



BY THE
EDITOR

Not knowing what moralizing to do today I've decided to refrain altogether from that pleasure. But what to put down still remains a problem. After asking several people what to write I've decided that, since no one reads anything in this column but the calendar, it won't make any difference.

Just letting my fancy wander at different times and in different places has brought me up against many questions that need answering. Since revealing my ignorance of the existence of type lice, although I've had many offers of enlightenment, I'm still in the dark. (Somehow I have a feeling the little mites are made of the same thing as these snipes that one enthusiastically sets out to catch in a gunny sack by the light of the moon.)

Watching the snails in the biology lecture room aquarium made me wonder whether or not it hurts their feet to walk on sand.

And Jeanne Griffin one day asked what kind of people live in the Po valley in Italy. Po people?

Looking out the window during a Nebraska dust storm, I can see the flag pole whipping about in the wind. How would it feel to weather a storm up there sometime? A little worse than it does here, five stories off the ground. The tower office does sway and lean on particularly gusty days, though.

Have you ever sat in the chapel and listened to the thud that comes each time just before the clock strikes? Its jarring crash is right overhead now reminding me that I have only thirty minutes in which to accomplish about two hours' work.

You who have never been up on the fifth floor or up in the cupola of the clock tower should come up and be inspired by the view. From where I'm sitting I can see—for it's a clear day—the water tower out in Pioneer park, Gooch's mill, Westminster Church way down on Sheridan boulevard, and the Capitol building which overshadows them all. And on dusty days all the distant scenery is hazed over, and my horizon moves in five miles to just behind the College View water tower.

Well, you've been let in on the musings of a potential day dreamer. Try this sort of musing some day, but don't let it become chronic. I've been warned that day dreaming is a waste of valuable time.

We're not suggesting a census of nine weeks' grades, but did you know that in March, 1927, 23% of the grades of resident young women were "A's"?

CALENDAR

- November 17**
5:07 p.m. Sunset
7:00 p.m. Mission band
7:45 p.m. Vesper service
- November 18**
1:45 p.m. M. V. meeting
8:15 p.m. Bradford Washburn
(Third lyceum number)
- November 24**
5:02 p.m. Sunset
7:00 p.m. Ministerial seminar
7:45 p.m. Vesper service
- November 25**
1:45 p.m. M. V. meeting
8:15 p.m. To be announced
- November 29**
12:15 p.m. Thanksgiving vacation begins
7:30 p.m. Faculty entertainment
- November 30**
Open
- December 2**
4:59 p.m. Sunset
8:00 p.m. Social
- December 3**
Thanksgiving vacation ends
- December 9**
To be announced
- December 16**
College orchestra
- December 20—January 1**
Christmas Vacation
- January 6**
To be arranged
- January 13**
Open

The CLOCK TOWER

VOL. XIV

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, NOVEMBER 17, 1939

NUMBER 8

Classes Organize, Senior President Is Victor Wall

Class Elections Held During Chapel Periods, Two Classes Incomplete

Class organization for the year is well under way now. With two chapel periods given over to elections of officers, the seniors and juniors and freshman II class have completed their staffs. Sophomore and freshman I classes have not completed their elections.

In the senior class, first semester officers are Victor Wall, president; Eunice Ekstrom, vice president; Lottie Ziprick, secretary; and William Bieber, treasurer.

Junior leaders, in office for the entire year, are Gordon Zytoske, president; Marjorie Snyder, vice president; Jeanne Griffin, secretary; and Altus Hayes, treasurer.

Officers for the freshman II class, students here for the second year, are Warren Francis, president; Betty Buckley, vice president; Fara Follet, secretary; Herbert Hohensee, treasurer; and Virgil Temple, committee member.

Vanderbilt Airs Views on European Situation

Lyceum Speaker Addresses Five Hundred People Here

Stating that world affairs will move swiftly after November 11, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., well-known journalist and reporter, gave his view of the European crisis in an address to over five hundred in the chapel here November 4.

The speaker was of the opinion that America's danger of war "lies not in Europe, but in the Far East." He believes that Germany will attack the French and British through Holland, and as a result seize the Dutch East Indies, the source of rubber and spice for the United States.

A large part of Vanderbilt's talk was in relating anecdotes about kings, ex-kings, and other well-known leaders of foreign countries.

DAUGHTER BORN TO KURZ'S

Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Kurz of Bison, Kansas, announce the birth of a daughter, Drusilla Viva, on November 4. Mr. Kurz graduated from Union in 1938.

Golden Cords Purchases Speed Graphic Camera

Kenneth Brown Winner In Yearbook Snapshot Contest

The staff of the *Golden Cords*, Union college yearbook, plan that the 1940 annual shall be bigger and better than ever. Several new and interesting features will be included, the whole to be a complete, composite picture of Union college.

All class, organization, and club activities are to be represented in pictures. The purchase of a new Speed Graphic news photographer's camera by the *Golden Cords* is making this possible. Numerous pictures have already been taken.

New features will include: "Life Shots of Seniors," characteristic action pictures of every senior; "Silver Threads Among the Gold," a section on graduates of twenty-five years ago; and an index, giving every page on which each person appears in any picture. Each signature, that is, eight consecutive pages, is to go to press as completed.

The annual snapshot contest is over. First, second and third prizes for pictures went to Kenneth Brown, Helen Lamb, and Martin C. Bird. Present activity indicates an early appearance of the 1940 year book.

Twenty-nine College and Academy Students Here Assisted by NYA

Almost \$7,000 Yearly Given As College Allotment For Workers in Varied Activities

Because Union college believes in providing a large amount of work to needy students it is able to expand its interests so as to comply with the objectives of the United States government in its various emergency relief projects. The National Youth administration allotment for Union college and Union College academy is \$3,456.00 per school term. The college absorbs \$3,240.00 of this amount. The maximum payment per college student is \$20.00 per month while the minimum stands at \$10.00.

In order to meet the general requirements of the National Youth administration the college obligates itself to furnish work for at least twenty-four regularly enrolled men or women at \$15.00 per month. It is possible and permissible to help a greater number of students by lowering the amount paid to each student, but at no time may the total number of students aided fall below twenty-four. The academy is allowed a maximum of four pupils at \$6.00 per month or it may help eight by allowing each one \$3.00 per month.

The college students are engaged in the following types of activity: Laboratory and class-room assistants, typists, table service in the college dining hall, housekeeping supervision in the department of home economics, campus improvement, recreational service, library page service, and desk clerks. The last named work provides for all night clerk service in both dormitories. The academy pupils are engaged in duties of a general custodial nature.

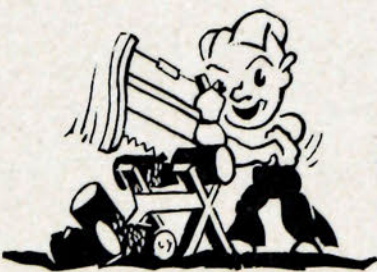
At the present time twenty-five college and four academy students are being aided by National Youth administration funds.

