

Attend the
Student Music
Recital
Saturday Night

The CLOCK TOWER

The
Week of Sacrifice
Starts
Next Saturday

SACRIFICE IN GIVING URGED

S. A. Wellman, of the General Conference, Holds Sabbath School Council

EMPHASIZES NEEDS

Speaker Tells of Work in Northern European Division and Its Mission Fields

Declaring that the objective of the Sabbath school is first and always to help people "know Christ," Pastor S. A. Wellman, General Conference associate secretary of the Sabbath School department, spoke at the eleven o'clock church service on Sabbath as part of a convention held in College View over the week-end.

The speaker drew a comparison between the work of the word of God on the heart and the power certain chemicals possess to form different substances by mere contact, asserting that change of heart is brought about by personal daily study, which teaches habitual, daily contact with the Master.

Pastor Wellman said in part: "We cannot have and retain and hold without giving. If the knowledge one gains is selfishly retained it eventually dies; if passed on, it accomplishes much."

"As the result of a year's labor in the South Sea Islands, one worker led over two thousand souls to God. The British officer who had visited the island occasionally and under armed guard, was astonished because former safety measures were no longer necessary and exclaimed, 'A miracle has been performed.'

Devotion Gets Results

"A few months ago a boy in Haiti was sent from an Adventist school up into the interior to work among the devil worshippers. Upon arriving he found hundreds waiting to hear the word. One of the first things he did as a means of promoting Bible study in the whole community was to organize a Sabbath school. There were only ten or fifteen who could read, and these he stationed at certain places where, at six o'clock each morning, the people came from far and near to memorize the texts so that by Sabbath practically every one had a perfect record.

"According to statistics, Sabbath school donations in 1900 were fifty cents per member, or less than one cent a week. Compared with that the 1932 report showed nearly four dollars per member in the one year for the whole world field, including mission lands.

"An instance of the way some converts in Lucknow, India, learned to give is valuable. Believing that to be like Christ they must give as he had done, certain girls in the school there—girls with neither homes nor money—felt the urge to sacrifice. They insisted that only one meal a day be served them and that the saving be set aside for offerings. One of them asked that she might be permitted two extra hours of work each day in addition to her regular work and studies, that she might thus have a few pennies a week for missions.

Achievement Recorded

"For the past ten years this department has won between twenty and thirty thousand souls yearly. In 1900 the Sabbath school membership was fifty thousand and the church membership seventy-five thousand. In 1934 the Sabbath School membership exceeded that of the church by sixty thousand."

Though there was no regular vespers service Friday evening, Pastor Wellman showed slides on the Sabbath school work in the Northern European division. Afterwards there was a discussion of Sabbath school problems. Another session of the convention was held from two to four o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.—BACON.

BAND ENTERTAINS

Organization of Twenty-Seven Pieces Directed by Prof. Engel

The first band concert of the year, comprised of solos and varied group numbers, was presented by the Union college band, assisted by the college male quartet and by Frances Spoden, soprano, in the chapel on the evening of November 24. The band, consisting of twenty-seven pieces, has been organized by Prof. C. C. Engel.

Variety was given to the program by two cornet solos by Orason Brinker, "Love Came Calling," by Zamecnik, and "The Maid of the Mist," by Clarke.

The college male quartet sang "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise," by Seitz, and "Honey, I Wants Yer Now," by Collin Coe.

"Capriccio," by Clappe, was played as a clarinet solo by Valeta Anderson. Frances Spoden sang "Love's a Merchant," by Mollie Carew.

The band played seven numbers, "The Spirit of Horace Mann March," "Catonian Overture," "Howard Cadets March," "Vespers," "Los Angeles March," "Scouts of America," and "Our Director March."

COLLEGE CLASSES PRESENT PROGRAM

Thanksgiving Entertainment in Form of Progressive Party Beginning in Chapel

By ESTHER REEDER

Students and faculty members alike joined the progressive party in a non-political way Wednesday night in a program ushering in Thanksgiving vacation. Each of the four classes and the academy students contributed a program of about twenty minutes' duration, attended successively by six groups of guests.

All met in the chapel before being divided into groups. As an initial number the juniors furnished a quartet singing the junior class song, which was written by Glenn Fillman.

Those remaining in the chapel were highly entertained by the jolly juniors. In short scenes they portrayed the twelve months of the year, featured by a "symp" orchestra that played "Jingle Bells" for December.

The seniors added variety to the evening by giving an old-fashioned march in the gymnasium led by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bietz, Carlton Blackburn, and Florence Lucille Terry. Music was furnished by Margaret Farnsworth at the piano. After twenty minutes with the dignified seniors, the group progressed to the next place, which in one instance was the sophomore program in the library.

The freshmen were delightful in their skillful imitation of a typical county fair in the castle. All was complete even to the brass band, conducted by Frederick Harder.

No one missed the first floor lobby, where the faculty served Jack and Jill ice cream cones.

The academy presented a dialogue of a dinner-party-to-be with its preparatory complications. Virginia Cornell, a hostess of superior ability in New York City, portrayed the typical society woman trying to marry off her daughter to a wealthy bachelor. The part of the daughter was taken by Helen Wyrick. Billy Pruitt was the perfect butler.

MRS. HILTS VISITS HER SISTER

Ivamae Small-Hilts, instructor in speech, left Omaha by aeroplane November 22 for Glendale, California, where her sister, Mrs. E. J. Smith, is seriously ill.

It was found necessary for Mrs. Smith, who was recovering from a recent appendectomy, to undergo another operation. Because of its serious nature, Mrs. Hilts was called immediately. Word has been received that her sister is slightly improved.

Mrs. Smith, née Ruth Small, is a former student of Union college.

SACRIFICE

By VERNA BURDICK

December 9 to 15 will be observed as a week of sacrifice by Union college students, the proceeds of which will be used in educational work in the Inter-American division. All overflow will be used in reestablishing and equipping the Haitian seminary in Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

The goal for 1934 is \$9,000, which is to be raised by the teachers, students and employees in Adventist colleges, academies, and church schools, and by the educational secretaries and superintendents. The basis of the giving is one week's salary by all teachers, other school employees, educational superintendents and secretaries; and an average per capita goal of \$1 for college students, 50 cents for academy students, and 25 cents for church school pupils. These gifts are not to take the place of any other weekly offering, but are to be in addition to them by sacrifice. It is not intended that they shall be solicited from others, but that they represent personal earnings and personal savings through self-denial.

During the past six years this plan has produced nearly \$120,000 for various mission projects. The following projects were fostered:

The Educational Week of Sacrifice offerings in 1928 were devoted to the work for Mohammedans in the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines.

The offerings for 1929 were devoted to the vernacular work in India, Burma, and Ceylon with the islands that go with these countries.

