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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Green, Keith, Hyatt Speak In Worship

Hyatt Tells *Zamzam* Experience

The girls of North Hall have been especially fortunate the past few weeks in that they have had several guest speakers at their worship hour.

Miss Gertrude Green, assistant superintendent of nurses at Melrose Sanitarium and Hospital, Melrose, Massachusetts, spoke to the girls the evening of June 27. Miss Green has spent several years in mission service in China, and was at the Seventh-day Adventist hospital at Yenching when it was bombed by the Japanese. She told the girls of North Hall of her experiences during the first bombing of the hospital. She said that only those who have gone through a bombing really know what one is like.

Besides bombing experiences, Miss Green told of the work which the mission there at Yenching is endeavoring to do. She said that since 1937 the mission has worked with the Red Cross in providing food for the refugees, during the winter months when it is impossible for the people to find food for themselves. When this work was begun in the winter of 1937 the mission station fed between eight and ten thousand everyday, but the same people did not come every day. Therefore the missionaries were feeding between sixteen and twenty thousand people every two days.

Miss Linnie Keith, English teacher in the secondary school at Washington Missionary College, Washington, D. C., spoke to the girls the evening of July 6. Miss Keith told the girls that "life is what one is alive to." She said that if one was alive only to meanness and common ignoble hates, he did not live, he merely existed.

To illustrate the point, Miss Keith described life in Washington, D. C. She told of the high rents, the crowded buses, and the heartlessness of the people bent on looking out for themselves. But, according to Miss Keith, that is only part of the story. There are beautiful things to see, such as the Washington monument as seen from across reflection pool and Lincoln Memorial with its statue of Lincoln which somehow gives a feeling of security to the beholder. Moreover if one lets the overcrowded buses go by a new one with plenty of room usually comes along soon. Also, Miss Keith said that shortly before she came to Union a woman had not only given her a lovely bouquet of roses but also loaned her the vase that they were in. In conclusion she said that there are always the nice things to live for; and when one has learned to be alive to kindness and love and the better things of life, then he has learned what the Master meant when He said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The third recent guest speaker at the girls' worship hour was Miss Helen Hyatt, who told the girls her story of the sinking of the *Zamzam* the evening of July 7. Miss Hyatt said that the name "*Zamzam*" means "holy water," and that the ship was named for a well near Mecca (See *Worship*, p. 3, col. 1.)

Elder Griggs Speaks At Church Service

"The work of God is not going out the back door; it is going out the front door," according to Elder Frederick Griggs, president of the board of trustees of White Memorial Hospital located at Los Angeles, California. In his remarks Elder Griggs compared the closing of the work of God to the splendor of the sunset—the work will finish in a blaze of glory. He stressed the importance of a Christian education in pointing out the fact that nearly all active workers in the Seventh-day Adventist denomination have been educated in our schools.

Elder Griggs further said that it will take faith to finish God's work; but to the Christian this should not seem strange as all life is based on faith. Moreover, he said, that even though God does not always protect one from hardships, persecution, or even death, the Christian can rest assured that he will be victorious in the end. Also, he said, if one is fighting a warfare for truth and is sure of the truth, he will detect the error; and regardless of the "outlook" around one, the "uplook" is always good.

Manual Arts Class Planning Program

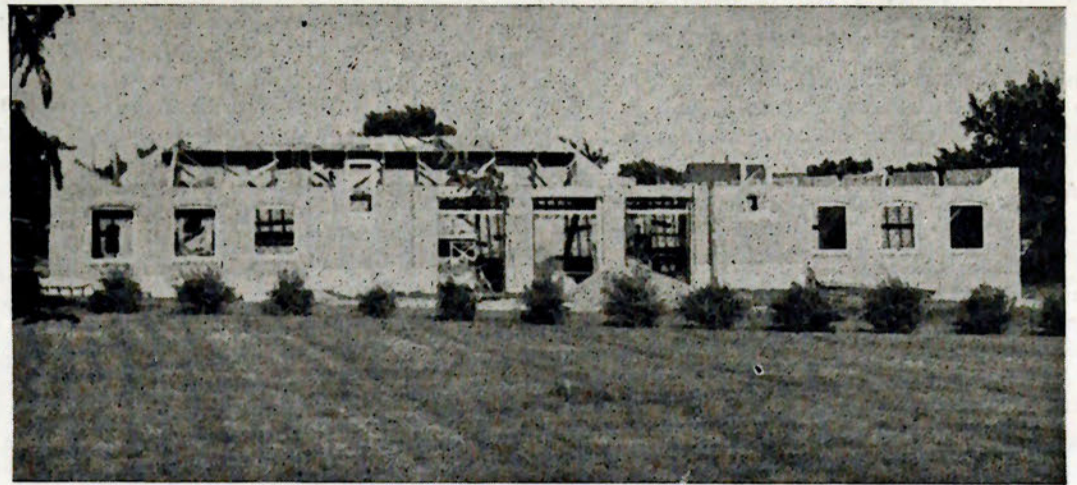
Some people have been wondering what all those people who so industriously climb four flights of stairs every afternoon do. They can hear much sawing and hammering; and when these industrious people emerge from Room 411, there are needles and pins stuck in their dresses, showing that they have been sewing. Also there is a strong smell of turpentine upon their persons. If you've been one of those curious persons wondering just what all these signs mean, well I'll tell you, the people belong to the Manual Arts class, and they have been working on a very special project. On August 8 at 9:30 p. m. you will be given the opportunity of viewing some of their handiwork. There will be a short Marionette program in the chapel, followed by an art exhibit in room 301. Come and satisfy your curiosity.

Variations in Saturday Night Programs

The programs which have been given on Saturday nights at Union this summer have been varied. They have included games on the lawn, which turned into visiting on the porch because of the rain; a program given by the negro students, a "seasonal program"; pictures in the chapel; and a hike to the College View Park.

The program given by the negro students was nearly all music. The only exceptions were Paul Dunbar's "Nebuchadnezzar," read by Priscilla Green, and James Wilton Johnson's "Creation," read by Lizzie Mae Longware. The greater portion of the musical numbers were negro spirituals. The exceptions to that were "Trees," sung by Carl Bailey, "Honey" and "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," sung by the quartet, and Brahm's (See *Programs*, p. 3, col. 2.)

Recreational Hall Progresses According To Plan



Global Narration

Defeat! Defeat! Defeat! Like a mighty swimmer breasting the fury of a raging torrent, Hitler is slowly stroking his way across the river of Russian resistance, slowly drawing nearer and nearer to his cherished objectives. With powerful spearhead thrusts his war machine, like the swimmer's arm, encircles the resisting forces, pulls them under his power and spurns them with a final foot-thrust as his machine drives forward. Such is the scene on the Allied battlefield of Russia. Russian resistance is not strong enough to block for any length of time the Nazi advances. The situation is not only perilous, but it is dangerously crucial. Caucasus oil fields will be lost, vital railroads, and supply lines will be cut and Russia will be defeated if Hitler's armies do no worse and Russian Reds do no better. With eastern units released for new action Hitler can again name his new battle ground.