Members of Knights Club Entertain Their Friends With Variety Program

An entertainment in the South hall dining room was given by the Knights of 72 for their auxiliary members last Saturday evening. Music was furnished by an orchestra led by Herman Kicenske.

The program, announced by Edward Seitz, master of ceremonies, included numbers by the orchestra, a marimba solo by Marion Carlson, a reading by Mary Ohnemus, a trumpet trio composed of Genevieve McWilliams, Carlyle Cornell, and Preston Neff, and a song, "God Bless America," sung by Nellie Linscott Jensen, wife of a charter member of the organization. In a "question box," conducted by Lloyd Thomas, prizes were awarded to Robert Swenson, Ethredge Williams, and Rolland Olson. Refreshments consisted of pie a la mode.

campus



CROSS-CUTS

If you want to know what your fellow students' opinions on campus topics are,

If you want to find out what subjects are being discussed around this school,

Read the material under this caption.

If someone comes up to you and asks your opinion of a current campus conflict or a school-wide controversy, be frank in your answer but not necessarily brutal.

The success of this column depends on you and your cooperation with us.

Speech Choir in Armistice Program on Peace and War

Nineteen Members In Chorus Under Direction Of Speech Instructor

Presenting "Peace: The Twenty Years," a realistic account of wars since the 1918 Armistice, the Speaking choir of Union college appeared last Friday during the chapel program.

After a brief comment by Walter Crawford and a short poem, "War," by the group; the choir, under the direction of Mrs. Ivamae Small Hiltz, assistant professor of speech, gave the selection which was written by two New York high school students.

In the reading, which had solo parts taken by different members of the chorus, statesmen of the Great Powers haggled over peace terms following the Armistice. Then, with the undercurrent of "Peace, peace, good will toward men," the rise of Fascism, National Socialism, dictatorships in big and small European nations, war in Ethiopia, China, and Poland were portrayed.

"Will the nations crush brutally, or will brutality crush the nations?" was the puzzled question asked by the choir. In a mounting fear they asked, as dead soldiers of past wars, "For what shall they die tonight?" And the answer was, "They shall know they have died for greed."

Members of the choir, reorganized this fall, are Lois Johnson, Edna Jo Welch, Ruby Bounds, Anna Marie Krieger, Margie Miller, Mary Ohnemus, Dorothy Cash, Marie Sanders, Ila Nelson, Ruth Croak, Curtis Barger, Eugene Owen, James Stevens, Merrill Thayer, Clyde Kearbey, Herbert Hohensee, Walter Crawford, Howard Gompert, and Stanley Kannenberg.

J. H. Roth Speaks Here, Meets Kansas Students

Remarking that "character is what we are and what people think we are," J. H. Roth, president of the Kansas conference of Seventh-day Adventists, spoke to the students in chapel here November 8.

Reasoning that "imperfection of character is sin," the speaker presented his talk on character building under the following main points: 1. What is character? 2. Our thoughts determine our actions. 3. The five senses stimulate our thoughts. 4. We should control our thoughts.

Students from Kansas met with Elder Roth and ate dinner together at a special table that noon.

Examinations Cause of Dazed Looks, Blues, And Renewed Resolutions

Whew! They're all over with, and I guess my college career is, too. That history test was a "hum dinger." But maybe I should have studied more than two hours for it. And I just wish someone could explain Calvinism or Puritanism, or is it romanticism—well, anyway, I wish I knew what it was.

These post mortems are gruesome. I really feel terrible when I think of the mess I made of my Politics exam, but then Jesse Ditberner was mixed up, too, and Ruth Croak seemed surprised when Dr. Hagstotz started to dictate the test questions.

From all the remarks I've heard, nine weeks exams turned out to be a flop for others besides me. Folks coming over to the dining room after 11:25 classes wore various expressions. Some of them rushed in as usual, others dragged along absent-mindedly. Why, Lloyd Thomas was almost late last Tuesday, and all during dinner he muttered about "genes, epistasis, and lethal factors"—terms associated with genetics, so he said.

Along with about 397 other Union college students I've decided to be more consistent in my daily lesson preparation. But it's hard to forego an hour of tennis or one or two hours of basketball and use that valuable time for study, isn't it?

Mountaineer to Bring Films of Climbing Explorations in Both Europe and Alaska

Boys' Town Citizens Entertain Men's Club

Town Founded 22 Years Ago Covers 440 Acres Near Omaha

Boys and four of their advisers from Boys' Town, Father Flannagan's community of boys near Omaha, Nebraska, gave a program at Sigma Iota Kappa on November 7. The boys were accompanied by Mr. Arnold Stierman, Father Flannagan's assistant; Mr. Byron Reed, publicity manager of the home; Mr. Jack Silver, music director; and Brother Alfonso, one of the seven Brothers of Christian Schools who spend their time helping the boys to develop into strong young men.

Mr. Reed told the club that in order to appreciate Boys' Town and the work it does in moulding boys' characters, one must see the town itself. He said that the town and its activities weren't perfect, but he reminded the club of the fact that boys aren't perfect, and that the citizens of Boys' Town are real red-blooded boys.

A quartet then sang "Rosary," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Boys' Town Alma Mater," their school song, which was written at the time the picture "Boys' Town" was filmed there. Two other boys played two clarinet duets, "Sunshine" and "Yours."

Mr. Stierman, acting for Father Flannagan, then told the history of the town and some interesting facts about it. In 1913 Father Flannagan was sent to Omaha as a young parish assistant. One year the crops failed and the waves of immigrants who yearly followed the harvests for employment, unable to find work, lolled on the park benches. Father Flannagan wished to help these unfortunate, so he rented an old building and started the Working Men's hotel, where these men might find food and lodging. This project was continued for three years, but soon the men took advantage of the opportunity to obtain free food and shelter when they were out of work, and they neglected to get work even when it was obtainable.

When this project failed, Father Flannagan decided that the only way to prevent men from developing into drifters and poor citizens is to train the boys in good citizenship while they are still at the impressionable age. He reached this conclusion after discovering that not one of those men had had a good home environment in his youth. So in 1917 he borrowed \$90, rented an old building, and brought to this building five boys, three from juvenile courts, and two street urchins. At the close of the first year he had twenty-five charges.

Christmas dinner that year had consisted of meager fare, because the voluntary contributions were few and far between—then—meat stew and sauerkraut (which was very unpopular at that time as it was suspected of having a Teutonic origin.)

After the War they moved to larger

Faculty Reading Room Furnished By a Gift

New furnishings for the faculty reading room, on the west side of first floor in the library, were given for the room by an individual who wishes to remain anonymous, it is reported. Open house for faculty members and their families was held Sunday afternoon from four to six.

