

## Beach Gives Piano Recital at the Cornhusker Hotel

Will Be Last Appearance For Some Time As He Has Been Called to Service

Mr. Perry Beach presented a piano recital at the Cornhusker in Lincoln April 16. The proceeds go to the new recreational hall fund.

Perhaps this is Mr. Beach's last appearance in a full piano recital for a while. Plans for a recital at the coast this summer have been frustrated by his call to the service.

Mr. Beach's program included the following:

- SONATA IN E FLAT (K. No. 282) - Mozart
  - Adagio
  - Menuetto
  - Allegro
- PARTITA No. 2 - - - - - Bach
  - Allemande
  - Courante
  - Sarabande
  - Roundeau
  - Caprice
- THIRTY-TWO VARIATIONS - Beethoven
  - on an original theme in C Minor
- PRELUDE IN C SHARP MINOR,
  - Op. 9, No. 1 - - - - - Scriabine
  - for the left hand alone
- PRELUDE IN G, Op. 32, No. 5
  - - - - - Rachmaninoff
- SCHERZO IN C SHARP MINOR,
  - Op. 39 - - - - - Chopin

## Mrs. Edwards Speaks To North Hall Women On Parable of Supper

Mrs. Josephine Cunnington Edwards, a prominent contributor to the *Youth's Instructor*, who accompanied the group from Maplewood to the college April 12-13, spoke to the dormitory girls during worship, April 13.

Using the parable, as recorded by Luke, of the man who prepared a supper to which his guests refused to come making the excuses of having bought a piece of land, wanting to bury a father, or having married a wife, Mrs. Edwards illustrated how one's experiences help to make the scriptures more clear. As a girl of sixteen reading this account, she was unable to comprehend any one's refusing to go to a supper because of such seemingly foolish reasons.

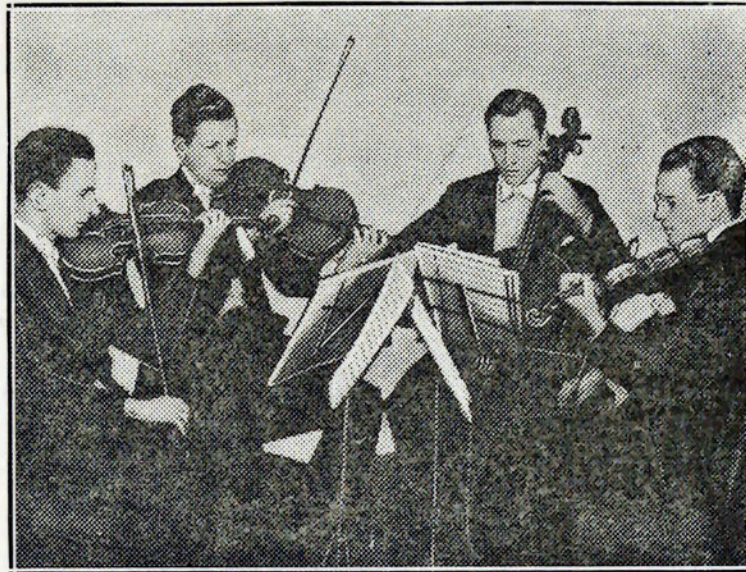
She said, however, that the meaning of this parable was clarified through three experiences which she related. A young couple planned to go to college, but, desiring to have money left when they finished and becoming fascinated with money-making, they postponed college until the young wife died from the strain. They had not gone to the "supper" because they had bought a piece of land.

Another couple was extremely interested in the Adventist message until the husband's wealthy father used his influence against him and offered to support him if he would give up their religion. He postponed his religion until he "should bury his father"; but meanwhile he lost all desire for things religious.

A sheltered young man of sixteen received his first taste of worldliness and soon was induced to marry a non-Adventist girl, some ten years his senior. Too proud to ask his father for help, he

(See Edwards, p. 2, col. 5)

## Curtis String Quartet Presents Outstanding Musical Program as Last Lyceum Number for this Year



CURTIS STRING QUARTET

## Ensemble Play Chamber Masterpieces of Haydn and Other Great Composers

Music, declared by historian Oswald Spengler in his book "The Decline of the West" to be the number one artistic achievement of Occidental civilization, was performed by its outstanding American exponents at the lyceum number on April 18, when the famed Curtis String Quartet presented chamber masterpieces of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. The Curtis ensemble, organized in 1929 when the four artists (Jascha Brodsky and Charles Jaffe, violinists; Max Aronoff, violist, and Orlando Cole, cellist) were graduated from the famed Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, recently rounded off ten years of touring, including appearances in more than 200 American cities and all the leading music capitals in Europe. The Quartet plays one of the finest collections of rare old Cremona instruments ever assembled, provided for the artists by their patroness, Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok, widow of Edward Bok and daughter of the late Cyrus Curtis of publishing fame, and including two Stradivarius violins, a Nicolo Amata viola and a Domenico Montagnana cello. Selected by the English speaking Union as America's official representative to the Silver Jubilee of the late King George V of England, the ensemble has performed many times at the home of Lady Astor and the houses of Parliament in London, under the sponsorship of the League of Nations in Geneva and at the White House in Washington.

## WORLD EVENTS Collection of Records Presented to College

By VENOMOUS BEDE II

### AMERICANS BOMB MANILLA

The tables were turned on the Japanese soldiers in the Philippines during a spectacular, two-day assault, when 110 tons of bombs were dropped upon the enemy by United States army bombers.

"In this magnificent exploit we see the tide of war turning against Japan," said Australia's Supply Minister John A. Beasley. "This attack is the first drive . . . In time it will be followed by vast air fleets."

Twelve of the thirteen big U. S. bombers which engaged in the foray are known to have returned safely.

### PRESIDENT REORGANIZES OCD

President Roosevelt has reorganized the office of civilian defense to give the army and navy an active voice in the program. James M. Landis will continue as OCD director, but Mr. Roosevelt has created within the OCD a "civilian defense board consisting of the director, who shall serve as chairman; the secretary of war, the attorney general, the secretary of the navy, the director of the office of defense health and welfare services, and such other members as the president may designate."

### LAVAL FORMS CABINET

In France, Pierre Laval, No. 1 advocate of closer ties with the reich, has formed a new Vichy cabinet and himself assumed the post of "chief of government."

