



## "MESSIAH" IS PRODUCED BY COMBINED CHOIRS

Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," was presented by the combined A Cappella Choir and Oratorio Society under the direction of Ellen Kurtz-Jacobson in the College View Church at 8:00 p.m. December 13. The orchestra was under the direction of Professor C. C. Engel, head of the music department.

The soloists were Maryon Jung, soprano; Merritt Schumann, tenor; Frances Chamberlain, alto; and Bob McManaman,

bass. Delores Fritz and Bonnie Lindquist were accompanists at the piano and Miss Mabel Wood, instructor in piano and organ, accompanied at the organ. Members of the orchestra included Jeanette Hause, Merlene Ogden, Paul Penno, Barbara Dodson, Agnes Barnes, Lester Birch, Melvin Lohman, Marjorie Tryon, and Mrs. Christenson.

The presentation was given after the invocation prayer by Elder J. A. Buckwalter.

Solos sung by Maryon Jung were: "There Were Shepherds Abiding in the Field," "And Lo! The Angel of the Lord Came Upon Them," "And the Angel Said Unto Them," "And Suddenly There Was With the Angel," "Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion," and "Come Unto Him All Ye That Labour."

Merritt Schumann sang "Comfort Ye My People" and "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted."

## "Rural Living" Is Chapel Talk

Dr. E. A. Sutherland, Secretary of the Commission on Rural Living of the General Conference, spoke to the students of Union College during chapel hour December 4. Dr. Sutherland's father was the first business manager of Union College, and Dr. Sutherland was once a member of the Union College faculty, but never served because he accepted a call to another field before he entered upon his teaching duties.

Dr. Sutherland spoke on Rural Living. "There is no way by which we can dodge the responsibility of working for the Lord," said Dr. Sutherland. "We are living in the time when God wants every Seventh-day Adventist church member not to be simply a Seventh-day Adventist, but to be a seven-day Adventist every day of the week," he continued. To emphasize our responsibility as workers for God, he used the "talent" parable from Matthew 25. Whether we have one talent or ten, God expects every talent to be employed in His work. As in the days of Israel when every one was doing his part the work went forward, so it is with spiritual Israel in these last days.

About fifty self-supporting institutions of North America plan to organize. This will then be a connecting link between the laity and the organized work of the church. "Together we can finish this work," said Dr. Sutherland. There is a special work for Seventh-day Adventists in these last days. "We are the people who know just what the enemy is try-

ing to do. We are to inform the people what the events taking place actually mean."

Dr. Sutherland stressed the importance of our choosing to get that training which will help us do our work most effectively and learn to care for our needs in a practical manner.

## Woods Speaks at Methodist Church

"Religion should not be given the residue of time, money or intellect but should come first," declared Dr. Robert W. Woods, president of Union College, in his address to an audience of about 850 at the Sunday night's singfest at St. Paul Methodist church on December 15.

Basing his meditation on the text from Isaiah which tells of a carpenter who took oak, cypress, and cedar to build his fire and used the residue to make a graven image of a god whom he could worship, Dr. Woods pointed out how easy it is for us to do essentially the same thing today. Our cedar tree might be the manner in which we spend time. "We spend the best part of our time perhaps in self-seeking, self-satisfaction, business, social activities, closing our busy round of activities with a hasty formal prayer—the residue of time, the left over part."

Concluding his talk, Dr. Woods said that "All too often the residue of time, the remainder of material, the remnant of effort is too little and too late, a futile effort ending in man's haunting curse, the incomplete—incomplete only because it is carved from the residue."

## K. T. Holds Party

Kappa Theta held its annual Christmas party in the North Hall worship room at 9:45 Sunday evening, December 15. Letha Surdam played the piano as the girls gathered and seated themselves on the floor. The program was opened with a scripture reading and prayer given by Ermalee Garner. Then each girl, instead of giving a gift to her friendship sister, walked by the Christmas tree and placed the money she would have spent on a gift under the tree. This money is to go to help relieve the famine situation in Europe. The remainder of the program was as follows: a reading, "The Night after Christmas," by Margaret Reed; singing of Christmas carols by all the girls; a reading by Phyllis Smith; a song, "Santa Claus is Coming to Town," by Margaret Pederson, who was dressed as Santa Claus. As the final event of the evening, the girls caroled the various boys' residences and President Woods' house.

## Campaign Nears Climax

With only 10 more days left in the campaign both leaders are predicting victory for his respective sides. The four worthy Evens were aroused by the singing of their ghosts and are picking "Whitfield's Hash House" while the Odds are sleeping "the night before Christmas." The campaign closes New Year's Eve

with the traditional evenings celebration.

Members from both groups are eagerly awaiting the surprises in store for those of the exclusive \$20 Club and still more are already making plans for the \$10 Club party. Individual prizes remain to be won as some are eagerly anticipating \$50 in subs.

## Strahle Pictures European Famine

Elder J. J. Strahle of Washington D.C., director of Seventh-day Adventist European Relief, spoke to the students of Union College during worship period in the auditorium Tuesday, December 17. Elder Strahle is visiting Adventist churches and schools to make a special appeal in behalf of the church to raise another \$500,000 for famine relief in Europe.

Back from five months in Europe, Elder Strahle has announced that he was able to set up an organization for getting food and clothing into Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia and many other needy countries. "We have sent a total of 500 tons of clothing and more than \$600,000 worth of food to nearly every country in Europe," said Elder Strahle. He states, however, that word has been received from leaders in these countries that "to prevent misery and provide for the necessities we will need help from December to April."

Speaking of conditions among children, Elder Strahle reports, "I haven't seen one healthy looking child. In Germany alone 27,000,000 children are undernourished, 23,000,000 are homeless, and 32,000,000 need medical attention. In several cities of Germany I saw how the starving went out to eat weeds and gather grass, for they did not have food to eat," said Elder Strahle.

"On my last visit to Hamburg a representative of the public health department took me out to see the homes of the people. They had gathered various things from the garbage dumps and were trying to fry their food with candle wax and varnish. It is a ghastly picture," Elder Strahle continued.

"There were so many restrictions and barriers," Elder Strahle stated "that it seemed almost impossible for us to get relief to our people in the Russian occupied German territory. But through the kind cooperation of the Lutheran church who had permits from authorities to transport food into the occupied territory, we were able to get relief to our people," Elder Strahle concluded.

Roger Neidigh, instructor in physics, was awarded his pilot's license on December 13

## KAPPA THETA, GUESTS OF MEN AT BANQUET

With candlelight softening the harmonizing hues of the crepe streamers, a Christmas atmosphere was created for the women of Kappa Theta as they were feted by the men's club, Sigma Iota Kappa, at their annual banquet in the auditorium on Monday evening.

Blue and white crepe ribbons formed the false ceiling and draped to form the walls which were flanked by miniature evergreens.

Arriving at the doors, the guests were met by ushers who took their wraps and conducted them to their tables. Appropriate music was played by Professor C. C. Engel and his string ensemble.

A quartet composed of Robert McManaman, Paul Penno, Merritt Schumann, and Paul Shakespeare sang two numbers, "Somewhere a Voice is Calling," and "Alexander." Following a solo, "White Christmas," by Alvin Brashear, a violin solo was played by Jeanette Hause.