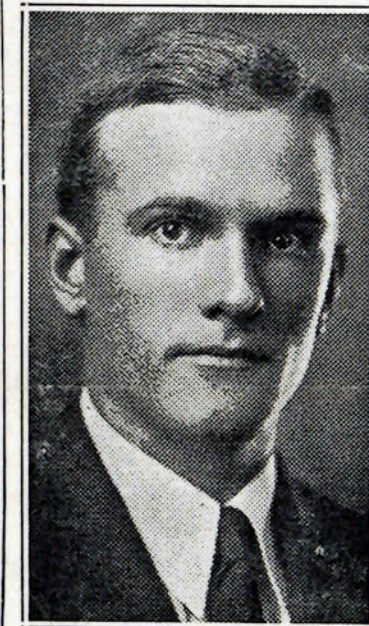
The room, devoted exclusively to use by faculty members, is furnished with rugs, reading tables, a davenport, occasional chairs, lamps, and a built-in bookcase in the east wall.

Washburn's Topic Will Be Numerous Recent Adventures

First To Climb Alaskan Peak, Mount Lucania, Third Lyceum Number

Motion pictures and a narrated account of mountaineering and exploration will be presented tomorrow night in the chapel by Bradford Washburn, who in 1937 was the first man to scale Mount Lucania, the highest unclimbed Alaskan peak.

Mr. Washburn's experience in exploration, mountain climbing and photography, both in Europe and on the American continent, is long and varied. In 1926, at the age of sixteen, he made his first trip to the summit of Mount Blanc. In 1929 he directed a motion picture of the traverse of the



Bradford Washburn

Grepon, one of the most formidable rock climbs of Europe. In 1931, he planned and executed the first complete motion picture ever to be taken of the ascent of Mount Blanc, the highest mountain in Western Europe.

In his second Yukon expedition for the National Geographic society, Bradford Washburn led a party of six men across the St. Elias range of Alaska in the winter of 1935.

(Continued on page 3)

Build on God's Word, Says Union's President

Vespers Talk Stresses the Wisdom and Power of Christ

Urging the students to build on the foundation of the word of Christ, a more sure foundation than anything else in this world, President A. H. Rulkoetter spoke at the vesper service last Friday evening in the chapel.

When here on earth, President Rulkoetter stated, Jesus spoke with authority and conviction as one who knew and did not couch with words of uncertainty promises which mean much to us today.

"Christ did not speak with loose, disconnected words," he stated, "but every statement had a purpose. With His words He healed, encouraged, and resurrected, bringing spiritual as well as physical life."

President Rulkoetter pointed out that there had been many wise men such as Solomon, David, Moses, and the Greek philosophers before Jesus' time, but of Him men said, "Never again spoke like Jesus." Elder Rulkoetter urged the students to follow Christ and to accept His words and abide by them.

THE CLOCK TOWER

Published biweekly during the school year and monthly during the summer by the Student Publishing Association of Union College

Mailed, one dollar a year; unmailed, seventy-five cents a year. Change of address should be sent with the old address to enable us to make the change promptly.

Send communications to THE CLOCK TOWER, College View, Lincoln, Nebraska. Advertising rates on request.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Lincoln, Nebr., April 5, 1911, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 17, 1921.

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DO NOT MISS SABBATH SCHOOL

The approval of God is upon regular Sabbath school attendance, according to the statement from the Spirit of Prophecy that says, "God teaches that we should assemble in His house to cultivate the attributes of perfect love," for "this will fit the dwellers of earth for the mansions that Christ has gone to prepare for all who love Him."

DO YOU DUCK TOO SOON?

How do bells affect you? When you hear a bell ring, does it immediately set to working a system or mechanism within you which causes you to dive for your books? If so, how often does this reaction occur—every time you hear a bell or only when you hear the one that rings in the chapel at 10:20 a.m.?

If you are affected this way only in chapel, how do you account for it? Is it that you can hardly wait to get to that next class or that you have just developed a new psychological reaction since coming to college?

How does the chapel speaker feel when he sees an appalling number of heads disappear to the lower regions of the chapel? What does he think? What would you think if you were placed in a similar position? Anyway, why not be grownup?

Life of Reader Isn't One of Flowery Ease

1:00 p.m.: My afternoon as an English reader begins. Guess I'll look in the pigeon-hole marked "From Class" and see what I can find today. I tell you these Freshman Composition students are unrivalled in their suggestions for solving world problems—past, present, and future—whether economic, religious, scholastic, philosophic, or social.

Ho hum! Guess I might as well get down to business. What's this? Oh yes, some girl has written a theme on Podunk, her home town. Here's another one. Some fellow has a solution for the European situation. Say, I wonder if the English know about him. Maybe he has just the information they're looking for. . . This sounds good: "How to get Along With People One Does Not Like." I wonder if the writer is a relative of Dale Carnegie.

I emerge from my deep study of the advantages of farm life to answer a knock at the door. Oh, yes, we have a few conferences today, and this timid little soul has the first. (Conferences are always interesting. They provide an excellent opportunity for me to study human nature.) The first victim, a timid soul as I said before, agrees with everything I say; she wouldn't dispute my word for the world. . .

Another knock at the door. The second victim is entirely different. How well I know her type. She is the kind who always got "A" in English back home; why she was even on the staff of Stumpville High's monthly paper. She just can't understand the "C's" on her papers. . .

The afternoon passes with similar situations. One diversion comes when an insurance salesman of the Elmer Blurr variety—you know, "I hope nobody's home, I hope, I hope, I hope"—mistakes me for a teacher. However he soon discovers his error and decides from my inprosperous appearance that I probably wouldn't be interested in buying life insurance.

These minor happenings are trivial compared to those which take place during examination week. I never fully realize the degree of my popularity until then. I am continually besieged with anxious inquiries about

Freshman Composition grades. Finally I get to the place where I can tell beforehand what the exact words of each student will be, and am able to join in with him on the chorus. By this time I am on the verge of insanity; therefore, as a precautionary measure, I lock my door and let the rest of the knocking go unheeded. After regaining my composure sufficiently, I proceed with the task that lies before me. Finally I gaze wearily out of the window and notice the general exodus to South hall. Ho, hum! Guess I'll call it a day and go to supper.

Introductory note: *I took two years of Spanish several years ago, but I wasn't exactly what you'd call a star pupil in it then; so when I decided I'd like to know the what's, why's and wherefore's of the Bernals' history, I enlisted Don Howell's assistance-- to him (as the dedication of my biology book said) much of the credit and none of the blame is due.*

Guillermo—translated William—and Mercedes Bernal came to Union college from Lima, Peru, last September. Their reasons for choosing Union, they informed me, were that they had heard that Union was the best one of the senior colleges here in the States, that they knew and liked former graduates of Union, and that they had friends here. Since their arrival, their flashing all-day-long smiles and their sparkling eyes have won them many more friends.