Back! Back! Back! With a slap in the face at Tobruk, a kick in the stomach at Matruh and a series of kicks in the pants, German Field Marshall Rommel, his 40,000 Italians and 50,000 Germans have chased the British Eighth Army 325 miles back across North Africa in 11 days. The British had a superiority in manpower of 10,000, a 7 to 5 superiority in tanks, 8 to 5 odds in artillery, control of the air, shorter supply lines, and more reserves, but they still were routed, lost 50,000 men, and most of their tanks and much equipment.

Retreat! Retreat! Retreat! July 7 saw Japan celebrate the fifth anniversary of the Japanese-Chinese war. For 5 long years China has fought faithfully against better trained soldiers, more modern equipment, pro-Asiatic feelings, fought for the freedoms which we enjoy. For 5 long years she has retreated before the encroaching hordes, left her old homes for new, left her fertile coasts for rocky uplands, left her dead to trace migrations, left her lands in enemy hands. The British defeat in Burma left open the back door and again—retreat, retreat, retreat, until, if help does not come soon, there will be little left to fight for. Japan is winning in the Pacific.

(See *Narration*, p. 3, col. 2.)

To Finish Masonry Within Two Weeks

The construction of the new recreational hall at Union College is progressing nicely. Each day as one looks at the building he can see that work has been done. It is planned that the building be finished by the time school opens this fall and those working on the building are putting forth their best efforts. It takes a lot of work to use up four freight carloads of cement, and those men are working on their fourth carload now.

To the students who were in school last winter the new recreational hall was a dream, or more correctly a vision—a vision of what could be done at Union College. So clear was this vision that they were willing to work for it; and work for it they did. As the mothers, fathers, aunts and uncles, grandpas and grandmas, cousins, and friends know, the students of Union College wrote letters and more letters. They not only wrote letters, but they put on projects such as the Valentine's day tea room.

The students were organized into groups in order to be able to do their work more efficiently, and how they cheered when some group reached its goal! As the reports were given in chapel from time to time the students rejoiced to see the V move steadily forward on the goal device.

Moreover, this vision did not come to only the students of Union; it came to the faculty, the board, and the friends of the college. Neither was this vision born of a mere whim to have something better; it was born as the result of a need which the college had felt for some time, but the need became acute when the old gymnasium was condemned. It was impossible to properly carry on the physical education and Medical Cadet Corps work without a building in which to hold the classes. That is what Union will have next year.

As the vision began to take on reality, it was decided that the recreational hall be a one-story building, 90 by 160 feet. It was to be located on the corner of 49th and Prescott, facing 49th. The construction was to be of brick with reinforced concrete piers. The lamella roof would support itself, thus leaving the floor space open. The building was to be

CHURCH PICNIC HELD JULY 5

The College View Seventh-day Adventist Church held its fourth of July picnic on the campus of Union College just east of the Carnegie library. In the afternoon general games were played, and then a picnic supper was served on the ground.

After supper a program of speeches and music was given: Norman Krogstad played a baritone solo, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Darryl Ogden played a trumpet solo, "Lilly Polka." Then Genevieve McWilliams and Norman Krogstad played a trumpet and baritone duet.

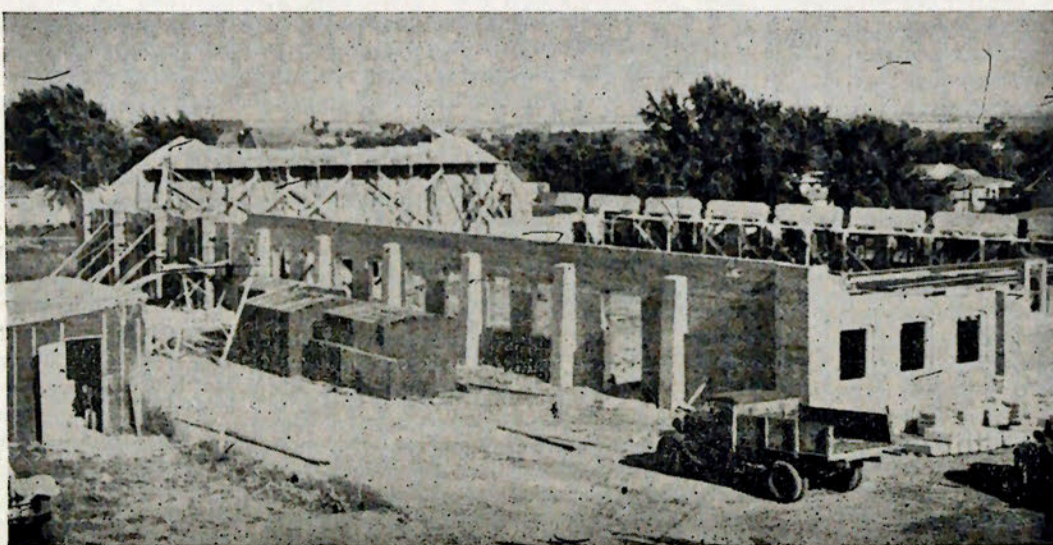
Elder C. R. Kite gave a speech stressing the fact that while celebrating Uncle Sam's 166th birthday, Americans at home should look to and heed the faithful example of the nurses on Corregidor and the brave civilians who helped in the evacuation of Dunkirk. He said further that wherever we are, in whatever capacity, there is a place where we can serve.

After the speech John Hickman played a number of violin solos the last of which, "Devotion," was dedicated to his wife for the many little things she does for him. It was his own composition and his expression of thanks to her. A clarinet solo, "God Bless America," by Billy Bob Widener closed the program.