The 1930 Week of Sacrifice was dedicated to "Keeping our Mission School Teachers at Their Posts," with the overflow raised above the goal going to the schools in Roumania.

In 1931, the project assigned was that of maintaining the educational work in the Inter-American division, with the school at Hankow, China, which had been destroyed by flood, the recipient of the overflow.

The project for 1932 was the educational work in the Philippine union.

Educational work in the Inter-American division was the project for 1933, with the overflow used in equipping the new Spanish school in Costa Rica.

At this season of the year when the people of America are given a special opportunity for Thanksgiving, the Week of Sacrifice provides an appropriate time to give a thank offering. The whole gospel principle is based on sacrifice. Practically all of the blessings we enjoy each day are the result of some one's sacrifice for us. God gave His Son that we might have everlasting life; and it is not too much for Him to expect a sacrifice from us in carrying the good news of salvation to those who know it not.

In years past Union college students have contributed unselfishly during the week of sacrifice. Just what they will do this year is in their own hands. This is an opportunity for each student to show in some degree his love for the message which he professes. During this special week Union college people save the money which they might ordinarily spend on unnecessary articles. There are many successful ways by which different ones have saved money for this purpose. Some have gone without certain meals, or without desserts and candy, and even without purchasing some really necessary articles of clothing. Others have done some such special work as sewing, shoveling snow, canvassing, ironing, mending and darning, and donated the money received. Still others have found something to sell for a profit.

By thus sacrificing for others, a blessing is received which can be obtained in no other way. Union college students will do their share this year.

Committee Appointed to Improve Scholarship

The purpose and function of the Union College Scholarship committee, stated its chairman, Dr. E. N. Dick, in a recent interview, is to help students adjust their programs so that they might efficiently carry on both their school work and outside work.

Five members—including Miss Ruby Lea, Professor Tom Little, Dean Pearl Rees, Dean Habenicht, and the chairman—compose the Scholarship committee which was organized last winter "for the purpose of promoting better scholarship and of guiding and advising the students in channels which will help them to do more thorough school work," stated Dr. Dick. "It seeks to hold up a high standard of scholarship and discourage students from putting in too much time in labor and too small a proportion of time in scholastic work."

Though weekly meetings are held, the heaviest duties of the committee come immediately following the periodic examinations, that is, at the end of the four-week, the nine-week, and the semester examinations, Dr. Dick asserted. At such times a check-up is made on a student's scholarship in comparison with the number of hours on his work program, and the committee advises the student accordingly, he further stated. Some students may be asked to drop work or be advised to

amend or reshape their program conformably to these check-ups, he stated. Citing a hypothetical case by way of illustration, Dr. Dick said that if a student who is working forty hours a week had been registered by some mistake for a sixteen-hour scholastic load, the committee would ask him either to drop part of his school work or to cut down the number of hours of labor. Since the committee has access to the various tests given to the students when they enter school and to the grades they receive in their various subjects, it is enabled to compare a student's ability with his achievement and to advise him with greater intelligence, Dr. Dick believes.

"Also the committee makes such recommendations to the faculty as may seem necessary in the promulgation of rules and standards with regard to study and scholarship," said Dr. Dick. "Another of its duties is to select one student from the highest ten per cent of the senior class according to scholarship. The University of Nebraska then gives this student a scholarship which frees him from paying tuition in the Graduate school of the University."

It matters not how long we live but how.—BAILEY.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Friday, December 7		Friday, December 14	
Ministerial Seminar	7:00 p. m.	Sunset	4:59 p. m.
Sunset	4:59 p. m.	Ministerial Seminar	7:00 p. m.
Vespers	8:00 p. m.	Vespers	8:00 p. m.
Sabbath, December 8		Sabbath, December 15	
Teachers' Meeting	9:00 a. m.	Teachers' Meeting	9:00 a. m.
Sabbath School	9:45 a. m.	Sabbath School	9:45 a. m.
Church Service	11:00 a. m.	Church Service	11:00 a. m.
M. V. Society	4:00 p. m.	M. V. Society	4:00 p. m.
Musical Recital	8:00 p. m.	Expression Department	8:00 p. m.

REPAIR INFIRMARY

Girls' Home Has Better Facilities to Care for the Sick

North hall's infirmary is nearing completion. The days when the sick were cared for in the rooms on fifth floor are over. The new suite of rooms is located on second floor and consists of the first three rooms on the north corridor, just across from Dean Rees' apartment.

The second room of the three has been divided into two. The front room being equipped as an office for the school nurse, provides space for keeping medical supplies. The rear room has been converted into a bath.

When plans have been completed, the two adjoining rooms, which are connected by doors on either side of the bathroom, will be furnished as two-bed wards. The present problem of isolation will be simplified.

The location of the infirmary is advantageous in that it is easy for Dean Rees to keep a watchful eye over the patients while the nurse is required to be elsewhere. This location also practically eliminates the fire hazard because the broad window opens on the spacious porch.

BANQUET ENJOYED ON THANKSGIVING

Andreasen Speaks; Music and Readings Intersperse the Dinner Courses

By ROGER BAKER

In celebration of Thanksgiving, some two hundred students, faculty members, and friends took part in the annual banquet in the Union college dining room Thursday at one o'clock. For some time before the doors were opened students could be seen gathering in the hall and around the entrance, patiently awaiting admittance. Finally the hour came and for the next few minutes, which seemed as hours to some, a long file of guests walked around the long table, gazing intently at small orange colored cards. Now and then one would stop and wait patiently for the others to find their respective places. When all were located and the room became quiet, President Andreasen returned thanks, asking the Lord's blessing on the gathering.

Each place was provided with a tomato cocktail, an orange-colored basket of assorted nuts, a dish of salad, a napkin, and the necessary weapons for proper procedure.

During the first course the college quartet sang "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" and "I Wants Yer, Honey." While preparations were being made for the next course President Andreasen gave an address. He talked about "a minute and a half." Marta AcMoody then played two numbers on the harp.

Each plate contained a piece of sweet potato, a dip of mashed Irish potatoes with a liberal quantity of brown gravy, a muffin pie crust full of green English peas, a mock turkey with macaroni legs, and a generous portion of cranberry sauce. Stationed at intervals along the tables were bowls of apples, celery, and olives. While this course was being consumed Esther Miller read "Plucky's Club Spends Thanksgiving." During the dessert course, made up of pumpkin pie with whipped cream and cake, Virginia Stevens gave the reading "Little Dub."

MISS LEA IS IMPROVING

Miss Ruby Lea, registrar of Union college, underwent a major operation at the Boulder, Colorado, sanitarium on November 20. She is still at the Sanitarium, where the doctors report her as making satisfactory progress. Miss Lea is being cared for by Mable Gosnell-Tucker, a former student of Union college.

Wilma Barr, Miss Lea's small niece who has been living with her here, is also at Boulder and is attending the Boulder church school.