One thing that seems rather strange to Mrs. Bernal is that people here are good friends the very first time they meet; in South America people are very formal until they are well acquainted. Also new to her are auctioneers and the so-called "sales" to which everyone rushes to get bargain hats only to find that they were all sold the day before.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bernal plan to attend Union for the next four years; he will take the ministerial course and she the normal course. Then they will return to South America, where they will doubtless take a very prominent part in spreading the Gospel message.

Students of Union, It's Your Front Yard

No one gets any free advertising in THE CLOCK TOWER. Nobody is supposed to get any free advertising ever. Advertising is one of those things that people pay for. Yet in the past few weeks I've been noticing with growing dismay the increasing number of little signboards strewn casually along the serpentine and other walks—Infant Ruth (rich in dextrose), Butterdigg (contains delicious fresh peanut butter). Besides these gaily colored advertisements, there are also other rectangular advertisements proclaiming the juicy fruit or the peppermint flavor of that commodity that college girls are supposed to use in their rooms only.

Now, college students have already learned not to expect something for nothing. Why should they give something for nothing? I'll admit that I've invested more than one dime as a result of mental processes set up after spying a candy wrapper on the lawn, but I still don't think that candy manufacturers need any free advertising. And besides, I'm really afraid that the stick with the nail in the end of it that is used to pick up papers on the lawn will be worn out soon if something isn't done. **UNIONITES, ARISE!—and hold onto your candy wrappers.**

WE'RE TELLING YOU THAT

One student, when asked where the international date line was, replied, "North hall lobby."

According to numbers of Union college students, chosen for their ability to spell, "tandem" has many forms. It may be spelled thus: "tandem, tandem, tandum, tandoum." Other words fared better than that in the contest held in the gymnasium last Saturday night as one of a program of games directed by Mr. George Stone.

Rumor has reached us that one of the dairy store clerks in the evening rush revealed that the "medium" sign on an egg basket on the counter referred not to size but to age. However, someone had just asked about milk or doughnuts probably.

La Sierra college students, in three weeks of campaigning for their paper, the *College Criterion*, exceeded their goal by 145 subscriptions.

Campus Promenades at 5:31 a. m.

STARTING PLACE: NORTH HALL

Union college really has two campuses. The campus that I see in the grey, unreal dimness of early morning while making my pilgrimage to work is a vastly different campus from the one seen by those who terminate their naps five minutes before their 8:40 classes begin.

To begin with, my crepe-soled shoes make an alien noise, like the sound of an elephant when he pulls his feet out of the mud, as I traverse the strangely quiet corridor.

I proceed. After I open the door I forget about it, and consequently when I'm half way down the steps the sound of its slamming shut helps me to take the rest of the steps at one leap (don't tell Miss Keith); and those steps aren't the clearly defined ones that are there in the daytime. In the dark they're very nebulous objects. It's rather like embarking on an escalator blindfolded, not knowing which is tread and which is riser.

From there on my imagination runs riot. One morning I heard a noise under the porch; it may have been the wind or a dog, but anyway I was ten minutes early for work. Buck Rogers with his flying belt has nothing on me when I really put my mind to it.

The leaves that I accidentally crackle underfoot, in spite of my attempted avoidance of them, sound like fire-crackers going off, and just as I am recovering my composure I notice a huge snake writhing its way down across the campus. (In the daytime it looks like a fire hose but one doesn't take chances before daybreak.)

It is at about this juncture that I run into the path of a lawn sprinkler, in case one has been left running all night. The surprise never wears off. The walk is like bread, fresh every morning.

If it is at all windy, the wind coming around the corner of the administration building nearly lifts me off my feet and, happily, brings me one



step nearer to that very desirable condition, being thoroughly awake. The wind on my face brings memories of stories of haunted castles and bats and speeds my progress considerably.

The sudden appearance of the "Root Beer 5c" sign across the street seems about as much in keeping with the setting and with my imagination as if a rhinoceros should stroll up to me and begin to yawn. But, nevertheless, that sign reassures me that civilization, lights, and the end to sounds of howling dogs are close at hand.

This glimpse of my less brave moments has no moral, but if it had, perhaps it might be a plea to the teachers at Union college to deal gently with students who seem to go to sleep in classes. It may be they've merely developed a sleepy appearance from getting up too early, be it at 5 or at 9:25.

This will have its sequel next summer, when I intend to lie in bed until dinner time. And, if I awaken earlier, I'll open one eye and mutter happily, "Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in bed."

STARTING PLACE: ANNEX

Br-r-r-r, br-r-r-r-

There's that alarm clock again—but this bed feels fine right now. Sounds like the wind was blowing. Yes, I heard the clock strike, and I shut the alarm clock off, too.

Hey, quit your pushing me; I'm getting up. Say roommate, I wish

there weren't so many strings tied to that all-night light service. It would be nice to have lights to dress by. Oh well, guess I ought to be used to it. Wonder if it's worth it? Still, I suppose I'd be milking cows every morning if I were home, so I might as well do it here and go to school.

Siam-bam. There goes that guy from down stairs. See you after breakfast roommate. Huh! He's sound asleep again. . . .

Hi, fellows. Say, don't wait for me. I'll be with you in two jerks. Aw, quit your crabbing. I'll milk my share of the cows even if I do have to miss my breakfast.

What a bum pail this is! Well, guess I can't say anything. I'd take the good one if I got here first.

So, boss! Easy there, those feet were made to stand on. Say, there, neighbor, push that feed down in the manger as you go by. Ol' Beauty wants the last bite even if she falls down trying to reach it.

No! I'm not waiting for you to finish first! And I'm not going to sit here all day. Say, how many cows have you milked anyway?

Seven! Just what I thought. I'm one up on you now. . . .

Well, what's it to you? What if I was the first one to leave the barn? Sure I was the last one to get down there this morning. You can't expect a fellow to be first both ways can you? Besides I milked nine cows and that's as many as anyone else milked.

Finished your shower? Well, get your clothes on then. Let's go eat. Maybe you'll feel better with a meal under your belt.

You might feel worse? No wonder, if you eat three bowls of rice like you did once last week.

Sure, what you eat is all that you see of your earnings here, but—if you didn't eat yourself poor all the time you'd finish sooner and get a job where you could see something else.

Clock Tower Complains That Infirmities of Age Are Beginning to Appear

Oh dear! Two weeks ago I was bragging about my age, and now I feel it in every bolt, spring, and hand. For seventeen years I've worked faithfully year-round, without vacations, night and day, without complaint. But something has gone wrong with me in the last two weeks. I feel a strange aversion for work, and I know that there is something wrong with me organically.

Several people have examined me superficially and have pronounced me neurotic. But if you'd seen the treat-

ment Leonard Rogers had to administer to me this morning, you surely would have pitied me and forgiven my contrariness. He removed one of my four long arms and took it over to the power house or somewhere to reinforce it. These long years of turning my hands around and around had caused it to crack in the center. Others have splinted it and tried to reinforce it so many times that it looks like part of a farm implement all patched with bailing wire.

