

The Man Who
Advertises
Has Something
Worth Advertising

CLOCK TOWER

The CLOCK TOWER
Advertisers
Are the Friends of
Union College

VOL. VII

COLLEGE VIEW STATION, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, OCTOBER 13, 1932

No. 3

WELCH SINGERS TO COME BACK

Famed British Organization is
Under Direction of R.
Festyn Davies

LYCEUM OFFERING

Coming to College Saturday Evening,
October 22, to Present First
Of Year's Series

BY MARY JENE WOFFORD
The Welsh Imperial singers under the direction of R. Festyn Davies are scheduled to appear at the college October 22 as the first feature of the lyceum course.

These singers are different, and the big thing that makes them different is their leader and conductor, R. Festyn Davies. For many years he has held the distinction of being one of the most prominent tenor soloists and choral directors of the British Isles. He has done splendid work in welding into this world-famous organization a compact group as well as a collection of individual artists. Each man is under the complete control of the leader at all times. Mr. Davies has a unique and effective style of leading. His control over each individual part in the choral numbers is perfect.

They are a picturesque and mellow-throated organization—twelve singers, an accompanist, and a conductor. They are costumed in bright red swallow-tail coats, tight trousers, puffed shirts, and black stockings. The conductor varies the theme with a tan coat, black knickerbockers, and stockings.

Every program by the Imperial singers opens with "The March of the Men of Harlech." This is always rendered in their native tongue. Their repertoire consists of one hundred great songs, English, Welsh, and Scotch.

You have not seen or heard what a group of male voices can do until you have seen and heard this group of splendidly trained voices. Union college is very fortunate to have these singers on the lyceum course. It is your privilege to hear them for fifty cents general admission. Reserved seats may be had for seventy-five cents.

MEN'S CLUB MEETS

North Hall Describes Ideal Man in
Anonymous Essays

Sigma Iota Kappa, under the direction of Dick Eickhoff, presented its second program Thursday evening. Entertainment was furnished by a number of original manuscripts which were read by club officers.

Mr. Eickhoff introduced A. K. Phillips, who launched into his subject after a few explanatory remarks. Three days earlier the president had asked several representative young women from North hall to contribute essays which should describe frankly but not too idealistically the type of man they like. These papers were read to the self-improvement club, to set forth the high ideals of Christian manhood toward which all South hall residents must strive in order to win favor in the courts of North hall.

Mr. Phillips, Mr. Eickhoff, and Mr. Pettis read the North hall dicta as to the essentials for popularity and companionship. To avoid embarrassment in no case was the name of the writer made known. There was some good-natured laughing at a few of the requirements presented, but a serious attitude was observable as various characteristics and qualities were demanded in paper after paper. Some of the outstanding virtues that were repeatedly asked for are: sincere spirituality, personal neatness, masculinity, clean sportsmanship, congeniality and friendliness, brains, kindness, courtesy, and ambition of the right sort. Not one maiden asked for perfection, but despite this omission the young men have been given a big order.

Clyde Bushnell and Bob Heine brought the program to a rousing finish by motivating the men of South Hall to sing the pep song as it ought to be sung.

Girls are Resolved to Win the Contest

By SUE RUSSELL

Resolved: That the girls shall win the CLOCK TOWER campaign. No, this is not a question for debate; it is merely a stated fact. This outstanding event has come to mean so much to us we almost find ourselves making all of our resolutions now instead of waiting until New Year's day.

We really are out to win this year. Every fiber and tissue in us says we are going to, because each feels itself being strained to the utmost in our efforts to go over the top. We have a greater incentive than ever this year in that previously we merely had a title to maintain, but now we must regain that title which we held for so many years. We are going to do it, too, aren't we, girls?

FIELD SECRETARY SPEAKS SABBATH

Says That Literature Ministry
Is Best Place to Keep in
Touch with God

"Many people seem to like to disparage the work of the colporteur," said Pastor D. E. Collins in his sermon in the College View church Sabbath morning. "Nevertheless," he continued, "the work of the literature evangelist is a potent factor in this movement. As truly as the spirit of prophecy is the eye of the church and as truly as the medical work is the right arm of the message, just so truly are the colporteurs the feet of the church. You will observe that when a colporteur goes into a church and begins to do the work that a true colporteur should do, on that very day the life of that church is revived, and it begins to grow. It increases in power and spirituality."

Pastor Collins drew from his store of canvassing experiences. He said they meant to him a fulfillment of the scriptural passage, "How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

"Two of our young lady colporteurs stayed one night in a home where the mother had died some time before. A little crippled girl was trying to keep house and cook for a father who toiled long and hard in the fields. Our girls worked until late at night, and arose early in the morning to clean this place up and to do what they could to alleviate the situation which had touched their hearts. I returned sometime after with one of the young women to deliver a book the man had ordered. The man, when he saw I had come, left his team in the field and hurried toward the house. (Continued on page four)

African Life Portrayed by Returned Missionary

Both touching and humorous experiences and descriptions of life in South Africa as told by Pastor A. V. Edwards, missionary of that country, kept interest high throughout the chapel hour Monday.

Mr. Edwards related many interesting and almost unbelievable things about the witchcraft in which the native of Rhodesia, Zululand, Betchuanaland believe. When a man or woman dies, some one is believed responsible for the death, and lots are cast to see who the unlucky one is. He is then doomed to die.

He also mentioned the great endurance of the native African. He can endure the greatest of agony without uttering a sound and seems to regain health after an injury in a much shorter time than would a white man. One man, who had been severely gashed in the temple with a weapon so that he was nearly dead, never flinched nor uttered a groan as several stitches were being taken in the wound. In a remarkably few days he was well again. Several other similar cases were reported.

Faith Maketh a Full Man

By Arthur M. Hanhardt

Have you ever been out in a desert and watched a sunset—and the afterglow?

Have you ever been on the deck of an ocean-liner on a moonlit night, and felt the pulse of the sea, heard the swish of the waves, and followed with your eye the glittering path of the moon—out into the darkness?

