

THE SANDBURR

Vol. XLVIII

Published at York, Nebraska, December 17, 1948 by York College Students

No. 7

Literary Societies Present Santa At Annual Formal Reception

Santa could not get to York College this year before vacation started, so the students who attended the literary societies' reception held at the college church Dec. 14 went to see Santa.

Santa, who suspiciously resembled Warren Porter, junior, Aurora, delegated five elves to entertain the visitors. The elves, who were Cora Marquez, sophomore, Santa Fe, N. M., Harry Owens, junior, Coffeyville, Kans., Gwen Wade, junior, Enid, Okla., Donald Erfourth, sophomore, St. James, Minn., and Robert Embree, sophomore, Merna, displayed toys for the benefit of the guests.

First to be shown was a trio of farmerette dolls patterned after Wanda Miller, senior, Russell, Kans., Norma Jean Anderson and Barbara Blanch, both seniors of York. Like all of the toys under the magic of the workshop, the trio became animated. They sang "Buttons and Bows" for the guests.

Two clowns, Norma Jean Anderson, and Harold Walker, senior, Santa Cruz, N. M., presented a tumbling act, and Milton Snow, senior, Des Moines, Ia., sang a solo. Another helper, Rolland Allison, sophomore, Winfield, Kans., demonstrated the roller skates that Santa will deliver this year.

Helen and Paul Embree, sophomores, York, were in charge of decorations.

Snow Time Is . . .



Snow must fly twice when it falls on the paved foot right-of-ways. The campus, fortunately, is not exempted from Nebraska's frequent winter's white blanketing. Demonstrating the digging out process are representatives of four states, Oklahoma, Montana, Colorado and Nebraska. Left to right they are Gene Weaver, Malcolm Brown, Allen Unger, and Mabel Dahlke.

Pre Med Club Is Organized

The newest campus organization, the pre-med club was recognized officially by the student council in a recent meeting. The purpose as stated by Milton Snow, senior, Des Moines, newly elected president, is "to increase our knowledge and interest toward professional fields of medicine and dentistry through association and discussion of common interests in said fields."

Mr. Snow continued to explain that the meetings will be held the second and fourth Thursday evenings and that future programs are to include guest speakers from among professional medical men of the city.

Frank Kamm, junior, Platte Center, is the vice-president. George Harris, sophomore, Nelson, and Tom Robson, senior, Thayer, are secretary-treasurer and student council representative respectively. Dr. W. C. Noll biological science department, will serve as sponsor.

The decision of the student council will be referred to the faculty for the final official action.

Savery, Bachman Speak to Y. M. C. A.

Dr. G. T. Savery, Business Administrator, and President W. E. Bachman gave talks on "The Man Nobody Knows" and "Christmas Through the Years" at the recent meeting of YMCA.

WE'RE TELLING YOU . . .

German students say . . . "Froehliche Weihnachten".
Those who know French say . . . "Joyeux Noel".
The Spanish speaking say . . . "Feliz Navidad".
Denee Holst might say . . . "Goo Goo".
Latin students greet with "Festum Nativitatis Christi Laetissimum".
Charles Williams says "Nga hi go a kohu neh a toe niei".
And the Sandburr staff says: Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

LOCAL SHUT-INS VISITED BY Y. F. XMAS CAROLERS

As has been the custom here for many years, the young people of the church, this year represented by members of the Youth Fellowship, last night visited the "shut-ins" for carol singing. They were transported from place to place in a truck, and concerned themselves in particular with the outlying homes of the city.

Following the caroling, the group met at the church basement for the traditional chili supper.

York College to Sponsor Choral Clinic January 7, 8

Professor David Foltz To Be Guest Director; 225 To Participate

Annual "Messiah" Draws Large Audience

Once again a large local audience witnessed the performance of Handel's oratorio, The Messiah. With the college choir forming the nucleus of the chorus, townspeople and students, under the baton of Prof. J. E. Koontz, this week joined in the annual presentation.

Miss Wanda Miller, senior, Russell, Kans., was contralto soloist, and Mrs. Bertha Boone, and Mrs. Glenna Auchard Bott, presented solo soprano work. Other solo were done by tenors Richard Riggs, '47, Milton Snow, senior, Des Moines, and basso Dale Smith, junior, Concordia, Kans., and Lee Huebert.

Miss Eda Rankin presented the organ intermissions, and was joined by pianist Harold Holton, senior, Brooks, Ia., for choral accompaniment.

Professor David Foltz, University of Nebraska, Department of Music, will direct a choral clinic in York on Jan. 7 and 8. The college-sponsored program will be held in the York city auditorium. Approximately 225 high school and college students from a 25 mile area will attend. According to Professor James E. Koontz, Music Department, York College, it will provide an opportunity for getting acquainted with those interested in music.

Boys' and girls' glee clubs, as well as the full chorus will study numbers to be presented in the concert on Saturday night, Jan. 8. On Friday night the college student council will provide entertainment for the high school visitors.

The guest director, Prof. Foltz, is widely known for his outstanding madrigal group at the university.

The clinic will also serve as an opportunity for auditioning high school seniors for six music scholarships. Professor Koontz expressed the hope that the music clinic will become an annual affair.

From Our President . . .

SEASON'S GREETINGS TO SANDBURR READERS:

When one reviews the old year and stands at the beginning of the new year, he has cause to be impressed by the fact of change in the world. We sometimes sing about the transition from the old to the new.

"Ring out the old," we sing, "ring in the new; ring out the false, ring in the true; ring out the narrowing lusts of gold; ring out the thousand wars of old; ring in the valiant man and free; ring in the Christ that is to be." So be it. There is change, of course, but let there be only on direction in which there is change, namely, to make the world more Christlike.