Word comes from Paris that marching demonstrations against the new set-up are taking place. It is reported that there have been mass arrests of persons demonstrating against collaboration with Hitler's government.

The Washington-Vichy crisis was believed nearing a showdown amid general expectations that France would proclaim her solidarity with Germany and that Adolf Hitler might soon gain control of the French fleet.

### DOORBELLS TO BE RUNG

Secretary Morgenthau announces that the treasury plans to "ring every doorbell in the country once a month," in an effort to increase voluntary purchases of war savings bonds.

He made the statement to the house ways and means committee as he advocated a continuation of the voluntary savings program, then added quickly: "We don't intend to paint houses yellow or put them behind barbed wire if they don't buy these bonds."

North Hall is definitely ready to have its new doorbell rung. How about South Hall and, worse, the bell-less Annex?

## CALENDAR

- Junior-Senior Banquet—April 23.
- Medical Corps Banquet—April 25.
- College Picnic—April 28.
- Art Exhibit—April 28-30.

## Collection of Records Presented to College

A collection of over 1,000 phonograph records was recently presented to Union college by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Simon of Memphis, Mo., in accord with the request made by their son, Karl Armand Simon, shortly before his death, Sept. 7, 1941. He was a Seventh-day Adventist young man who had longed to attend Union college but because of a physical infirmity was denied the realization of this wish. But he improved his opportunities, largely educating himself, especially along the lines of good music. He planned that his collection, consisting mostly of classical red seal Victor records, should be presented to Union college, the school that he had always wished to attend.

## Art Exhibit to be Held For Students April 28-30

I don't know whose idea it was in the beginning. I think that like Topsy it "just grewed," but it's a good idea, anyway. Virginia Lohman, Marian Goad, and Mercedes England were perched up on the foot of the bed (like so many crows on a fence) discussing the great and weighty subject of art: art in our colleges, to be exact—or rather, the way art isn't in our colleges, to be super exact. One of us had this bright idea—an art exhibit. Why sure—why not? There are enough of us here who are interested in art to put on an interesting exhibit. Well, just like that we put our heads together and laid our plans. And when we came out of our huddle there were enough plans laid to launch a campaign.

The exhibit is to be in Dr. Ogden's room from April 28 to 30, so if any of you happens to be looking around third floor, drop in to see us. It'll be fun, and it will be interesting.

## COLPORTEUR PLANS

And another colporteur institute has come to a close! But this one has not been just another institute. It is one that will long be remembered, not only by those who plan to go canvassing this summer, but by those who came to the meetings just to learn the vital principles of salesmanship.

Elder P. D. Gerrard developed the seven steps in salesmanship in a very vivid way, covering everything from the approach to a prospect to the delivery of the book. Many good lessons of what to do and what not to do were given the students. The outstanding lesson of Elder Gerrard's teaching was how to make the prospect realize his need.

As the meetings progressed, evidence showed that the interest was becoming greater and room 202 was filled to capacity. From all indications the coming summer will be one long remembered as being successful for many.

Hope, of course—but hustle also.

## Representatives from Ministerial Department Visit at College

Elder R. A. Anderson, associate secretary of the Ministerial department of the General conference, and Miss Louise Kleuser, assistant secretary of the same department, visited the college April 9 and 10.

Elder Anderson spoke at the chapel hour on the joy of Christian living. That Luke, the first Christian hymnologist, wrote the joy chapter in the Bible was one point brought to the students' attention. We should feel like the sentiment of the song, "How can I keep from singing?" "God makes us men and women of good will," said Elder Anderson in closing.

He also spoke at the meeting of the Ministerial band on Friday evening.

## SUPER-SALESMAN TELLS OF WAYS TO SUCCESS

James Samuel Knox, super-salesman, originally from South Dakota, lectured on "Overcoming Difficulties" at the lyceum course on the evening of April 11. Some of the pithy statements that he expressed are the following:

"Unless an individual is able to overcome his difficulties, his difficulties will overcome him."

"If you want to double your influence in life, no matter what your profession will be, sell books two, three, or four summers."

"Salesmanship is the ability to influence the conduct of people."

"Salesmanship is the basis of leadership."

"Those who are highly successful keep on studying after they leave the professional school."

"The man who is superior to discouragement knows no defeat."

"Unless you have initiative, you will not get anywhere."

"Two-thirds of an individual's success in any line depends upon his personality."

"I am going to make myself do what I don't like to do."

## Seniors Gather at Rulkoetters' Home For Evening of Entertainment

A telegram! Why didn't some one bring this to me? My heart skipped a beat and my temperature rose until I finally comprehended that this was not the customary form of sending a real telegram. Upon examination, the message proved to be an announcement of an important meeting for the seniors to be held April 12, at the home of President and Mrs. A. H. Rulkoetter.

And so it was that the seniors tucked into the recesses of their minds the thoughts of tests on the following day,

next project. Jig-saw pictures of four pieces were the means of selecting groups and provided the inspiration for the budding "poets." Duffy's head superimposed on the body of a driver of a dog team inspired five stanzas, one of which reads:

Duff, the pastor, is out in the snow,  
His heart is heavy and filled with woe;  
He longs for the days when he sought knowledge,  
But he knows he can never go back to the college.



PRESIDENT RULKOETTER



MRS. RULKOETTER

lulled their conscience to sleep concerning other unfinished business, and gathered at the appointed place. Did you ever have difficulty recognizing friends in an unfamiliar environment? As well as we seniors knew each other, by name at least, we had difficulty locating each other on a trip on paper. Contrary to real life, Mr. Dunn was easily found, and also contrary to reality he was amid "I dunno." Imagine my being amidst "sap. A gentleman . . ."

Unitedly, Mary Hindmarsh, Virginia Huenergardt, and Marie Sanders were the first to find all 34 names, but Alice Mae Hadden accomplished it by herself.

To ease the strain of this applied effort, President Rulkoetter played some selections from the collection of phonograph records recently donated to the college. But seniors ought to be able to do most anything along the intellectual line even to writing poetry which was the

A picture of a baby in a bathtub produced several stanzas by William Grotheer like this one:

When Johnny Hoff was a few weeks old  
He was beautiful then, so we're told.  
But alas, for the years that have passed  
Have produced a surprising change at last.