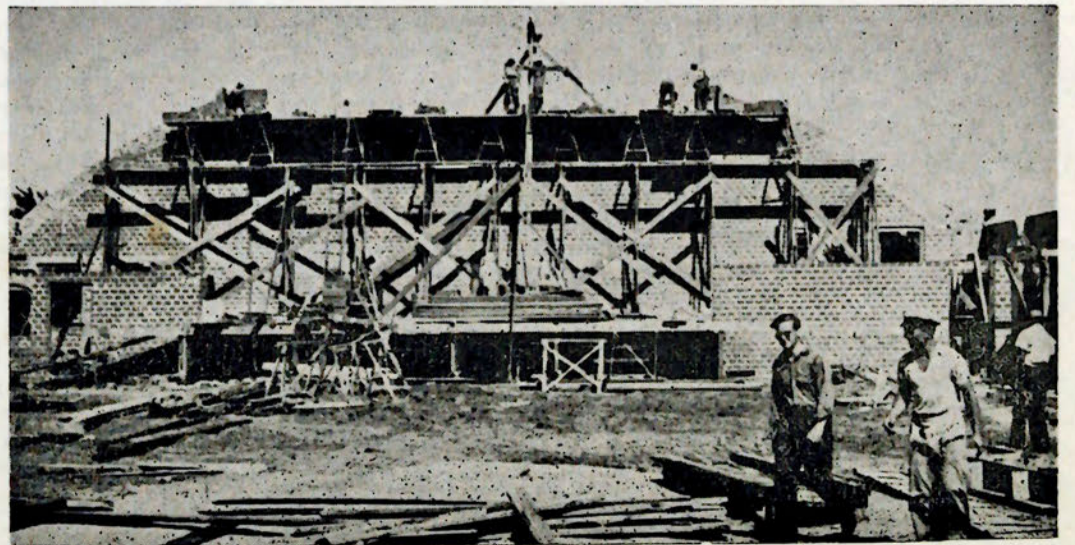
large enough to seat 2,000 people, 1,840 on the main floor and 160 in a small balcony which was to be built over the main entrance. Compared with the old gymnasium, this building seemed huge.

Now the vision is almost a complete reality. The north wall is up and the concrete piers are poured; the brick in the south wall is up, but the concrete is not poured. The east wall is up and a part of the west wall. The brick work should be finished in about two weeks. That leaves only the roof, floor, and the finishing up that is always to be done.

Many of the students here on the campus are eagerly waiting for the time when the building will be finished. They are looking forward to the good times to be had there next winter, also the class work to be done there; and in the coming years the future students of Union College will owe a debt of gratitude to the school family and friends who made it possible for this vision to become a reality.



VIEW OF ENTIRE BUILDING



EAST END GOING UP

THE CLOCK TOWER

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Honesty

There is an old proverb which says, "Honesty is the best policy." One of the definitions which Webster gives for the word "policy" is "prudence or wisdom in the management of affairs." And truly honesty is the best wisdom in the management of affairs. But are we always honest? "Oh, yes!" you say. But are we really honest, *always*? If so, then what about the sweater you borrowed from your best girl friend and haven't returned yet, even though a month has gone by since you asked to wear it to the picnic. True you had permission to wear it that once; but not for all those other times. Are you sure that Elise didn't mind?

Another thing is that salt shaker you took from the dining room. It is only a little thing, and you pay your room and board, and you expect to get what you pay for. But does your board include rental fees on dishes? Then suppose everyone else took one.

Also you are coming back to school next year. Mother and Dad have been paying a good share of your expenses. They expect you to make good and prepare yourself for your future work; but last year it was so much easier to slide by. What was the use of studying anyway? There were too many smart "guys" in the class, and besides the teacher "had it in" for you. As a result your grades are away down in the lower strata.

Moreover you signed your name to a pledge saying that you would uphold the standards of Union college. Yet you deliberately did things which you knew were not loyal to the school. What about it?

Is that wisdom in managing one's affairs? Think it over, my friend. Another hour, another day, another year is before you. Make the most of it. And remember—no matter what the others are doing—honesty is the best wisdom available in managing one's affairs.

Mexican Journey

Dear Louise:

At last here is my first installment of "Mexican Journey." The trip has not been going on long, but I have enjoyed this little bit of it so much.

As you know, I am going all the way to Mexico by bus. (By "Mexico" I mean just what everyone living here means, and that is Mexico City. No one uses that latter expression.) When we pulled out of San Antonio, Texas I really felt that I was nearing the border all right.

Practically all the roadside directions were printed in duplicate form, one in English, the other in Spanish. Here are a few of the signs with English equivalent:

camino-crucero	cross road
despacio	slow
alto	stop
velocidad maxima	speed limit
48 kms.	30 miles
camino lateral	side road

Another thing that struck me was the increasing number of Mexican passengers. I sat by a Mexican woman who lives in San Antonio and was going to visit her sister in Monterrey. We talked quite a lot in Spanish, and I even forgot my natural timidity when I got started, enough to wax quite eloquent moving my hands, I assured her, in response to her questions, that "las montañas de Colorado son muy bonitas"—"The mountains of Colorado are very beautiful."

At Laredo I bought my round-trip ticket to Mexico and reserved my seat on the bus. I find that a ticket is not enough; that a reservation must be made if one wants to sit down—and there are no standing passengers. I was fortunate to have No. 3 written on the back of my ticket, which gave me the seat just behind the driver. My seatmate was a girl from Guatemala on her way home from six months study in the States. By the way, I made a slip of the tongue when I told her I am an American. I know better, and she was quick to pick me up on it. I am an "estadounidense," meaning a United States (Estados Unidos) citizen.

I got a few dollars changed at the border. It looked like a lot of money because the rate of exchange is 4.80, that is, four pesos and eighty centavos to the dollar—very favorable. Then away we went.

The customs inspection is nothing to be sneezed at now that both countries are at war, but it could be lots worse. The main thing was that it was so hot and it took two hours to get through. All our suitcases were pulled out and we opened them to let the inspectors go through things. My Scotch soul writhed when I had to pull out a perfectly good roll from my camera and throw it away, also another roll of films from my purse, all unexposed except for the first one on the roll in the camera. All letters had to be torn up, although I have heard that sometimes they request you to leave them with the officers to censor and mail on to you later. I regretted having spent some time writing a couple of pages to a friend. All wasted effort because I had not finished it and mailed it. The little pile of torn up paper at my feet grew bigger. This time my Dutch soul was disturbed at the lack of tidiness, but the officer assured me that it was all right since they had not provided a waste basket. I left there among other forlorn shredded bits a note I wrote Miss Smith and the latest letter from Walter Page, also my sermon notes and jottings of news to send the boys in camp.

At last we moved on, but not for long. We had to pass the Mexican custom officials who were even more thorough. First I passed the recorder, then the next two officials who asked me various and sundry questions and again on we moved. And all this time the heat kept melting us down. It was terrible.

At last we really started. Now just a word about Mexican buses. I had had a vague notion they might be smelly with lots of bundles and crowding humanity, but they are quite like our buses in the States. And a great many of the Mexican people can not be told from "estadounidenses." Of course quite a

number are dark, but lots of them are as fair as you or I and as cultured.

About two-thirds of the distance from Nuevo Laredo to Monterrey is very barren and the country is covered with mesquite, sage brush, and cactus. Then we started climbing a bit toward the jagged mountains that appear in the distance. The vegetation changed, and soon we were going up the road over Mamulique Pass. The scenery is lovely there.