GERMAN GROUP DISPLAYS RHINE

Saturday Night Program Delights Many Visitors and Club Members

FESTIVALS SHOWN

Travel Pictures Escort Audience on Trip Spanning the Length of Romantic Area

By EDDIE NACHREINER

"Warum ist es am Rhein so schön?" is a rhetorical question that received an adequate rhetorical answer in the Union college chapel Saturday night when nearly three hundred members and friends of the German club sang German songs, listened to German music, and were shown three reels of moving pictures portraying historical scenes, folk ways, and economic life in the romantic setting afforded by the Rhine locale.

The journey along the Rhine started from Basel. At Freiburg, seat of the famous university, the students in gala uniform and the tunes of "O alte Burschenherrlichkeit" created an atmosphere of student life in Germany. The solemnity of Handel's "Largo" helped the audience to appreciate the magnificent cathedral of Spyer as it was flashed on the screen. Then came a glimpse of the famous "Heidelberger Fass" and the gay and merry life of that quaint little town. Next appeared the endless smoke-stacks of Germany's world-known annaline and dye works, Ludwigshafen. The city of Worms was another outstanding point on the trip along the Rhine. Under the tunes of that old and powerful hymn "A Mighty Fortress is our God," and as they viewed Luther's monument, many a student recalled the historic Diet at Worms. With a view of Mainz the first reel ended.

Mainz to Koblenz was the distance covered in the second reel. This is by far the most romantic, the most legend-abounding section of all the Rhine. There one could see the Mäuseturm, the Pfalz im Rhein, and many an old castle. Among them were Burg Katz, Burg Maus, the Hostile Brothers. One also saw a mighty rock projecting far into the Rhine, known as the Lorelei. In this spot the Rhine is twenty-three meters deep. The mouth of the Mosel and Rhine form a corner, known as the "Deutsches Eck," where stands the mighty Kaiser Wilhelm monument. A close view of that monument and the surrounding scenery closed the second reel.

"Vintage's Festival in the Palatinate" was the title of the last reel. The gathering of the grapes, the making of the famous Rheinwein, and the various folk festivals after harvest were interesting and oftentimes amusing to the audience.

A string trio composed of Olivia Harder, Henry Meissner, and Aaron Oswald provided incidental music.

The films were shown through the courtesy of the German Tourist Information office of New York.

CHURCH SCHOOL TEACHERS TO MEET HERE

A convention of the Nebraska church school teachers will be held at Union college December 8-11. Mrs. L. T. Jorgenson, educational secretary for Nebraska, will be in charge of the meetings, with the assistance of C. A. Russell, associate secretary of the General Conference Educational department, C. W. Marsh, educational secretary for the Central Union conference, and Miss Lotta Bell, head of the Education department at Union college. There will be instructional talks on music, art, woodworking, domestic science, and physical education in the elementary grades, besides discussions of teaching routine and problems. About fourteen church school teachers are expected to attend.

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INTELLIGENT SINCERITY

Emotions enter into religion, but religion is more than emotions: it is living.

Not many years ago a young girl who was attending a denominational school began the annual week of prayer with an indifferent attitude. She acknowledged it. At home she had grown used to special, individual spiritual guidance. Now things were different, though there seemed little hope of remedying the situation. Of course everybody could not pray in the Friday evening worships according to usual custom at the home of this young woman. Then, too, she was no leader, secretary, or teacher in any of the school's organized religious activities. In fact, she wasn't anything but just her plain self. Not that she cared. She did not. Being tired after each week of work and study, she preferred to sit back and watch the other fellow perform. Scarcely realizing her attitude she let things slip—except the essentials, as she thought of them. She did kneel beside her bed and pray every night; that is, she prayed at first, though it was not long until she was merely saying her prayers and making those surprisingly brief.

And then came the week of prayer. Her disinterested attitude actually surprised her, and, as she thought of it, she arrived at what she concluded to be the cause—she had sinned against the Holy Ghost by not paying special heed to its entreaties, and she was eternally lost. Possibly she had best tell the minister about it, she thought, and she did.

The minister was kind. It was entirely possible to commit such a terrible sin, but he reasoned that she had not done so or else she should not have cared to go to him. In his fatherly way he sought the source of her indifference, and with skill gained through past years of experience, quickly put his finger on the cause of her trouble. She had ceased all spiritual support—meaningful prayer, Bible study, and meditation. How could she care to be a Christian with other things strangling all spiritual desires? As she entered anew into her former devotions she found her soul strengthened, her love for God renewed; and this day by day living brought her joy and comfort.

That is part of religion—gaining the experience for oneself—but more must follow or it cannot long endure. A dean in a college dormitory once said that the most certain way to bring young people nearer to God was to get them interested in working for their schoolmates. This nourishes the spiritual life, making it mature and bear fruit. It cannot be too strongly stressed that without this the religious life languishes and dies.

During the recent week of prayer at Union college several students accepted Christianity and others reconsecrated their lives to Christian service. One may now ask, "How can I keep this experience?" It is certain that we cannot be saved by a spiritual renewal limited to these special revival weeks. Religion must be a continuous thing. Its purpose must be to help a man live every day honestly with his companions, to raise him above selfishness, unfairness, and sin. It should make him big in soul, scorning that which tends to demoralize the character. Not necessarily does he need feel strong emotions to know he is a Christian. If, through prayer and meditation, he daily welcomes Christ into the life and then passes this life on to others, God will supply the rest, and his religious experience will be constant.

L. W.

WHAT PRICE CHRISTIANITY?

Is it worth it? Does Christianity pay? Some one has said that if for one brief moment we could shut ourselves away from the busy hurried world and get a true picture of life and all that concerns us, we would be convinced that, cost what it may, the life that counts is worth while; for to live it means being true to God, being an unflinching power for good among our fellow-men, and having a deep happiness which the world can neither give nor take away.

It is true that being a Christian necessitates the giving up of many plans, and friends and amusements. Perhaps our most cherished life ambition does not fit into the Great Plan; but somehow, once we receive this newer vision of living, we discover that in some unknown way our goal in life has been modified, and we desire above all else to carry out the divine plan for us, whatever that may be. And that friend whom we must give up—why not win him instead? It will strengthen our faith and give us courage as well as give this friend a new view of life. As for the amusements and books, we need not worry. For when Christ has truly

given us His spirit, other and finer things take their natural places.

There is one constant criterion for living the life that wins. Our consciences may not always be true guides, but this will not fail: "What would Jesus do?" If we are sincerely striving to do the right thing, if our hearts are in tune with Christ's we may safely ask ourselves, "What would Jesus do?" Somehow the answer always comes. Perhaps it is not the one we wished, but if we have prayed from an honest heart, "Thy will be done," we will follow as He leads, praising God that He is willing to guide us.