Mr. Rogers promised that if I still have difficulty with that arm—it's the south one, I think—he will have it replaced. But I wonder if that is all that's wrong with me. I know that the torsion produced turning those

hands sometimes causes me to strike out of time or to stop altogether, but I think there is more at fault than that. If they would only call a specialist. The company who sent me out here would be sure to find my ailment and prescribe for it. Until something more can be done for me, you'll just have to be tolerant of my waywardness.

Vesper Thoughts

LESSONS FROM THE HILLS

I've learned some mighty lessons from the hills; From craggy peak, from stream and mossy glen.

I've learned to love the blessed peace that fills Me as I climb the heights so far from men.

O, just to stand aloft some mountain way, And gaze in wonder at the scene below,

Is but to hear the great Creator say, "I, even I, did speak, and it was so!"

How small I feel, how futile is my life Compared to God's great Nature, grand and wide.

Though cursed by sin and shamed by ceaseless strife, The earth has grandeur still on ev'ry side.

How can men glibly say, "There is no God!" Where here is evidence to prove His word?

They do not see beyond the way they plod, Else nature's truths would leave their dark souls stirred.

The jumbled strata of the mountain rock Would prove that God once sent a mighty flood

To cleanse the earth from evil. Those who mock This truth would doubt a Saviour's cleansing blood.

Yet God in mercy clothed in garments fair The earthly evidence of justice met; That men, beholding God, may thus prepare

To meet Him midst Edenic beauties yet.

—R. Curtis Barger.

People

The story of how Mrs. Bernal learned about Adventists is very interesting. When she was a little girl her parents were Catholics, and she attended a nuns' school for three years. When she was about eleven years old, her mother became a very good friend of an Adventist lady who lived across the street. Mercedes used to hear this lady singing the same songs we sing in Sabbath school. She liked these songs very much, but thought it wrong for her to sing them; however, many times she found herself singing them unconsciously, whereupon she would instantly stop and start singing a hymn to Virgin Mary. One day the neighbor lady asked Mercedes' mother to attend a meeting with her. The mother was ill and could not go, but she told the lady that Mercedes could go with her. Before the little girl went to the meeting, her mother told her to be sure and observe everything that went on, because everyone said that when Adventists prayed little devils came. Little Mercedes wasn't very helpful in solving the mystery however, for she went to sleep the very first thing. So they went the next time, too. After that they went all the time, and soon they joined the Adventist church.

Mr. Bernal was born in Chileno. His parents didn't belong to any denomination until his mother went to Lima and there

accepted the Adventist faith. She spent some time there in Lima as the dean of women at our school. Then she went back to Chileno "on a special trip" to convert her son. She took him back to Lima with her, and he attended the school there for five years. (The school in Lima is the equivalent of our high school.)

Mr. and Mrs. Bernal attended the school at Lima during the same five years. They completed their work there in 1931 and two years later, on Mr. Bernal's birthday, they were married. She has taught school in Peru for five years and was dean of women at our denomination school in Lima for some time. Mr. Bernal has been very active in the ministerial work; he has worked among the Chunchos Indians, held meetings in several of the large cities in Peru, and was for some time prior to coming to Union the pastor of the church in Lima.

It never rains in Peru, Mr. Bernal says, and is usually cold and foggy. They have no furnaces or heat of any kind, however, they just keep warm the best way they can.

Mr. Bernal states that his wife and he understand about three-fourths of the American language now, but that when they study they have to look up "about every other word." At this rate it takes from three to four hours to study one lesson. "The joke is," says Mr. Bernal, "that our Webster is so big that my wife can't manage it, so I have to look up all the words."

HARMONY

For Sabbath school November 4, a mixed quartet, Ernest Herr, June Layman, Ruth Axt, and James Stevens, accompanied by Jeanne Griffin, sang "We Are Traveling through Emanuel's Land."

Ruth Olson sang "Jesus Whispers Peace," and Hazel Hagen played a piano solo, "To My Sweetheart," by Schumann, for lower division K. D. L. November 7.

A trio composed of Irma Fae Berbohm, La Vona Pogue, and Muriel Pogue sang "Hallelujah! What a Saviour," for Kappa Theta meeting November 6.

Ernest Herr, Paul Kemper, Bob Nystrom and Stanley Kannenberg sang "Loving Him Who First Loved Me" as a special number for vesper service last Friday evening.

Ruth Axt, Lottie Ziprick, and June Layman were the members of a trio who sang for vespers on November 3.

Marion Carlson and Hazel Hagen furnished the special music for Ministerial seminar last Friday evening.

For Missionary Volunteer meeting last Sabbath, June Layman presented six of her pupils from the training school in a three-part song, and Elenita Anderson, Irma Kicenske, and Ethel Smith played a saxophone trio.

Boy's Town Leaders Relate History . . .

(Continued from page 1)

quarters and started their own school; previous to this time the boys attended the public school. In 1921 the one hundred fifty boys moved to the present site of Boys' Town, 440 acres about ten miles west of Omaha. Since then the institution has grown rapidly. In 1934 it was recognized as a town and was granted a post office. At present there are 203 boys in six dormitories, and plans are being made for five new buildings. Next year, Mr. Stierman stated, they expect to have 550 boys. Since its founding over 4,000 have lived in Boy's Town. They have their own gymnasium, swimming pool, and football field.

The Boys' Town publication, Boys' Town Times, is a four-page weekly with a circulation of 100,000. The football team, which plays grade B high schools from surrounding states, has not been tied or defeated for five years.

The mayor and six commissioners, the governing body of the town, are elected by the boys themselves. The seven meeting together act as court, but the necessity for meeting in this capacity is practically non-existent. Preventive discipline is used in Boys' Town and works well.

There are numerous exceptions to the official age limit, twelve to sixteen. Boys are usually admitted through the recommendation of the welfare agencies in their communities, but those who just drift into the town from the road, as several have, are never turned away. About ten per cent of the boys are from the juvenile courts. Besides the high school grades which are taught, each boy who wishes may learn a trade, of which there are many to choose from: cleaning and pressing, electrical work, engineering, printing, shoe repair, woodwork, manual training, chef training, farming, horticulture, dairying—and one of the boys added politics. No boy leaves the town unless he has an acceptable home or place where he can "make good."

Mr. Stierman believes that helping the boys to accept responsibility is one of the biggest parts of growing up, and Father Flannagan is attempting to give his boys this training while they are with him.

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Students of '39 Teach, Work, Continue Studies

Kenneth Berry is teaching high school in Skiatook, Oklahoma.

Harold Brandt is taking a pre-law course in Moorehead, Minnesota.

Kurt Paulien is attending Emmanuel Missionary college in Berien Springs, Michigan.

