital by the pupils of Mrs. Pettit. Of course, the co-editor of the "Cryer" was the star of the show, but we enjoyed each number. Some day, when the billboards of New York are blazoned with the announcements of the recital of a world-famous pianist, we can proudly say, "I knew her when she gave her first recital at Bryan."

After hearing Mary B. give her dissertation on Classical Music, and the rendition of the "aria from the third movement of her opera, we agree that she was cut out to be a singer. Too bad she was sewed up again.

Rev. Torrey says:

"I am delighted to be here. I have been greatly impressed with the work that has been done in the last 5 years since I have been here. Improvements have gone forward despite changing faculty and war conditions, and the student body is of a good size and of splendid material.

Especially am I pleased with the honor and distinction to be conferred upon Pres. Rudd from Wheaton College when he will receive, on June 14th, the degree of Doctor of Laws. I know of no one more worthy of this honor than he, and I trust that it shall mean much to the school. I hold this institution in high esteem and can recommend it to the young men and women who, with vision and purpose of life, desire an education more than merely academic, embracing the very atmosphere of high Christian ideals and spiritual powers."

We welcome Rev. Torrey to Bryan, and we know that we shall all receive a blessing from his messages. As Rev. Torrey says, Pres. Rudd will receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at Wheaton College on June 14th. We extend congratulations to him. We know that he deserves it for his untiring work at Bryan University.

Words cannot express how deeply we were moved by the Vespers and Communion Service sponsored by the Seniors on June 8th. Truly, it was rich feast of spiritual blessings; a fitting climax to the school year. The memory of that service and the blessed fellowship we enjoyed will last for many years. Thank you, seniors.

OUR FLAGPOLE

Thanks to the goodness of the Lord, we have been able to get our flagpole, and soon the surrounding countryside will see Old Glory waving proudly from Bryan Hill. Our flagpole chairman, Al Moginot, deserves a word of thanks and praise for the way he has collected the material and worked to get the pole ready to be erected. The Freshman class also thanks all those who have had a part in fixing the flagpole, whether they be Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, or Senior. Thanks also to those boys in the service and others who have contributed financially to the project. This flag will be a constant reminder to those who see it, that here on Bryan Hill, Christian living and Americanism go hand in hand.
We all appreciated the recitals, and especially the realistic rendition of the romantic "Schubert's Serenade." My, what a Romeo!

What's this I hear about a band leader in Mildred's life? And he plays "tales of the Vienna Woods" especially for her. How romantic.

(Ed. note--His last name is Thompson. Millie, could his first name be Elmer?)

And guess what June has on her knee! And it isn't water. Look on the last page to find out.

Campus Romance (Conclusion)

Remember how excited Zeke was when he received his letter? He went galloping down the hall after sweet little Nellie. Breathlessly he handed her the envelope, his anguished eyes speaking volumes. Tremulously, she drew out the heavy sheet of legal paper and faltering read the awful news. As she read the last line, she gave a weak little cry and slumped lifelessly to the floor. First-Aiders rushed gleefully to the spot, and administered treatment for every thing from sun stroke to ingrown toe nail. Feebly her eyelids fluttered open and she looked imploringly at Zeke. Zeke gulped. He didn't know she cared like that. As they carried Nellie gently back to the Octagon, Zeke pondered on his letter. It really was a compliment, even tho it meant leaving the prettiest girl on the campus for years, maybe. The government had heard of his prowess in hog-calling, and had asked him to go to war. The Allies were planning a gigantic raid on Italy, and he was to play the leading role in the attack. He pictured himself astride a white horse, in a glittering uniform, as the Italian army advanced toward him. He wished he knew why Peggy came.

Merry Bee