Or, have you ever paused a moment while crossings the campus here at Old Union on a starry night—and looked up.

If you have had any one of these, or a hundred and one similar more simple, experiences, your inmost self was filled with awe, humility, a yearning after perfection. An attitude of worship overcame you.

Why this flux of feeling?

Because you were able to give satisfactory scientific explanations of the phenomena you were beholding?

Because upon your brain had been recorded the natural laws governing that which your eyes see?

Because you had previously experimented and proven, to the satisfaction of your understanding, that these laws were facts?

Or, did these emotions originate apart from the great fund of knowledge stored up in your mind?

I have heard of primitive natives and of sage scholars experiencing this welling up of inner feelings of wonderment, humility, and reverence. And you have, too.

Man is an understanding being, and by his understanding he judges between the real and the unreal, the true and the false. And thus he explains and proves the facts of the phenomena he admires and studies.

Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, came to Jesus by night. He was an undemanding personality and depended upon his reasoning power for his religion. He simply had to figure it out

according to his conception of reality. Therefore he queried, "How can a man be born when he is old?"

But man is also a feeling and a willing being. By means of this side of his nature he judges between good and bad, the valuable and the valueless. Thus man is not merely a registering machine of facts and reality; he is also a being of inner feelings, a striver after the highest degree of excellence. He has faith in the future and in that which he cannot see.

Jesus had this spiritual side of man's development in mind when he said to Nicodemus in that epoch-making answer, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit."

Formal, fruitless religion is born of reason and understanding alone. True Christian living is experienced. It is felt. It is a part of life itself. It requires faith in the Unseen. It is born of the Spirit.

There may be things in the Christian life that we, like Nicodemus, cannot grasp with our human understanding. Like him, we may be yearning after a full life—"hungering and thirsting after righteousness." Unlike him, we may immediately follow the compulsions of our innermost reactions; we may depend upon the experience of our feelings as well as upon the experience of our reasonings. We may, by faith, be born of the Spirit and, by faith, lay hold of eternal life.

Much of that which is worthwhile in life and gives life its content lies outside the realm of scientific research and pure human understanding.

The greatest of German poets said, "It is the highest happiness of the thinking being to investigate what can be investigated, and silently to adore what cannot be explained."

CAMPAIGN RULES

The rules governing THE CLOCK TOWER subscription campaign are as follows:

1. No one is allowed to solicit subscriptions from students or faculty members.
2. No pooling or combining of subscriptions is permitted. Any found pooling will be disqualified.
3. All members of the school are eligible for prizes, CLOCK TOWER staff and faculty members excepted.
4. The money must be turned in with the subscription, or it will not be counted.

Six Working Groups Are Started by M. V. Society

A special meeting of the Missionary Volunteer society was held Friday morning in chapel for the purpose of organizing various working bands. Mr. Schilling, the society's adviser, told the purpose of the organization and stressed the importance of each active band.

Mr. Hagen, the leader, appointed temporary chairmen for each of the following: Sunshine, Literature and Correspondence, Master Comrade, Mission, and Seminar bands.

The groups met immediately following dismissal and began organization.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own." (Lowell)

"If Christ guides a man's life, He will also uphold it."

Girls Tell Reasons for Choosing Union College

North hall girls Monday evening in worship expressed their appreciation for Union. Old and new girls alike spoke of their expectations and determinations for this school year. Many freshmen expressed themselves as glad to be here, one of whom had been planning to come for ten years. Another said that Union could not really be appreciated until other schools were attended. One girl who has been absent from school for a year thought she was capable of enjoying this year more than ever before. Another student mentioned that one splendid thing about North hall is that she doesn't have to be an only child in his family. All were glad for Union's friendships.

The sentiments of many may be expressed in the words of the student who said, "I want to put my best into Union that I may take the best from Union."

Students' Loyalty Measured by Service

By WALTER SPECHT

The spirit of Union college may be expressed in one word—loyalty. The loyalty of a citizen of the United States is not measured by his vociferous applause at a Fourth of July celebration. Neither is a student's loyalty to Union measured by his lung power.

The extent of loyalty of a student in a school and of a citizen in a country may be determined by the service rendered. "The Spirit of '76" was a spirit of sacrifice and service. Should not the spirit of Union be the same in 1932?

True service can come only as the result of love. Every loyal son and daughter of Union loves her. Let us, therefore, launch in this campaign with the spirit of sincere love and noble service.

RECITAL GIVEN BY PIANO TEACHER

String Ensemble Assists with
Selections from Symphony
of Beethoven

Students waiting for an inspiration, faculty members and village friends looking for entertainment and an opportunity to sharpen their appreciation for the finer things in music, found an answer to their wishes last Saturday night when Mr. Sterling K. Gernet gave a piano recital, assisted by Mr. Carl C. Engel's string orchestra.

The orchestra played the opening number on the program, the "Allegro con brio" from Symphony No. 5 in C minor by Beethoven. We are all appreciative of the work the string orchestra is doing this year.

Mr. Gernet's first selection for a well-chosen group of compositions was the capricious "Jeux D'eau," by Ravel. The technique of a lesser pianist than Mr. Gernet would have been taxed to the limit in the playing of this number. The beautiful melody of the D flat major "Nocturne," by Chopin, was artistically interpreted and showed musicianship in its presentation. The last number of this group was Chopin's "Scherzo" in B flat minor. As an encore Mr. Gernet played the "Butterfly Etude," by Chopin.

The last number, "Concerto Op. 23 in G minor," by Mendelssohn, brought the program to a climax. The orchestra accompanied Mr. Gernet in this number and Miss Ruth Johnson read the second piano score.

Mr. Gernet studied in Philadelphia at Temple university under Leo Ornstein. He is taking work this year at the University of Nebraska and is studying piano under Herbert Schmidt.

Discuss the Value of Discovery by Columbus

Columbus, his life, and whether or not his discovery of America paid was the topic of discussion at Kappa Theta Wednesday evening.

Beulah Brebner sketched briefly the life of Columbus, bringing in the all-prevailing superstitions which led to his venture of proving the world to be round.