You would have loved the sight of the thatched houses, bullock carts, laden donkeys, and stick fences around pens. All that gives "atmosphere," you know.

At Monterrey I got off and took a taxi to the Cragers. He is Union Educational Secretary and an old friend of my brother Earl. But no amount of ringing of the bell brought an answer. I had not told them the exact day or hour of my arrival because things were a little indefinite before I left my brother's, and I feared they had to go away on an unexpected trip. A bit dazedly I dug into my purse and came up triumphantly with a circular for the Hotel Colonial. Leaving a note, I got back in the taxi and headed for that hotel where I spent a very pleasant night. I had a lovely room, private bath, a huge electric fan in the ceiling, all for eight pesos.

In the morning Mrs. Crager came over and took me home. She and her husband had been out to the meetings the pastor is holding and so had missed me. They insisted I stay till night after the Sabbath with them. So he sent a telegram and changed my bus reservation and here I am still.

Mrs. Crager took me out to see the plazas, the cathedral, the Mercado Colon, etc. The old custom of Thursday and Sunday night band concerts and promenades is still held to. The boys march in one direction and the girls in the other around the main plaza where the concerts are held; so their class in "Social Relations" is not neglected either in the old or the new method. I took what I hope will turn out to be excellent snapshots of a number of places and things. In the curio shops I was especially attracted by the displays of handmade native silver pins, but managed to restrain myself from buying any of them. I bought a handsome sarape for myself.

You would enjoy seeing the narrow streets that often look narrower because the houses are set flush with the sidewalk almost everywhere. A great many of the windows are as high doors and open directly into bedrooms, kitchens, etc. Every window without exception has a reja or grill from top to bottom, no matter how small the window. Some are more ornate than others. It seems funny to look right into someone's bedroom if you happen to pass when they have the windows open. Some of the grilled doorways are beautiful, and an occasional glimpse through an open one lets you see into the patio beyond. You might like to know that all floors are tile, making it very pretty but cold, I should think, in winter.

There are so many sights and sounds and customs I find it hard to remember them all; so I just keep on jotting them down, and even then don't get them all.

One evening I went to a meeting in the series being preached by our people in Monterrey. The Y. P. M. V. leader for this section spoke that evening on sin, its consequences, and the only method of cleansing from it. The introduction, presentation of the subject, illustrations and delivery were all excellent. I was delighted to be able to understand him almost perfectly.

This series of meetings is the first public effort of any length ever held in this country. It is being conducted in our mission building, which also contains (downstairs) our union headquarters and clinic—a lovely building. Of course it was bought by our people and given to the government which in turn allows them to use the property. That is the way with all church property including the offices of the church. Our new school site out at Montemorelos is ours, but the chapel there will belong to the government. All Bible classes will have to be taught in the chapel since it is forbidden to teach religion in any school.

On the streets I saw so many women and girls wearing black, even to stockings. Upon inquiry I learned that that is mourning. Since the period of mourning varies from two years down according to the closeness of relationship, many women are practically always in mourning.

The short black veil worn over the hair and falling to the back is worn a great deal to church by the Catholics,

for the women must not appear there with an uncovered head. The women of what I would term the ordinary class usually wear a long black shawl that goes over the head and is flung over the shoulder. How they can stand this for hot weather (they wear the shawls everywhere) I do not know, but they do.

The buses are such funny little contraptions. I refer to the method of transportation within the city. The floors are of unfinished narrow boards with double seats on each side of the aisle. Every Mexican man will rise to give a girl or woman a seat. So glad I'm a woman. The fare is only five centavos or just over a penny gold.

At church this first Sabbath they took up pledges for our new school at Montemorelos. Equipment must be bought, and so the native brethren are to raise a portion of the amount needed. The pastor just started right out, after an inspiring talk on the need for the school, calling for pledges. He called on each brother by name, starting with the foreign workers. And one of the young women wrote down the names and amounts on the board. The pledges are to be paid by the end of the year, and the amount raised was about \$1,273 Mexican money. Roughly that is about \$255 gold.

The sum pledged may not seem high to an American who does not understand the Mexican wage. Imagine a good American mason earning around sixty cents a day. Yet that's what they often get here—three pesos. Plumbers, etc., earn around the same. Even the governor may receive only \$1,000 Mexican money per month. Yet things cost here about what they do in the States. These figures are approximate, being based on the earning power of particular persons mentioned to me. School teachers are paid around a hundred pesos a month. An exceedingly fortunate secondary teacher may get as high as two hundred. Again I am glad I am an American.

The night I started out for Mexico City it just poured; and since there are no sewers to carry off rainwater, you can imagine the result. My taxi swished through water that in places was rushing like a flood. They said it would take three hours for it to go down to a somewhat normal state again.

My seatmate on the bus was a young Mexican, educated in San Antonio and now works in a bank in Monterrey. Many of the better class do educate their children in the States. He must have been about twenty, a very agreeable chap. We talked a good deal in Spanish. The next day we trotted over to see the cathedral or church at Zimapan, and I have a good picture of that edifice and another of Jose Luis Martinez standing in front of the beautifully hand carved door.

The tropical vegetation was gorgeous. What a thrill to see my first wild orchids, red ones! Then there were banana trees (they grow both red and yellow fruit), mangoes, orange groves, sugar cane fields, papayas, palms, bamboo, and strange looking long bird nests hanging from the trees and even the telephone wires. In the Indian country there were many jacales or huts with thatched roofs, so picturesque. It was an interesting sight to see the Indians carrying burdens on their backs with a strap across their foreheads to help bear the weight.

At Tamazunchale we started the long climb upwards, from 500 feet to 8,000 feet before we quit climbing and dropped into the beautiful valley near Mexico, which is 7,300 feet. We started the ascent about 9:30 a. m. and kept at it almost all day, dropping down a bit at noon into a little valley where Jacala is located. We had dinner there. We went through the most beautiful mountain country I have ever seen, barring none.

I felt as if I could have clutched Jose and hung on for dear life when I rolled into Mexico and was met by the mission director and his wife who cannot talk English. I felt as if I had lost my last link with my country and was plunging into the unknown. But I smiled bravely and waved a last farewell to him as he called, "goodbye, Mees Hall!" and melted into the crowd.

My heart sank to my shoes and I felt like baby breaking down and weeping like a baby when I arrived at Sra. Montes de Oca's home simply because I knew my English was practically a thing of the past. She and her daughter speak no English. But by morning my spirits had risen, thanks a good deal to the gracious efforts of my hostess and Nellie, her daughter. You can well imagine that I am learning the art of Spanish conversation by leaps and bounds. I have to

talk Spanish or else! And I talk. About the only time I have to do otherwise is when I write letters or when I think, and even the latter is getting "fuzzy" with the language of the country. Who knows but what I shall have forgotten my English by the first of August when I return to the States? Ha!