Byron Blecha, president of Sigma Iota Kappa, gave the welcoming speech and Essie Lee Davidson, president of Kappa Theta, gave the response for the women. Professor R. W. Fowler was the after-dinner speaker, and a film concluded the program.

Assisting President Blecha in arranging the program were the other officers of the club: Ulric Martin, vice-president; Morten Juberg, secretary-treasurer; and Bill Putnam and Joe Hunt, assistant secretary-treasurers.

Heading the general arrangements committee was Peter Kostenko, who had as his assistants: Donald Timothy, Floyd Eccles, Wilmer Unterseher, and Hartley Berlin.

William Rankin, chairman of decorations committee, was aided by Alvin Brashear, Lloyd Cleveland, Harold Vasenius, Russell Shawver, and Gerald Harvey. The food committee was composed of Floyd Scott, chairman, Everard Hicks, and Vincent Agnetta.

## S.W.U. Conference Head Speaks

Elder J. W. Turner, president of the Southwestern union, spoke in chapel Monday, December 9. "Be kind to others, to the college, to the faculty," Elder Turner suggested, "because it will help to make you happy. You will have to live with yourself for the rest of yourself o' fyour life," he continued, "and you can never get away from yourself."

Elder Turner stressed the fact that students could be a power in the hand of God. He concluded by quoting from the Spirit of Prophecy, "Education, unless balanced by religious principles, will be a power for evil."

"The Fire Bringer" was the title of the address given by Professor W. H. Beaven when he spoke at the Youth Rally for Iowa, held at Hoyt Sherman Place in Des Moines on December 14.

## Sixty-six Seniors In Ceremony

"You belong to a select few—you have acquired the tools of learning," said President Robert W. Woods, recognizing the Union College senior class of 1947.

At this annual convocation, held before the faculty members, students, and friends, in the College View Seventh-day Adventist Church, Monday morning at 9:35, Dr. E. B. Ogden, dean of the college, observed that this was the largest senior class since 1922. Dr. Ogden presented the class one by one and President Woods recognized them on behalf of the college.

Richard Daarud, on behalf of the student body, expressed appreciation for the inspiration of the accomplishments of the senior president, expressed the thanks of the class to faculty parents, and friends for the success thus far achieved.

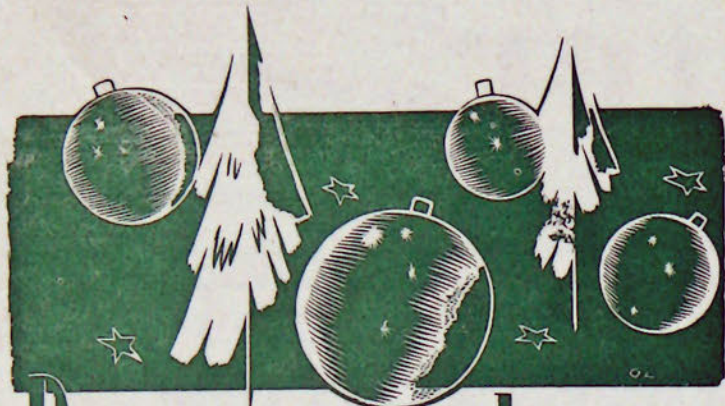


## HENCEFORTH...

December 18-30	Christmas Recess	Wed., 12:15 p.m. — Mon., 6:30 p.m.
January 4	Saturday Night	Movies
January 10	Chapel	Public Procedure Class
January 11	Saturday Night	Amateur Hour
January 13	Chapel Time	Clubs

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# December

## Christmas Greetings

"Peace on earth and good will to men" was the message of angels when they announced the birth of Him who made possible the good news of salvation—the Gospel. At this Christmas season of 1946, the world is nominally at peace. Unfortunately this peace is little more than an armed truce because of the lack of good will toward men in the hearts of the millions who have been taught hatred toward other nations, other races, or other religions. The words of the angels spoke of cheer, comfort, joy, and trust. But today there are multitudes of children who look old, though still young, and who have never known the reality of experience depicted in those words. As Christians we now have an opportunity to be Christlike, to share our plenty with our needy brethren, to pray for the fatherless, the widows and those who mourn. May this Christmas season be a time of joy for each student of Union College—yes, a time of joy, of cheer, of comfort, and of trust, but also a time of worship, of service, of soul-searching, and of spiritual satisfaction. The two experiences are not incompatible, but rather find the fullest realization together. There is no joy to exceed that found in the service for others; no trust more deep than that a man may exercise in worship; no cheer to compare with that of a soul at peace with its God; and no comfort like spiritual confidence. May God help us all, students and teachers, and parents to grow in grace, in righteousness and in the ability to serve our Lord and Master. Christmas is a time to remember the birth of our Saviour and our Example in all things, and as we remember to consecrate and rededicate our lives to His service. May God bless us all.  
President Robert W. Woods

Very soon vacation will be here. Many are counting the hours until they can go home to father and mother and loved ones. May I wish you all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

At the Christmas Season we are reminded in a very special way of the Angel's message at the birth of our Saviour: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Our merciful Father has seen fit to give us a degree of peace on earth and an abundance of material blessings in this land of liberty when so much of the world is in want and suffering. Let us be especially grateful to God for His blessings to us and be ever ready to share with others. May we be quick to use every opportunity to tell others of God's love and saving grace. Let us do our part faithfully in the finishing of His work on earth.  
Dean E. B. Ogden

# Clock Tower

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## Is There A Santa?

This letter from Virginia arrived on the *New York Times* Editor's desk some 30 years ago. Each year at Christmas it is reprinted by popular request on the front page of that newspaper.

Dear Editor: I am a little girl eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Please tell me the truth.  
Virginia

Dear little Virginia,

Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Vir-dren are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect of intellect, as compared with the boundless worlds about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth.



Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary this world would be if there were no Santa Claus.

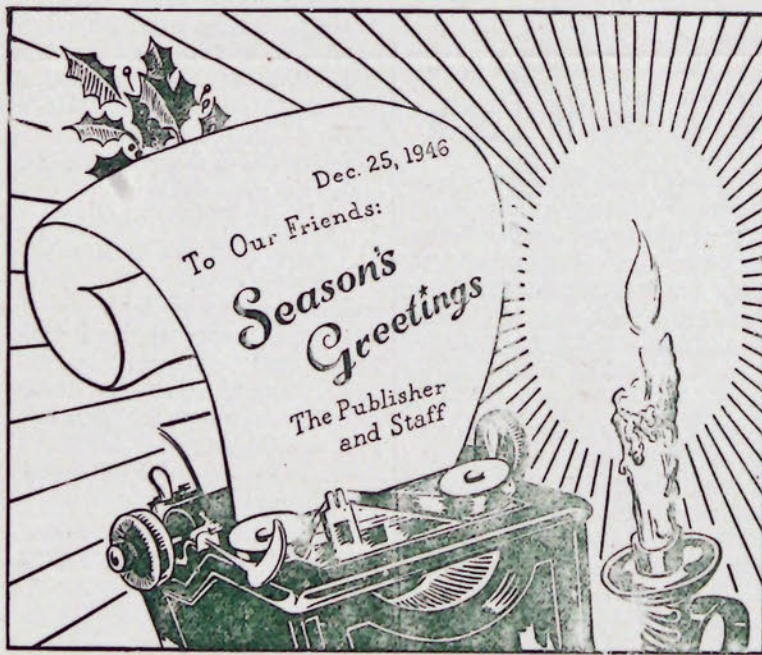
It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We would have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not to believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in anything. You might get your papa to hire men to watch the heavens day and night, but if they did not see him, would that prove there is no Santa Claus? Nobody ever sees Santa Claus, personally, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children or men can see.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love can push aside that curtain and view the supernal beauty beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all the world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus? Thank God, he lives forever! A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten thousands years from now, he will continue to make glad the hearts of all childhood.