Beulah Barr discussed the question "Was Columbus' discovery worth while?" One of the interesting facts which she brought out was that the \$6,000 invested in the first voyage of Columbus put at compound interest would have amounted to five hundred billion dollars by 1929.

Mabel Gosnell, vice-president, gave a few of the details of the "snake and spider" war which had been happening in Ohio. This war, she said, was brought to end a few days ago by some one from a humane society, it is thought. The snake, which had been detained by the spider's spinning webs around him, was placed in a display window of a department store and a sign was placed there saying, "This is what you get for not minding your business."

CLOCK TOWER CONTEST IS ON

Campaign for Subscriptions to
School Paper Is Launched
in Chapel

OFFER FIVE PRIZES

Girls Pitted Against Boys in Annual
Race for Subscriptions; Both
Sides Confident

By MYRTLE V. SWISHER

THE CLOCK TOWER campaign is on! "Why are those students on the platform?" whispered some newcomer to an old student in chapel Monday morning.

"We are here in the interest of THE CLOCK TOWER. The time has now come for our subscription campaign," explained Floyd Gregerson, the president of the board. "All living things must have some circulation system in order to maintain sustenance. That is why we have a subscription campaign to maintain sustenance for the 'Voice of Union.'"

Clyde Bushnell, the circulation manager, roused the enthusiasm of both young men and women in his pep speech. According to Mr. Bushnell, girls are "subtle" and there's no telling what they may do when it comes to getting subscriptions. And, he says, it's up to the old students to educate the new ones to the ways and rules of the CLOCK TOWER campaign.

He read the campaign rules and showed the prizes, the first of which is a fifty dollar scholarship given by the school to the student who obtains fifty or more subs. This sounds good to our ears at this time when pocket-books are yawning and empty, he said. The second prize, given by George Brothers, Lincoln, is a fountain pen and pencil set. The third prize is a handsome leather note book, given by Latsch Brothers. The fourth, a large frame and tinted photograph, given by B. L. Morse of College View, and the fifth, a picture (not tinted) and frame from the Dole studios of Lincoln.

Sue Russell, the leader of the girls, said the girls are planning to end the (Continued on page four)

U. C. SPONSORS S. S.

Good Music Plays Important Part in
Religious Worship

Following the opening exercises conducted by Cecil Barr, Gladys Munn gave a talk on the field to which our next thirteenth Sabbath offerings will go. She said that in the neglected lands to the north hundreds are turning to the Lord, and the Sabbath school is backing the work for these people in a marvelous way. In the land of midnight sun during the long winters there is plenty of time for meditation, and the gospel is finding its way to these kind-hearted and deeply religious people, she stated.

The special musical number was a double male quartet, singing "He's the Chief Among Ten Thousand." The orchestra played while the expense offering was taken. "Melody, both vocal and instrumental, is for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections toward God." We hope the music before and during Sabbath school may have just this effect upon the lives of all who attend.

Robert Cowdick reviewed the previous lesson, "Our Father Which Art in Heaven." He brought out thoughts regarding the Lord's Prayer, the privileges and the responsibilities accompanying, and the greatest privilege of all—that of bearing the name of the heavenly Father.

"Without information there is no inspiration." We are glad to pass on to others a bit of information concerning the Sabbath school at Union college. An increase in attendance testifies to the inspiration received by those present last Sabbath.

"Blessed is he which is a friend, for he shall continually learn new lessons of faith, hope, and love."

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Friday, October 14	Sunday, October 16
Church Choir Rehearsal 7:00 p. m.	College Chorus 4:00 p. m.
Song Service 7:45 p. m.	Tuesday, October 18
M. V. Meeting 7:00 p. m.	Health Club 6:40 p. m.
	Prayer Meeting 7:30 p. m.
Sabbath, October 15	Wednesday, October 19
Men's Prayer Band 8:30 a. m.	Kappa Theta 6:40 p. m.
Teachers' Meeting 9:00 a. m.	
S. S. Song Service 9:45 a. m.	Thursday, October 20
Sabbath School 10:00 a. m.	Sigma Iota Kappa 6:40 p. m.
Church Service 11:00 a. m.	

THE CLOCK TOWER

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SELF CULTURE

Right now is a good time to check up and find which way we are going.

For example, if any one has begun that abominable practice of studying during chapel, he ought to correct himself quickly before the habit gets him. He'll never have all the time he wants and needs to study anyhow; so he should resolve that there is a certain time for everything—even chapel. And the thing to do isn't to stop studying and start whispering. There's a time and place to sit still and listen without having a chance to answer back. It's good for one's self-control.

Then there's that disgraceful habit of gabbing in church. A lecture on that will follow later, but for the present one may remember that this habit brands him and his church as cheap.

Another favorite vice in any community, town, college, or society circle is gossiping. Most people at Union are too naive to be malicious scandalmongers. But one might begin now to swallow that little impulse to tell his roommate in a now-don't-you-dare-repeat-this fashion the choice bit discovered about one of those from—well, any academy. Also we might try controlling that little nudge at the end of our elbows when some fellow makes a blunder in the dining room.

One might profitably learn to forget a few things, too. There's an art in forgetting the right thing.

The problem is learning to fit in. This is, as President Andreasen suggested concerning Harvest Ingathering field day, not compulsory. One isn't compelled to take an agreeable attitude, but earning his own self-respect will do wonders to create a livable frame of mind. If one doesn't control his habits, of course, his habits will control him.

Only a month of school has gone. There are yet eight months in which to show Union one's worst or best side. Union can help us only to the extent that we help ourselves. A. L. W.

FISH AND FOLK

Did you ever sit and observe goldfish in a bowl? And if you did, were you not moved to pity them because of their pent-up existence?

"Poor little fish," you said in your most sympathetic manner, "you must be terribly unhappy there. I wish I could take you out and put you in a nice big pool in a quiet garden."

You might have saved your sympathy, for in all probability, those goldfish were every bit as happy as they could be in a lily pool. They're made that way. They don't use what space they already have. To them life means a turn or two about the circumference of their container, be it large or small; then they take a position beneath a bit of aquatic plant and await the call to dinner. A goldfish is the very embodiment of satisfaction and contentment.