While the philosophy of change is in the air, it is well to remind ourselves that there are abiding values in which we may believe.

We believe in God. "From everlasting thou art God, to endless years the same."

We believe in Jesus Christ. "Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of all."

We believe in the Bible. "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in His excellent Word."

We believe in the Church. "Like a mighty army moves the church of God."

We believe in Man. "When thy heart enfolds another, God is there."

Our wish for Christmas and the New Year is that we may all have a strengthening of our faith in these Christian values to sustain us in a world of change. Such faith fortifies the soul, and helps us to be assured that while we must put away the passing year, yet there are purposes and hopes whose years have no end.

—Walter E. Bachman.

Commencement May 30 Spring Vacation In April Administration Reveals

The date of commencement this year has been changed to May 30 according to a recent announcement from the administration. A change in the date of spring vacation also was revealed.

Dr. Bachman states that the earlier commencement date will serve two purposes. First, it will make all the closing exercises of the class of '49 a closely knit unit within a smaller time element. This will be a convenience to those who wish to visit the campus at this time. In the second place, commencement will cease to conflict with the convention of the Kansas Women's Society of World Service.

The new dates of spring vacation, April 14 to 20, will also serve a dual purpose. Students will be able to be home over the Easter season and the college chorus will be forced to miss fewer class sessions since part of their tour is scheduled to parallel the vacation period.

New Band Instruments Arrive On Campus

The dream of a York College band is coming true as is evidenced by the sectional rehearsals that have been taking place this last week and the recent arrival of \$1,000 worth of new band instruments. \$500 has been spent also on instrument repair.

A complete band rehearsal will be held soon and the prospects for a band at the basketball games in the near future are excellent, according to Prof. James Koontz, music director.



Four Y. C. Students to Attend Conference

Four Y. C. students will attend the Ecumenical Student Conference at the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, December 27, 1948, to January 1, 1949.

At the Conference, which has "World-Churchmanship" as its central theme, will be Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. delegates, Clair Marvel, junior, Valeda, Kans., and Carol Mead, sophomore, Imperial.

The Youth Fellowship of the College Church will send Harold Walker, senior, Santa Cruz, N. M., as the representative from their group. Miss Harriet Thomas, senior, Topeka, will also attend the conference but will be sponsored by the National Youth Fellowship of which she is secretary.

Methodist Program Features Y. C. Students In Play

"A Room for the Prince," a one act play by Rilla Carlisle was presented in the Methodist Church, Thursday afternoon. Those in the cast were as follows: Evelyn Thomas, freshman, Topeka; Janet Duncan, sophomore, Davenport, Iowa; Georgann Hoff, sophomore, Los Alamos, N. M.; Lavona Dvorak, freshman, Swisher, Iowa, and Judy Hersey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hersey. Barbara Blanch, senior, York, directed the Christmas play.

News Briefs

Mrs. Sam McMullen, Lexington, Oregon, recently visited Mrs. Luper, matron of Hulitt Hall.

OUR NEED—CHRISTMAS 1948

Warren Porter

This world could use three wise men now,
And men with Shepherd's faith
For off in yon horizon shines
Two stars—one life, one death.
One leads to Jesus—it's His star,
One leads to war and hate
And on the following thereof
Hangs balanced man's own fate.
Lead, wise men—follow Him whose thought
Put Pharisees to shame.
And we will follow where He leads
To overcome sin, death, and shame.

Faculty Party To Be Tonight

The theme of Christmas will be worked out in the decorations, favors, and program of the faculty party to be held tonight, according to Miss Edith Callender, English department and general chairman for the occasion.

Turkey will be featured at the meal, served in Hulitt dining hall, to which the families of all faculty members and employees of the college are invited.

The children will have a gift exchange upstairs while the adults are participating in the program and games that have been planned.

Recent arrivals on the campus include a son for Mr. and Mrs. Warren Noble and a son for Mr. and Mrs. Ben Creech.

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Published every other Friday by the York College Press Guild.

Entered as second-class matter January 15, 1925, at the post-office at York, Nebraska, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

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CAMPUSOLOGY

by Bob Pearman

Some weeks ago I composed a conglomerate mess of lettertype, and it was published under this title. Those two people who read it informed me that their nostalgia was thereby activated. First of all, I would like to have it made clear that any resemblance to the Y. C. students and people mentioned in this column is purely intentional.

News Flash: One of our co-eds is really a home girl at heart. So they put her in a home.

The Messiah is here and past. They say that music hath charms to sooth the savage breast, but it's never had any effect on me.

"Christmas is coming," sighed the York College student as he finished ironing the wrinkles from his money bags.

The Judge wants Teresa, Mrs. Luper wants Middlebrook Hall, and Tonkin wants to win the tournament. Santa, please note.

There's a Tree In The Middle . . .



The con, in its holiday garb, welcomes these students: Betty Riggs, junior, Merna; Rolland Allison, sophomore, Woodston, Kans.; Keith Spahr, freshman, Loveland, Colo.; Beverly Miller, freshman, Ventura, Ia., and Dale Kurtz, freshman, Alton, Kans.

Editorials . . .

We Do Highly Resolve . . .

There is nothing so dead as last New Year's resolutions, so we as students decide not to make any resolutions this year. That is the attitude of a defeatist. Indifference and laziness are the two chief causes for failure to keep last year's resolutions. With the coming New Year let us arm ourselves with a new determination and zeal and look about the campus to find the most pressing resolutions needed by students today.