The Editor



## School of Nursing

By CAROL HEFT

On December 5, 1946, the Union College School of Nursing held its first capping exercise.

At seven-thirty, in the evening, the sophomore class, seventeen in number, took their places in front of the speakers stand while Miss Norma Jean Johnson played a piano selection.

Miss Eleanor Baer then favored the group with a vibra-harp solo. Dr. E. B. Ogden, Academic Dean of the Collegiate School of Nursing, offered the invocation.

Dr. A. L. Moon, medical director of the Porter sanitarium, welcomed the class to the sanitarium where they will receive part of their clinical training; Dr. R. T. Smith, medical director of the Boulder sanitarium, commended them for what they had already accomplished there and welcomed them to the new and greater field of experience that lay before each one of them.

The class sextet composed of: Pat La Rochelle, Eva Dickerson, Arva Quance, Kathryn Steven-

son, Donna Martin, and Arlene Nelson sang "My Task," after which Miss Hanson, director of nurses' of the Boulder sanitarium, gave a short talk to "our new co-workers" and the class arose to receive their caps from their "big sisters," the junior class.

After the juniors had resumed their seats, the sophomores marched forward to receive light for their candles from the old Nightingale lamp that is the symbol of sacrifice and service.

Mrs. Rueben Johnson, as Florence Nightingale, received the Nightingale pledge from the class before they knelt with Elder F. R. Isaac for the prayer of consecration.

Those receiving caps were: Betty Bernhardt, Hattie Briggs, Eva Dickerson, Kathryn Stevenson, Arlene Nelson, Ruth Naust-dahl, Jessie Cowan, Velma Lorenz, Mary Owen, Arva Quance, Alice Ganz, Ruth Hansen, Lois Fisher, Patricia La Rochelle, Betty Holbrook, Erma Sack, and Donna Martin.



# January

## So Say The Deans...

1947! How new it looks! How strange! But it is here—a new untried year—what are we going to do with it? It brings us a very personal challenge. Is it to be a better year than 1946? Facing it squarely, do we definitely purpose to turn over new leaves in our book of living?

And it is the time for "turning over a new leaf." The thought of the clean, fresh pages of another year so soon to be written upon cannot but inspire us to better living. Shall we not at the beginning of this new year look forward? The mistakes, the failures, the sins of the past should be confessed and forgotten. With Paul, we should forget "the things that are behind, and press forward."

What shall we write on these clean, white pages? How shall we begin? First, let us decide to live consistent Christian lives, and, while we are ever to be courteous, gentle, patient, and kind, yet let us remember that firmness of character and moral backbone are essential characteristics in making a successful life. "Those who would win success," we are told, "must be courageous and hopeful. While they are to give the soft answer that turns away wrath, they must possess the courage of a hero to resist evil. With the charity that endures all things, they need the force of character that will make their influence a positive power."

May the new year bring happiness and peace of mind to each member of Union's family, as, by word and deed, —

We do the duty that lies plainly before us, not shirking nor deferring it.

We show a fuller appreciation for the good that comes our way.

We excuse the faults of others even as we expect others to excuse ours.

We do nothing that will bring pain or privation to others, but rather lend a helping hand to those who are less fortunate.

We keep smiling and serene even when the shadows cross our pathway.

We follow the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene, that we may be endowed with the sturdy courage to walk where He directs whether the path be strewn with thorns or flowers.

"Grant us another new Year Book, dear Master —

Last year's one is blotted and soiled;  
Page after page begun right in the morning,  
Before night it was wretchedly spoiled.

When the New Year's bells call me to duty, I resolve  
Every line shall be made by Thy aid;  
Whether sadness or joy be recorded upon it,  
No blot shall be willfully made."

Pearl L. Rees

How many times the New Year's Season has come along with its surge of new resolutions which are so enthusiastically made. All too soon though many of these resolutions cease to function and we lapse back into the old ways.

This experience recurs with such regularity that one soon comes to the point where he feels it's of no use to resolve, and this is just as the devil would have it for he doesn't want us to "purpose in our hearts."

But let us realize that every good resolution is a supporting bit of thinking to a program desirable for any to follow.

Why is it though that we are so prone to forget these resolutions so soon? Would we be willing to admit, it is because of a short memory? We hear of some people who are short in physical stature, some are short on ability, many are short-sighted and a few are short tempered, but all of us have oh, so short memories.

Memory functions as we take a real active interest in the thing to be remembered. If we are faithful in keeping the morning watch and let nothing keep us from meeting our appointment with our Maker morning after morning, we are bound to remember. Thus the resolution becomes a truly activating force in our experience and serves a good purpose.

But let the cares of life take so much time that we just can't work in those three chapters of Bible reading each day and soon evidence is apparent of a short memory. Once that resolution is neglected it is so easy to put it off another time. And thus it has gone the way of so many other good resolves.

Yes, resolutions are worthwhile even so, but let us understand that real purpose and effort must be put into them to make them accomplish the desired ends.

Resolve in your mind, purpose in your heart, set yourself, press forward and greetings to all, is the parting word from South Hall this Holiday Season.

M. S. Culver



## Little Gottlieb

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Across the German Ocean,  
In a country far from our own,  
Once a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,  
Lived with his mother alone.

He was not large enough to work,  
And his mother could do no more  
(Though she scarcely laid her knitting down)  
Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes,  
And turn, and patch, and darn;  
For never any woman yet  
Grew rich by knitting yarn.

One night she sat and knitted,  
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,  
When a happy fancy all at once  
Upon his vision beamed.

'Twas only a week till Christmas  
And Gottlieb knew that then  
The Christ Child, who was born that day,  
Sent down good gifts to men.

Next day when the postman's letters  
Came from all over the land,  
Came one for the Christ-Child, written  
In a child's poor trembling hand.

You may think the postman was troubled  
What in the world to do;  
So he went to the Burgomaster,  
As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,  
They stood almost dismayed  
That such a little child should dare  
To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered  
And scarce knew what to speak,  
And hastily he brushed aside  
A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spake right gruffly,  
And turned himself about:  
"This must be a very foolish boy,  
And a small one, too, no doubt."

Now when the morn of Christmas came  
And the long, long week was done,  
Poor Gottlieb, who could scarcely sleep,  
Rose up before the sun,

And hastened to his mother,  
But he scarce might speak for fear,  
When he saw her wondering look, and saw  
The Burgomaster near.

Amazed the poor child looked, to find  
The hearth was piled with wood,  
And the table, never full before,  
Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the truth  
The Burgomaster said,  
While the mother blessed him on her knees,  
And Gottlieb shook for dread:

"Nay, give no thanks, my worthy dame,  
To such as me for aid,  
Be grateful to your little son,  
And the Lord to whom he prayed!"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,  
"Your written prayer, you see,  
Came not to whom it was addressed,  
It only came to me!"