A progressive puzzle found Reynolds Hoffman suspiciously adept at finishing first; in fact, once he called "I have it" almost before the signal to start had been given. Being questioned he remarked, "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my good partner—Mary Hindmarsh."

Sad to say, the night could not go on forever and school must be kept the next day; hence we finally reluctantly departed bearing with us among others the memory of angel food cake and frozen fresh strawberries.



# THE CLOCK TOWER

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## Get Your Money's Worth

The last bell rang. Jack fairly flew along the library walk to his history class. People strolling on the cement ahead of him hurriedly jumped on to the grass to avoid a collision. The sound of hasty, heavy steps behind them was frightening. Jack passed with a few heavy puffs and everyone was safe to resume again his place on the campus side-walk.

Jack entered the classroom late. He flung his books on the floor and quickly grabbed a paper with scribbled notes from his history book. His lips moved and his eyes blinked at alternate intervals as he glanced over his underlined items. Professor Smith laid down his record book and began passing out the test questions. He paused as he stepped to Jack's chair and waited until all notes and books were out of sight.

The test was difficult, but Jack finished after about half the class had gone. He left the room, rushed down the hall, scarcely speaking to anyone, and made a "bee-line" to South hall for his mail. Then with two letters in his hand he mounted the steps, taking them three at a time until he reached his room on third floor.

Every day was an exceptionally busy day for Jack. He always had a test or a theme or a speech to prepare. He was positive that he was the busiest fellow on third floor, if not the busiest fellow in the whole dormitory. Often he got excused from the table at mealtime to hurry to work. Even with such a head-start on the other fellows, he usually entered the shop late.

"I just couldn't make it sooner, Mr. Kook," he would say. "I'm really very sorry, but I had so many things to do. I had three library books to return and I had to stop at the laundry, and then I met "Pete" on the walk. I tell you, I am so busy today. Tomorrow I have a two-thousand-word theme due and I haven't started it, and I have a quiz in history . . . Oh, yes, Mr. Kook, I'll get busy and have these papers out in less than two hours.

The Sabbath school superintendent met Jack on the sidewalk one day. "Jack, we'd like to have you read the scripture next Sabbath morning. Read what you like and we'll count on you."

"Oh, but I have so much to do," came the reply. "I'm behind on my time in the print shop; so I'll have to work all Friday afternoon, and when I'm through work I have to press my suit . . . Oh, and Sabbath morning I'm going to milk cows for my roommate—he's gone this week-end. I just haven't time for anything, fellow."

Jack is typical of many persons on the college campus. They are always in a hurry and are always late to everything. They are behind in their work and delinquent in their lessons. Much of their spare time is spent in enumerating their assignments that must be completed within the next twenty-four hours. They are interested in no one but themselves. Ask a favor of them and they will rebuke you for not remembering that they are busy.

They are going through college they say—getting all that they can for their money.

### MARTHA IS ANOTHER TYPE OF STUDENT

There is another type of student—most often noticed in men, though frequently found among women. Yesterday Lois met Martha with her arms loaded with books in the hall.

"Have you gotten your chemistry test back?" Martha asked.  
"Not yet," Lois answered. "Did you get yours?"  
"Yes, I got it this afternoon at my conference. Guess I'll get my 'A' again, that is, for the mid-semester. I've spent the last three hours on tomorrow's assignment . . . Thought I'd study my history now before the supper bell rings."

Martha carries seventeen hours of classwork. She is usually among the first to enter the classroom after the first bell rings. Her book is always open and ready for class discussion after she enters. When assignment papers are called for, Martha's paper is always the first one to be passed to the front.

When the grades are dispersed, Martha always gets the "A." She has striven for that place of distinction ever since she entered kindergarten. Her father always said, "Get 'A's', Martha, get 'A's' in everything. Hold your family name high." When she was in grade school her father gave her a shiny silver dollar for every semester grade card that contained all "A's." Martha's habit of study had followed her to college.

Martha finds time for little or no extra-curricular activities. She has a few friends, though she usually is seen alone.

She, like Jack, is endeavoring to get her "money's worth" in college. What about their ideas? What does a college education consist of? Is it all haste? Is it all books? No doubt each has its place.

What is the value of a man's mind if it reflects only the facts from text books; if it contributes only authors' opinions; if it is narrowed to mere authors' opinions for its knowledge? Is the study of the syllabus of paramount importance in one's college education?

"It is the work of true education to develop this power; to train the youth to be thinkers, and not mere reflectors of other men's thought. Instead of confining their study to that which men have said or written, let students be directed to the sources of truth, to the vast fields opened for research in nature and revelation . . . Instead of educated weaklings, institutions of learning may send forth men strong to think and to act, men

## MORE GOLD PIECES

Now Mr. X is a man of veracity, as everyone knows, but he also carries almost a constant twinkle in his eye! One must watch for that glint of half-concealed mischief when he tells a story—especially if the tale is about gold pieces!

"Yes—" he drawls, "I found a lot of gold pieces once when I was plowing in the field, but (contemptuously) I saw they were all dirty and moldy so I left them lying there. It would be too much bother to shine them up, so I just plowed them under again!"

Gold—that gleaming metal for which men fight and die! Gold—the source of power and influence as well as luxurious living. Imagine anyone spurning it, plowing it under, merely because it would take a little effort to remove a dingy crust accumulated through long contact with noisome surroundings! You would not feel it a burden—now would you—to polish for a long time on such gold pieces if they might be yours to enjoy at last. Or would you?

There's a lot of gold around Union college that is just waiting to be discovered. The glow of the precious metal is not visible at too great a distance. It cannot be seen at a casual glance in passing to and from classes, but if you look close and sharp you'll find it. It is often covered with a crust of shyness, reserve, plain features, crude manners, or a halting tongue, but the gold is there. It may take some hard work to get under the accumulated crust, but it's worth it. The men and women who often live beneath unprepossessing exteriors can contribute to those who seek the fine gold of Christian friendship, a treasure trove that pays unlimited dividends through the years.