First of all, we as college students should resolve to make better use of our time. We will have to confess that we all waste time, some of us more than others. Time is the raw material of which life is made, and once we have lost it we can never gain it back. As we become more efficient in the use of our time we will find that our living will become more meaningful and we will derive more satisfaction from life. The higher education gained in college places a great responsibility upon us to use our time in a most efficient manner so as to benefit society as a whole and not ourselves alone.

Second, we should resolve to understand our fellow man better. The magnitude of this resolution becomes evident when we realize that the greater share of lives is spent in getting along with others. One of the greatest assets a college education has to offer is the understanding of our fellowman; as we become educated we should increase in understanding. Understanding others requires a great amount of patience and fortitude, but its rewards of satisfaction and growth in character are well worth the efforts.

Third, we should resolve to be more alert to world affairs. It is easy in college to become so engrossed in school and various activities that we literally bury our heads in the sand, ignorant of world affairs. We must realize that we are a small part of this great play of world events, and the more we know about the main plot the better we will be able to play our part. It is true that a grain of sand does not make a beach, and it follows that we as individuals do not make world affairs, but when we realize the challenge and need for progress in world government and relationships we should endeavor to understand and give our best efforts to this cause.

Fourth, we should re-examine the goals we have in life. Goals are the targets of our lives' aim. Determination and will are our ammunition. Many have let discouragement dampen their ammunition, while others have wasted their ammunition in life because of a poor aim, or no goal at which to aim. Regardless of what may be one's purpose in life, Christian ideals add to the goal a value which is priceless and one for which the whole world is seeking, but has not yet found.

Resolutions will mean largely what you make them. If they become dead to you it is because you have not given them any life. If they are alive to you it will be because you have made them so. We must learn to recognize and appreciate this abundant life that opportunity has offered to us. Above all we must share it or we will lose it.

—Forrest Hergert.

The Search . . .

"For unto us a Child is born" is a theme which pounds through my brain. It is His birthday we are celebrating, the 1,948th anniversary of His birth.

Does the Christmas spirit abound? Does the Prince of Peace rule with a gentle but firm hand over His universe? Have men dedicated their all for His cause?

I searched the peace tables of the world. Surely I could find Christ there! I found Marx, Stalin, Roosevelt—their words regarded as oracular by many, but the men about the peace tables said nothing about Jesus.

Our Congress will show the Christmas spirit, I reasoned. This is a Christian land—there He will speak out with the tongues of our leaders. But though I heard much about pumpkin-papers, the theories of Chambers and Hiss, the Taft-Hartley Labor Act, I found no evidence of Christ.

He must be in the throngs. That was where He appeared so often in those days of His flesh. I searched the milling crowds anxiously. I found shoppers wondering how much Auntie was going to spend on them. I found Santa Claus. I found the gift that every dad wants. But I didn't find Him.

And then I saw a sign on a department store front. It was covered with red letters, sprinkled with silves, glowing with brilliant lights. Hastening to it, I read its offering eagerly. "Merry Xmas" it read. Christ was gone from Christmas.

—Warren Porter.

Inquiring Reporter

The majority, in numbers, of the men over the women seems to bear itself out no matter what question is being asked around the campus. The masculine weakness for a well turned ankle is observed even among many of the Pre-Theos when the inquiry was "What would you like to find in your stocking on Christmas morning?"

Warren Porter: A pretty girl's foot.

Dick Miller: Pretty girl.

Jack Mathis: Nice looking brunette.

Jim Berglund: Pretty brunette.

Chuck Emerick: Buick.

John Holm: I wish my stocking could get fuller and Fuller.

Duane Larkins: A one thousand dollar bill.

Barbara Benfer: Teddy bear.

Chuck Bean: Answers to Dr. Noll's tests.

Bernice Dvorak: I'd like to be surprised.

Wayne Farrer: I don't know. I haven't hung up a stocking for a long time.

Denzel Dyer: My feet are big but not that big.

Harold Walker: I refer you to Varga.

Dale Kurtz: I'd settle for a great big, beautiful doll.

Del Woods: Anything but a lump of coal.

Lois Riddle: My feet.

Lucille Keefe: No holes.

Lavona Dvorak: Eight extra hours of sleep.

OH, TANNENBAUM!

The campus this season is just one big Christmas tree covered with shiny and sparkling things. Here are a few of them:

glassy puddles

Frost at dawn

Happy eyes

Car lights through the snow

Satin ribbon

Diamonds

WINTER'S ICING

God must have been busy last night

Getting ready for today

Because he'd planned a big surprise

Which He worked out this way.

He iced the world with divinity

Whipped up in the bowl of the sky,

Beat with wind, that He held in His hand

Then He poured it out on the sly.

But when I awoke this morning

To a breath-taking dawn

I could guess how He had done it

For His spoon marks were on my lawn.

Arthur Lenz of Golden, Colo., plans to spend the holidays with his family at the home of Mrs. Grace Medsker.

J Is For Jeanius

Stephen Foster may dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair but York College boys have all kinds of Jeans from which to choose. Jean Graham and Jeanne B. Kurtz sport the word as their first name. Living on second floor of the Con are Bonnie Jean Smith, Betty Jean Riggs, Beverly Jean Miller, Elizabeth Jean Hooper and Lavona Jean Dvorak. The Jean from the Annex is Wanda Jean Miller. Barbara Jean Blauch and Barbara Jean Benfer have both first and middle names and last initials alike. But that's not all of the Jeans. Looking around town and in the country we find Norma Jean Anderson, Doris Jean Bason, Dorothy Jean Burhoop, Rosella Jean Carpenter, Mabel Jean Dahlke, Carol Jean Denton, and Shirley Jean Light.