"'Twas but a foolish thing you did,  
As you understand;  
For though the gifts are yours, you know,  
You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,  
Where he humbly stood apart,  
"But the Christ-Child sent them all the same,  
He put the thought in your heart!"

—Phoebe Cary

## Upon The Midnight

By DOREEN CADWALLADER

The night was clear and still and from the cathedral tower the bells rang out their melodious message of cheer and good will to all who would pause to listen. It was a time for beauty and harmony, and as if at a signal from above, the star-studded sky poured down upon the scarred and weary city a shower of feathery snowflakes. Falling fast in silent merriment these symbols of purity from above soon covered the barren ugliness of man-made street and buildings with a glistening blanket of purest white.

Oblivious of the new beauty around her, Sheila Paige walked through the falling snow with bowed head. Her head was bowed not so much as protection against the flying snow, as it was an unconscious reflection of the heaviness of her heart this Christmas season. Christmas was not meant to be spent alone. It was a time of good will to all. Yet in this great city there was not one who would have good wishes to offer her in return for her good will.

As Sheila rounded a corner a breath-taking sight left her motionless on the sidewalk. Now for the first time she heard the beautiful melody the silver throated bells were peeling forth from their airy loft. The moon broke through the black clouds for a precious moment and a shaft of silvered light rested on the top of the tower. Myriads of snowflakes caught on the stone lacework of the cathedral tower sparkled and glistened in the moonlight till the tower was aglow with light and music. Held spellbound by the exquisite beauty she had come upon so suddenly, and by the reassurance she needed so badly, Sheila stood, unmindful of passers-by, gazing at the glorious sight. Then, the racing moon was again veiled by clouds and the spire became an earthly thing once more. Sheila was about ready to go on her way again when a small hand reached up and touched her sleeve.

"Oh, wasn't that beautiful! Isn't God a wonderful artist?"

At her side Sheila saw a young child of perhaps eight or nine still gazing up into the sky. It was not easy to tell what she looked like in the dim night light, but her voice was sweet and melodic with a maturity of expression which belied her age. Turning to face Sheila she asked, "Were you going to the Christmas service in the cathedral? The noel choir is going to sing you know, and it is truly lovely."

The child tugged at Sheila's hand and started to cross the street, apparently not dreaming that there was any place else in the world Sheila would be going on this night.

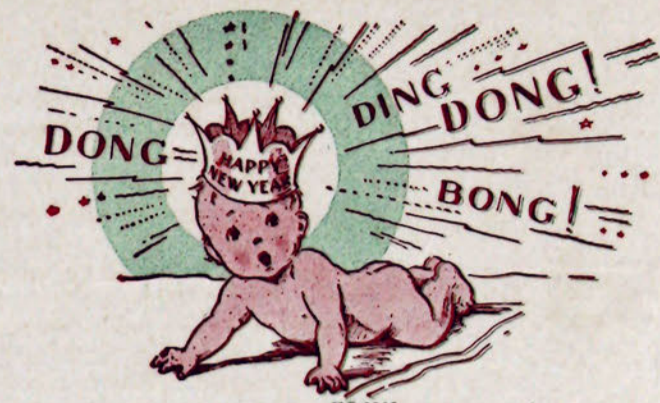
"You know," this earnest young child said, "Lonnie always told me that music would heal a broken spirit and bring peace to a weary heart."

Sheila, wondering if this child knew sorrow, had her doubts about music bringing peace and healing to her heart and spirit; but in spite of herself she felt attracted to this little girl who seemed so anxious to enter the church and listen to the noel choir.

Sheila had passed the cathedral many times on her way to and from work, but she had never felt that the answer to her loneliness and longing would be found within its massive doors. But tonight, well she had nothing to do, nowhere to go. Yes, she had always wondered just what the interior of this imposing cathedral would be like and certainly here was a good opportunity to find out. Too, this small philosophizer intrigued her, and she wondered just who she might be, and how it happened that she was down in the heart of the city so late at night all by herself.

The two figures, small against the massive building, mounted the wide, low steps, their footfalls muffled by the carpet of newly fallen snow. Pausing beneath the arched entrance Sheila turned to her unsolicited companion and said,

(Continued on page 4)



## Coming Accomplishments

By MELVIN LOHMAN

What is friendship anyway? The question came to me with a shock as something quite new. I had never stopped to reflect upon the abstract quality of friendship. I thought of the friends I was making at Union and of the great number of who were preparing for service.

Tom Nickum of Iowa, major in religion, likes Union very much. Then there is Virginia Carter of St. Louis wanting to be an office nurse. A future academy teacher is Patricia Martin from Colorado and Del Parkins of Glendale, California is one of the members of the school of nursing. There is William West of Douglas, Wyoming, a major in physics and Byron Glantz of Culbertson, Nebraska, a pre-dental student. Byron says, "We should take advantage of the opportunities offered here at Union."

Bonnie Lou Ruddle, Wichita, Kansas, wants to be a medical missionary and says she likes Union better every day. Another Wichitan is Mary Louise Loveless who plans to be a laboratory technician. Venessa Bovey of Colorado wants to be a Bible instructor or colporteur field worker. Bill Nelson, North Platte, Nebraska, education and religion major, says, "Union is a good place for me to be—whether I like it or not."

DeWayne Lamb, Gobler, Michigan, is a business and education major while Evadeane Phillippi, Kansas City, Missouri, is one of the busy music students. Faye Hendrick, Livermore Falls, Maine, majors in history and English. Some of our future teachers are Joyce Long, Tekamah, Nebraska, Opal Winterfeld, Toledo, Ohio, Laura Anderson, Des Moines, Iowa and Lillie Schumann, Grand Valley, Colorado.

Rill Peterson, Albert Lea, Minnesota, wants to be a Bible worker. Lawrence Carmichael of Lincoln says, "I thought the army released me, but the trailers say no." Phil Roland, Bayport, Minnesota, wants to be a dean of men and is very interested in sports. Genevieve Dickerson, Fort Scott, Kansas, major in religion, wants to be a Bible instructor, and from Hutchinson, Minnesota, comes Max Torkelsen, religion major, who says "Union beats the army 100%."

Arlea Lippincott, pre-nursing student from Longmont, Colorado likes Union very much while Eleanore Engeberg, Kenmare, North Dakota, aspires to be a good bookkeeper. Two nurses to be are Carol Thomson, Brunk, Colorado, and Wilma Hartshorn of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Carol says, "I love Union and I hate to think I won't be here next year." Stanley Holmes, Castana, Iowa, agrees that Union is a fine place, but "Oh, that outside reading." Another teacher-to-be is Grace Walker of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

## Ode to Christmas

Long years have past since we have known  
The joys of Christmas spent at home.  
But even now the day draws near  
When dreams shall be - - - reality.  
From shores afar we're coming home  
And though we bring both joy and sorrow - - -  
Some weak, some torn, some weary,  
We're coming home to spend the Christmas of tomorrow  
With our own again.

The miles of desert blotched and burned,  
The wooded hills, the rolling plains,  
The oceans deep and rough and wide,  
The rocky crags, the mountains high - - -  
With guns and tanks and ships and planes  
Where men fought and suffered, prayed and died;  
But had uppermost one thought in mind - - -  
To be at home again.