But there is also a price. We must keep a steady watch against sin, for we are so human and weak that it sometimes slips up upon us unawares. We cannot let down our barriers even for an hour. Once we have taken our stand on the side of the cross, the tempter redoubles his attacks upon us, and it is only by constant consecration—daily consecration—that we can withstand these attacks. His greatest argument is that "this little thing cannot matter." But every small act or word or thought in our lives does matter and we must be on our guard at all times. The best safeguards are Bible-study and prayer. In our mad rush of school life it is easy to neglect these things, but as surely as we do, we fall before the attacks of evil.

Yet, it's worth it! Perhaps another kind of life is easier to follow, but this other kind does not produce as much happiness and contentment. The wise person keeps himself in harmony with God's Plan!

"Sometimes I think when life seems drear,
And gloom and darkness gather near,
It would be sweet, it would be best,
To fold my weary hands and rest.
But then God sends an angel down
Who softly says, 'No cross, no crown.'"

F. L. T.

KNICK-KNACKS

By Nick

Thanksgiving memories: Thanksgiving day was indeed a full day for many. There were those who contemplated a big day at their studies, but to tell how few really gave way to erudition's exposure would be a tale of neglect. Those few who resisted all temptations for a gorgeous afternoon when the rest of the nation was gorging and gorging, probably gained little additional knowledge but avoided indigestion.

There was a young man who feared for the buttons on his vest. There was a young lady who refused the delicacies because indulgence would mean increased avoirdupois. Both heartily enjoyed the afternoon.

It might be interesting to know just how many people in America really gave way to thanks giving on this day.

Our mutual friend, Marshall Rockwell, who suddenly changed his mind about attending Union and went to Pacific Union, is Missionary Volunteer leader at that institution. We all congratulate Pacific Union, for Marshall is scholarly and a student of no mean personality.

Among the blackjacks, the hills, and the gullies of Oklahoma R. Jack Christy finds a livelihood at colporteur. Jack was a member of the coterie of linotypers at the Press last year. Tenacity of purpose and deliberate mechanical ability in operating one of these intricate machines probably is a great aid in the art of colporteur.

The Owl's club that functioned so zestfully last year has received no particular encouragement this year. Reasons too numerous to mention.

A Diary: The confusion of bells awakened me this morning to impress upon my mind the fact that vacation was over. Worship passed uneventfully. Breakfast firmly entrenched behind my belt did not help the book account a great deal. Back at my room where the chill had not left entirely, so off to the library. I must study for that second period class . . . just a few minutes of newspaper reading (one must read newspapers to broaden the outlook) . . . A friend persisted in getting information about physics . . . The bell rings and there has been no time spent at looking over the least-talked about, no quiz to frown over son . . . Class was dull, nothing new . . . A stroll through the hallways to meet friends and chin-wag about the vacation . . . Chapel passed . . . Another class . . . Strolling through the kitchen hallway for a whiff of dinner aroma to discover appetizing foods. . . . Dinner passed . . . worked all afternoon . . . Supper was good . . . studied some this evening . . . went to bed with the blink of the lights. (Contributed).

Services Conducted at Douglas Stir Interest

The meetings which the Gospel Workers' seminar is conducting in Douglas, about twenty-five miles from Lincoln, are beginning to create interest, according to reports. The series of subjects planned for presentation will continue for several months. Services are being held on Friday and Sunday nights, with a Sabbath school and church service on Sabbath.

Present Truth and hand bills are distributed to the entire town. Since last spring literature work and later cottage meetings have been conducted. Elmer Hagen, Frank Swearingen and Henry Peterson, the men in charge of the work, say that there is interest shown by a number of families, and one lady has already begun to observe the Bible Sabbath.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—RUSKIN.

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Review of Union's Bookshelf

E. KIRKPATRICK

Seaman's *Color Reproductions*, "a Universal Pinacothek of all times," contains a standard collection of the better-known and more important paintings of the old masters, the masters of the 19th century, and contemporary artists. "This is not a catalog in the ordinary sense of the word; it is really a handbook for those who are interested in art, especially in paintings." Many of the paintings are reproduced in their original tints and color values. The art appreciation classes should find this book advantageous.

Did you ever do something for which you could find no explanation, or have you ever been unable to account for the vagaries of some one else? Maybe you could find an explanation in *How and Whys of Human Behavior*, by George A. Dorsey, Ph. D. This book is in answer to over 12,000 letters written by inquisitive people who wished to be enlightened concerning their own actions. Every one has to have some kind of explanation for his own acts before he can truly understand himself. Did any one ever ask you, "How do you get that way?" Read the fourth chapter of this book for a suitable reply.

During Floyd E. Hamilton's first year in a state university he lost his faith in the Bible, in Jesus Christ, and in a personal God. Four years later he was "led through a chain of reasoning which resulted in the conviction that God *did* live, that Jesus Christ was the Eternal Son of

God, and that the Bible was God's Word." As a result of this conviction, he dedicated himself to Christian service and wrote the book *The Basis of Christian Faith*, which presents arguments that the author felt would have been convincing to him during the time when his faith was crumbling away.

The Silver Treasury is a "Program Anthology" by Jane Manner, well-known elocutionist who, after graduating from the University of Cincinnati, succeeded her instructor as director of the Drama department of the College of Music of Cincinnati. The volume represents years of collecting on the part of the author, for she says she began copying poems from the time she was seven year old. Shakespearean scenes, one act plays, scenes from favorite plays, readings with music, friendship and fellowship selections, and poems of all types offer a sample of the contents of this anthology.

Since in these days almost every one is trying to discover ways to give rubber qualities to money, the book *Your Money's Worth* should prove of universal interest. Its study of salesmanship and advertising is interspersed with lively bits of entertaining wit and humor. The authors, Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink, offer to the readers such questions as the following: Do you know why you buy one make of automobile rather than another? Is this cake of soap really going to give you a school girl complexion?

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Rudge & Guenzel Co.

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College View Lbr. & Coal Co.
Hornung's Hdwe., Across from Campus

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B. L. Morse, Opposite So. Hall

Photographers

Dole Studio, 1125 O St.
MacDonald Studio, 218 N. 11th St.
B. L. Morse, Opposite So. Hall

Professionals

Frank T. Lopp, Dentist, 3929 So. 48th St.
A. I. Lovell, Physician, 3819 So. 48th St.
Hodgman Mortuary, 1233 K St.

Engravers

Capital Engraving Co., 319 So. 12th St.