The males also have a market for the name with EUGENE V. Smith being the only one to use it as a first name. We also find Robert Eugene Moyer, Robert Eugene Haight, Robert Eugene Hobbs, Evan Eugene Miller, Elvin Jean Eastman, M. Eugene Weaver, Gerald Eugene Lewis, and Duane Eugene Larkins. Marvin Gene Lane, R. Gene Rohrig, and Darrell Jean Lower vary the spelling a bit.

The moral of this story is: "If you want to get anything done (around here) call for a Genie."

SEEN AROUND Y. C.

New cheer leaders' uniforms . . . Mistletoe . . . careful boys . . . Turkish towels . . . inscribed Y. C. . . Johnny Mann's Robin Hood hat . . . a swollen jaw . . . red noses . . . Holbrook with his ears lowered . . . Messiah books . . . Puppet show . . . Con girls on knees after seeing "Anna and the King of Siam" . . . ETCETERA . . . ETCETERA.

We See in the Papers

By Gerald Bailey

THE MIDLAND . . . "Jack" Nicolds has resigned as head coach following a football squad request that he do so . . . Ralph Noerring-er takes over in time for the cage season . . . Nicolds is only one of many unfortunate coaches all over the U. S. who suffered for not producing a winning team.

THE KEARNEY ANTELOPE . . . Kearney was host to the annual Inter-collegiate Practice Debate Tournament December 4 . . . thirteen organized squads have a full slate in Intramural basketball . . .

THE WESLEYAN . . . Wesleyan has taken a running jump at grand opera with Gounod's "Faust" in a 4-day run Dec. 8-11 . . . a student letter to the editor proposes a system for students to rate their instructors, in the interest of constructive criticism. . . .

THE COLLEGIAN . . . Hastings drama department has "Macbeth" under its belt, with "Life With Father" next on the bill of fare.

THE GOLDENROD . . . Wayne has eight squads of intramural cagers . . . there is still a place for poets in journalism . . . J. R. Johnson had a page-length, two-column-wide ballad entitled "Wildcat's Revenge" (over the Chadron Eagles).

HEARD AROUND Y. C.

Crunch! crunch! crunching of Christmas candy . . . Ya! Nein! Christmas carols . . . firecrackers in front of the Con . . . splat of slushy snowball . . . "East is East and West is West and the" . . . Soap Opera "May I hold your palm, olive" "not on your life, boy" Singing dishwashers . . . off key . . . No lates for meals . . . the annex starves. . . Sandburr tripwriters at work.

Santa Says . . .

"WELL?"

"I'm sorry to bother you Mr. Claus, but . . ."

"Don't, then!"

" . . . but I am the SANDBURR reporter who was supposed to interview you, and I would appreciate a statement . . ."

"I'M A BUSY MAN! And you reporters think you have to worry about meeting deadlines! Here it is almost Christmas, and I have so much to get ready yet!"

"If there is anything I can do . . ."

"There is! Just what are you expecting me to bring you back at York College?"

"Well, Shaney wants a painted necktie, Harriet wants a brother-in-law for her sis, and Gene Smith wants an electric train so he can have a way to get home, and Roberta wants umpteen thousand dollars, and Becky and Lucy want a couple big dolls or pandas or something, and Johnny Mann wants a kitty, and Gwen and Ruth have a whole list, and Mary Lou wants a new Royal and a Ford and a 35 mm. camera, and Beverly Miller wants a . . . wants a . . ."

"Beverly Miller wants a what?"

"I dunno. I asked her and all she did was raise her eyebrows and sorta smile."

"What do the rest want?"

"Mostly new Plymouths or Chryslers or Pontiacs or something."

"Hah!"

"Oh, yes! Dick Miller says all he wants is a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"Goodby Santa . . . MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

"THANK YOU" IS INADEQUATE

Mary Katherine Jackson
Ann sat on the piano bench and considered her problem. With one finger she pushed down a piano key so gently that it made no sound. In the back of the room she heard the clang made by the handle of the coalhod as her father set it down by the old stove. She heard the sound of her mother's broom rasping across the warp of the long, narrow carpet. The inside of the church was growing very dim now as the last rays of the Christmas sun beat against the frosted windows. Mother had been so worried about gifts last week. Ann had been kneeling in the seat of the rocking chair, looking over the back, rocking gently and watching her mother ironing. For some time, the only sound in the room had been the squeak of the chair and the occasional clash of the flat iron as it was set on an inverted pie tin. Suddenly mother raised her head and looked directly at Ann. It was easy to tell that mother was worried. She would never have been so direct had she not been. "Ann," the question came with startling suddenness, "Ann, do you believe in Santa Claus?"

CONTEST RESULTS
The results of the annual Sandburr contest are presented in this issue. The judges, Prof. Edith Callender, Mrs. J. C. Morgan, and Louis Rachow, announce the following winners:
Short Story
Winner, Mary Katherine Jackson, "Thank You Is Inadequate."
Poetry
First prize, Warren Porter, "Road to Peace."
Second prize, Barbara Blauch, "A Gift of Silence."
Essay
First prize, Paul Deever, "What's Your Opinion."
Second prize, Carol Denton, "Thoughts at Christmas."