The victory we now have claimed;  
Peace, too, must come 'ere long.  
The guns are still and sound no more;  
The tanks no longer roar  
And ships and planes but shuttle to and fro with human cargo  
Where once great loads of death they bore.

From India we hail; from Kiska, Trinidad, and Rome.  
From Saint Lo and Singapore;  
From Lae, Marseille, and None.  
We come from Sicily and Mindanao,  
Saipan and all those Isles;  
From Iwo Jima and Leyte - - -  
Those "hells on earth" we plied.  
Still others come from Myitkyina  
Or Tokyo's inner bounds;  
Some even from Berlin and all its rubble mounds.

In cities, towns, and villages and even on the farm:  
Among the hills and on the plains,  
Wait those for whom we yearn.  
Thus it is with anxious hearts  
We wend our many ways - - - all homeward bound  
To spend this Christmas with our own again.

Chester D. Wallen



# Happy NEW YEAR 1947

## Upon The Midnight

(Continued from page 3)

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"Since you and I are going to attend this service together don't you think it would be well if we introduced ourselves? My name is Sheila Paige. What is yours?"

How do you do Miss Paige. Sheila is a lovely name. Mine is Jeanine. Jeanine Milford. Lonnie always called me "Neen" and you may too, if you wish."

Solemnly the two shook hands and went into the warmth and friendliness of the great church. Taking Sheila's hand, Jeanine whispered that she would lead the way to a pew from which it would be possible to see the choir. Once seated in the high carved pew Sheila noticed that the inside of the cathedral was quite as beautiful and majestic as the outside. Yet there was something strangely soothing and restful about the candle lit room.

Strange, she hadn't realized how tired she was until she sat down. Resting, she closed her eyes and tried to push out of her mind all the unpleasant loneliness and sorrow of the past few months.

As from afar came the sound of many voices singing the beloved "Silent Night, Holy Night." The music ebbed and flowed about her strong and clear, then faded away to a mere whisper of beauty. Opening her eyes when the last echo had died away, Sheila saw before her, three choirs combined into one. In the center was an adult choir robed in blue and white, on one side was a young boy's choir, while on the other was a girl's, both robed in purest, flowing white. Listen! They were singing again. This time it was "O, Holy Night! the stars are brightly shining. It is the night of the Dear Saviour's birth." Closing her eyes again, the lonely girl allowed herself to become immersed in the heavenly music.

A rich voice broke the silence after the choir's song was ended, speaking age-old words of love and peace that first were spoken to weary shepherds tending their flocks by night on a wind-swept hillside. The words were good and true, and were beautifully spoken but did not include her in their message of "good will toward men."

Thinking of good will she turned to study more carefully her young stranger-friend. A careful glance told her that the clothes so neat and clean, were old, old; and had many times been patched, mended, and turned, and the shoes too large for her small feet had been designed for a boys busy play. Finally Sheila's eyes rested on Jeanine's face. Her face matched her voice, sweet yet possessing an air of wisdom far beyond her few years. The fair skin was set off by a halo of curly black hair, a bit unruly in spots though showing signs of careful brushing. Sensing perhaps, that she was being watched, Jeanine turned to smile at Sheila asking with her eyes if she were not enjoying the service. Her eyes were strikingly beautiful—a deep, deep blue fringed with the blackest of lashes that spoke volumes. It was as if God had left his signature in her eyes, saying to all who could

read, "This child have I formed with loving care. Be kind to her." Sheila decided that at last she had met someone to whom the word beautiful could truthfully apply.

Now the choir was singing old Christmas songs from many lands. Some were merry and bright, while others were slow and moving, but all helped create a feeling of good will. With the rendition of the majestic "Hallelujah Chorus" the noel choir ended another Christmas. People began to move quietly out of the church each with a new vision of the meaning of Christmas. Sheila's heart had been warmed indeed, but the loneliness was still there.

Jeanine made no move to go so Sheila waited quietly till she should indicate her readiness to leave. Turning to study the small child again she saw tears streaming down her cheeks. Head held high she was fighting the tears with all her might. With a start Sheila realized how very thin Jeanine was. Moving over to her she took the child in her arms and rested the curly head on her shoulder. Great sobs shook her body through and through, each one tugging a little stronger at Sheila's heart. Here, she realized, is someone who is lonely too. This great sorrow, whatever it might be, no child so young should have to bear. Before long the sobs subsided and the slight body relaxed in Sheila's arms.

"Jeanine," Sheila gently called. "Don't you think your family will be wondering where you are?"

"Miss Paige, you see I have no family. I live all by myself since Lonnie went to war, and he won't be coming back, ever." The deep blue eyes turned up to her showed acquaintance with grief and yet Sheila could imagine how beautiful they would be sparkling with joy.

"Tell me, dear, who was Lonnie?" Sheila quietly questioned the sorrowed child.

"Lonnie? Why Lonnie was the most wonderful person on earth, he was my brother you see. Mother and Daddy died when I was only tiny so Lonnie taught me to grow. I had such fun growing up with him to help. You see we made a game of everything so when things went wrong it was almost easy to make it right with a smile."

Glancing up Sheila saw the caretaker snuffing out the many candles preparatory to closing the cathedral for the night. They must leave right away or they might have to spend the night in the huge church. Taking Jeanine's hand it was Sheila who now led the way. This time back out into the clear winter night. Now the snow bore the prints of many feet all headed home.

"Jeanine, where do you live? I'm going to see you home. It's very late and you really should be in bed."

"Why I can get home alone, Miss Paige. But it does get so very lonely at night." Jeanine hung tightly to Sheila's hand contradicting the independence and assurance in her young voice.

"Yes, I'm quite sure you could make it alone," Sheila smiled down at the curly black head held so high, "But I would consider it a privilege if you would allow me to escort you home."

Catching the mood, Jeanine bowed daintly from the waist saying,

"Why I'd be delighted Miss Paige."

They walked in silence for a few minutes, the older girl and the younger girl, enjoying the crispness of the air and the crunch of the snow underfoot. Jeanine broke the silence.

"You see Lonnie used to sing in the noel choir before he went away. He sang some of the solo parts and the choir director told me he was losing one of his best men when the army called him. Lonnie and I had big plans for this Christmas, for Lonnie would be back in the choir and I was going to join the girl's choir for the first time. But things are different now. Lonnie said if I came to a problem I didn't know how to solve, to meet it with a song and I would be stronger because of it."

Sheila's heart was touched by the grown-upness of this child's thinking. Then she fell to wondering about the boy Lonnie. He truly must have been wonderful, as Jeanine so staunchly vouched, to have instilled in the young mind of his baby sister a part of his own life's philosophy. Life could not have been easy for him either, losing his parents and being left with a little sister to teach and train; to be a mother, father, and brother rolled into one. The child was to all the world, a living testimony that Lonnie had done his job well.

Lost in her reveries Sheila had failed to notice where their steps were leading them. Glancing about her now she noticed that the neighborhood was a poor one, bordering on the slums. Jeanine was leading her into one of the oft-duplicated buildings and down a flight of stairs to the basement. Coming to door 21 Jeanine took a key hung around her neck with a heavy ribbon and opened the door. Standing aside, she allowed Sheila to enter first. The room was neat though sparsely furnished, and inside there was the delightful odor of fresh pine needles. Looking farther into the room Sheila saw a small Christmas tree on a table in front of the window. Gaily colored paper chains, stars, and bells hung gracefully from the branches. In front of the tree on the table, stood a large picture of a handsome young man in the uniform of an army air force officer. Sheila noticed that he had the same dark, curly hair and expressive eyes that were so striking in Jeanine. It was not hard to tell that they were brother and sister.