Watch for the gold pieces! Don't let it be too much trouble to "shine them up." Let's not leave them "plowed under."

who are masters and not slaves of circumstances, men who possess breadth of mind, clearness of thought, and the courage of their convictions." *Education*, pp. 15, 16.

Man was created with a mental capacity to think and reason for himself. Time to think should be listed in a college student's schedule. Thinking is necessary to one's individual growth and to one's contributions to society. Great masters have been great thinkers. They have found time to think. Is there one man who became great before first stopping to think? Did Lincoln ever think before he wrote the Gettysburg Address?

### FRIENDSHIP IS NECESSARY

And besides lack of thinking, there are other deficiencies in Jack's and Martha's programs. Mrs. E. G. White in the book *Education*, page 265, says, "In preparation for a life of service the youth are sent to school, to acquire knowledge by the study of books. Cut off from the responsibilities of every-day life, they become absorbed in study, and often lose sight of its purpose. The ardor of their early consecration dies out, and too many take up with some personal, selfish ambition. Upon their graduation, thousands find themselves out of touch with life." Such individuals find themselves unprepared to meet life. They have lived to themselves and neglected the association of friends.

Talking to a friend is more pleasant any day than reading his letters or his books. Having friends, and lots of them, is an education in itself. Friends should be of all classes; so that each can make a different contribution to personality. Not all of them should be mathematicians or all of them historians. A mixture is ideal. Friendships are an important part of a college education. Taking walks with friends and learning their hobbies, their ambitions, and their ideas on political and social subjects can be very profitable as well as enjoyable. Then, too, there should be a true friendship between teachers and students. Discussions on subjects other than the chemistry they teach, or the history collateral reading they assign can be very inspiring to both student and teacher.

Time should be allowed for extra-curricular activities. Serving on committees, being secretary of one's class, and reading the scripture reading for Sabbath school are preparations for greater responsibilities in life and will aid in the development of leadership. The proper use of tact can be learned and can play an important part in the success of a leader.

Helping someone each day is the secret of true happiness. One cannot live to himself and to his books and be normally happy.

### TAKE TIME FOR EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Having too much concern about getting an education is unnecessary. Education is not such a hasty procedure—a process limited to but four years of constant pouring over books. Time should be taken to do one's own thinking, and there should be less worry about getting a book education.

It is well to remember that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Physical development is important. Human bodies which are the temples of the Holy Ghost are to be treated as such. Good health is as essential to mental growth as any other factor. Sleep is necessary for a sound body. Books studied at the sacrifice of sleep are a loss to the student. Sleeping habits will continue into life when the "Liberal Arts process" is over. Physical strength also demands exercise.

The best of life should be enjoyed to the fullest extent all the time. Playing basketball, swimming, ice skating, picnicing, and stamp collecting, all have a part in a well-rounded education. Taking walks in nature, learning to enjoy natural beauty and observing the habits of God's creatures draws one near to his Creator. Thanks should daily be given to God for life and life's opportunities.

One need not be too worried about getting his money's worth in college. Assignments should be taken seriously but grades are not the most important item in college and people don't like to be burdened by listening to the list of insurmountable duties of students. Busy people like Jack and bookworms like Martha are pathetic specimens of misdirected attempts at getting an education. They become warped or unbalanced. They are not receiving an all-round-education. They are not getting their money's worth and will not be prepared to face life.

## Letter from Richardson

A recent letter from Charles Richardson to the Drs. Hagstotz reveals that he is working in the Bethlehem Steel's Shipyard on Terminal Island, just across the bay from San Pedro, Calif.

He says, "Officially, I am a first-aid attendant. Our hospital is a small, five-room affair, but very well equipped. There are four first-aid men, the other three are ex-pharmacist's mates from the navy. They are long on practice, but short on theory. I was thankful for my chemistry, biology, and related subjects. (I haven't found much use for Freshman Comp. yet.) I was especially glad for my Medical corps work, especially the first aid."

"I want to go to school, though, and I would like to return to Union this fall. But I may be called into the service. I should have no trouble getting into Medical corps work."

## DORCAS FEDERATION HOLDS MEETING

Twenty-two delegates were present at a Dorcas Federation Presidents' Council held at the College View church April 14 and 15. The delegates were Dorcas federation presidents from the 23 federations in the Central Union conference. Those leading out were: N. C. Wilson, president of the Central Union conference; L. G. Jorgensen, home missionary secretary of the Central Union; Mrs. Herman Kleist, from Chicago, Ill., founder of the Dorcas federations; Mrs. William Boyer, state president of the Dorcas federations in Colorado; and the following home missionary secretaries: R. H. Wentland from Colorado, W. I. Unterscher from Kansas, L. L. McKinley from Missouri, M. H. Jensen from Nebraska, and L. E. Loomer from Wyoming.

## I LOVE LIFE

I love life because it is mine  
To mold into something noble and fine—  
Not to be dragged into muck and mire,  
But to be lifted higher and higher.

I love life for the challenge it gives;  
For deep within my heart there ever lives  
A passion to live, to conquer, to fight  
For the best there is—the good and the right.

I love the life of the great out-of-doors:  
The trees, the sunshine, and the rain  
that pours,  
And the beautiful rainbow, a sign from above,  
A token forever of God's great love.

I love life for its music and song,  
For the comfort it gives as I walk along  
From day to day, from task to task.  
With all of this, what more could I ask?  
—Ralph Maddox.

## THEY ARE SEVEN

(With apologies to Wordsworth, written when there were still seven weeks of school.)

A calendar,  
That hangs upon the plaster,  
Suspended from a tack or pin,  
What knows it of disaster?

I looked upon its little face—  
April it was, and very fair—  
I said to it: "My little one  
'Tis almost time to tear."

"Oh, not just yet," the sheet replied.  
Said I: "Then what amount?"  
"Seven are left in all," it said;  
Haven't you learned to count?

"Seven weeks till the close of school,  
Three and a half with me,  
Then you discard me, throw me away,  
May has the same, you'll see."

"You say that there are seven,  
But only half with you?  
Pray give me more, my little Month,  
I have so much to do!"

Thus did the little Month reply;  
"But seven weeks are they,  
And if you're smart you'll count them out  
And give them work each day.

"Your history you'll study hard,  
Your Measurements you'll read,  
You'll work upon your six-weeks test—  
Complete the ghastly deed!