Ann's mind sent out little warnings—careful, slow, answer casually. This is important. She considered seriously before nodding an affirmative answer. Mother smoothed a pillow case, then set the iron down. She looked into the little girl's eyes, took a deep breath, and began, "You're eight years old dear, and daddy and I think you should know—mothers and fathers are the only Santa there is. They buy the gifts and put them under the tree because they love the children so much. Now that you know this, you may help decorate the tree and wrap packages next year. We—we didn't want you to be disappointed and we just won't have the money to buy you the gifts for which you asked Santa. There'll be one gift we buy and one I make, but that's all this year. Will you mind too much?"
Silence slid back into the room. Then Ann shook her head as her mother watched her, troubled. It was so difficult to tell what the child was thinking. Ann's thoughts whirled. No Santa, probably no Easter Bunny. What about fairies? "Maama, are there fairies?" she asked.
The mother felt her determination leaving her. She clutched it

frantically and answered slowly, "Well, not exactly, but I often think that very good people like Mrs. Lewis might be fairies."
Ann recognized her mother's attempt at kindness, but Mrs. Lewis however dear, was all most 70 and was very fat. She had no wand, and gauzy white wings wouldn't even lift her from the floor, much less make her fly. And she could never hide in a flower. Ann wasn't deceived. There were no fairies.
Christmas was a glittery, sparkly day. Outside there was ice and snow and sun, and inside there was bubbly excitement and shimmering cranberry jelly and a tinsel star. From the tree that morning Ann had received a doll dress, a wonderful book, and a golden, juicy orange. At the church the evening before, she had gotten a sack of bright, flinty Christmas candies intermixed with gooey chocolate drops. She had carefully removed the chocolate drops and eaten them immediately, but the spicy Christmas candies with their queer shapes were left for the family. Ann didn't care for spice.

Ever since returning from church Christmas Eve, there had been more happiness in the house, but there had been tenseness and a little anxiety, too. Ann had felt it, and while eating her dessert at dinner, had intercepted a meaningful glance between her father and mother. Thus it was at the dinner table that the wonderful secret was disclosed.
Once again the mother used a direct approach. "Ann, we have one more gift for you. You're going to take piano lessons." Ann had difficulty holding herself down to her mustamory outward calm. Music lessons! Magic! But how did one take music lessons with no piano? Before she could ask, the explanation came from her father. At the church the evening before, he and her mother had offered to do the janitor work without pay, if, while the church was heated, the board would allow Ann to practice for two hours on the church piano. That would be on Tuesday for Ladies Aid, Wednesday for prayer-meeting, and Saturday while the building was cleaned. And, if Ann would do the dusting, the congregation would pay her 35¢ a week—just enough for a half-hour lesson!

Of course her excitement was too great to allow her to sit still long, and her mother and father had suddenly remembered very conveniently that the debris of the Christmas Eve party had to be disposed of. So here they were at the church, and Ann's problem of a suitable acknowledgement for the wonderous gift weighed upon her heavily. She realized that her parents could ill spare the time and strength on this work, and yet they did it to give her what she wanted most in the world.
If she could just write a letter, but spoken thank-yous were always either stiff and formal, or, much worse, sentimental and gushy. Ann sighed. Her parents, especially her father, were not the gushy type, and yet she knew instinctively that this year, more than usual, they would need the assurance of all her love for them and of her deep, excited happiness whenever she thought of their magical gift to her. How could a little girl with awkward words and blushing face ever let them know of the joy she felt?

THE ROAD TO PEACE
Warren Porter

Dream a dream of peace, O youth,
The Prince of Peace is here.
Born nineteen-hundred years ago
Born once more every year.

Let angels sing their songs of praise,
Declare His birth again,
And give to all who ask for it
God's peace on earth to men.

O let this song ring in your ears.
Lift up your hearts and sing
We fought for peace, we pray for peace
Wherever Christ is King.

THOUGHTS AT CHRISTMAS TIME
Carol Denton

Do you believe in Santa Claus? Of course not, you'll say: that's for children. But is it? Is it so childish to believe in Santa Claus? He is but men's way of expressing their good will toward others; the mutual good will that Christ so desired for all men. When thinking of Christmas, the name, Santa, is synonymous with giving and the spirit of love.

When we reveal to children that the existence of old Santa is just a myth, a legend, it destroys in them a beautiful faith that only children, inexperienced in the ways of the world, can possess. Is it necessary to spoil all this? Are we so hard boiled and realistic that we cannot enjoy something so harmless and so thoroughly delightful to the younger generation?

Although men have seldom been at their worse and have caused more misery through their greed than at this time, there is still much good will among men and much happiness in the world. Can it be so wrong to believe in the inborn good of all men so well exemplified in the ancient legend of old Saint Nicholas. It was Christ's main purpose, on coming into this world on that first Christmas, to impregnate into the souls of men a love and understanding of one another, a desire to do good just because of love.

Why can't we be so joyously foolish so that we might, at least once a year, drag ourselves out of the pits of fear and pessimism that so cover the earth? Is our future so utterly hopeless that we can't still try to spread just a little of that "peace on earth, good will to men."

Her mother called her. Ann slipped from the piano bench and put on her coat and hood. As her father locked the church door, she pulled on the heavy, canvas overshoes. Under the feet of the family as they started home, the snow scrunched rhythmically. Then for no apparent reason, but perhaps because it had been a glittery day and because the snow made the evening shine with a blue light, and because she had the most precious gift in the world, Ann felt an exultant audaciousness within her.

Impulsively, she rushed between her father and mother and looking up at them with shining eyes blurred breathlessly, "I don't care that there's no Santa. Honestly, I think you're better!"
Then quite overcome with her own daring, she scampered to the gate. She wouldn't have to say "thank you" now; they knew what she felt. "Thank you" would have been inadequate anyway.

What's Your Opinion?
Paul Deever

"Christmas means nothing to me any more," he said. "Why risk your neck in the hubbub of shoppers just to buy someone you don't care for something he doesn't need because he'll buy you something, certain to be the wrong size or color, of which you have plenty?"

"What's the purpose of spending good money on a Christmas tree that does nothing but wither on the best living room rug for two weeks before Christmas? And why buy worthless decorations that manage to get broken or lost from one Christmas to the next?"