Sophia Litvin is teaching school near Portland, Oregon, and Esther Smith is teaching school in Austin, Texas.

John Binder is working in Hurley, South Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Carrick are living near Dequoin, Kansas. Mrs. Carrick is the former Phyllis Montanye.

Lorraine Nash is working in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Esther Stotz is employed as a nurse at the Iowa sanitarium at Nevada, Iowa.

Clarence Swanson is studying dentistry in Atlanta, Georgia.

Erna Olson is teaching school at Wadena, Minnesota, and Ruth Hensley is teaching near Sheridan, Wyoming.

Weddings

NELSON—BRINKER

Bonnie Maxine Nelson of Gentry, Missouri, and Orason Lee Brinker were married at the home of the groom's parents in Edgewater, Colorado on the afternoon of October 19.

They were attended by Florence Dennison and Harrison Wade, former Unionites.

Mr. and Mrs. Brinker left immediately for College Place, Washington, where they plan to make their home. Mr. Brinker will be engaged in teaching the medical cadet corp at Walla Walla college during the present school year. He graduated from Union last spring.

—Courtesy of the Central Union Reaper.

LOVO—BAKER

The editorial staff apologizes for the error in the wedding announcement of Norma Lovo and Roger Baker appearing in the October 20 issue of THE CLOCK TOWER.

The wedding took place October 4 instead of October 10. Elder George Loewen, Educational, Home Missionary, and Young People's secretary for the North Dakota conference, officiated.

The couple spent their honeymoon in Winnipeg, Canada, where they secured a visa granting Mrs. Baker permanent entrance into the United States. They are now living in Jamestown, North Dakota.

OBITUARY

Oscar Mouse was born July 24, 1930, at Campion, Colorado, and died at 5:00 a. m., October 9, 1939, in South hall where he had been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. A. Mouse, who lived on second floor. He became acquainted with some girls who had just received a box of goodies from home and proceeded to invite himself to dinner. He



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NO doubt it has been your experience that it is often difficult to express in adequate words those Christmas sentiments, greetings and good wishes destined for your intimate friends.

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U. C. A. Notes

The physics class felt that they surely would appreciate the improved floor overhead as they tried to conduct class in Room 110 while the floor-sanding machine was running in the room above them.

Academy students played volley ball in the gymnasium while college classes were being organized November 6.

The French II class learned John 3:16 and Psalms 23 during the Week of Prayer.

Academy boys played volley ball and basketball in the gymnasium last Wednesday night.

Some members of the art class are making oil paintings under the direction of Miss Ethel Hartzel.

Washburn to Present Lucania Experience . . .

(Continued from page 1)

During the summer of 1937 Bradford Washburn with Robert H. Bates, made the first ascent of Mount Lucania, 17,150 feet above sea level, then the highest unclimbed peak in North America. Lucania was believed to be almost impregnable, partly on account of its tremendous icy cliffs and ridges, and partly because it is almost completely surrounded by ridge upon ridge of virtually impassable mountain ranges. Mr. Washburn solved the problem of approach to the mountain by flying in a plane equipped with special stainless steel skis, which made possible a take-off from the mud flats of the little coastal town of Valdez, Alaska, two hundred forty miles away, and a landing on a rough glacier fifteen miles from the base of Lucania.

Storms made it impossible for the airplane to make a second trip with the two other members of the party. Mr. Washburn and his partner, marooned at the mountain base camp had no way out but to climb over the tops of the ranges which they had thought impossible to get over except by plane. They finally succeeded in crossing the range, climbing Mount Lucania on July 9th, on the way.

To save their negatives, which tell the story of the most thrilling experiences of their lives, the two men sacrificed their food, living on squirrels, mushrooms, and rabbits until they reached civilization again.

Bradford Washburn's films are judged by some to be the finest pictures of mountain climbing ever made.

was on his way to visit a cake box on first floor when he unexpectedly met the monitor who pursued and struck him a fatal blow with a broom. He leaves to mourn him his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Mouse, a sister Minnie, a brother Mickey, his grandparents, and the girls of South Hall.

—By Mary Bess Johnson, Campion Academy.

Thanksgiving Story November, 1939

"Over the river and through the woods" still is the route to Thanksgiving Day dinner for many, but the way has been blazed with a modern highway and a motor car provides the means of transportation.

Thanksgiving, 1939, finds the American people about to complete 250 billion miles of motor transportation for the year. To many American families who use their cars for business and pleasure, and to the six and half million people looking to the motor industry for support, this fact presents a strong reason for giving thanks.

This movement of vehicles over the highways is 70 billion miles a year more than it was in prosperous 1929, even though the nation has experienced a siege of depression years.

Behind that figure of increased highway usage is a compelling story of some of the gains made by the American people, both in material goods and improved way of living, against the hardships of world depression.

Two million more people are operating passenger cars today than in the lush days of '29, and almost a million more trucks are serving the farmer and the business man. In a country which owns nearly 70 per cent of the world's automobiles, two out of every three families in the United States now own a private car. Today the country has well over a million miles of surfaced roads of all kinds—nearly double the number it had ten years ago.

A vast step-up in operating efficiency of trucks and buses during the past decade met the commanding need for economy in depression times and in so doing opened up new concepts of transport flexibility, as well as new sources and new markets for goods. One direct result of this trend has been reduced prices for many useful goods, putting them in reach millions of families formerly doing without.

The average American family finds its cost of living in Thanksgiving, 1939, well below the level of 1929. In effect, each dollar earned today contains 19 extra cents, which mount into substantial purchasing power when multiplied by a week's wage or a year's earnings.

While unemployment remains a serious problem, the nation's economy contains many spots brighter than before.

A million new jobs have been created in motor transport since 1929. In factories and filling stations, on road building crews and at the wheel

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BASKETBALL

In the first women's basketball game of the year, the white team, captained by Genevieve Carpenter, won from the blues, under the temporary leadership of Mary K. Weaver, 16 to 12 on November 4.

The teams, which have been practicing for about three weeks, are made up of the following players: Elizabeth Blech, captain of blues; Margaret Spaulding, Gladys Pettit, Eileen Beckner, Rosella Griffith, Mary K. Weaver, Annabelle Monett, Billie Hubert, Anna Larson. Whites, Captain Genevieve Carpenter, Joyce Love, Betty Buckley, Eunice Dietrickson, Leota Eads, Mabel Pruitt, Thelma Hobbs.

Upper division women are organizing a team also, it is reported. About fourteen met to form a practice schedule, and eleven attended the first practice Wednesday morning. Percy Saxon, sophomore from New Mexico, who refereed the women's game, is coaching the newly organized team which hopes to challenge the whites or blues soon after Thanksgiving.

of buses, in garages, salesrooms and refineries, nearly six and a half million people earn their living compared to five and a half million in 1929.