"And often after sunset, too,  
Ere it is midnight quite,  
You'll take your dish of radishes  
And Composition write.

"You'll get your outside reading done  
You'll write your Doctrines theme,  
Each day you'll clamber to fourth floor  
And teach till you can scream."

"But must I do all that?" I cried;  
"The weeks go like the wind."  
But still the calendar replied;  
"My calculation's bona fide."

And added: "They are seven."

## A SENIOR PASSES

(Not Pippa)  
(With apologies to Browning)  
The year's at the Spring,  
The lectures are corn,  
The weeks left are seven—  
The swine duly perled,  
The B's on the wing,  
The curve's on the norm,  
I break a C even—  
All's right with the world.

## U. C. A. NEWS

Officers for the academy senior class are:

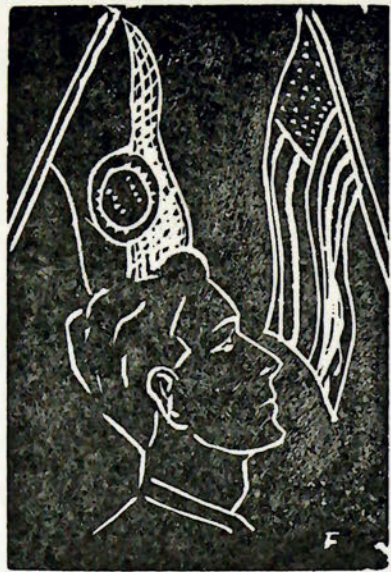
President—Chester Norman.  
Vice-president—Marcy Hartman.  
Secretary-treasurer—Veldonna Jensen.  
Sergeant-at-arms—Eddie Shafer.

At a recent meeting of the academy club a radio program was sponsored by Dr. Glooch's Pink Fringe Hair Restorer. Advice on what to do for red hair and bothersome little sister, songs, and a skit portraying a family who were leaving for America from Holland in 1620 were parts on the program.

(Edwards, cont. from p. 1, col. 2) began to work on Sabbath. When school opened, he did not enter; his dreams of being a missionary were shattered—he had married a wife.

Mrs. Edwards stated, "He (Christ) has hidden you to supper; don't make any excuses."





The following are letters received by Kappa Theta from some of the men from Union who are now in the army:

I wish to express my appreciation for the gift presented me. Besides the value of the gift itself, it helps one's morale to know that his friends are thinking of him and wishing him luck.

Walter Page.

Now that I am located in camp I can give you an informal thank you to Kappa Theta for their thoughtfulness for the little case and contents they gave me. It certainly works well with my Bible and in the bag a soldier carries his stuff in.

Address:

Pvt. Ross R. Rice  
Co. "B" 27th B.N. T 1537  
Signal Corps  
Camp Crowder, Mo.

I want to thank you as a club for the gift your club president gave to me the morning I left for the army. It is a very practical gift and I appreciate the spirit in which it was given. My Bible fits just like it was made to order. When I use it, I not only think of all my good friends back at Union, but it also reminds me constantly of my duty to God in an hour like this. If every man who received one of these gifts would use it in the way it was intended I feel sure his army life would be a victorious life.

Address:

Pvt. Neil Rowland  
Co. B—5th Q.M. Tr. Reg.  
Bldg. 225—Fort F. E. Warren,  
Wyoming.

When I left school, I had no idea that I would start going to classes again, but here I am, studying, of all things, D.C. and A.C. currents—electricity, magnetism, etc. We rise at 4:45, eat breakfast at 5, and leave for classes at 6, hike or march a mile, and stay in classes from 6:30 to 12:30. It's a great life, but I hope—I still haven't given up—my last request for transfer to Medical will be accepted. A fellow, an S.D.A., from Washington, works in hospital, and I'd so enjoy it, too. There are six of us on the Camp and we go to church together. They have church in the p. m. here—7 miles away. The people are very genial and we are asked out to dinner every week.

Next week-end we plan to go to Trenton which is about 45 miles S.W. The A Capella choir from Washington Missionary college is to be there.

How is school? I have been informed that lots of engagement watches have been making their appearances with the daffodils, tulips, and crocuses.

Address:

Pvt. Chester D. Wahlen  
Co. "U," 15th S.S. Regt.  
Fort Monmouth  
Red Bank, N. J.

I am writing to thank you and the girls for the books and the encouraging words you spoke to me as I left for the army. I would like to write each one of you personally, but that would be impossible. Yet if anyone writes to me, I promise that it shall be answered.

In the mornings I go to school. I did think 7 o'clock was a little early to get up, but now we get up at 5:30. School starts at 7 and lasts till noon. I have been placed in the Administration and personnel school. In this we learn to do the paper work of the army. Almost half of the fellows here wanted Medical corps, so I am not surprised that I am here in the Quarter Master corps. This you probably know is the supply service for the

### Dean's Thesis Covers Desks in Three Offices And Occupies Four Typists

Dean Howell said maybe I'd better not write this because he might fail his comprehensive exams that he has to take as he is going to be a doctor pretty soon and then what would I say?

I said well, I guessed I wouldn't have to say anything, but what was he contemplating saying to me in case of such a catastrophe? And he said well, he didn't know, so here I am bravely stepping out and taking the risk. And if Dean Howell fails his exams, we'll say it was a case of delaying graduation, and what does a degree mean anyway? It's what you incorporate in your daily living that counts.

It scares me to look at Dean Howell's thesis, which is so big that it covers all the desks in three offices and takes up the time of four stenographers just taking care of it. Belva Boggs, I will admit, has been doing all of the typing. You know Belva, she is the girl who has been trying all year to get the CLOCK TOWER staff to put in an advertisement about how she dislikes very much to carry meals home to people unless they're terribly sick, in which event they don't need anything anyway. The art work has been executed by Eileen Mayberry and Vivian Meyers, and I have been acting as comforter and cheerer-up-in-chief. We gave Margaret Blue a chance to help too, but so far she hasn't brought over anything to eat, so I guess we'll have to delete her name from the manuscript. Dean Howell did quite a bit toward getting this volume out, too. He wrote it. Acknowledgement should also be made to Dean Howell's head instructor down town. He has spotted more misplaced commas and other errors than you'd think could hide in a bushel basket, which of course we're always very happy to correct.