It is possible for human beings to partake of the nature of goldfish. Whenever a man becomes satisfied with life as it is, when he ceases to see things ahead of him for which he yearns and strives and plans—and prays,—right then he ceases to grow mentally, and takes up his little role in the great pool of human goldfish who merely get up, walk around the block, and then settle down to wait for mealtime.

Let's not be satisfied! Let's not be goldfish! C. G. G.

Poor girl! She had no love for anything in the wide world. She sat in meeting *chewing gum* and hearing never a word the minister spoke.

She was bored with life. She looked scornfully on those around her, as she chewed placidly, never glancing at the earnest man on the platform.

She missed the blessing, and those who saw her likewise missed the blessing of that meeting.

And students at Union have the opportunity of receiving free instruction for their souls! A. L. W.

Bible Reveals Practical God, Andreasen Declares

In choosing your God, what sort of a God would you have Him be? President Andreasen in his talk to the students Friday evening pointed out a few of the attributes of the God he would choose.

"I would like to have a God," he said, "that is like some parents that plan and sacrifice for their children to send them to school where they may grow up to the full stature of Christ's righteousness and develop a life of usefulness. Our God is like these parents in not expecting much in return; but He expects a word of appreciation once in a while.

"It is an encouraging thought to know that, as the potter took the broken clay and made it again God can take a broken life and make something of it.

"I like to have a God," continued President Andreasen, "that sees, knows, and understands; a God that knows what he is about and has the wisdom and power to carry it out. In the story of the twelve sons of Israel, none of them were very good. Even Joseph, who was perhaps the best of the lot, was pampered and spoiled. The sins of these twelve boys are recorded in Genesis 49. All of the bad things that men have ever done are recorded here as the sins of these sons of Jacob, for the Bible never smooths over the record of any one. The situation is told with no sugar coating. And yet if we enter heaven we shall have to pass through one of the gates which bears the name of some one of these boys, for when you come to the last book of the Bible you find that the names of these boys are written on the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem. This is what makes the Bible a hopeful book."

FILLER

By WALT FOREMAN

There must be a certain amount of unessential matter in anything. Look at nature. Don't we have to peel potatoes? In a publication of any kind there is never enough legitimate copy—the editor in desperation resorts to "filler."

Our Editor, she rants and raves And madly calls for filler; So here's a bit, though hardly fit, I hope it doesn't kill'er.

It is our unthought thoughts that would makes us known.

I saw a baby fall from a porch railing the other day. The babe was only learning at an early age what we all must learn sooner or later. We are always falling from pedestals ourselves or being hit by those who are falling about us. Too many things are falling these days. Some of us will likely be smashed. It might pay to look up once in a while.

Just how far would our parliamentary procedures proceed if it wasn't for a certain Mr. Phillips? It is pleasant to think that there is at least one brave man in the school.

Disgruntled and disgusted as life sometimes leaves me, I can always worry about the press in my trousers.

Is an apple tree an apple tree though it never has apples on it?

It is an old, old saying that a man of ten-stone weight contains enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop. I wonder if anyone has yet determined if there is enough wood in his head to furnish roosts.

The primitive superstition that one partakes of the character of the thing he eats is probably well-founded. Think of the cabbage heads consumed each year. Students no doubt prefer the tender flesh of the cuckoo bird to the tough, stringy meat of the phoenix. Do cats find their way into the stew pot?

A good ideal to strive toward is to be ascetic without being unsocial.

Mr. Wolohon has us all in a hole. The other day in public speaking class he called on some unknown deity to "Invictus out of the night that covers me." It was hard to tell whether it was the wrong tense of the verb, or a matter of agreement, or the pit was so dark he couldn't see the antecedents.

Africa Leads in Gold Production

By PHILIP BULGIN

Down we go into the bowels of the earth at the rate of sixty-six feet a second. The floor seems to be giving way beneath our feet, our ears feel queer because of the rapid increase of atmospheric pressure. Now what is the matter? All at once we seem to be going upward at a tremendous rate. We feel it in the jerking movement of the cage. Shall we ever get anywhere? Yes, we have stopped. Our senses have cheated us, we feel perplexed. We have not been going up at all, but down, 4,000 feet below the surface in scarcely more than a minute when it seemed an age.

The expanding cable had some part in deluding us. We are in a gold mine in the care of an electrician friend. While he is making minor adjustments on electric units, used for hauling cars of ore to the shaft, we wander some distance along the tunnel. We see blackness on each side of the track. Here the cars are dumped, hoppers directing the ore into huge cages. The deep rumbling of a cage projected upward at a speed of forty-five miles an hour sounds like an express train. These noises occur at regular intervals. Men are at work some distance below.

When we find my friend again he leads us through many tunnels, stopping at various places. We learn the function of some of the machinery and see much to wonder at. Electricity supplies all the power underground and everything is kept spotlessly clean. The clarity of the atmosphere is remarkable, the temperature comfortable. Pipes a number of feet in diameter force air down continuously by means of powerful electric fans. He shows us where the ore is mined. There are no tunnels here, for all the reef is removed and the rock is prop-

ped up above by means of concrete pillars at frequent intervals. Think what tremendous pressure 4,000 feet of rock and earth must exert upon those pillars!

There is much to be seen upon the surface. Mammoth piles of grayish white dust accumulate—the remains of the ore after the removal of the gold. Countless numbers of cars ever move up the sloping side, appearing as so many moving specks they are so high above. A cable supplies the motive power. These cars are automatically detached from this cable at a certain point. Here a black man takes charge, dumps it, and sends it on its way.

One of these men once received an injured leg. The boss wished to know how, and in showing him another native foolishly did exactly what the injured man had done. Thus there were two men each with an injured leg instead of one. A native member of that particular crew, once came to work late. Not wishing to lose a day's wages, he thought he would descend to the open elevator by means of the cable. So he wrapped a bag around it and slid down. He must have attained a terrific velocity, for he reached the bottom cut completely in two. Evidently the elevator had descended farther than he judged.