The next morning I found my way to the Zocalo or central plaza near which a number of the most interesting things are located. The Cathedral and Aztec ruins are on the north side of the plaza, the National Museum and National Palace to the east, the Municipal Palace to the south, and the National Pawn Shop to the west. Going west from the Zocalo is the Avenida Madera whose continuation is the Avenida Juarez which in turn changes its name to the Pasea de la Reforma. The Avenida Madera and the Avenida Juarez are the main business streets and I've pretty well covered them, especially the shops selling sarapes, silver, onyx, and jade work, etc. There are still a few more I want to visit, but there is plenty of time.

The first thing I did was to wander into the Cathedral. It's a magnificent building. The thing that disturbed me was that although mass was being celebrated before one altar and a group of people were sitting there in devout silence, other people were walking around unconcernedly. It seemed to take away a bit of the sacredness that should be attached to such a place of worship. Some people were kneeling before altars and images in other parts of the church and elsewhere in the building workmen were moving things and preparing for a big concert of some kind to be held there that evening. As I mentioned before, every woman wore some kind of head covering, if only a handkerchief that she spread over her head as she comes in. I saw two women stop in the vestibule and arrange one shawl so it would cover them both.

A guide met me outside the Cathedral and offered to show me around at three pesos an hour. I "bit" and paid him four-fifty for showing me the National Palace and the Aztec ruins. I should have bargained with him for the next day I got one for half the price and saw to it that we got through in an hour. Guides swarm around these historic places of interest.

In the Palacio Nacional above the central doorway outside is their Independence Bill. I tried to get a picture of it, but it was dark and the picture was a failure. Inside the thing of greatest interest is a mural by Diego de Rivera, a great modern mural painter. I understand he is at work on another one elsewhere in the building and hope to get a glimpse of him at work. Behind or shall I say within the building is a patio called the Garden of the Viceroy, a lovely palace. Overlooking it are the windows of the apartment that Emperor Maximilian and his Empress Carlota used to occupy. I didn't get to see the President, but later I saw his car slide by with screaming motorcycles before and behind. He was at such a distance that I merely saw the car.

The Aztec ruins sound like something but merely occupy a small portion of a block. It's where excavations have been carried on on the site of the old Aztec Temple that occupied eight blocks, I am told.

Lottery tickets are sold everywhere on the streets and the vendors even wander into restaurants if the waiter's eyes aren't sharp. Men, women, and small children sell these tickets, and hundreds and thousands of both rich and poor buy them.

On the seventh I decided to go to the Museo Nacional and I enjoyed that about as much as anything I have seen. It costs only thirty centavos for entrance fee, and I got a guide for one-fifty an hour. This is where I saw to it that it took just an hour.

Downstairs there was an immense collection of Aztec idols, sacred vessels, the huge sacrificial stone, the famous Aztec calendar stone, which you see reproduced everywhere in leather goods, onyx, etc., one corner of a tomb, a table (stone) on which prisoners were beheaded, and a huge coiled stone serpent which when inverted served later as a baptismal font from which to baptize the Indians. There were also a number of huge stones as large as automobile wheels with a hole in the center. These the Aztecs used in playing ball. They threw the wheel to a companion who was supposed to catch it on his arm—you know, see that his arm passed through the hole. It sounds improbable because the stones are so

(See *Journey*, p. 3, col. 3.)

Weddings

Ina Laws and Gunther Paulien were married June 21 in Texarkana, Arkansas. Marion Francis Kantz and Sharon Waggoner were married June 20 in Pomona, California. Maxine Rudy and Fabian Meier were married July 12 in Watertown, South Dakota.

Worship (from p. 1, col. 3)

whose waters were considered holy by the Mohammedans. Because the ship, which was Egyptian, was named for the well, the crew which were either Egyptian or Sudanese, felt that it could not be sunk.

According to Miss Hyatt it was two years ago July 4 that she left South Africa for a six months' furlough in America. After her furlough was over it seemed for a time that she would not be able to find transportation back to Africa, but finally passage was secured on the *Zamzam*. This was an Egyptian boat and they were assured that it was perfectly neutral. The boat was not what one finds on an American line; but all were glad for a chance to return to their fields of labor. There were 202 passengers instead of 125, which was all the boat was built to carry.

The *Zamzam* was shelled the morning of April 28—just four days before she should have reached her destination. As soon as the shelling began, everyone hurried to the dining room and lay flat on the floor. Miss Hyatt said she did not know how long the shelling lasted. She knew only that it was an eternity. During the time she did not pray for deliverance, she had prayed that many times before, but she prayed that she might die bravely and accepted by God. She said that through it all she could see the protecting hand of God. In all there were 55 shells fired at the *Zamzam*; only 11 struck the boat and only one below the water line. Of the 322 people, including passengers and crew, only 10 were injured. There were 100 people in the water and none of them were Seventh-day Adventists.

At this point in her story, Miss Hyatt stopped because the time was gone, and a long low moan came from her audience. But she promised to continue her story at 4 p. m. Sabbath, which she did.

Sabbath afternoon she continued her story. She told us how hard it was to climb down a swinging rope ladder and get into a life boat, that was constantly moving with the swell of the ocean. She told us how distressing it was to see Mrs. Hankins, a Seventh-day Adventist missionary, have to climb back up the 25 foot ladder and on to the *Zamzam* again because a "swell" carried the lifeboat away just as she reached the water and the crew refused to go back for her. Many people were in the shark-infested water because their lifeboats were damaged and sank as soon as they were filled. Little Elaine Morrow was left behind on the *Zamzam* because another man promised her father that he would bring her down the ladder, but in his excitement the man forgot Elaine. She was calm and said that she knew her daddy would rescue her, but her father was frantic. He begged the people on the boat to throw her overboard, intending to rescue her. They wouldn't. Then he started to jump out of the lifeboat and go back to her, but he was forcibly held back. Elaine was left behind.

According to Miss Hyatt, unless one has gone through such an experience, he cannot understand the fear that came into the hearts of the people from the *Zamzam* when they saw the gray hulk of the raider come into view. They were commanded to come alongside and be taken on board. As there was not much other alternative, they obeyed orders. The raider saved every one of the 322 persons with a portion of their baggage.