Maybe I'd better tell you the name of this outfit so that you can look it up for outside reading. It's called: "A Comparative Study of the Federal Support and Control of Education in the United States of America and in the Argentine Republic." I know that it sounds simple, but it isn't.

### EXCHANGE

March 29 a "sham battle" was staged on the campus by the Cadet corps. Two formidable-looking 30-caliber machine guns which graced the cement bench in the flower garden at the north end of the rectangle were directed northward toward the supposed enemy. These guns were concealed behind a sandbag embankment. As the fury of the encounter increased and the wounded fell on the field, the Medical cadets went into action. The Student Movement.

Olympics will be conducted for a period of four weeks by the Department for Physical Education for Men. Different events will be emphasized each week. Any male student of college standing is eligible to enter. The Campus Chronicle.

Pledging 1,100 subscriptions to the Annual, students in chapel March 16 exceeded their goal by more than 400. The Sligonian.

Day or night—news while it is news—perfect 24-hour news service was the aim of the I.R.C. as it installed a new lighted news bulletin board. The board has a fluorescent light unit making the posted news readable at all times. The Collegian.

(Monitoring, cont. from p. 4, col. 4) "Monitor," and a gentle voice calls the monitor's attention, "here," and a big slab of homemade bread with strawberry jelly all thick on it is thrust into her hands. Strange, maybe the first few bites did cause indigestion from an upset mood, but the last bites had wonderful soothing powers. Yes, even a monitor's heart of stone can be melted to nothingness.

army and is considered a non-combatant corps.

Address:  
Pvt. Stanley Jensen  
Co. H 2nd Q.M.R.T.C.  
Bldg. 338 U. S. Army  
Ft. F. E. Warren, Wyo.

### THE MORAL OF THE TUBE

Money, wealthy ancestry, social security, scholastic prestige—all the qualities he had strived to attain—yes, for a fact, none of them mattered now. It was a real, life fact that none of them would gain a man one thing—not even a tube of tooth-paste.

Of course, professors are supposed to be absent-minded. That's one of the reasons why Mr. Everyman is such a good professor. But, to prove my first statement! Recently a professor desired to buy a tube of shaving cream. Now he always before has laid thirty-nine cents on the counter and absent-mindedly said, "Shaving cream." But, alas and alack, no shaving cream Tuesday. Not even with a plea that wasn't absent-minded. Why? Oh, there he was without a tube!

And, feature Wilburn Smith's not receiving that for which he had asked! Truthfully, he walked into the drug store and dashingly demanded a tube of glue for his model airplanes. It was only a dime—yes, but not even a dollar in the hand would buy that tube of glue. No! There he demanded—and without a tube!

Of course, intelligent people would never forget. People with college educations could never forget. But maybe seniors are different. Imagine that old inflated feeling of being able to buy two tubes of tooth-paste all at one time. Luscious, self-confident, speechless feeling of being able to jingle the coins and say, "Two tubes of Dr. West's introductory offer, please!" Depressed, deflated—well, practically humiliated feeling of being refused! Oh, upon my word—there I stood—without a tube!

(Practice Teaching, from p. 4, col. 3) questions practice teachers don't know. They will not make a point of consciously refraining from asking them. Just in case you plan to practice teach some happy day, let us humbly offer a few suggestions which we will entitle:

#### YOU CAN'T WIN ANYWAY

1. Your hair first of all, that crowning beauty that keeps so many girls away from breakfast because they can't get it combed on time and which the boys don't have to worry about so they can skip this if they want to. You will probably have to adopt a new hair style, and we do not mean that you should get it styled at Ben Your Hair Dresser's either. What do you think you are, a glamour girl? You can easily arrange it at home by combing it straight back, straining it tightly over your ears and sticking a bone hair pin through it to match your horn-rimmed glasses. This will make people realize that you aren't trying to get by on your beauty and will lead them to hope that you have some wits to skid through on.

2. Do not greet your kiddies with "Good morning, boys and girls," delivered in a hear-the-birdies-sing voice. They are smart enough to know that you aren't that happy to see them. It is better to assume a well-here-we-are-I'm-sorry-but-I-can't-help-it attitude. Do not tell them how intelligent they look either—they already know that. Do not say, "I'm sure we'll all have a lovely time together this year," either. You may as well resign yourself to the fact that the kiddies are already planning their lovely time.

3. Do not expect them to know everything that you tell them. Think back to your history lecture of the morning and try to remember just one thing that Mr. Bresee told you. Just one.

4. Do not give a test every day. Of course we realize that for the first time in your life you will get tired of talking and will long to give a test. But do not give one. Such a procedure will not endear you to the class.

5. Try to think of a new way of saying, "I don't know."

6. Go to bed early the night before you teach. This is so you can face the morn bravely.

7. If the bonny boy on the front row hands you a horned toad, pet it kindly and place it in your pocket. The same goes for cunning little mice. This will keep the eyes of the class fixed upon you. If someone gives you an apple, eat it.

8. Smile kindly at your pupils. After you have quit practice teaching, they will likely become very good friends of yours. Won't you be glad when you get through?

Humane Society Wishes to Dispose of Some Animals  
Please call for yours at Room 111 N. H. or  
**See M. Hight or G. Moore**  
Identification Not Necessary

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**UNION NEWS**

A report of Dr. Woods' dissertation, "The Initial Inner Permeability of Iron Over a Wide Radio Frequency Range," will appear in the May issue of the *Journal of Applied Physics*. Dr. Woods completed his work for a doctor's degree in the field of physics under Dr. J. Barton Hoag at the University of Chicago last summer.

CT

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sofsky, from Sheridan, Ill., former members of the staff at Union, visited friends at the college recently. Mrs. Sofsky, who has shown paintings in national exhibits, was for several years art instructor here, and Mr. Sofsky acted as superintendent of the power house.

CT

Miss Ruby Lea attended a national convention of collegiate registrars held in Chicago, in the Drake hotel, April 13 to 17. She was accompanied by Miss Theodora Wirak, an alumnus of Union, and now registrar of the Southern Junior college in Collegedale, Tenn.