When it is understood that the gold production of South Africa exceeds that of the rest of the world put together, the extent of the mines should not be surprising. Gold is being mined profitably at greater and greater depths as the machinery becomes more and more efficient. The shafts in the City Deep mine on the edge of Johannesburg penetrate 11,000 to 12,000 feet down. In other words, gold is being mined as many feet below sea level as that city is feet above. (Johannesburg is about 6,000 feet above sea level.) It is possible to go down a shaft, travel in a straight line, and emerge at another shaft head thirty miles away. Standing on the playground of the high school in Johannesburg, one could count eighteen or twenty dumps stretching in a long line which disappeared beyond the horizon following the reef.

If one is new in Johannesburg he may become alarmed at times, for not infrequently tremors occur. Gold is mined right under the city and there are old workings in the vicinity. It is the falling rock in these old workings that cause the tremors. Windows rattle in their frames and cups shake in the saucers on the table. Tremors have even been felt in a moving street car. But one becomes so accustomed to them that they pass unnoticed save for a pause or perhaps a comment.

Many Advantages Fall to Twins

By THE PRUETT TWINS

Twins are by some people considered a curiosity. Why? Is it because of some capricious trait or because of their corresponding features? Neither one of these should attract your attention since over half the twins are unidentical. Then why is it? It is because there exists no other two persons with such true comradeship, friendship, and love.

Twins have never been spoiled because one of them is the only child. If they acquire this attitude it is due to the commotion caused by being "the twins."

One big disadvantage in being twins is that some such article as this is assigned to us. Another disadvantage is that one is often missing an article of clothing, a brilliant idea, or even a friend. When conflicting ideas arise, a swift battle of words follow and sometimes hours or even days elapse before the twins arbitrate. It often becomes necessary to give up or share some highly prized article in order to avoid one of these disputes or to check a torrent of tears.

Twins have the privilege of dressing alike. This is effective especially for identical twins, but authorities advise originality in dress for most unidentical twins.

The life of twins, however, has many more advantages than disadvantage. A twin always has a "pal," whether she needs sympathy, encouragement, suggestions, or some one to share her joys with her. No one can do this so effectively as can her twin. Comradeship is experienced more by twins than any other two persons or group of persons. This is especially appreciated when they entering an unfamiliar place, whether it be a city, school, or strange group of people.

A twin will excuse her partner's mistakes, help her to improve by profitable criticism, and forgive and forget more readily than any other person. It is a real privilege to be a twin.

UNIONITES GATHER

Doctor Martinson Home Is Scene of Pleasant Reunion

By LOUIS PETTIS

Dr. and Mrs. Carl Martinson of Wayzata, Minnesota, opened their beautiful home "by the waters of Minnetonka," September 6, to a reunion of Unionites in Minnesota. Union college students from a period of twenty-seven years, summoned by an invitation that was heralded from church pulpits in and near the Twin Cities, to Unionites of whatever vintage, mingled together, partook of the food that covered the table in profusion, and shared in the pleasures of the program that followed.

Cars began to drive up to the Martinson home shortly after 4 p. m. The guests strolled about the grounds, conversing pleasantly, or went inside to join the group in the living room. As the sun neared the western horizon, the whole party resorted to the lawn to play few hunger-whetting games in the cool evening air.

Inside the house a rapid transformation had taken place. The dining-room table had been lengthened to its maximum capacity, which was scarcely sufficient to accommodate the great bowls of salad, the dishes of hot cooked food, the platters of steaming corn on the cob, and all the other delectables that caused one's salivary glands to function enthusiastically. The group was silent as Pastor Rulkoetter, president of the Minnesota conference, returned thanks, and then a long line formed, in a manner similar to the custom now in vogue in the college cafeteria. It seemed that the end of the line would never come, but the table was more than a match for them all. There was food enough and to spare; the provisions committee was the subject of appreciative comment.

When the last hungry Unionite had been satisfied, the scene of activity shifted to the neighborhood of the piano, where some of the old songs were being run over by an alltime Union college male quartet composed of Homer Opstad, Pastor Varner Johns, Mr. J. L. Crouse, and Louis Pettis. A game or two and a lively auction, in which the medium of exchange was beans, kept every one entertained till the time came for the chronological roll-call.

Mr. J. L. Crouse, contractor and choir-director in Minneapolis, began at the year 1900 and asked the guests to stand as they heard called the year when they were students at Union.

The first five years were called without a response, but for the year 1905 three women stood up: Mrs. Mike Holm (Bessie Christensen), of St. Paul, Mrs. Varner Johns (Charlene Morrison), of Minneapolis, and Mrs. Arthur Sheaffer, of Minneapolis. All remembered each other as students at Union twenty-seven years ago. And so the roster was continued. To the younger generation present it was a thrilling sight to see the successful individuals rise to indicate the chronology of their attendance at Union. The years after 1905 were represented by Mrs. A. H. Rulkoetter (Gertrude Burkhardt); Mr. Albert Goude, of Minneapolis, one time principal of Sheyenne River academy; and Mrs. J. W. Shask of Hutchinson. There followed in quick succession Dr. Grundset, former missionary to China and now a physician at Excelsior, Minnesota; Mrs. Albert Guy (Lilla Krasin), of St. Cloud; Dr. Martinson; Mr. Crouse; Pastor Varner Johns, of the Minneapolis church; and many others.

When Mr. Crouse called 1932-1933, the only Unionites to remain standing were Ermina Powell and Louis Pettis, but others who were unable to attend Union again this year expressed their longing to come back. Before the party broke up—for some had to drive seventy-five miles—the latest crop of Unionites sang the pep song to show the older folk just how it is done today. The remaining Unionites grouped in choir formation and sang several of the favorite old songs as Mr. Crouse directed and Florence Longwell played the piano. The last feature was the spirited college song, followed by "Good Night, Ladies," and then all the men and women of Union went their ways, thankful that they had come under the influence of dear old Union.

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Lovers of Music May Anticipate Much This Year

BY FLORENCE HEALD

Are you one of the unfortunate few who do not find classical music enjoyable?