A rather distressing incident, yet amusing now, happened to her as she was boarding the raider, Miss Hyatt said. Of course it was another experience with a swaying rope ladder. This time a rope was thrown over which was tied around the waist of each person as he ascended. Those above pulled on this rope in an effort to aid in the ascent. Miss Hyatt said the young fellow that tied the rope around her tied a slip knot, and by the time she got to the top she was almost choked. One thing, she said, helped her out—every time she stopped to breathe a young sailor gave her a boost from behind. She was thankful for the boost. They spent the first night on the raider

Summer Students Picnic On Campus

Union College had its summer school picnic on the college campus July 20. The picnic began at 4 p. m. and lasted until 9:30 p. m.

From 4 to 5 p. m., the group played games—such old-fashioned ones as "Drop the Handkerchief" and "London Bridge Is Falling Down." After the games a half hour was given to races; and then came the girls' baseball game.

The most interesting part was supper which was served picnic style in the dining room. After that came the boys' baseball game, which was followed by more old-fashioned games until 9:30. Then tired and happy, the group went to the dormitories and to bed.

Narration

(from p. 1, col. 3)

Down! Down! Down! In the first 6 months of this year Axis submarines have deposited 337 allied ships in Davy Jones' Locker, where their cargoes and men fail to be of any further use to anyone. In the first six months of this year, U. S. shipyards built 228 new cargo vessels. This makes a loss of over 100 ships, plus 1,250,000 tons of materials much needed in U. S. factories or by U. S. overseas armies.

Twinkle! Twinkle! Twinkle! Only three little lights twinkle in this twilight of reverses. Federal investigators caught 8 saboteurs in 14 days after they had landed on American soil, thus preventing any announced sabotage. Chemists have found new ways to remove water from foods which will save shipping space much needed in overseas transportation. The Royal Air Force of Great Britain has again assumed large scale bombing of German sea-ports and industrial cities, but these bright spots are very weak in this dim-out of reverses.

Programs (from p. 1, col. 2)

"Waltz in A-flat," played by Booker Washington. The spirituals included "Ezekiel Saw the Wheel," "Devil Can't Do Me No Harm," "Old Time Religion," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," sung by the men's chorus. The male quartet sang "Somebody Is Waiting for Me," "I Am in His Care," "Can't Sit Down," and "Where Were You When the Lord Came Passing By?" Miss Emline Washington sang "Honor the Dying Lamb."

The evening of July 4 patriotic and educational films were shown in the chapel.

The "seasonal" program was given on the porch of North Hall. Those who had birthdays in each month contributed to the program. Both the January and May groups directed a march. The February group told in song of the making of the flag. The April group sponsored the "Quizz Kids" over Station DUMB. June came forth with some surprises. Six people from the audience were chosen who followed instructions which they found on the inside of an egg. Of course everyone laughed when Victor Lumpner sang "Rock-a-bye Baby" to a doll and Haziel Clifford tried to decorate and the next day they were put on board the *Dresden*. The captain of this ship told them that they were not prisoners but guests, but he warned them, especially the men, that there was to be no "funny business" or they would all go to the bottom together.

On the *Dresden* 73 women and 35 children were crowded into a space large enough for 25. At night the windows were closed and covered heavily for a blackout. The food consisted of: breakfast—lumpy flour paste and some sort of a herb tea; dinner—soup and sour dough black bread; supper—soup and sour dough black bread. One day it was rice soup that had weevils; the next day it was macaroni, and that had worms. On Sunday nights they were given sandwiches for supper: two ham and two cheese sandwiches each. Of course, it was an easy matter to trade ham for cheese sandwiches. This the Seventh-day Adventist missionaries promptly did. Finally the men protested about the food and after that the women were occasionally allowed one slice of white bread and a little jam.

They were on the *Dresden* five weeks and, needless to say, they were happy to get off and eventually to make their way back to America, that is, all but Mr. Russell, a Canadian, and Mrs. Hankins, the wife of an English doctor, who are still held as prisoners by the Germans.



Norman Krogstad sang "The Lord's Prayer" at the vesper service on Friday evening, July 17.

Mrs. Eleanor Cowles-Krogstad played "Ar Matin," by Godard, as a piano solo for Sabbath School on July 11.

"Just For Today" was sung by Robert Edwards at Young People's Meeting, July 10.

"Is Your All on the Altar," was a solo sung by Julia Joan Rowland for Sabbath School, July 4.

A girls' trio consisting of Desa Bonjour, Louise Westerbeck, and Violet Hanson sang "Living For Jesus" at vespers on July 3.

"How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings" was a clarinet duet played by Bob Firth, and Robert Groom at Sabbath School, June 27.

Jewell Mohr sang "Lord Is It I" at Sabbath School, June 20.

Ellen Priest and Louise Westerbeck sang "The Shepherd of Love," by Reitz, at Young People's meeting, June 19.

Bob Edward's face as she would a cake. Ora McLean said "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and Sally Espinosa sang "Rancho Grande." Elmer Herr, though it was his first time to play a violin, did his best to play the school song.

For the July group Mr. and Mrs. Norman Krogstad played a piano duet. Mrs. Lowell Edwards read "Bobby Shafto" for the August group; and a ladies' quartet sang "Mighty Lak A Rose" for the September group. For October's part, Bob Edwards sang "The Lilac Tree." November sponsored a milking contest between three boys and three girls. The girls won. For December Carol Schofield gave a reading and Mary Gardner played a saxophone solo.

The hike which the men of South Hall gave to entertain the school family was under the leadership of Melvin Rich. After an hour's walking the group stopped at the College View park where a short program was given. The first number was a medley of songs sung by Elmer Herr, Glenn Rice, and Herbert Knopp. Norman Krogstad followed with his German band. Following this "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" was sung and Dorothy Lessley, James Klein, Bob Firth and Art Bergman imitated the farm animals mentioned. Light refreshments were served and after that Norman Krogstad led in group singing which ended with "God Bless America."

JOURNEY (from p. 2, col. 5)

heavy, but I merely repeat what the guide said.

Upstairs were more rooms full of all sorts of things. For instance, one was called the Jewel Room and contained jade from Oaxaca, rock crystal, gold, flint, onyx, etc. I also saw the shield of old Montezuma and a reproduction of his marvelous plume headdress. The original is in Vienna. There were instruments of music in the form of animals, logs, etc. One room contained ancient manuscripts, another the costumes and industries of the various states. There were representatives of the various dances. And horror or horrors! There was a case full of the small human skulls that the Indians of Ecuador made by shrinking human heads. The skin, whiskers, and hair are still intact. I once saw an authentic travelogue in which that process was shown, though you may be sure the Indian medicine man who was doing the work was unaware of the fact that prying eyes had seen him and were secretly taking movies of the job.

Yet another room had samples of the perfectly beautiful pottery made in the various states. I especially like that from Oaxaca and Cuernavaca.

Best wishes,

PEARL L. HALL

"Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday, and all is well."