Shoe Shops

Martin's Shoe Shop, College View

LITERARY FEATURE

A Youthful Chapter

BY HENRY NICKEL

Cowboys riding automobiles instead of horses, chuck wagons that were used in round-up time discarded, lariat and saddle hung high on the rafters of shacks nearly all the year, high seven and eight barbed-wire fences instead of the open range—these changes in the West would not have detracted from the glamour of living where the prairies meet the sky even had I known them when I was taken to the plains of Texas by my parents. Our ranch home was a large, square, two-story house with a basement. Our barns were patterned after the barns of Kansas. Our cattle were stocky, well-rounded milk and beef cows, not scrawny range cattle. Our horses were enormous finely-bred Percherons, not ribbed range ponies.

Adjoining our small ranch, or large farm, was the famous "LFD" ranch, comprising about three hundred thousand acres. Other ranches in the vicinity that were equally as large and important as producers of range cattle, were the "Mashed O," the "Spade," the "Black Cattle," "Silver Lake," and others. In these ranches were breaks, sand hills, draws, natural and artificial lakes. A person could ride for hours without seeing another person. In this setting my imagination needed only to be let loose in order to appreciate the glamorous lives of Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Jones, Wild Bill Hickok, and others. The fact that modern ranch life was tame did not halt my imagination in its emulation of frontier characters.

One day while I was working in a field of cotton with two teams of father's heavy Percherons, a car stopped in the road and a large man stepped from it. He did not drive his model T himself, for he had a chauffeur. The man came over where I was resting the horses and began a congenial conversation. True western hospitality was in his voice and actions. He admired the horses and asked if they were gentle. My answer was in the affirmative. He informed me that he would like to have such horses but had no use for them. Our conversation drifted to various matters of the locality, and I soon discovered that he was Phelps White, part owner of the "LFD" ranch. I told him of my desire to work on a ranch. This brought a suggestion that whenever I was ready, he would have a job for me.

My parents did not encourage my youthful enthusiasm for such adventure, but since Mr. White was Mr. White, a millionaire, etc., they acceded to my wishes. Several weeks later, when Mr. White stopped at our farm, I was prepared for my great adventure on a big ranch. My millionaire employer had not informed me what was to be expected, but I believed that I would be selected as one of his horse wranglers.

Bumping over rutted prairie roads for miles in that model T, sitting in the back seat with my luggage, was a thrilling experience for me. Congenial Mr. White kept up a continual story of his experiences in the West. The pockmarks on his face were caused by burns from a prairie fire in which he had been. His horse was burned so severely that it died. He had broken his arm, his leg, and suffered various bruises during numerous round-ups. Of course, that was years ago. Now he lived nine months of the year in Roswell. His family did not care for ranch life.

I was too timid to inquire about my work. Why should I, for I was only a boy? I was to receive two and a half dollars a day for being a real cow hand. I had read about thirty-dollar-a-month cow punchers riding hundred dollar horses and twenty-five was more than top hand wages. After driving across thousands of acres of rolling prairie we sighted a camp in the distance. Ah, thought I, it must be the chuck wagon. As we neared the camp, my employer's conversation seemed to indicate that this would be my abode for the immediate future, but I was still at a loss to know what my work was to be.

The sun was sinking low over the horizon only as the sun can set in the West. Not a cloud was in the

sky and a red glow was spreading. It grows redder and finally, when the sun is gone, the gray shades overrun the red. Finally only streaks of the red glow remain and these fade in the twilight.

There were a ridge tent, a real chuck wagon, and several low wire fence corrals in the camp. No human being was in sight. We sat waiting in the car and still I did not have the courage to ask about my new job. Suddenly I distinguished the faint bleating of sheep. After a few minutes the bleating became louder—and more numerous. My heart sank as I began to realize that I should probably be a sheep herder. Woolies! A real cow hand disdainfully sneers at the word. However, I still tried to console myself that Mr. White had not definitely informed me that this was the place I was to work.

The bleating was now louder, and suddenly over the ridge west of the camp, in the rays of the sinking sun, came the white masses of several herds of sheep. A dog, frisking about in the van of the herds, barked furiously and seemed to be enjoying his task of chasing the woolies. Sometimes when they were too slow for him he would dash upon their backs, and, with a piteous bleat, the victim would rush forward pellmell, showing dozens with his force. There were about five thousand sheep in the herd, Mr. White proudly informed me. He stepped from the car and the chauffeur and I followed. He led the way and we all helped the herder corral the sheep. The sun had set when we had completed the job. The bleating of the sheep by this time was deafening.

Now my employer informed me that this was my work—for he introduced me to the herder and told him that I was his protégé. Within a few minutes my luggage was in the tent, and Mr. White and the chauffeur were gone. Well, the novelty of being on a sheep ranch was not so bad, I consoled myself.

Supper made by a sheep herder is something very few people get to eat. Beans boiled in lake water, creamed with condensed milk, thick coffee boiled in a syrup pail, hot biscuits made by dirty, smelly hands, reeking bacon fried crisp in a skillet that probably had never been washed—that was our bill of fare, a la carte, etc. Sick at my stomach after the meal, sick at heart, lonely despite the thousands of bleating sheep, I found the dog was my friend. We were pals. He was busy looking for fleas when he wasn't chasing sheep, but we had a few moments for each other. After washing the dishes—two plates, tin cups, knives and forks—we made a final check-up on the sheep and then went to bed. Well, a good night's sleep and the next day would be better. As my roll of bedding was thick and inviting, I crawled into it at once. The dog slept on an old saddle blanket under the chuck wagon. The herder's bedding was no cleaner than his clothes, and he slept in both. I went to sleep and slept well, but a stifling odor awakened me some time in the night. I stirred and opened my eyes. I looked about me. Everything was pitch dark. The odor was strong and offensive. Wild thoughts raced through my brain. Suddenly I spied half way across the tent the faint glow of fire. It was not long before I realized that my companion had lit his pipe in which he smoked plug tobacco. This tobacco, I had noticed at supper time, was extremely aged. Cut in fine pieces and stuffed into a pipe strong as a horse, when lit, it created a stench sufficient to satisfy dozens of smokers.

The next morning I discovered two real cow hands riding saddle horses and leading two mule teams, one of which was hitched to a flat wagon. After breakfast—beans, bacon, hot biscuits, and coffee—the wagon was loaded with the corrals and tent and sundry poles. One of the cowboys drove the team and the other proceeded to hitch the other team to the chuck wagon. Mr. White suddenly made his appearance, and, while the cowboy held the mules by their heads, he steadily hooked the traces. This precaution, he said, was

necessary since they were not as gentle as my father's Percherons.

I sat down in the doorway of the chuck wagon and Mr. White handed me the reins. The cowboy dropped his hold on the bridles and before I had time to speak to the mules they were yards over the prairies. Jumping into their traces the instant the cowboy hopped aside, the mules were in full stride, galloping across the plains. The rattling chuck wagon added to their vigor, and their speed increased with every step. It was not a question of guiding them, for I was too busy hanging onto the reins and door frame to worry about any specific direction. After a mile or more of this race, the mules settled down to a trot and in about another mile they were nonchalantly walking across the prairies as if nothing had happened.