"You had better get ready for bed Neen." Glancing at her watch Sheila exclaimed, "Why do you know it's nearly eleven o'clock?"

Coming to stand in front of Sheila, Jeanine looked up at her and said,

"Miss Paige, this is where Lonnie and I have always lived and I don't want to move. The landlady is trying to move me out, but I pay my rent every month with the check I get from the government."

With the explanation Jeanine scampered over to the closet and began preparing for bed. Sheila sat in a rocker near the bed humming softly some of the carols they had heard that evening. Jeanine hummed with her but soon, losing herself in the joy of the music, she was standing still before the window, hands clasped before her singing, "It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old." Sheila was astonished at the true bell-like tones of the child's voice. Why she was truly gifted. Did no one know of this gift? She wondered if she had ever had any training.

When Jeanine had finished her song, she kissed Lonnie's picture and came and stood at Sheila's knee.

"My child, where did you learn to sing like that?"

"Lonnie taught me. He would sing me to sleep at night, and sing me awake in the morning, then we would sing together all through the day."

"Have you ever had any lessons?" Sheila couldn't believe that a young lad could have taught her so well.

"No, Miss Paige. You see that was another of our "after" plans. We were both going to the best teacher we could find and learn to sing really well. Lonnie was saving up money but I don't know where it is or how to get it."

"Someday dear," Sheila assured her, "I'm sure you will be able to have all the lessons you want, and you know who your number one booster will be then?"

"You, Miss Paige?" Jeanine's big eyes questioned her.

"Yes, Neen, you can count on seeing me right on the very front row when you make your singing debut."

Laughing happily together Sheila led the girl over to her bed. Kneeling down with Jeanine, Sheila, listened to her musical voice as she spoke to her Heavenly Father. It was easy to tell that Jeanine and the Father were intimately acquainted. When she heard the child ask for special blessings and peace to be given her, her heart was stirred as it had not been for many months. Silently she joined Jeanine in prayer thanking the Father for lives as good as Lonnie's, and asking a special blessing on Jeanine's golden voice.

"Now little one, into bed you go. And tonight you must dream of Santa Claus and his reindeer—maybe he will let you ride atop Dancer or Prancer." Sheila was busy tucking the little maid into her bed and she couldn't help but wonder how long it had been since this had been done for her.

"Oh what lovely dreams those would be. I think I'll ask if I may ride on Blixen. I think he

must be about the fastest of them all."

With a sigh Jeanine snuggled down into her bed and closed here sleepy eyes. It was late for a little girl to be up. Then quick as a flash she sat bolt upright in bed, dismay etched on her face.

"Oh, Miss Paige I'm so sorry, I almost forgot to thank you for coming home with me and tucking me into bed. I've had a very happy evening and I'm very glad we met."

Sheila stood at the foot of the bed looking down into those expressive eyes.

"My child, I want to thank you for a wonderful experience. From the bottom of my heart I'm glad we met. I think your Father and mine, the one up in heaven, had a hand in it, for you have taught me something I hope I shall never forget. Now go to sleep and if I may I'll come back on Christmas day."

Gladly Jeanine went to sleep with the assurance that they would see each other again. Sheila sat in the rocker until she was sure the little girl was sleeping, then quietly she stole out and started homeward.

Now she was walking with quick, firm step, head held high. Exciting plans were racing through her mind vieing with one another for uppermost position. She could scarcely wait for the morning when she could start to carry out the plans. Passing a home still with lights on, she heard again, "It came upon the midnight clear." Yes, to her indeed, a new way of thinking had come upon the midnight. The midnight of her life had been turned to peaceful day by the voice of a young man speaking through a child. There was peace on earth and peace in Sheila's heart.

Early Christmas morning Jeanine went to her door in answer to an urgent knock. On her threshold stood a delivery boy, arms laden down with packages of all shapes and sizes. Puzzled she asked the boy if he had not made some mistake, but when he assured her that this was where he had been instructed to come she allowed him to come in and deposit the packages under the tree.

Hardly had she time to begin examining the pretty mysteries when there came another knock at her door. This time there was a special delivery letter for her. Opening the envelope with trembling fingers she drew out a check for a very goodly sum with the words "for voice lessons" written on it. Looking into the envelope again she found a sheet of paper and read:

"To dear little Neen,

With deepest thanks little girl, for teaching me that life was very much worth living, and that when you live for others it is ever so much more fun.

From one who is wishing you a very Merry Christmas.  
Sheila Paige."

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# Happy NEW YEAR 1947



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## Cornering The Clubs

by NOBEL CARLSON and J. G. SAWYER

### Aviation

The Aviation Club presented for its members a sound film on aerodynamics showing problems and theory of flight. The picture illustrated the use of controls in taking off, climbing, banking, diving and landing, with the forces concerning them. Wind tunnel tests demonstrated the relation of air velocity to the lift and drag on a plane.

### Pre-Med

On the evening of Dec. 14 the regular members of the club met to see two films on the life of Louis Pasteur. The first was on "Anthrax Sequence" showing how Pasteur inoculated the sheep of French peasants against anthrax and saved their lives. In the film "Hydrophobia Sequence" Pasteur saved the life of a boy from rabies even against the permission of authorities. As a result he was permitted to treat Russian peasants and saved their lives. "Story of Dr. Jenner" was another film shown at the regular club meeting on Dec. 18, telling the story of the development of immunology against smallpox by Dr. Jenner's observation of the milder cow-pox. Plans were also for future activities and the activities and the collection of club dues.

### Nurses'

Jane Sorenson, president, called the regular club meeting to order on December 18. The Christmas theme was further carried out. In the background, candlelight revealed the madonna and child while the reading, "Christmas Morning," was given by Shirley Zollinger. The wise men paid tribute with their carols—"We Three Kings of Orient Are," "Oh Holy Night," and "Silent Night."

### Business

"Stock Exchange" and "The Boss didn't say Good Morning," were the titles of two motion pictures which were seen by the Business Club members Wednesday, December 18.

### Home Economics

A Christmas tea was given for the members last Dec. 18, serving punch and sandwiches. Under the Christmas tree were presents for all. Blossom Church gave Moore's "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and Doreen Cadwallader told about Christmas in Africa. After a girl's trio Margaret Reed told about the "Night After Christmas."

### Teachers of Tomorrow

Officers for the club have been elected with Russell Shawver as president and Marilyn Jahnke as vice-president. Other officers are: sec.-treas.—Mavis Emerson, librarian and historian—Ethelyn Orr, parliamentarian—Paul Joice, publicity sec.—Joe Hunt.

Ethelyn Orr gave a report on the book, *Her Star*, on the teacher's reading course list, to start the program last Wednesday, Dec. 18. "Excuse" was the name of the reading given by Helen Schwartzkopf. The soloist for the program was Tommy Thompson. Lillian Schumann gave the reading, "A Christmas Wish." To close the meeting the club sang a medley of Christmas carols.