Definite signs of brighter times are such estimates as the American Automobile Association's that 52,500,000 people took motor vacations during 1939, spending on their way \$5,000,000,000, or a billion more than went for the same purpose in 1929. Into the pockets of families with spare bedding and a "Tourist Rooms" shingle went a sizeable proportion of the 200,000,000 additional dollars spent by motor travellers this year for accommodations.

And the National Park Service, which built motor roads through parks close to centers of population, records three times as many visitors in 1939 as in 1929. Nearly 7,000,000 people put the parks on their vacation itinerary this year, giving real application to the slogan, "See America First."

Meanwhile among farm families 85 per cent now own their cars. With improvement of local highways a decided trend in the decade, countless farmers have found outlets for their produce that did not exist before. And perhaps of considerable Thanksgiving significance is the fact that the number of school buses has more than doubled in the ten years. Secondary school attendance is up 2,274,000.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself as well as others.

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The three men's basketball teams, newly organized under the direction of Dr. E. B. Ogden, men's recreation sponsor, are freshman, sophomore, and junior teams. There are no senior students playing this year.

The game tomorrow night will be between the juniors and the sophomores. Freshmen will play the sophomores on November 25. These basketball games are to start promptly at 6:45 p.m.

Who is Lulubelle?

Where is Lulubelle? She appeared here Saturday night, November 4, between halves of the women's basketball game, did her stuff, and walked away. Have you seen her since then? She would be recognizable by her slouchy cap, her red sweater, and her broad, muscular shoulders. There was a misleading twinkle in her eyes, too.

You saw her lift those tremendous bar bells in approved weight-lifting form. You saw her challenge Ray Cronk, who was ignominiously defeated. You saw her stride proudly off the gymnasium floor with the thunderous applause of the admiring spectators following her. Do you suppose she saw the little boy who carried off the 1500 pounds of bar bells in one trip. Could that be why she has vanished? Perhaps Ruth Olson knows something about Lulubelle. Ask her!

Nov. 12, 1939
Dear Art I will see you back soon. I wish you would come back. I am wearing your old winter cap. I will have it wore out when you get back. I and Roger cot two popasn and one musrat. We think we will catch a skunk. I just wanted to write a line about what I was doing so I will have to close.

Edward J. Reed.
(Note: The above letter was received by J. A. Wolf from his ten-year-old nephew.)

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Trailings

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Christensen of Spirit Lake, Iowa, visited with his sister, Helen, November 9. With them were her brothers, Jake and James.

Hazel Hagen and Mildred Morris spent November 3 at their respective homes in Norfolk and Oakdale, Nebraska. They assisted in a Young Peoples' rally at Meadow Grove.

Guests at North hall the evening of November 5 were Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hagen, parents of Russell and Hazel.

Mabel Sproed of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Violet Beiter, Pueblo, Colorado, have dropped their classwork and returned to their respective homes because of ill health.

Workers in the Bookbinding honored Mabel Sproed at a farewell party in the North hall recreation room the evening of November 4.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Patton of Cleghorn, Iowa, visited their daughter, Doris, the week end of November 4.

Lillian Nash's mother, Mrs. Glenn Nash of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, visited here November 4 and 5.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. McCarty of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, visited their son James the week end of November 4.

Redecoration of second floor corridors in North hall has been begun by workers from the craft shop.

Miss Catherine Shepherd, assistant professor of education here, attended the Educational Convention for the Northern Union at Oak Park, Nevada, Iowa, October 29, 30, 31.

Louis E. Niermeyer, pastor of the Sunnyside Seventh-day Adventist church in Portland, Oregon, was guest in South hall November 4 and 5.

Donald Nelson, Ronald Stretter, and Russell Hagen attended a Young Peoples' meeting in Meadow Grove, Nebraska, on November 3.

Rubie Oaks, who has been convalescing in the Lincoln General hospital after an appendectomy, returned to North hall, November 7.

The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.—Pascal.

Itinerating Banner Moves Often; Rivalry Keen as Campaign Progresses

I wonder what the etymology of the word "campaign" is. Did they maliciously include "paign"? For some, I'd say it was the correct term, but for THE CLOCK TOWER campaign it is indeed a misnomer.

Have you seen the fine new electric toaster in the spread room that the girls bought with the five dollars they won by writing the most letters? Have you seen the grins on the faces of the people who have each won a new dollar bill for securing five subs to THE CLOCK TOWER? Have you seen the enthusiasms displayed by the staff and the general student body when THE CLOCK TOWER has a few minutes in chapel? Have you seen the splendid display of school spirit that was evinced by hanging of THE CLOCK TOWER banner? Have you seen the good will and sportsmanship that has dominated the entire campaign? Have you seen the cooperation of the students and faculty in obtaining subs?

I am proud of the position I hold on THE CLOCK TOWER staff. I am proud to head such a campaign as has been held so far. I am proud of Union college, THE CLOCK TOWER of Union, and all of the things she stands for.

I wish you all could have the thrill I've had in hanging THE CLOCK TOWER banner on the North hall porch. But I am sure you all will be thrilled when this campaign comes to a successful close on the seventeenth of November.

At a party given at the home of Judge Galloway in Wahoo, Nebraska, Mrs. Lillian Pogue entertained Muriel Pogue, La Vona Pogue, Miss Ruby Lea, Alfred Mazart, and Ronald Stretter last Saturday evening.

Viola Beitz entertained the following guests in her home last Saturday evening: Leonard Rogers, Maynard Aaby, Wilmer Unterscher, Olga Unterscher, Ruth Olson, Gideon Haas, Virgil Haas, Ruth Axt, Esther Swart, Irwin Remboldt, Bill Beiber, Ted Herr, Irene Zweigle, Leona Bauer, Melvin Binder, Miss Theresa Brickman, June Layman, and Leon Binder.

Linsey Barritt, Ruth Croak, Florence Hash, and Kenneth Brown were entertained at the home of Mrs. William Pollard last Saturday evening.

President and Mrs. A. H. Rulkoetter entertained faculty members at their home on Calvert street November 6. The occasion was the annual reception for the faculty. Table games were played, and refreshments were served.

At a luncheon held in the Union church in College View, November 1, Margie Miller and Mary Ohnemus gave readings and Stella Martin, accompanied by Ruby Bounds, played a group of violin solos.

Bernard Owen, Robert Garret, and Donald Jackson visited at their respective homes in Oconto, Nebraska; Batavia, Iowa; and Bruning, Nebraska the week end of November 3.

Brinker Commands Corps 6 Hour Course Outlined

College Place, Wash., October 26—Arriving this week, Orason L. Brinker, of Union college, is to take charge of the classes. He was selected for the post at the time of the autumn council held in Lincoln, Nebr.

"Mr. Brinker has several years' experience in this line and is well qualified to take up the work," declared President G. W. Bowers in reference to the addition.

Mr. Brinker, who was recently married before his coming here, is a commissioned officer of the Medical cadet corps. "A strictly new type of military drill will be carried out with special emphasis on military courtesies," he explains in reference to his department.