"It isn't safe, by the way, to be at home during those periods of door-to-door solitions for one unworthy cause or another, because if you are there and are able to excuse yourself from contributing, you'll bring a shame down upon the household which someone has gall enough to call selfishness."

"No sir, Christmas is just a headache from start to finish for everyone concerned."

Now wait a minute. Let's go back to that idea of yours that gifts are "exchanged" again. If a person doesn't think enough of his family and friends to take time to select something practical, then he should take the time once just for the thrill of knowing that he's pleasing someone. You have probably heard the story of the woman who cut off her beautiful long hair and sold it, the only thing she had, to buy her husband a chain for his watch, only to discover that he had sold his watch, the only thing he had, to buy her a set of combs. That's the spirit of Christmas.

And I can support the Carolers by suggesting that your slant is rather selfish. The idea is that the group sings at homes of people who are isolated from the outside world by some unfortunate circumstance and shows them

CHRISTMAS ESSAY

The word "Christmas" reminds us all of the good things we will have to eat and the presents we will receive. We never seem to think of the many people who are less fortunate. I grant you a few of us give to worthy Christmas organizations, but we only give if it happens to be convenient.

If only more of us could see the misery and poverty that exists in our larger cities, I am sure we would be touched and would feel more responsible toward our fellow man. Christmas is a time of good will toward all men, but so many of us feel that good will only toward those in our own little groups. We give and exchange presents with only those we know and love, while many have nothing to remind them of Christmas. We, the select few, have more to eat than we can possibly use to an advantage. If only on Christmas people who could, would invite the poor to share with them, this world would be a much better place to live in.

If we would demonstrate Christianity in the way of sharing of what we have, we could find more people who would be willing to join in the "March for Christ". People have to be shown that the people who profess to be "Christians" really have something that others do not possess. If the Christians of the community do nothing or not as much as they could toward helping others have a "Merry Christmas," then those who are not Christians are going to say, "Why should I do anything? The Church people aren't," The Christians of the world must show the way.

Now let's get on the ball and help someone, who otherwise would spend a mighty lonely Christmas, have a "Merry Christmas."

they're not forgotten in one of the happiest seasons of the year. I'll wager if you were in that situation, you'd invite the singers in, just as many people do.

Your attitude toward charity, sadly enough, is too typical of a great many people. It's pretty hard to give away something which you consider rightfully your own. But people don't often remain so fortunate. Businesses can collapse overnight, so it's a wise thing to invest in something which no one can destroy except yourself—another's confidence.

Well, I hope you do have a Merry Christmas.

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Gifts For Everyone

The Perfect Gift

Barbara Blanch

The heat of the colored lights sent the tree's fragrance spinning into his nose. He lay under the spruce on his stomach, head on his fists, and contemplated the mysteries of Christmas. If he stretched his neck, he could feel the tree's sharp needles with the end of his tongue.

There were some packages around him. He poked a speculative finger into a shapeless, squashy one. Then he closed his eyes and crinkled his nose and thought. Must be a sweater, or a scarf, or

He rolled over onto his back and rubbed his tired elbows. Now he could see straight up into the branches of the tree. The tinsel shivered prettily when he blew hard on it, reflecting the red glow of the topmost light. As he watched, the light blinked and went out. That red was just the color of the coaster wagon he had wished for. And his tricycle—his fast, shiny tricycle, would be the color of the green bulb. He touched the bulb with his toe, and drew it away awkwardly, and touched it again, enjoying the strong sensation and consequent relief of controllable pain. His movement excited the tinsel, and reminded him of the most desired gift of all; the roller skates, bright, and silver, and wonderful. They'd shimmer just like the tinsel, when he sped down the sidewalk. Other little boys would watch him and shout at him, their eyes wide with amazement and envy.

He smiled in triumph and his eyelids drooped and closed. The tinsel quivered more slowly, then was still. The boy's mother bent over him, lifted him, and carried him upstairs. She laid him in his bed, and gently and quietly began to remove the heavy iron brace from his leg.

- Mistletoe
- Evergreen
- Rest
- Red Noses
- Yule
- Cranberries
- Hockey
- Reindeer
- Ice
- Santa
- Turkey
- Mother
- At Last
- Snow use

Christmas Joy

Valda Franz

It was just a simple greeting In a wrinkled envelope. So of course it wasn't opened Right away, as he had hoped.

First the Christmas tree was lighted, Then the gifts were passed about, But how could he be happy When he felt so all left out?

The minutes seemed like hours To the little orphan boy, Who had spent his only nickle On that card of Christmas joy.

When at last the card was opened And the simple message read, Angelic strains of music Seemed to vibrate overhead.

The music grew in volume 'Till the air was filled with song, For the hearts of men were singing In a chorus big and strong.

For a simple Christmas greeting Given by an orphan boy, Had made the hearts of mankind Sing a song of Christmas joy.

Four Poems

Barbara Blanch

A SMALL BOY'S GRACE

Heaven bless our family group
Heads bowed around the table.
And heaven bless the turkey
We'll finish if we're able.

Heaven bless the salads,
And potatoes, fluffed and beaten.

And heaven bless the stomach-ache
I'll have when I have eaten.

A GIFT OF SILENCE

Oh leave for her this moment
So strangely sad and sweet.
Let peace be on this Mother
With Wise Men at Her feet.

Oh pray do not disturb her,
This Blessed, Holy One,
For soon, too soon, She'll share
Him,
And they'll crucify her Son.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

I sighed, relieved, as I addressed
the Christmas card
Emblazoned with a message
that I did not feel,
So glad to have this annual nuisance
laid aside;
And that is why you shivered
when you broke the seal.