### Speech

The Speech Club officers elected are as follows: President, Bob Hamilton; Vice-President, Josephine Griffin; Secretary, Shirley Burton; Treasurer, Gordon Lundburg; Publicity Secretary, Lawrence Bogdanovich; and Parliamentarian, Sydney Beaumont.

Wednesday, December 18, impromptu speeches were given by club members. Speakers were chosen by placing all club members names in a box and drawing one name, at the same time drawing a subject from another box.

### If It Can't Be Done, Ask the Academy

The general secretary of the College View church Sabbath school decided that it was too much to expect. Of course the students knew that it *could* be done. What? Raise the \$250 goal for investment in two or three week's time.

Yes, the last dollar of the two hundred and fifty was pledged in chapel Monday morning. Again the seemingly impossible has been done by the academy. The proceeds from the picture shown Thursday night and from other funds previously turned in netted \$92. One hundred fifty eight dollars was pledged at chapel.

Mr. Rhoads spoke on Courtesy on November 25 and 27. An act of true courtesy is something that nothing can make you do except kindness. If there is a reason for doing a kind deed, it is not courtesy. Courtesy has no motive. The time one spends in being kind comes back to him in golden gladness.

Mrs. Boyd brought to the students the "Magic Number Nine" in her chapel talk on Wednesday, November 20. She proved that numbers are not always dull and boring, especially when the "Magic Nine" is used.

### Girls, Guests of Nurses' Club

The academy girls who plan to take nurses' training were the guests of the Nurses' Club at their meeting Wednesday, November 27. Mrs. Nelson, who is connected with the Clinical Division of Union College, at the Boulder Sanitarium, gave a short talk on what the nurses are doing at Boulder.

Those present were Elsie Reeder, June Nelson, Della Nelson, Harriet Pickel, Carol Malone, Edwina Facundus, Edith Williamson, Colleen Pritchard, Betty Niswonger, Geraldene Mayer, Donna Coyle, Beverly McCown, Arna Lois Christianson, Bonnie Syfert, Jean Niswonger, Darlene Rhodes, Merle Johnson, Mary Jensen.

Elder Welch, from the college Bible Department, spoke on choosing one's life work on Friday, November 29. He warned the students not to get in a fog and miss their landing. The earlier one chooses his field of work, the better off he is.

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## PREP PARTICULARS

### Progressive Party

March! March! March! No, it was not an army drilling, but a group of about fifty enthusiastic U.C.A.-ites "progressing." You see, an academy "progressive party" was in progress that Saturday night, November 30, and the young people and faculty members of each of the two groups were merely progressing to the next "station."

The "stations" visited were the homes of the Buckwalters, the Roys, the Beamans, and the Jensens. Night air evidently affects appetites in some way or another, for at the last home visited by each group refreshments of cake, ice cream, and cocoa or grape juice were served; and no one refused on the basis that he wasn't hungry. Imagine that!

### Classes Complete Elections

Officers for the sophomore and freshman classes have been announced. The sophomores did not complete their organization, but present the following officers: Allan Anderson, president; Donna Ellithorpe, vice-president; Charlene Bowen, secretary-treasurer.

The freshman officers are Gayle Rhoades, president; Jeanne Niswonger, vice-president; Patty Andrews, secretary-treasurer; Merle Johnson, assistant; Norris Lewis, sergeant-at-arms.

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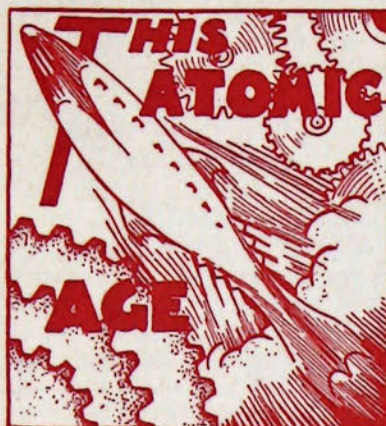
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### BEN SIMON & SONS

Our Forty-First Year



Our Christmas Carol  
Peace On Earth  
Good Will Toward Men



By Dr. E. M. Hause

More than nineteen hundred years ago angels appeared over the hills and valleys of Palestine proclaiming a new era in mankind's checkered history. The theme song they sang bore a message of peace to the world of that day and tidings of great joy to all people. A Messiah had been born who would build a new kingdom, a spiritual kingdom — the Kingdom of God.

#### A Troubled Palestine Today

Palestine now ranks as the world's number one trouble spot. Unfortunately it is a problem that few people can discuss dispassionately because of direct interests or prejudices. Well-organized and vociferous propaganda machines flood the world in behalf of, or in opposition to, unlimited migration of Jews to Palestine. Money is freely supplied by friends and opponents of the cause of Zionism. The President of the U.S. fired up the debate by declaring that, for the present, one hundred thousand refugee Jews should be admitted to Palestine. One authority flays the British for their violation of promises and treaties that allocated Palestine to the Jews. Another condemns Britain for having allowed any Jews to go. When an American speaks up condemning Britain for refusing the entrance of any more Jews he is hushed immediately by being reproved for the restrictive U.S. immigration laws.

#### Jew vs. Arab

Jews tell us that since Jews have begun to migrate to Palestine more Arabs live there than formerly because of the improvements in farming and industry made by the Jews and thus, they declare, they are not crowding the Arabs out. They also claim that Biblical tradition and history prove their right to the land and the British declarations justify their claims to ownership of Palestine. Pro-Jewish sympathizers argue that human decency demands that Jews be permitted to migrate to Palestine if they wish.

Arabs point out that the land is theirs by possession, that promising it to the Jews was illegal, that to dispossess them would be a lawless act. They claim that Jewry and Mohammedanism are not compatible religions when in close proximity of each other.

#### Outlook Quite Hopeless

At the present time there is no solution in sight for the Arab-Jewish hostility in Palestine. Quite certainly it is a much more aggravating question because of great power intervention for one reason or another, chiefest of which are the strategic oil reserves and transportation facilities near by.

British actions in forbidding further migration of Jews to the area are no doubt guided by her interest in Arabian oil, the Suez Canal, the importance of the area as a check on Soviet aspirations in the Dardanelles - Danubian regions and by a realization that it "is possible that the future history of the British Empire may in the end, depend more on its Arab policy now than on any other single factor."

#### We Miss You, Herb

Herbert Hill, senior ministerial student, has found it necessary to leave school for a short time because of poor health. His withdrawal is only temporary, however, as he definitely hopes to be back with us second semester. Mr. Hill has served as business manager of the CLOCK TOWER.

# CAMPUS COMINGS



# AND GOINGS

By GEORGE CARPENTER

Something for Unionite camera fans to keep in mind while enjoying the Christmas holidays is the photo club snapshot contest. Prizes will be offered for the three best pictures of the Yuletide season and will be judged by the students.

The winning picture will be published in the Clock Tower.

Drs. Everett Christensen and Eunice Mantz-Christensen, both alumni of Union College and now of Iowa City, Iowa, were week-end visitors at the home of L. W. Welch. They flew over in their plane Friday and returned to Iowa City, Sunday, p.m.

Oscar Wuerstlin, being very sub-conscious and true to his group, the Odds, was proudly displaying the "chip" on his shoulder in downtown Lincoln last week. That is until he learned why everyone was laughing at him!