CT

Dean Howell attended a joint meeting of the Omicron campus chapter, of which he is secretary, and the Psi field chapter of the Phi Delta Kappa, national education honor society, held at Ashland, Neb., April 14.

CT

Senior classes from Oak Park academy in Nevada, Iowa, and from Maplewood academy in Hutchinson, Minn., visited Union recently.

CT

Miss Floda Smith visited friends at Shelton academy the week-end of April 10.

CT

Miss Esther Lindsio, associate field missionary secretary of the Minnesota conference spoke to the students in chapel during colporteur week.

CT

Mr. H. K. Christman, head of the periodical department of the Southern Publishing association with headquarters in Nashville, Tenn., visited at Union recently.

CT

Mr. E. E. Smith, advertising manager from Ben Simon and Sons, recently spoke at a meeting of Sigma Iota Kappa on the psychology of meeting people.

CT

Dr. Marsh spoke to the Cradle Roll Mothers' club Tuesday night, April 14.

CT

Mrs. I. F. Blue addressed the Ladies' Aid at the Union church in College View, April 15, on Indian life and customs.

CT

Elder H. T. Elliott, associate secretary of the General conference met with the Central Union conference committee on April 13.

CT

Mrs. Fred Johnson, from Elm Creek, Neb., recently visited Violet Eastin and Helen Johnson.

CT

John Wilson, Marjorie Schweder, Lois Heiser, Mary Sue Huffhines, Francis Wernick, Marjorie Hight, and Martha Helen Huffhines spent a week-end not long ago visiting in Texas and Louisiana.

CT

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Atwood, from Fort Morgan, Colo., visited their daughter, Olivet, at Union, April 13 to 15.

CT

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Heinrich, students at Union last year, visited friends at the college recently. Pete has been inducted into the army and was on a ten-day furlough. Mrs. Heinrich will be remembered as Ruth Wasemiller.

CT

The master comrade class tracked and trailed out to Roberts Park in the rain the morning of April 16.

CT

Oliver S. Beltz, formerly an instructor in music at Union college and now connected with the school of music at Northwestern university in Chicago, Ill., visited at Union recently.

CT

President H. J. Klooster from Emmanuel Missionary college visited at Union college April 3 to 5.

CT

The Knights had an early morning hike and breakfast at Roberts Park on April 15.

A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small package.

**U.C. Speech Class Visits K.F.O.R. Radio Broadcasting Station**

**CUE:** (OOOO Broadcasting Station) We now present the U. C. Radio Speaking Class.

**THEME:** UP AND HOLD (15 SECONDS) DOWN AND UNDER

**ANNCR.:** "Hello radio fans everywhere. This is the—(break)—"

"Have you ever suffered from dyspepsia, amnesia, headaches, common colds, neuralgia, rheumatism, indigestion—(break)"

Never mind let's go on with the program.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we now give you a brief resume of a tour through the KFAB, KFOR studios on April 13. Mr. Pettis, head of the speech department, is very ably explaining to the Radio Speaking class many of the technical phases of radio work. Mr. Williams, program director for the combined stations is our guide.

**MR. WILLIAMS:** Now this is studio A . . . These men are making a transcription which is to be used on a nation's hookup for advertising.

Here we have the motor control room. This is studio B, and we will now listen to a program. (15 min.)

**MR. WILLIAMS:** This is the studio control room. Those men are the technicians, there you see the tone and volume controls.

**MISS CHURCH:** Look at those gadgets. Wish I could go to college all my life.

**MR. WILLIAMS:** (In the news room) These machines are called teletypes.

They automatically bring all the latest news to the station by remote control.

**MR. FULLER:** How much are they? I think I'll get one.

**ANNCR.:** Well, folks, our 5 minutes are up. We have enjoyed being with you and hope that you will tune in next week at this time on this same station.

**Evangelism Possible in Colporteur Says Cross**

Elder C. G. Cross assured the audience in the Friday evening vesper service that there was a place for all in the evangelical colporteur work. He urged every one to go out and put into practical experience the things learned in college.

"Salvation is like sunshine; it belongs to the whole world," said the speaker.

In order to spread this sunshine added Elder Cross, "We want young men and women with character who will not run home at the first obstacle, no, nor at the 101st obstacle."

**April 28 to be a Gala Occasion**

Ummm! A picnic! A whole day long picnic and not a vest pocket edition early morning breakfast. After a morning of running, jumping, nail driving, and freak races we'll practically battle for a priority in the dinner line. And what a dinner we are due to have if this one is as good as those in times past. It will be complete, even to the little black gnats in one's potato salad. You know, they always add to the flavor of the salad.

In the afternoon there will be more sports events for the energetic spirits—baseball, cow-pasture golf, broomstick polo, etc.—or leisurely walks out to see the buffalo, or a hike up to pose with the Indian statue overlooking the park, or the privilege of scuffling through the long, dusty grass and not having to worry about whether or not one's shoes stay clean.

But we would like to throw out a word of encouragement to those commendable students who have self-control enough to stay home in order to write a term paper or finish the outside reading. Last year one of the boys reported that by 3:30 p. m. on the picnic day he had done



fourteen hours outside reading, played golf two hours, spent two hours in the music studio and had been to Bunnell's three times. Of course, everyone is at liberty to draw his own conclusions as to the veracity of the statement.

But April 28 ought to be a gala occasion. You who are contemplating staying home had better burn the midnight oil a time or two before that and come and get sunburned with the rest of us. The vitamin D will do you good.

**Practice Teaching Is a Cure-all**

Practice teaching is a system set up for character building on the part of the teacher and amusement on the part of the teachee. It is guaranteed to provide for the disillusionment of the teacher in regard to his grey matter and is positively guaranteed to take down even the biggest swell head. No one who has practiced taught ever holds quite the same view in regards to his I. Q. as before. Practice teaching has cured more braggers than all the beautiful moral axioms in the world about "Think before you speak," and "Look before you leap." This makes it a valuable piece of training for the teacher and makes him kinder to his own teachers.

Practice teaching is a valuable thing in an academy because it eliminates all other complaints. People no longer complain about the food, or about the stiff old teachers, or about the necessity of going to school in the springtime. They have something much better than that to growl about. People have to have something to growl about, you know, and practice teachers are fair prey at any time. Students spend their time discussing the red-haired teacher that they had last semester and contrasting her with the fellow that gives tests every day.