Something had happened! The stove lay on its side with soot and stove pipes scattered well over the floor. Mixed with this were the flour, the beans, the tin pans, tin dishes, and assorted tin this and tin that. The mules were now gently pulling their load, and I followed the wagon ahead of me for miles and miles. Along toward the middle of the afternoon he stopped and began unloading. He pitched the tent and built the corrals. I drove up and we unhooked the mules and soon he was off, riding his pony and leading the mules. Not a word had been said about a meal: so I judged that it was up to me to make something for myself. After setting up the stove and sweeping out the flour mixture, I proceeded to make my own coffee, my own biscuits, and beans, and frankly, it was no better, though cleaner, than if the herder had made it. Nothing had been said about the sheep or when they would arrive, but with the tent pitched and plenty of beans, coffee and flour, I was not worried about the future.

Toward evening Mr. White and his chauffeur drove up to the camp and I was informed that my parents would want me in a few days to help them at home; and if I wanted to go they would take me home that evening.

I did not urge staying on the ranch; for it was to be a cowboy that I had come on the ranch, not a shepherd. Thus were the ambitions of an embryonic cowboy suspended in the first chapter.

Pictures Begin Tie of "Friendship Sisters"

A picture plus a number plus a North hall girl doing something for some other girl equals the beginning of "friendship sisters" in the young women's home this year.

The request for pictures came from the dean of women, which resulted in a collection of baby pictures and some more recent ones. These were numbered and thrown upon the screen before the girls in the assembly room. A number had been passed out to each girl and when the picture bearing her respective figure appeared, a friendship sister was adopted. These friendship sisters are to be a lasting tie throughout the semester. One of the pictures that appeared upon the screen was of Miss Rees when she was twenty-two years old.

This particular plan for selecting friendship sisters is a revival here, it having been in operation in former years.

"Every valley has an end."

UNIONITE DIES IN EUROPEAN SERVICE

Pastor Dail, Graduate Here in '95, Had Labored For Years in Foreign Lands

Pastor Guy Dail, who was one of the "original seventy-three" students to enroll when Union college first opened its doors and who subsequently served in Europe with but few intervals since his graduation in the class of '95, died in Berlin, Germany, November 12.

Soon after his graduation he was married to Anna E. Jeffers, class of '96, and was called to act as secretary of the Foreign Mission board when the headquarters were at Philadelphia. A short time later he became private secretary to L. E. Conradi and traveled almost constantly with him in Russia, Near Orient, Egypt, and Africa, assisting in the establishment of mission stations.

About the time the World war began he was called to the presidency of the German-Swiss conference, which position he held until he returned to America as Bible instructor at Pacific Union college, just after the close of the war. In 1923 he was transferred to the Baltic Union, likewise serving as Bible teacher at the training school located at Riga, Latvia. He became secretary of the Central European division in 1929 and remained there until he was called to superintendent of the Bulgarian mission two years later. A few months ago he was transferred to the secretarial force of the Central European division, where he labored until a few days prior to his death.

During a long period of years in exacting service Pastor Dail established a reputation among his fellow workers as a sincere, consecrated, unceasing servant in evangelistic labor.

Besides his wife he leaves two sons in America, Clarence, who is taking medical intern work at Loma Linda, California, and Harold, who is teaching in South Pasadena, California. Harold Dail married Marcella Engel, daughter of Professor Engel of the Union College Music department.

LE CLUB FRANCAIS TIENT SA PREMIERE REUNION

"L'Echo de Paris" a tenu sa premiere reunion samedi soir, le 24 novembre.

Mademoiselle Florence Lucille Terry, président, a fait la bienvenue a tous les membres, et sous la direction de Mademoiselle Louise Olsen l'hymne nationale de la France a été chanté. Mademoiselle Jessie Van Divier, vêtue d'une robe paysanne, a donné une petite causerie sur la province de Bretagne. On a appris que la peche est l'industrie la plus importante de Bretagne; aussi que le peuple eux-mêmes gardent encore les vieux coutumes de la patrie. La causerie a été suivie par des tableaux en couleurs qui montraient la vie et les coutumes du peuple.

There are times when patience proves at fault.—BROWNING.

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Professor Misses Birthday Party

Perched on a stool before the counter of the village lunch room, sat a lone professor blissfully eating a bowl of soup. In a home less than three blocks away an anxious hostess paced the floor while her husband called number after number on the telephone and even visited the classroom of this absent-minded pedagogue in a vain attempt to locate him.

The dinner waited—savory gluten roast with brown gravy, steaming rice potatoes, buttered new beets, fresh tomato salad, fluffy hot biscuits and honey, fat wedges of pumpkin pie topped with heaps of whipped cream, a gayly decorated birthday cake bearing an inscription which wished the truant guest a "Happy Birthday."

Two days later the unconscious offender passed his post-potential hostess and was somewhat abashed to note the 45° nose elevation which characterizes offended femininity. After some dialogue—not altogether Socratic—the professor got a hint from the accusation: "Don't ever tell me again that you are a bright and shining exception to the absent-mind-

ed professor pattern. Why weren't you around to eat your birthday dinner?"

But the professor who forgot his birthday and the invitation to dinner could only groan forth a strategic stutter. And he will groan some more when he reads about the pie and incidentals which an abstracted memory defrauded him of by a mess of pink soup.

KAPPA THETA SPONSORS SPEECH PROGRAM

"A Small Down Payment" was presented by the Union College Speech department in a program sponsored by Kappa Theta at a joint assembly of dormitory students in chapel on the evening of November 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lasky, characterized by Charles Teel and Jessie Mae Elmore, were victims of the small down-payment plan. The collectors (Theodore Torkelson, Alva Foster, and Barbara Honnecke) arrived, determined to collect or take the furniture back. The Laskys' talkative maid (Irene Johnson) kept the collectors calmed until the arrival of the hero, J. Randolph Maxwell (Robert Whittack), who gave the impoverished Lasky a high-salaried job and ordered the old furniture replaced by the best furniture in town.