The students who are to be instructed will be required to appear in a full dress uniform consisting of white duck trousers, white shirt and an "over sea's" cap. The uniform is to be outlined in black.

The course, which will include first aid, Red Cross, sanitation, personal hygiene, field drill, calisthenics, litter drill and military courtesies is to be given six hours credits. Two will be fulfilled by health principles, one by physical education, the remaining three by cadet training, according to present plans.

Classes will be held in the afternoon on each Monday and Wednesday, and Tuesday and Thursday in addition to classes in the evening which will begin immediately, states the Corps heard.

The medical cadet work is to be

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Knights of 72 Present Sabbath School Program Byers in Mission Talk

"Seek and ye shall find" was the key thought of the Sabbath school program given by the Knights of '72 last week. Arthur Mazart was superintendent, and Max Eckert gave the scripture reading.

Dean Guy Habenicht, sponsor of the club, traced the historical background of the Hebrew people leading up to the seventy years' captivity. The secretary's report in the form of a dialogue was given by Gordon Zytoske and James Chase.

A quartet composed of Robert Swenson, Edward Seitz, Paul Kemper, and James Stevens sang, "Walking with God." Floyd Byers, in his mission talk, told of how his grandparents were brought into the truth by Darrell Ogden's great grandparents.

Andreasen Conducting Walla Walla Devotions

Faculty Members Speaking Evenings on Related Topics

M. L. Andreasen, former president of Union is conducting the fall week of Prayer at Walla Walla which opened at the chapel service, November 13, and which will close with the church service Sabbath, November 18. Elder Andreasen requested that the evening services be conducted by members of the faculty. The program was announced as follows:

Monday night, "Life Begins with God," by Dr. Merlin L. Neff.

Tuesday night, "Life Centers in God," by Mr. Claude E. Thurston.

Wednesday night, "Life Works for God," by Prof. Herman R. Sittner.

Thursday night, "Life Triumphs in God," by Dr. Percy W. Christian.

standardized in all Seventh-day Adventist colleges as the result of a recommendation by the autumn council.

The physical education classes will be cancelled this year, the training to be incorporated into cadet work. This change is, however, temporary, according to leaders.

In case of national emergency, an intensive course is planned to include those not attending school, this class to be offered in certain centers to be announced later.

—The Collegian.

Thou wilt give thyself relief if thou doest every act of this life as if it were the last.—Marcus Aurelius.

Knowledge roams creation o'er,
Telling what the ages say;
Silent Wisdom evermore
Holds the lamp to light the way.
—Anne E. Cole.

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Ekstrom, Layman Assist Union's Training School Methods Classes Observe

The Union college demonstration elementary school has as one of its functions that of affording college students experience in observing and teaching children. This year, although there are no student teachers for the fall semester, there will be several for the spring semester. However, the two assistants in the demonstration school's art and music classes are college students. Eunice Ekstrom of New York begins her third year as art instructor for the eight-grade school, and June Layman of Minnesota is teaching music for the second year.

The thirty-three students in the class in Elementary School Methods and the twenty-one students in various other methods courses will observe some of the classes in the demonstration school this first semester. Children in the elementary school furnished several music numbers for the sessions of the Teachers' Institute of the Central Union conference, held here from October 17 to 21.

Whittlings

The other day I turned my faucet on but no water came—at least not at first. The immediate response was a great deal of noisy spluttering and a few jerky splashes of water that splattered out of the glass I held, leaving it nearly as empty as I had brought it.

I decided I didn't want a drink after all,—not then. I would wait until there was less empty noise and more water.

What do people get from you when they come to you seeking help?

—College Critic.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Who may be proud, The young, for why? the pride
Of life is theirs and Time is on their side.
—Goethe.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after.—Longfellow.

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Campus Conclaves

MISSION BAND

The Mission band met for the first time this year on Friday evening, November 3. A committee to select officers for this semester was nominated, after which Elder Turner discussed the practical side of a missionary's life and the varied, general knowledge and skill that he must have to fill his position. Violet Hanson and Esther Priest sang a duet.

Students of '39 Teach, Work, Continue Studies

Isabelle Anderson is doing secretarial work at the Iowa conference office in Nevada, Iowa. Three Unionites are at Loma Linda, California. Eleanor Christensen is beginning the diabetics course, and Russel Hanson and Roy Sorenson are taking first year medical work. Goody Herwick is attending a business school in New York City. Alvin Kiley is at his home in St. Paul, Minnesota. Clark Smith is preceptor at Campion academy near Loveland, Colorado.

Five of last year's students are teaching. Grace Duffield teaches church school at Hutchison, Kansas. Dolores Graham has the church school in Fruita, Colorado; Leora Van Allen is in charge of one at Omaha, Nebraska; Jewell Mohr is employed in Goldsburg, Missouri; and Janice Duncan teaches typing at Campion academy.

Harold Grundset is taking dentistry at the University of Illinois. Billie June Johnson is at her home in Greybull, Wyoming. Harry Nelson is attending Hutchison Junior college in Hutchison, Kansas. Eddie Wright is attending Washington Missionary college in Washington, D. C.

Fern Johnson, Alpha Lebraska, and Deanne Miller are beginning the nursing course at Boulder sanitarium in Colorado. Roberta Payne is beginning her first year in the nursing school at Melrose, Massachusetts.

Dorothy Grant is attending Walla Walla college in Washington. Medora Hein is enrolled in Pacific Union college in California. Darrell Holtz is attending school in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Ellen Soring is working in Denver, Colorado.

KAPPA THETA

At Kappa Theta on November 6, Hazel Hagen acquainted the young women with some of the customs, habits and peculiarities of the South American people, especially in Brazil, where she spent the first fifteen years of her life.

In South America, Hazel reported, one must never send flowers to the sick, he must clap his hands at the front gate when going to make a call if he doesn't wish to be shot, and he must go to the public city park to make his acquaintances.

Mrs. Ruf who, with her husband, was a missionary in South America, sang "Jerusalem" in Portuguese.

LOWER DIVISION K. D. L.

A variety program was presented at the lower division King's Daughters league on November 7: Betty Buckley read the poem "Be the Best of Whatever You Are"; Hazel Hagen played a piano solo, "To My Sweetheart"; Ethyl Smith talked about what K. D. L. really means to her; Ruth Olson sang a solo; and Ruth Simon gave a talk on "King's daughters, all glorious within."

UPPER DIVISION K. D. L.

Upper division King's Daughters league had as its guest speaker on November 7 Doctor Schilling, professor of physics here, who told of a girls' college in Vermont where there are no classes, examinations, or lessons unless the students ask for them. The system is self-education with guidance. James Stevens sang "Asleep in the Deep", and Hulda Weng played a cello solo.

It is by learning that a man knows his deficiencies.—Han Ying.

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