Practice teaching is something like walking a tight rope over Niagara Falls in a Nebraska wind. The students you teach have long ago learned just which

(See Practice Teaching, p. 3, col. 3)

**Silence Reigns Once More in the Corridor**

By BETTY CO-ED

"Ho-ho-ho-ha-ha-ho!" And in the midst of the quiet of a study period come peals of laughter from that third room from the corner. On the first outburst, the monitor, like a push-button machine, hops to her feet, swoops down the hall and with terrible sureness knocks on that third door from the corner.

Opening her mouth to administer words of reproof she is immediately cut off by, "Oh, monitor, my roommate just told me the funniest story—oh, ho, ho-ha-ha—do you want to hear it?" And before the monitor can express her approval or otherwise, a long lingo is commenced of a happening on the farm back home, to which the monitor standing first on one foot and then on the other, does her feeble best to muster up a chuckle at the end of the said tale.

Once again the monitor resumes her position at the little white table at the end of the hall. Burying her head in her book in a noble effort to get smart before Lit. test tomorrow, she becomes aware of a chatter-chatter, giggle, chatter-chatter down the hall. Could it be that room katy-corner from the third room from the corner? Knitting her brow the monitor vainly tries to study. Chatter grows louder. Monitor succumbs at last, and with a feeling of tolerance that has been exercised to the limit she bears down on the room from the corner. A solemnly threatening sneech she administers. But lo! The quaking occupants of the room sit in wide-mouthed surprise. Wrong room! Oh-h!! And the monitor in a feeble wilt, closes the door.

Gathering up the fragments of her courage, she knocks on the second door from the corner. Oh-h, well, and instead of finding the accustomed two from her own floor, she finds four—two from a neighboring corridor. On the study table is a huge box of cookies, cake, and candy from home. From the midst of the four girls munching food, the hostess of the affair pops up with, "Here, monitor, have a chocolate-chip cookie."

The monitor grasps the doorknob a bit firmer for support—oh, it's a cruel thing to do—break up a "feed"—(and like a flash through her memory come thoughts of those delightful feeds in which she used to indulge in her freshman days)—but quickly banning all thoughts of sentiment for the demands of duty she marches the two visitors back toward their own corridor.

Silence reigns once more. With a sigh of satisfaction at the prevailing quiet of her domain, the monitor goes on a two-minute errand to the neighboring corridor. Being delayed a bit, she returns later to find, to her dismay, that such a commotion has been going on (the participants of which have disappeared) that the dean herself has had to restore order. The monitor, being the sole one responsible, gets a duplex bawling out, one for the girls' mischief and one for her own negligence.

Just a bit put out at her girls, the monitor resumes her studying.

(See Monitoring, p. 3, col. 2)

**Ancient Document Found in Ad Building Tells of "Hart, Skine, Lounges"**

Many, many years ago, when our daddies and mothers used to come to Union college, they used to have examinations. Examinations are devices to disclose to the world just how ignorant you are. Sometimes our fathers and mothers, and aunts and uncles disliked this process. Just whose business was it that they didn't know anything? Of course we, in this enlightened age, can scarcely understand these sentiments, but there is evidence that they existed, just the same. Sometimes, when a test was announced and the students were directed to get out their paper and pencil, certain students even voiced these sentiments. "Oh my, a test!" they would exclaim. "Are we going to have one every day? What does he think?" Take for example the case of a certain young man, Alfred, let us call him.

Alfred was out of sorts. The milch cows had been difficult that morning. Bessie had insisted upon plastering him neatly with her tail every few seconds; and good old Mollie had deliberately placed her foot in a full pail of milk. Then the horses had got out and he had missed his breakfast and by the time he came, sleepy-eyed, to first period Nature class, he was quite unable to appreciate any of the beauties of nature.

"Put away your books. Take your pen and pencil," piped the teacher sweetly.

"Aw—" groaned Alfred. He had been in contact with nature, it was true, but it was nature in the rough, and not that to be found between the covers of the drab-colored text-book.

"Question number one: What is an organ?"

Deep thought. "Um—organ—like we got in the church?—no—um . . . Writes: "An organ is a part of the body."

"Question number two: Name the organs."

Writes: "hed, hart, lounges, brain, kidneys, skine, uper lims, lower lims, tung."

"Question number three: Describe the eye. How can one injure it?"

Answer: "The eye has a grate deal to do with lite if it is dark one cannot read. One can injure their eyes in reading in a street car, or riding on a train or lying down and reading or reading by a dim lite. And wearing specks when not reading."

"Fold your papers and pass them to the center aisle as quickly as possible."

Alfred sighed deeply. There had been other questions, too—that he hadn't even tried to answer. He took his paper, folded it up, stuck it in a crevice of the pillar in the middle of room 201. It slipped in—disappeared from sight. "They won't ever get that old paper," said Alfred, giving the post a resounding whack.

\*\*\*\*\*

**1942 CAME**

There was a great commotion on the second floor of the Ad. building. Men with saws and hammers and crow bars hurried in and out of room 201. Pounding. Confusion. Mr. Bresee stood in the door and watched. "When the men began to tear down a pillar in the middle of room, he walked over to it. "I remember when I used to hide behind that pillar during dry lectures and nod a bit," mused Mr. Bresee to himself.

"Rip—" came one of the boards off. A brown bit of paper fluttered down. Mr. Bresee stooped and picked it up, unfolded it. "Nature," it said at the top. "Jan. 19, 1912. Alfred."

"Say—what's this—hart, skine, lounges—Well, don't tell me that our students are poor spellers—Or maybe it's just trying to be archaic."

Editor's Note: This incident is true. An old exam paper from 1912 was actually found during the recent remodeling of room 201. As the young man, Alfred, did not bother to sign his last name, we cannot give you this information.

**I WOULDN'T KNOW**

At the breakfast table: "Another hot day—my, but it is hard to study on a day like this!"

Vernon McNeilus: "Yes . . . I imagine it would be."

*I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.*

**PREVIEW - 1942 GOLDEN CORDS**



This is the second prize winning picture, taken by Frank Shaffer