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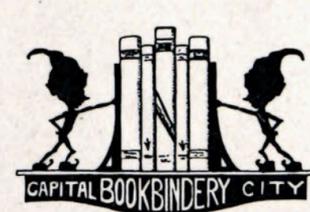


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THE PARTY LINE

Unionites who made Thanksgiving visits to various places were as follows:

- Irene Albertson, to her home at Humboldt, Iowa.
- Beulah Barr, to her home at Enterprise, Kansas.
- Marjorie Bowles, to her home at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Corinne Brenton, to her home at Glenwood, Iowa.
- Elaine Burkey, to her home at Elm Creek, Nebraska.
- Grace Carpenter, to friends in Fremont, Nebraska.
- Mary Clark, to her home at Topeka, Kansas.
- James Corriell visited his parents at his home in Fullerton, Nebraska.
- Jane Douglas, to her home at Grinnell, Iowa.
- Esther Eckley, to relatives at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Margaret Finch, to her home at Denver, Colorado.
- Kathryn and Warren Flier, to friends at Oak Park Academy.
- Bud Ford, to visit friends at Nevada, Iowa.
- Willis Hackett, to his home at Haxton, Colorado.
- Eldine Hahn, to her home at Hastings, Nebraska.
- Marietta Hill, to her home at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Michael Holm, to a physics symposium at Washington college in St. Louis, Missouri.
- Waldemar Jesske, to friends at Denver, Colorado.
- Ione Johnson, to her home at Elm Creek, Nebraska.
- Irene Johnson, to her home at Elm Creek, Nebraska.
- Margaret Johnson, to her home at Brayton, Iowa.
- Eleanor Kirkpatrick, to friends at Lincoln, Nebraska.
- Kathryn Lang, to Emily Unsderfer's home at Des Moines, Iowa.
- Patricia Liers, to relatives at Tecumseh, Nebraska.
- Gwendolyn Longfellow, to friends at Fremont, Nebraska.
- Carl Manthey, to his home at Fairbury, Nebraska.
- Elberta Meier, to friends at Humboldt, Iowa.
- Crandall Miles, with Prof. J. N. Anderson to points in Kansas and Colorado.
- Ted Mohr, to his home at Wichita, Kansas.
- Benjamin Morlong, to his home at Enterprise, Kansas.
- Evelyn Nelson, to her home at Elk Horn, Iowa.
- Pearl Nelson, to her home at St. Paul, Minnesota.
- Doctor William Nethery, to relatives at Kearney, Nebraska.
- Carvl Painter, to friends at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Vernon Paulson, to his home at Harlan, Iowa.
- Harold Quick, to his home in Leonardville, Kansas.
- Arthur Riftenbark, to his home in Sioux City, Iowa.
- Naomi Riley, to her home at Marshalltown, Iowa.
- Ernest Riter, to his home in Oshkosh, Nebraska.
- Beulah Rowe, to her home at Loup City, Nebraska.
- Marion Rygh, to her home at Denver, Colorado.
- Delmar Saxton, to his home at St. Joseph, Missouri.
- Alice Smith, to relatives at Fremont, Nebraska.
- Alaine Smouse, to her home at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
- Helene Sorensen, to her home at Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- Ronald Stretter, to his home at Petersburg, Nebraska.
- Josephine Thompson, to her home at Bloomington, Nebraska.
- Theodore Torkelson, to friends at Enterprise, Kansas.
- Adoline Tweed, to relatives at Wall Lake, Iowa.
- Emily Unsderfer, to her home at Des Moines, Iowa.
- Harrison Wade, to his home at Denver, Colorado.
- Mildred Walinder, to Beulah Barr's home at Enterprise, Kansas.
- Emmalyn Washington to her home at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Jane Wensel, to her home at State Center, Iowa.
- Crystal Wheeling, to her home at Tilden, Nebraska.

- Robert Whitnack, to relatives at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Mary Jene Wofford and Ida Green, to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Noble Chase, at Lincoln, Nebraska.
- Eva Mae Schlutzmeier has moved into North hall.
- Jane Riffel spent the week-end visiting friends in North hall.
- Margaret Pierce, of Savoy, Texas, has been visiting her sister, Josephine.
- Gladys Cook, of Minneapolis, visited her sister Anna during Thanksgiving vacation.
- Helen Wester, of Minneapolis, visited her sister, Elizabeth, during the Thanksgiving vacation.
- Lawrence J. Taylor of Levelland, Texas, visited his sister, Jeanette, during Thanksgiving vacation.
- Mrs. W. W. Whitson, of Englewood, Colorado, visited her son William during Thanksgiving vacation.
- Arthur and Elmer Martinson were visited Thanksgiving vacation by their mother, Mrs. C. J. Martinson, of Wayzata, Minnesota.
- Philip Jones was visited during Thanksgiving vacation by his sister, Sylvia, and his brother, Walstein, of Bragg, Oklahoma.
- The nightly services which have been held the past seven weeks at the Bible tabernacle in downtown Lincoln will continue for some time, Pastor Cardey announced Sabbath.
- Mrs. L. H. Little, of Charleston, West Virginia, is here to spend the winter with her son, Prof. Tom Little, and her granddaughter, Mary Remine Little.
- Pastor L. E. Niermeyer, former student of Union college and now pastor of the Minneapolis Seventh-day Adventist church, visited here the week-end of November 24.
- Dr. Ed Mitchell and Miss Ruth Mitchell, of Mound, Minnesota, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Zima, of Minneapolis, visited Dean and Mrs. A. W. ohnson during the Thanksgiving vacation.
- Guests at a surprise birthday party given in Dean Johnson's apartment in honor of Louise Olsen and Russell Nelson Saturday night were: Mildred Martin, Virginia Stevens, Louise Olsen, Kenneth Nelson, Russell Nelson, and Roger Baker.
- Thelma Tiede was hostess at a party in the North hall spread room Thursday afternoon. Those present were: Leona Erwin, Florence Lucille Terry, Margaret Farnsworth, Lauretta Wilcox, Aaron Oswald, Roger Baker, Harold Schmidt, and Warren Swayze.
- Mrs. F. F. Schwindt entertained a group of students at her home Thursday evening. Guests were: Virginia Cornell, Mary Little, Anna Sorensen, Alma Schwindt, Olga Schwindt, Milton Meiklejohn, Fred Harder, Howard Vincent, Alvin Sonnenberg, Willard Bresee, Marcella Terry, James Evans, Eugene Terry.
- A party was given by the men of South hall annex at their home on south Forty-eighth street Thanksgiving evening. Those present were Nina Dahl, Luana Gay, Ethel Johnson, Mildred Martin, Gladys Pruett, Virginia Stevens, Russell Dybdahl, Kenneth Nelson, Russell Nelson, Warren Peterson, and Merton Searle.
- A party at the home of President Andreassen Saturday night brought together the following guests: Bonnie Mitchell, Barbara Honnecke, Willara Shasky, Luana Guy, Pauline Wickwire, Helen Foreman, Lucile Sherrig, Martha Meissner, Yvonne Olsen, Louise Olsen, Henry Meissner, Aaron Oswald, James Ball, Merton Searle, William Whitson, Carlton Blackburn, Daniel Eads, Arthur Martinson, Chester Wickwire, Conard Rees, Elmer Martinson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Graham entertained the printshop workers and other friends at their home Saturday night. Guests were: Dean Duffield, Louis Thayer, Avery Dick, Glenn Fillman, Morton Davis, Russell Dybdahl, Dean Hickok, Howard Vincent, Frederick Harder, Milton Meiklejohn, Frank Holman, Katharine Riley, Frances Spoden, Arline McTaggart, Elizabeth Wester, Alice Nelson, Mildred Adamson, Anna Sorensen, Virginia Cornell, Alleene Comrie, Helen Cornell, Mrs. Burroughs, Mrs. Moyers.