"The only person who can profitably run down the other fellow is the elevator boy."

Union As Seen By A Newcomer

To a new comer, Union College is like some kind of an exotic salad, a conglomeration of interesting colors and components, inviting and bewildering at first until one analyzes and enjoys each component part.

It is a regular maze of buildings stretching serpentine across a very beautiful campus, from the cheerful red brick of the busy college press to the white walled, leaded glass dignity of the College View Church.

Dominating the whole scene is the big red brick college building with its clock tower sitting massive and secure with great wings outspread like some gigantic motherly red hen—waiting for chicks and more chicks to mother and to hover.

For fifty years, its doors have been open to the youth of every rising generation and those same youth, trained, have gone out to be leaders in the greatest missionary movement of all time.

One wonders, walking down the wide halls, or peering in at the big chapel, just where these workers got their inspiration—these workers whose names are familiar to Seventh-day Adventists throughout the length and breadth of the whole earth.

This big English classroom for instance: What did Lora Clement hear in classes she attended that has helped her to be so eminently successful in her policies with the *Youth's Instructor*? Where did Milton Kern receive his yearning to go out as a leader of workers? The cavalcade of alumni is a notable one. The "chicks" old Union has mothered have been a credit to her name.

And so—having tasted of Union, I find it good—so good, that it invites me to come again, and feast my eyes on her beauty, rest my body with her hospitality, and calm my soul with her magnificent traditions.

After having spent six happy weeks here, I find myself regretting that the time is soon coming for me to leave. But I have some of the rich Nebraska loam in my shoe. Without a doubt, I shall have to come back some day and shake it out.

I wonder looking out across the campus grassy green

That this was once a cornfield only fifty years ago,

And where we view the flower beds and placid park-like scene
Some farmer trudged with horse and plow, or boy with weeding hoe.

Each unit on this campus represents some vision—dream,

That our old fathers saw as needs and worked and built up strong,
Each brick, and shrub, and porch, or walk was someone's happy scheme,
To make this place a beauty spot, they labored hard and long.

Today, Old Union College, standing true through fifty years—

Is still inviting students to her shelter and her fold.

What though the earth be riven—

MELENDY KILLED IN ACCIDENT

La Verne Melendy was instantly killed the evening of June 27 when the motorcycle on which he was riding struck loose gravel on the highway. When the accident occurred he was on his way from a Junior Camp in Yosemite to Modesta, California, where Mrs. Melendy was staying. Both Mr. and Mrs. Melendy, nee Dorothy Cash, were students of Union college.

EXCHANGE

WHEN I FINISH COLLEGE

Will I be stronger in body, with better habits and a clearer understanding of healthful living?

Will I understand better how to make the most of family life?

Will I have the highest standards of informed intelligence with plans for lifelong reading, study, conversation, work, play, and worship?

Will my influence as a citizen be used more effectively for the public good.

Will I be more skilled and useful in some worthy occupation?

Will I be better able to use leisure for the well-being of myself and others?

Will I be stronger in matters of personality, character, skill, social outlook, and religious faith?

A MAN WANTED

A man for hard work and rapid promotion, who can find things to be done without the help of a manager and assistants.

A man who gets to work on time in the morning and does not imperil the lives of others in an attempt to be first out of the office at night.

A man who listens carefully when spoken to, and asks only enough questions to insure accuracy in carrying out instructions.

A man who moves quickly and makes as little noise as possible about it.

A man who looks you straight in the eye and tells the truth every time.

A man who does not pity himself for having to dig and bustle.

A man who is cheerful, courteous to everyone, and determined to make good.

If interested, apply any hour, anywhere, any place, to anyone.

From the SLIGONIAN.

though agonizing fears,
Old Union stands a bulwark for the same truth as of old.

The same old Bible classes, pointing out the end is near—
The same true grasp of real things distinguishes it still,
Come quaff of learning's fountain— you will find it sweet and clear;
And come to Union College—the college on the hill.

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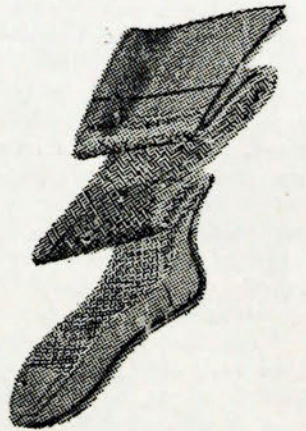
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UNIONNEWS

Mrs. Paul I. Nosworthy, of Union Springs, New York, visited Marjorie Schweder on June 20 and 21.

Miss Gertrude Green, assistant superintendent of nurses at Melrose, Massachusetts, visited her cousin, Marjorie Schweder on the week-end of June 26 to 28.

Dr. Donald John, resident physician at the White Memorial hospital, and Mrs. John, Los Angeles, California, were visitors at North Hall the week-end of June 27.

Rena Underwood and Maomi Barnhauser of Glendale were guests at North Hall the week-end of June 27.

Miss Linnie Keith of Tacoma Park, Washington, D. C., former dean of North Hall, spent a week, June 30 to July 7, visiting friends at the college and vicinity. Her father, Mr. J. G. Keith, will return with her to make his home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Little of Walla Walla college, Walla Walla, Washington, former teachers at Union college, were guests of North Hall, June 19 to 21.

Albert Goodwin of Little Rock, Arkansas, has recently come to Union and is employed as full-time worker in the furniture factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Chase of Tulsa, Oklahoma, visited their brother, James Chase on July 1.

Obie Hicks left for Loma Linda, California, on June 26, where he will begin his medical course soon.

Mrs. Flora Moyers spent the week-end of June 26-27 in St. Paul, Minnesota, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gammon.

Dean and Mrs. J. P. Laurence and Buzzie left for Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on June 28 where they will spend two weeks visiting Mr. Laurence's parents. James Chase is acting as assistant dean during their absence.

Dorthea Fitzgerald was called to her home in Boone, Iowa on June 29 because of the serious illness and death of her father.

Mr. C. L. Huston, Loren, and Marjorie of Hamilton, Iowa, visited Mrs. C. L. Huston and Merle on July 3 to 5. Mrs. Huston and Merle are attending summer school.

Dean Pearl L. Rees returned from the Minnesota Camp Meeting on June 29, having been gone ten days. Marjorie Schweder acted as assistant dean in her absence.

Elder R. L. Benton, army camp pastor in this district, has been a visitor on the campus recently.

Mrs. E. E. Cossentine left July 6 for New York where she plans to visit her mother.

Elder and Mrs. L. V. Grunke of Missouri, where Elder Grunke is Educational and M. V. Secretary, stopped at the college on their way to Washington, D. C., June 25.