The cause of almost all misjudgment in music lies in lack of observation—in a failure to hear what the composer is saying, and to interpret it in reference to our own needs and emotions. The best in music gains by frequent hearing (repetition). We must grow familiar with its material (its words and phrases) so as to delve to any depths into its thought and meaning.

If you have never had any great liking for music, perhaps some of the plans of our music department will arouse your interest.

The department is active this year, supplying special numbers for the Sabbath school and church services, and also for each chapel exercise.

The vocal ensemble, with a membership of sixteen, is fortunate in having among its number vocal and instrumental soloists and a reader. They are working up a repertoire consisting almost entirely of a cappella numbers from the old and modern polyphonic schools. The trips made by the ensemble the last two years proved so successful that it is hoped another may be arranged this year. January 14 is the date set for the first concert.

There will be from thirty-five to forty members in the chorus this year. They are working on Stainer's *Daughter of Jairus*. It is hoped that it may be presented with orchestral accompaniment.

The Treble Clef and the Men's Glee club will soon be organized. It has been their custom each year to give a joint program.

Of no less importance is the instrumental division of the department under the direction of Professor Engel on string instruments, and of Professor Gernet on piano. We are all happy to have the trio music for each chapel hour. It adds much to the program.

It is a little early in the year to expect a well-organized orchestra. They will present at least two programs this year.

A great many have expressed their appreciation of the string ensemble that has been playing for Sabbath school. We have heard of the pleasant trip this ensemble made last year; if all goes well, perhaps they will make another this year.

Certainly every one of the college family should learn to appreciate good music when we are so completely surrounded with musicians and "home talent." The first lyceum concert on

this year's schedule will be presented October 22 by the renowned Welsh Imperial Singers.

If all are as enthusiastic about our outline of musical events as is fitting, we should make this year the most successful of any one year.

Normal School Notes

BY GENEVIEVE BRADLEY
AND ARLENE CORNELL

If you could have peeked in at the door or window of Miss MacElvaine's room you would have seen Ruth Bauman leading the song service. We opened our meeting by singing the J. M. V. song. Then everybody stood with bowed heads while Ruth let us in prayer. Then followed the secretary's report by Arlene Cornell. Genevieve McWilliams told an interesting story about crippled Tom. Then five boys, Cecil Rodney, Billy Post, Lester Willis, Gordon Stout, and Stanley Reid sang a song, "Smile, Smile, Smile." Joe Robertson told a story about "How a Boy Without a Reference Found One," followed by a violin duet by Clare Willis and Gordon Stout while Stanley Reid took up the offering. Nina Mason read about the "Cross Page." We all enjoy our Junior Missionary volunteer meeting very much and would miss it if it were taken away from us.

Miss Rees has given us plants to put in our plant boxes.

Taxes seem to be the eighth grade's greatest worry at the present.

Mrs. Kirstein and Miss Hackett are the practice teachers this semester.

Vernon Kirstein missed two and one half days last week because of a severe cold.

Since A. C. Cornell's have moved to the city, Arlene is compelled to get up in time to catch the trolley for school.

Writing descriptive paragraphs the seventh grade discovered that pants means to breathe quickly, rather than trousers.

The prayer band leader for the girls is Margie Miller; Genevieve Bradley is assistant. The boys are divided into two groups with Cecil Rodney as one leader and Vernon Kirstein as the other.

The Junior Missionary Volunteer officers for this period are: Genevieve Bradley, leader; Vernon Kirstein, assistant leader; Arlene Cornell, secretary; Margie Miller, assistant secretary; and Virgil Perriman, pianist.

Grammar Grade Enrolment

EIGHTH GRADE

Bauman, Ruth
Bradley, Genevieve
McWilliams, Genevieve
Post, Billy
Rodney, Cecil
Willis, Lester

SEVENTH GRADE

Kirstein, Vernon
Ledington, Billy
Mason, Nina
Miller, Margie
Parish, Burton
Perriman, Virgil
Pogue, Roberta
Reid, Stanley
Robertson, Joe
Schluntz, Clarence
Stout, Gordon
Thrall, Donald
Willis, Clare
Massey, Donovan

The Questioning Reporter

BY EARL GABLE

This week's question: What is your waking reaction to the rising bell?

CHESTER G. CROSS: Right in the midst of a perfect dream comes the most terrible of all terrible noises—the rising bell. Groggily I make a feeble attempt to rise. At first it seems out of the question. Then, remembering that time waits for no one, I make up my mind that 'tis high time I begin to prepare for the scheduled events of the day. Thus I "push off," trying to wipe away the black cloud that seems to envelop my poor mind.

IRENE PEDERSEN: What peaceful slumber the rising bell does interrupt sometimes! Having slept soundly, I feel bewildered for an instant after such a sudden awakening, but the sleepy murmur of girls' voices soon reminds me that the rising bell in dear old Noth hall has been responsible for loudly proclaiming the beginning of another day—a day of regularity, filled with the busy, happy hours of school life.

Cecil Barr: The rising bell is a summons to duty. God is a god of order. So one must be prepared upon being wakened to meet before God at worship in an orderly way. The rising bell calls me to meet the challenge of a new day.

HELEN WHITNEY: At home no one told me when I had to get up; so now the sound of a bell makes me angry. Since I haven't learned to hurry yet, I have to get up earlier than the bell seems to think necessary. I have used

all the stored-up sleep I acquired at home and am now looking for a chance to catch up again. Reaction? I don't like it.

LOWELL WELCH: The rising bell seldom wakes me, but when it does I usually come to gradually, at first wondering what is going on; then, realizing that it is the bell, I soon remember that it is time to get going.

What Do You Say?

Remember that when you polish your speech and writing you are polishing your profession.

How do you say—

1. Expert
2. Tuesday
3. Charivari
4. For
5. Episode

Colporteur Prays And Works out of Hard Situation

He was a sophomore. Very suddenly his family had met financial reverses, and it had become evident that if he continued in college the coming year, he must become his own monetary pilot. He had decided upon "colporturing", for it not only offered good financial prospects, but it gave him the opportunity to spread "the truth."