ACADEMY NOTES

Oz Black, cartoonist for the Lincoln Star and the State Journal, entertained the young people of the village Missionary Volunteer society in the gymnasium November 26.

Mr. Jose H. Bradley and family have moved from 4642 Bancroft to the Botell house, also on Bancroft.

Sally and Bernida Rust were guests of Anna Sorensen November 25 to 27.

The academy students who missed school last week on account of illness are: Miriam Oswald, Evelyn Hankins, and Raymond Martin.

Myrna Atwater, of Hastings, spent the week-end of November 23 with Genevieve Bradley.

Jim Summerton has moved from Fortieth and High to Forty-eighth and Prescott.

Harold Maas has discontinued his school work and has returned to his home in Boulder, Colorado.

Pitt Wade, having discontinued his school work because of poor health, has returned to his home in Canyon City, Colorado.

Dean and Mrs. Habenicht entertained in their apartment in South hall Saturday evening Misses Esther and Lydia Sonnenberg, Linnie Keith, Mr. Harry Turner, and Mr. Louis Hansen.

The following academy students returned to their homes for Thanksgiving: Virginia Morgan, Robert Johnson, and Grace Whitney.

The academy seniors gave a Thanksgiving program in the academy chapel Thursday morning.

Nethery Charms With Sea Story

BY JESSIE MAE ELMORE

Even though Doctor Nethery did not include speech making among his hobbies that ranged from tin soldiers to kite flying (including, in the callow years of his green youth, frog gigging and girls) he gave an entertaining chapel talk on Wednesday.

Just over a year ago he smothered his pride sufficiently to travel third class on a Japanese boat en route to Northeastern China, where he was to intern at the Shanghai hospital.

In his third-class cabin he found his mates to be eight Filipinos and an Indian, who did not afford much companionship. And so the days going over were spent in reading, walking on deck, and wishing he were up in first class. As the boat was built for Japanese and not six-foot Americans, he had practice ducking his head in order to circulate. As for cherishing anticipation for meal time, he didn't: every breakfast, dinner, and supper were the same. Although American food, it was prepared in none too palatable a style by Chinese chefs. However, now that it is all over, he says he is glad he traveled third class, as it furnished an insight into humanity.

Six days after sailing, the boat stopped at Honolulu, where beautiful Waikiki and Palli were visited. At Yokohama he was met by friends and had dinner at a Sukiyaki shop in true Japanese style, sans chairs and sans shoes—and was the doctor ever embarrassed over the latter! Later they went out to the sanitarium in an American Ford and that amid much horn blowing, as the Orientals dote on this. Tokyo and Kyoto, the old capital of Japan, were also visited. Upon arriving in Shanghai he was met by Doctor H. W. Miller, and after another Sukiyaki dinner they traveled along the ancient, picturesque Nanking road to the Shanghai hospital.

And thus began what is reported as a most happy year in the land of the mystic and wise and friendly Chinese.

Verschiedenes

Walter and Arthur Mazart and Henry Meissner verschönerten das Programm der deutschen Sabbatschule am 17. November: mit einem Geigen-Trio.

Die Reformation der Gegenwart war der Gegenstand des Vortrages, den John Zollbrecht am Freitagabend, dem 16. November, im Deutschen Seminar hielt.

Lichtbilder über das Leben und Treiben auf unseren Schulen in Deutschland führte uns Herr Professor Hanhardt in der am 10. November abgehaltenen Versammlung des Deutschen Vereins vor.

Die eisige Kälte hielt eine Gruppe Deutsche nicht davon ab, Pastor Cardeys Vortrag am Freitagabend in Lincoln zu hören. Hans Kuehne, Walter Hermann, Arthur Mazart, Erwin und Siegfried Lehnhoff, Günther Paulien und Edward Nachreiner legten den ganzen Weg auf Schustere-Rappen zurück.

Um möglichst vielen Studenten die Gelegenheit zu bieten, die Filme vom Rhein zu sehen, wurde die letzte Versammlung des Deutschen Vereins am Samstagabend um 8 Uhr in der Aula abgehalten. Die Filme wurden mit Musikbegleitung vorgeführt. Das einstündige Programm war von allen herzlich aufgenommen. Über den näheren Verlauf der Versammlung wird an anderer Stelle dieser Zeitschrift auf englisch berichtet.

Die Mitglieder des Deutschen Vereins von Union College wurden von Frau Professor Hanhardt am 24. November zu einem geselligen Abend eingeladen. Alle beteiligten sich an den deutschen Unterhaltungsspielen

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und am Gesang. Nachdem die Erfrischungen serviert waren, wurde der Abend mit dem Singen des Liedes „Stimmt an mit hellem, frohem Klang“ und des „Union College Pep Song“ geschlossen. Anwesende Kollegiumsmitglieder waren: Herr und Frau Professor Schuster und Herr und Frau Professor Engel. Im ganzen waren 48 Gäste zugegen.

DAS BESTREBEN EINES AMERIKANISCHEN STUDENTEN

VON A. DEAN HICKOK
Wir haben Studenten und Studentinnen aus verschiedenen Ländern und aus vielen Staaten an Union College, welche die deutsche Sprache sprechen können. Einige davon haben sogar das Glück, mehrere Sprachen zu beherrschen.
Obgleich ich sehr wenig Deutsch kann, da ich als Amerikaner erst zwei-undeinhalb Semester Deutsch studiere, habe ich Großes vor. Ich möchte viel Deutsch lernen, um mich mit

meinen deutschen Freunden hier am College zu unterhalten. Um dieses zu tun, muß ich mir viel Zeit zum Studium nehmen.

Einmal studierte ein Fräulein auf der Universität. Eines Tages war sie in der Deutschstunde, als alle Studenten und Studentinnen aus ihren Büchern lesen mußten. Der Herr Professor las eine Frage vor: „Macht Ihnen diese Sprache Freude?“ Die Erwiderung im Buche war: „Ja, gewiß!“ Unser Fräulein las aber: „Ya, gee whizz!“—wie man im Englischen sagt. So möchte ich nicht sein, sondern verständnisvoll im Lesen, Schreiben und Sprechen.

Deutsch ist eine umfangreiche Sprache. Um sie zu erlernen, muß man folgendes Sprichwort in die Tat umsetzen: Übung macht den Meister. Hier an Union College hat man gute Gelegenheit, Meister zu werden. So ist dies mein Bestreben: ein Meister der großen deutschen Sprache zu werden.



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