Our illustrious *Golden Cords* editor, Francis Knittel, has also started his teaching career, as a student-teacher in academy freshman English. Following his first day as teacher, this conversation between two freshman girls was overheard:

First girl: "Don't you like Mr. Knittel for a teacher?"

Second girl: "Do I?! I think he's just gorgeous!"

What I like best about any class is the bell—even with "Mr. Knittel" teaching.

Speech classes and sales talks have presented quite an interesting item during the past few days. And to think you fellas missed buying Bonnie Grogan's diary!!

#### QUARTET VISITS SUNNYDALE

The Gospel Herald Quartet, including Edward Timothy, first tenor; Winston Dennis, second tenor; Donald Timothy, first bass; and Jay Lantry, second bass; accompanied Mr. Hare to Sunnysdale Academy, Missouri, on Thanksgiving Day where they furnished the evening entertainment for the academy students as well as for the teachers who were gathered there for State Teachers' Institute. The first part of the program consisted of sacred music by the Gospel Heralds after which Mr. Hare gave some very interesting demonstrations on glass blowing. The Gospel Heralds concluded the program with a group of secular numbers.

#### MOSE LECTURES ON SCULPTURE

Carl Mose, instructor of fine arts at the Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, lectured on sculpturing and demonstrated his skill in the Union College auditorium on December 7, at 8 p.m.

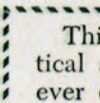
Carl Watts, a student, volunteered as a model for Mr. Mose who began his clay sculpturing by first building up the shoulders, then the neck and head. The next procedure was to locate and form the eyes, ears, and nose.

Mr. Mose prefers to use life models because he can learn their characteristics and he can put life into his work. He says that every living, intelligent face is interesting to the sculptor.

Mr. Mose has made memorials in many parks to beautify our cities. He says that young sculptors should discover their talent and be encouraged to improve their communities by their work of art.



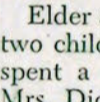
Donnis Krietzky has been visiting a few days in the North Hall hospital; but blew out the candle there and recovered in time to light the Wick at the boys' banquet. And Ellen Seito besides witnessing the first snowfall, is now enjoying full use of her legs as skating remains on her "black list."



This is not a paid political announcement! However one young man, possessor of a flashy two-tone brown '46 Chevrolet, has been complaining because he never has seen his name in print. He is Ronald Burt, ex-GI from Springfield, Missouri. And for a small fee we'll be glad to accommodate any others of you who feel a special burden to see your name appear in this column.



The church school students have the sure system for making A's. They've been "polishing the apple" with their student-teachers, Marilyn Jahnke and Helen Schwartzkopf. Marilyn gets a fruit shower while Helen gets bananas at noon hour!



Elder and Mrs. A. V. Dick and two children, Ardis and Audrey, spent a few days here visiting Mrs. Dick's sister, Lois McTaggart, and Dr. and Mrs. E. N. Dick.

They are sailing soon for China. Elder Dick is to be the director of the Shantung mission which is in the province of Shantung, China.

#### MASTER COMRADE CLUB ORGANIZED

Marion Travis has organized a new Master Comrade Club which will meet every Sabbath afternoon until April 12. The club sponsors classes that aim to prepare leaders for the Lord's work.

The secretary of the club is Blossom Church. The organization is working on the general conference plan of having a vice president for each group. The vice presidents are: Robert Johnson, Dewayne Lamb, Stuart Nelson, Hugh Coy, and Norman Roy. There were fifty present at the first meeting.

Genevieve Rosebaugh enjoyed a family reunion with relatives she had not seen for nearly seven years during our recent Thanksgiving recess. Mrs. Ora Rosebaugh of Barnes, Kansas was hostess to her niece during the vacation.



It seems that Donny Culver's tricycle became the object of the eyes of Lorraine Davis and Helen Schwartzkopf. At least the end of a most dramatic evening the girls upon retiring left same in the room in prominent view. The next day to their "deep remorse" it was returned to Donny.

A new literary figure has arisen on our campus. Yes, Henry Harm is writing a book on *Progressive Development of Skill in Big Game Hunting*. First, he bravely executed a mouse (with a trap), and then he borrowed Roy Mathew's violin and started to slowly torture his roommate to death.



Was Aaron Moon's face red; it seems that Mr. Moon, being in a particularly joyful mood, went singing quite loudly into the library one bright morning. Upon reaching the top of the stairs and meeting the startled glances of his audience, Mr. Moon suddenly became aware of his solo performance up the stairs. Nice baritone Aaron and you blush so beautifully!

Now we've seen it all: Bob Bell in a football game!

How does it feel to be passed forty yards, Bob? Personally I'd make them use the ball next time.

#### PING PONG UPSET

The men's singles pingpong tournament has come to a close with Joe Hunter being crowned the "king of the celluloid ball." Hunter, in the finals, defeated Malcolm Campbell by a wide margin. The surprise of the tournament came in the semi-finals when Campbell out-paddled Bill Zima, who was the champion last year. Campbell steadily returned all the drives and slams that Zima could send over the net, and beat him by a close margin in all three of their games. Wilmer Unterseher was defeated by Hunter in the semi-finals.

#### LAWSON COPS FIRST

With the playing of five games in three days, the Union college Touch-football League brought its regular season to a close December 8. The final game was a play-off game for the championship between Lawson's team and the Minnesota team, each of which neared the end of the season with a record of four wins, no losses, and one tie.

The play-off became necessary when it was found that the first game between the two leaders was in reality a 6-6 tie due to the fact that the referee had awarded Lawson's team a touchdown which was scored on a play not allowed by touch-football rules. Discovering the error in officiating, Lawson's team generously agreed to replay the disputed game. In this final game Lawson's team defeated Minnesota 21-6.

The game was marked by good blocking and well-executed long passes. The champions lineup included: Corky Lawson, Lawrence Bogdanovich, John Bogdanovich, Olaf Hove, Earl Wilson, Duane Higgins, Eddie Burnett, and Dick Warner. The Minnesota lineup had Russ Strom, Phil Roland, Gordon Lundburg, Jack Zima, Bill Zima, Ken Holland, Ned LaBard, Bud Gelford, and Theron Tomerason.

The champions finished the season with five wins and no defeats. Our hats go off to them.

Two of the early leaders in the race, Loewen's team and the



Academy team, slipped in their last few games and had to be content with third and fourth places. The other three squads, although playing brilliantly at times, lacked consistency and were never serious contenders.

Throughout the season the various teams have demonstrated a great deal of enthusiasm and high qualities of sportsmanship despite inadequate facilities and a poor playing field. The consensus seems to be that the opportunities for healthful out-of-door recreation provided by this sports program contributes so much to the physical well-being of all participating.

Results of games played during the week following Thanksgiving vacation are as follows:

Date	Team	Score
December 3	Academy	13
	De Haan	7
December 4	Normal	20
	Loewen	19
December 5	Lawson	46
	Normal	0
	Loewen	26
	Academy	13
	Minnesota	12
	De Haan	6
December 8	Lawson	28
	Minnesota	6

Team	won	lost	tied	%
Lawson	5	0	1	100
Minnesota	4	1	1	80
Academy	3	1	2	75
Loewen	3	3	0	50
De Haan	1	4	0	20
Normal	1	4	0	20

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