PROGRESS

(One hundred years of Christmas)
The sleigh bells send slivers of
sound through the night;
The cold sharpened stars pierce
the depth of the sky.
The cup of a moon sheds impersonal
light
On the echo of laughter, as people
ride by.

But now it's an auto instead of a
sleigh,

For horse-drawn vehicles are
seen almost never.

A switch dims the lights of the
heavens away,

But the people remain just as
foolish as ever.

Christmas Superstition

Are you one of the many who are superstitious if a black cat crosses your path? Will you walk under a ladder? Well, if you are one of these, take heed as here are some more superstitions brought from England, Canada, The German Alps, Subia, Poland, and Northern Germany.

In England, it is common to hear one say, when the cock crows in the stillness of the November and December nights, "The cock crows for Christmas." He is to do this to ward off all evil spirits from the Holy Season. Also the bees are said to sing, the cattle kneel in honor of the manger, and the sheep file in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angels to the shepherds.

The cattle have a gift of talk on Christmas Eve in the German Alps, but it is considered a sin to play the eavesdropper on them.

The maidens in Subia, inquisitive of their potential lovers' appearance, will gather around a heap of wood and draw out of the pile a stick which will tell them whether he will be long or short, straight or crooked.

It is believed in Poland and elsewhere that the Heavens will open wide, and that the whole scene of Jacob's Ladder is re-enacted. Only the Saints are allowed to witness the "ceremony." One old superstition which has been handed down for centuries is that tables are spread and lights are left burning all night for the Virgin Mary and the angel who passes by when everybody is asleep so that they may find something to eat. Northern Germany is the origin of this bit of superstition.

Christmas Greetings from

Chapman's

A Child Shall Lead Them

Lavona Dvorak

The train was moving. In eight hours Ann would be home and she was not especially looking forward to this Christmas vacation. Her mind was on the basketball game she had seen two days before and her date afterward with the star center of the entire college. Somehow she couldn't feel any Christmas spirit.

The thought of going home had no appeal. Her mother had written that, Marsh, the boy with whom she had gone steady last year had been dating a girl from the university. How could he do this when she had been so true to him—only dating for important events like games and banquets.

Nothing at home would be the same as last year. Her graduating class was scattered all over the country. Why Ann was sure even her father dressed as Santa Claus would seem trivial after the things she'd seen at college.

Mother and dad were at the station waiting for Ann. After greeting them a little too enthusiastically she asked about Marsh. "He phoned that he'd be over this afternoon," replied her mother.

Quickly they planned the days of vacation. "The class is having a reunion next Wednesday. 'Want to go with me?' asked Marsh. 'Maybe you'd rather take the girl from the university,' Ann quipped sarcastically. Marsh said nothing. Not appearing to notice his silence, Ann hurried to say she'd go. Maybe she would have some fun during vacation after all, she thought.

Christmas Eve arrived and father grinned broadly as he swaggered around the room in his traditional moth-smelling red suit. The living room was a homey place with the mixed smell of evergreens and the cedar smoke from the fireplace penetrating ever corner. Father chuckled as he handed out each gift and wished the receiver a Merry Christmas.

Ann was very pleased with the pearls and the picture of himself which Marsh had given her. The white angora sweater from her folks was beautiful; but where was the portable radio she had casually mentioned in her last three letters home? Ann glanced around the room to see if there were any more packages.

She saw her cousin Carol smiling at her. The two had been very close before Carol had gotten married. Carol's baby was a darling, the spoiled infant of many aunts and uncles. Ann saw the little tot, strewn ribbons around the floor, come upon an unopened box just the size of a radio. "This one's mine," the baby cooed. Ann ran forward to look at the name on the tag. Carol's little girl repeated, "No, No, this one's mine!" clutching the tag tightly in her little fist.

"You musn't act to selfish!" Ann screamed excitedly. Selfish? Her own words struck her like a blow. Who was being selfish? The child didn't know what she was doing but Ann was a grownup and she had been acting like a child. She hadn't wanted Marsh to date anyone else, while she had been having a wonderful time on her dates in college. When she had thought of going home for Christmas the presents were uppermost in her mind. With her attitude how

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and
Happy New Year

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All Our Friends
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KROYVILLE KAPSULES

By Helen Embree

With due apologies to those Kroyville people whose plans do not appear, the following people have indicated their vacation plans:

Mr. and Mrs. George Harris will spend Christmas eve at Martland with Norma's family and Christmas day at Nelson with the senior Harrises.

Mr. and Mrs. Aully Holst and Denee plan to spend most of their vacation at Greenleaf, Kans. Their church plans a Christmas Eve program.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Fahring will go to Salina, Kans., to visit their families.

Mrs. Don Noll and Donna Jean have already gone to Des Moines, to visit Mrs. Noll's parents. Don will go later.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Brown will spend their vacation at Garfield, Wash., and Moscow, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Embree and family plan to be in Broken Bow and Merna.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan'l Boone and Charles will leave Friday for Des Moines, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Russell Dunlop and family. Later they will go to Marshalltown to attend a Riggs' dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Riggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kilpatrick and family will go to Cotesfield.

Among those who will attend family dinners here in York, or just stay at home, are Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Yates and Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. John Karutz and family and Mr. and Mrs. Art Tebell. Mr. and Mrs. Don Light will spend Christmas day in York, and then drive to Salina the following day for the remainder of the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Bean will be in Des Moines.

could Christmas have a meaning? Suppose the mother of Christ had been selfish. No one would have heard the lovely Christmas story of the Babe's birth in the manger. And now another little child had taught her a lesson in love.