So it came about that on a bright June morning he sallied forth, thoroughly furnished (so he thought) with everything from prospectus and perfectly learned canvass, to compact toilet kit and a summer's supply of clothing. And never did a colporteur go forth in more hopeful, exuberant spirits.

Twenty-two days later, and our colporteur drags walk-weary, blistered feet to the shade of a friendly roadside tree and sits drearily down, fully aware, as he does it, that this is the

first time he has "given way." He pulls off his shoes, takes from an inner pocket a small notebook, and in the welcome shade, with the summer heat beating down all about him, he sets himself to take an inventory of his resources and liabilities.

His prospectus order sheet holds three names, just three. It really isn't necessary that he look at those three names again, for he knows them by heart, not only the names, but the addresses—and the bindings!

Three orders in three weeks! Not a very spectacular record, surely. And he'd been so sure of success! He'd show the college that he could beat Jim's record! He'd make an outstanding record the college would be proud to advertise! Well—three orders in three weeks! Outstanding, all right.

He proceeded with the inventory. On one side were his ambition to go on through college, and his dogged determination of the last week to win out at all costs; on the other side were his dwindling purse, his sparsely settled territory, his blistered feet, his empty stomach.

Oh, why try to keep it up? He wasn't getting anywhere with it, just losing time and getting sorer footed and emptier stomached and hotter and hotter—W—H—E—W!

His eyes swung slowly around, describing an arc over the landscape—rolling hills, prosperous farms, wheat ripening, harvest near.

Suddenly he sat upright. Harvest near! Why hadn't he thought of it before? He could get work through harvest on one of these farms, and give up canvassing. Give up? What was it mother had said? "If you become discouraged, my boy, don't give up without praying through first."

Well, that was all right. He would pray, right here in this quiet wooded spot. He would talk it all over with the Lord. Perhaps he hadn't been doing that enough; perhaps he had been depending too much upon himself; perhaps he had been too inflated with his

own importance and his own certainty of success.

And so he prayed, this young man who had come to a parting in his ways. And it was no casual prayer; it was the outpouring of a soul who needed help in making a decision which was to influence his return to college, and perhaps—yes, surely—his whole life. Nothing wrong about working on a farm, of course, if that were where the Lord wanted him. So he prayed on, fervently, and then, slowly, like a breeze through quiet trees, came a stirring through his consciousness—God's way of touching and guiding hearts by His Holy Spirit.

Little by little, then, the colporteur saw himself as he was—going up to doors with an arrogant attitude, talking too much about the weather and politics and business conditions, and not enough about his book, (he had known so much more about the technique of it than the institute instructors!) urging people to buy against their will. Oh, he could see it all, NOW.

Before he had finished praying, something within him seemed to say, "Try it another day," and he said, "I WILL, LORD."

The first farmhouse he came to had a wide-open gate, and with courage-inspired steps he walked up to the house. The middle-aged woman who came to the door was like balm to his spirits.

"A canvasser? I haven't a minute now to look at what you have, but if you'll come in to dinner Father and I will look at your book after we eat." The colporteur wondered afterward if he had accepted with too enthusiastic suddenness.

"Come right out into the kitchen, if you will. And if you'd not mind going out to the pump for a pail of water—" but before she had finished, he was on his way. Returning, he found her preparing vegetables.

"Please turn that pan of vegetables (Continued on page four)

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THE PARTY LINE

Marian Peterson spent the week-end at her home in Thornton, Iowa.

Sarah Miller, from Salida, Colorado, a late arrival at Union, is a temporary resident of North hall.

Nell Beem and Annabell Rumpf were in Crete Friday and Sabbath, visiting Miss Beem's uncle.

The bulbs for Union's spring plants are being planted. There are to be tulips, jonquils, and daffodils.

The critic teachers of the training school are beautifying their school rooms by filling their flower boxes with plants taken from the North hall flower garden.

The North hall girls are planning a rose garden for the space formerly occupied by the tennis court. They send along the word that any slips from those interested in the plan will be greatly appreciated. Don't forget to label them.

Miss Olive Hanson went to Mankato, Minnesota, over the week-end. She was bridesmaid at the wedding of her friend, Miss Irma Crook, who was married to Doctor F. E. Cornwell. Miss Crook is a graduate of the Boulder-Colorado sanitarium.

Conductor of the Welsh Singers



Festyn Davies.

THE MUSIC BOX

Mrs. Esther Lorntz-Ledington sang "I Come to Thee," by Caro Roma, at the church service Sabbath.

"A Bowl of Pansies" is the selection played by the string ensemble at the opening of Sabbath school.

The ensemble will sing four religious numbers at the penitentiary Sunday morning for the regular religious service.

A quartet composed of Messrs. Swearingen, Wickwire, Eisenman, Brown, Gordon, Schmidt, Cowdrick, and Bietz sang for a special number at Sabbath school "He's the Chief Among Ten Thousand."

Sterling K. Gernet will give the Mendelssohn "Concerto Op. 23 in G minor," which he played Saturday night, at the usual Union college broadcast over WCAJ. He will be assisted by Mr. Engel's string orchestra and by Miss Ruth Johnson, who will read the second-piano score. This program will, be according to schedule, October 24.

Field Secretary Speaks

(Continued from page one)

After the transaction had been completed, I suggested that we pray. He let his head droop, and stood motionless for some time. Then he said, 'Prayer—Prayer? I have never heard the voice of prayer.' We knelt together upon the door step—the colporteur, the farmer, the crippled girl, and I. I prayed a simple prayer. Then the colporteur prayed. The man was silently weeping, and hearing a slight motion, I looked and could see that the little girl's arm stole slowly about the canvasser while hers, in turn, held the little girl close."

Pastor Collins emphasized the fact that the gospel canvassing work is the best place to keep close to God. He mentioned the story of a girl who lost her experience at school and found it again as a colporteur. Another was timid and afraid but in the canvassing work gained the courage that comes from knowing that God works for his children, he said.