Kappa Theta girls' club will continue through the summer months, meeting one evening each week. A nomination committee consisting of Mildred Morris, Dorothy Lessley, Jeannette Kemper, Hazel Clifford and Violet Hanson submitted the following names for summer officers: president, Sue Russell; vice-president, Marcedene Wood; secretary, Ardis Aalborg, and treasurer, Ruth Mitchell.

Miss Pearl Hall is spending the summer in Mexico City.

The president's and registrar's offices have recently been moved down from the third to the second floor of the Administration building.

Miss Helen Hyatt spoke to the students and a group of friends from College View on the lawn in front of North Hall Sabbath afternoon, July 11, on her experience at the time of the sinking of the Zamzam. Miss Hyatt is a returned missionary from Africa and the new teacher of grades seven and eight in our elementary training school.

The Board of Trustees of Union College met in the college library on July 15. Previous meetings of the executive committee and sub-committees were held July 12, 13 and 14.

President Cossentine visited the Colorado-Kansas Youth's Congress held at Pueblo, Colorado, July 17, 18, and 19.

Professor Frederick Griggs, former president of Union College and at the present time president of the board of White Memorial Hospital, visited at Union college July 3 and 4 and had charge of the 11:00 o'clock service in the College View church Sabbath morning.

Mrs. H. C. Hartman has organized a music club for the summer. The purpose of the club is to study the lives of composers and some music fundamentals.

Alice La Bonte of Washington, D. C., visited Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hartman recently. Miss La Bonte is a former student of Union College. At present she is a secretary in the office of the General Conference.

Jula Joan Rowland left Union July 21 for Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. She is to be employed as a stenographer in the conference office there.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Schneider from the Texico conference visited friends at Union recently. Both are former Union-Joan England from Lenexa, Kansas, visited her sister, Mercedes England July 11 and 12.

Elder and Mrs. E. H. Meyers, Vivian and Edward of Jefferson City, Missouri, visited friends on the campus and in the village July 19.

Since the CLOCK TOWER was last issued several new members have joined our school family. Among them are:

Mrs. Bertha Brown, Loveland, Colorado.

Robert Compton, Waukon, Minnesota. Frances Cunningham, South St. Paul, Minnesota.

Marjorie Dornum, Newcastle, Wyoming.

Albert Goodwin, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Barbara Jensen, Tekamah, Nebraska. James Johnson.

Marie Klein, Lake Preston, South Dakota.

Rodney Longfellow, Lovell, Wyoming. Vida Pogue, Jamestown, North Dakota.

James Ramsey, Liberty Center, Indiana. Noble Reynolds, Stratford, Connecticut. Mildred Thompson, Colman, South Dakota.

Richard Wilmot, Des Moines, Iowa. Gladys Cross of Loma Linda Sanitarium, Loma Linda, California, visited Grace Duffield June 24.

Mr. J. E. Stout was honored at a surprise birthday party at his home on Saturday evening, June 27, by the following students: Wilbur Chapman, James Chase, Paul Joyce, Bernard Gerard, Ardis Aalborg, Ruby Levison, Dorothy Shaull, Ruth Mitchell, Desa Bonjour, Evangeline Sornberger, Wilma Barr, Violet Hanson, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Davenport.

The last summer school student to arrive was Mrs. Bertha Brown, from Loveland, Colorado, who came on June 30.

Elder and Mrs. A. H. Rulkoetter left June 26 for Washington, D. C., where Elder Rulkoetter will be connected with Washington Missionary College.

Stanley Holmes of Nevada, Iowa, Bernard Jensen of Lake City, Iowa, and Dick Wilmot of Des Moines, Iowa, were visitors on the campus July 2.

Janice Davis of Kansas City, Kansas, visited Grace Duffield July 7 to 9.



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Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bonjour of Ames, Iowa, visited their daughter, Desa, July 3 to 5.

Mrs. Nora E. Grotheer, of Boone, Iowa, visited her daughter, Virginia, July 3 to 5.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gardner of Albany, Missouri, visited their daughter, Christine, July 4 to 5.

Mary Jane Jackson of Winterset, Iowa, visited friends on the campus July 3 to 5.

Elder and Mrs. J. M. Howell and family left Lincoln on June 25 for Florida, where Elder Howell will be principal of the Forest Lake Academy, Maitland Florida.

The following persons entertained Mrs. Flora Moyers, Mrs. J. C. Turner, and Miss Mary Woodward at a farewell supper, on July 13: Ellen Priest, Hilda Fern Remley, Rosa Lee Hassenpflug, Belva Boggs, Louise Westerbeck, Jula J. Rowland, Ardis Aalborg, Prudence Ortner, Violet Hanson, Martha Helen Huffhines, and Pearl L. Rees.

Ruth Sittler of Broad Water, Nebraska and Geraldine Rogers of Lapwai, Idaho, visited friends on the campus recently. Miss Sittler is a former Unionite. Both girls are taking nurse's training at Murray, Kentucky.

Yvonne Olson and Mrs. Delwyn Blue, both of Washington, D. C., visited Union recently. Both are former students.

Dean Laurence is again back on the campus after his two weeks' vacation in the East. He enjoyed a fine trip East by way of Michigan, Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C., and Virginia. He returned via Tennessee and Missouri. Mrs. Laurence was fined \$9.50 for speeding in Virginia.

Mr. H. A. Miller, the new music teacher, is here on the campus at Union. He comes here from Southern Junior College and previously headed the music department at Washington Missionary College. He has his degree in music from the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York.

President Cossentine is representing Union College at the Texas camp meeting which opens July 23.

Mr. C. N. Rees, principal of Takoma Park Academy, Washington, D. C., and Mrs. C. N. Rees, Mr. T. R. Larimore of the University of Indiana, and Mrs. T. R. Larimore, teacher of Romance languages at Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, and small son, were guests of Dean Pearl L. Rees on July 2.

Miss Lulu Blanch Hiatt of Winfield, Kansas, former teacher of Romance languages at Union, visited North Hall on June 22-24.

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Mrs. E. E. Cossentine and daughter, Verna, returned with President Cossentine on June 23. After spending several days visiting in North Hall, Verna Cossentine left again for California, where she will continue her nurse's training at the White Memorial hospital.

Four birthdays were celebrated in North Hall on July 2. The persons having birthdays then were Veta Mae Longfellow, Ruth Chapman, Irma Faye Berbohm and Mrs. J. C. Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Pettis have gone

VISUAL EDUCATION

Union College is continuing its program of visual education through the summer session. On alternate Wednesday evenings an educational film is shown in the chapel. Thus far the films shown have included scenes from other countries, news, industrial, patriotic, and historical films.

to Los Angeles, California where he will attend the University of Southern California this summer.

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