Clock Tower Contest is On

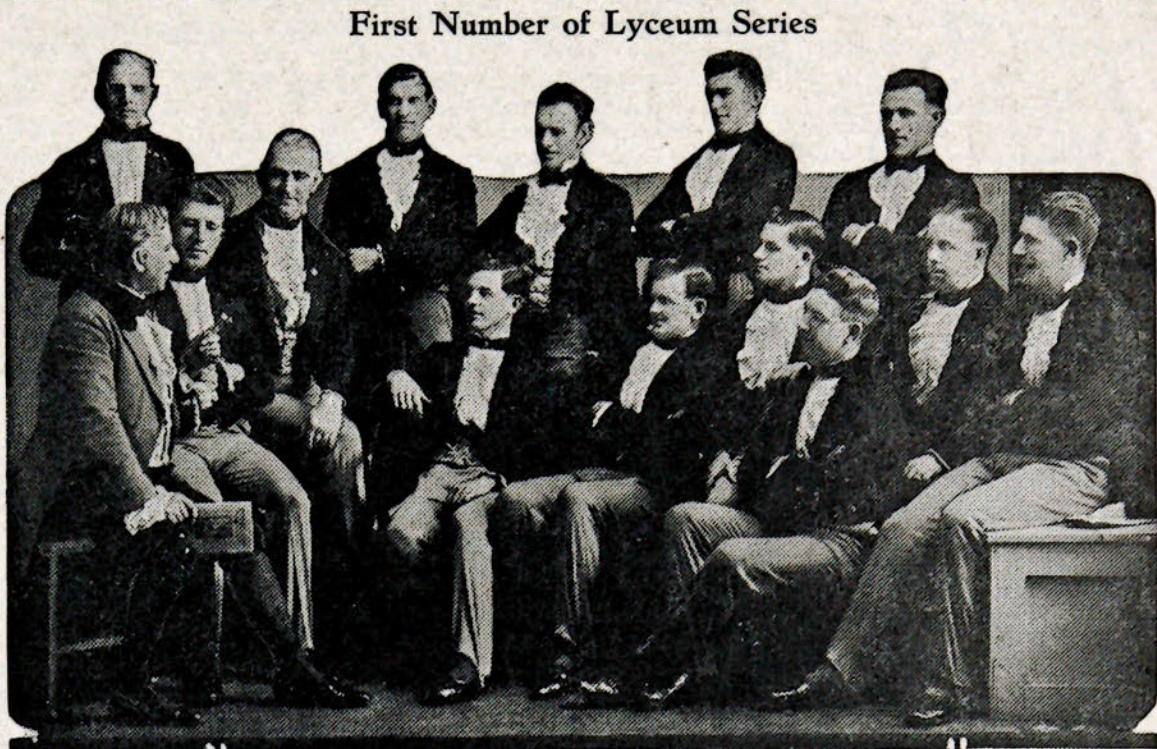
(Continued from page one)

depression by writing so many letters they will cause such a demand for stationery and ink that more workers will be needed in the factories; by having such an avalanche of letters the postoffice department will need more employees; and by getting so many subscriptions the college press will need more machinery and more workers. Until last year the girls held the title of winning the CLOCK TOWER campaign for several years. "This year," said Miss Russell, "we're going to do our best to regain that title."

Walter Specht, the boys' leader, then came forward and informed his audience that this is no time to waste the breath. "The boys," he said, "are not going to be like the steamship that had to stop going every time it wanted to blow its whistle."

Mr. Little, the next speaker, said he would rather see every student reach an individual goal of three subs than for a few to reach goals of fifty, twenty-five, and ten, and others none.

"A college is made up of students, teachers, and buildings, but after we have these we must have a way of advertising our school," he said. "We



Welsh Imperial Singers Who Will Give Program in the College Chapel Saturday Evening, October 22

want to make our CLOCK TOWER a credit to the institution for which it stands."

The student body is divided up into two groups—young men and young women—and each large group has six subdivisions with student leaders. After chapel each group met with its leader for a few moments.

Prayer Helps Colporteur

(Continued from page three)

over to me. Oh, no, I'm no novice. I've helped my mother many a time with the meals at home."

She beamed at him as she watched his practiced hands at work, while across the kitchen table she busied herself with the baking.

"Almost it seems that our boy is back," she said through brimming eyes. "He went—to France."

The dinner was a complete success, the host and hostess taking as great pleasure in extending the bounties of their table as the half-starved guest experienced in partaking of those bounties.

Dinner over, the colporteur brought out his prospectus—and took an order before he had finished his canvass!

"See here, young fellow," said his host, "my neighbors ought to have that book. I'm drivin' around on Grange business, and I'll introduce you if you want to go along. All ready now? Mother, why are you pinching me? Oh, I forgot. We were talkin' it over before dinner. We'd both enjoy having you around if you would like to stay with us. You look right honest to us, and I'll let you have the old Ford to run around in if you want to tinker it up. How about it?"

How about it! The colporteur's eyes sparkle even yet as he tells the rest of that summer's story, and how he finished up with scholarships for himself and his sister!

"Every colporteur I've ever known has evolved a motto from his experiences. What is yours?" I asked him.

"PRAYING PAYS," he replied instantly.

(Greater New York Conference.)

Editor's note: Copy for this article was furnished by the General conference publishing department.

What Do You Say?

- One should say
1. *Ex-pert*, placing the accent on the first syllable if the word is used as a noun, and on the second syllable if the word is used as an adjective.
 2. *Tuesday*, pronouncing the *u* as *ew* in *few*, not *Toosday*.
 3. *Char-i-var-i*, as *shar-i-var-i*, pronouncing the *a's* as in *artistic*, with the accent on the third syllable; or as *sha-re-va-re*, pronouncing the *a's* as in *artistic* and the *e's* as in *eat*, with the accent on the fourth syllable; not *shiverree*.
 4. *For*, as *more*, not *fer*.
 5. *Ep-i-sode*, as it looks pronouncing the *s* as in *soap*, not *epizode*, *epizoid*, or *episoid*.

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