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Christmas Internationale

Have you ever wondered how Christmas is observed in other lands such as England, Germany, Paris, Russia, and Scandinavia? Some of us already know how they do it in England and Paris, but far the benefit of those who don't, here is how it is done.

England is where Merrie Christmas took its firmest root. Hospitality was and, I believe, still is universal. Tenants and neighbors throng into the hall for ale and other goodies. The housemaid is to get permission from the master to decorate the house with ivy. If the master refuses or forgets to give the maid permission his breeches are taken out and hung some place along the highway and the master is excluded from the privileges of using the mistletoe.

In Germany, the decoration of the house starts early the morning of the 24th. One room, from which all have "die Mutter" are rigidly excluded, contains the Christmas-tree and all the shiny presents, set in a row upon the table. Greens are hung from window to door and garlands upon the walls. A great cold supper is spread, and the family and guests start gathering at 5:00 p. m. At 6:00 a bell rings and the "mystery rooms" doors are flung open for the eager children to grab their presents. On Christmas day the family rises late and receives and pays visits.

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PANTHER'S LAIR



York Downs Concordia, 61-44

PANTHERS TAKE LEAD AFTER FIVE MINUTES AND ARE NEVER HEADED

Their first victory of the current season came to the York basketball squad Tuesday night, December 7, in the Panthers' second scheduled game. The York hardwood five sent their Concordia College opponents home with the small end of a 61-44 score. The "B" squad also won their game, 68-35, making it a great night for Y. C.

Kenny Nordlund started the scoring by breaking a three minute slow start with a nice basket. The Bulldogs followed with one of their own, and the score stood 2-2 with five minutes gone in the first half. York then dropped in three in quick succession to leave the score 8-2 with 13½ minutes left in the period. Cloeter, Bulldog guard, tried a long one which went through without touching the rim. Not to be outdone, Curly Shaneyfelt tossed a long shot igniting a Panther scoring spree, and with half the first period gone the score stood 17-8. From then on, scoring was even as both sides racked up points in the ensuing 10 minutes of play. This made the score at half time 28-19.

Game captain Harvey Holbrook opened scoring in the second half with a field goal in the first minute of play. The Concordia College team suddenly got some new life and after a short scoring spurt, broken only by a Nordlund basket and a Rockhold free throw, they came within eight points of the Panthers, the closest they were to come during the half. Don Watson hit one for the Panthers and the Y. C. basketekers were started again. As the midpoint of the second period was reached, York was out in front 48-34. Hartmann and Heilman each put in one for the Bulldogs to make it 48-38. Miller and Bott followed them up with two more to put York in the lead 52-38 with five minutes left in the game. Cloeter made another long shot for the Bulldogs and then there was a short lull in scoring: Miller potted a nice field goal with 2½ minutes left, and was quickly followed by Ray Svehla, freshman forward. Miller finished off the game with two free throws and one field goal. As the last buzzer sounded, the score stood 61-44 in York's favor. Nordlund was high point man with 16 points.

Christmas Spirit Invades Y. C.

In the manner of eight-year-olds on Christmas day the Con girls crept downstairs yesterday morning at 6:00 o'clock to be greeted by Mrs. Santa Claus. Saint Nick's wife, (men are not allowed in the dormitory at that hour of the day), the jolly Miss Jennie Miller, helped the girls with the traditional Christmas exchange.

The dignified Annex girls, showing their seniority, held a more serious party after hours Wednesday evening, complete with formal attire. They also drew names for an exchange of gifts.

The second-year German class had charge of chapel Monday and presented "Ein kleines Lustspiel mit Weihnachtsliedern." Miss Wakelin later served cookies to the class in her room.

Miss Shipley lent a Christmas air to her classes with the addition of a Christmas tree to the room. Students were given favors Monday and those taking Advanced Interpretation held a party during class session.

The campus is assuming the garb of the season. In the hall of the Administration building stands a colorfully ornamented tree.

The Con is decorated for Christmas to the very door, the window of which is covered with blue except for a shining star in the middle. In one corner of the reception room stands a Christmas tree and in the opposite corner Santa Claus can be seen emerging from a chimney. Around the pillar in the center of the room are cedar branches, candles, and bulbs. Angels rise from the boughs atop the piano. Holly and evergreens deck the hall.

The Annex girls have also worked out the Christmas theme with a tree, candles, door trimmings, and mistletoe at convenient locations. Harriet Thomas and Wanda Miller have carried the decorative mood to their room and Gwen Wade and Ruth Weston depict Christmas scenes in their rooms.



Harvey Holbrook pots a two-pointer against Tarkio in the season's opener as Don Watson (lower left, Cecil Rockhold left background, and Kenny Nordlund, right, move to cover for the rebound. Tarkio won 48-46 in one overtime period.

Hi-lair-ities By the Sports Editor

The spirit exhibited by the York College followers in the early basketball games of the season is indeed encouraging. It is the culmination possibly of an eager student body's longing for something to cheer at after a poor season on the gridiron. However, the showing of the Y. C. cagers is not to be discarded altogether. The Panthers in their first three starts have showed promise and fight. They have given a full 40 minutes of play in every contest, and what is more they have given (and it shows) two hard hours every night in the college gym in practice.

Beginning Dec. 28, the Panthers' maple-mites enter into a tournament with the schools of the NCC. York College is to be host to these teams of the Nebraska conference in the city auditorium during the Christmas vacation. That means that those who play on the team will be forced to relinquish a part of their treasured vacations at home in order to uphold the honor and reputation of Y. C. as a friendly and competitive school. That, as any student can tell you means a great deal. Since the basketball team is willing to give up their vacation to play these non-conference games and gain experience by which better to please you and me during the hard season ahead, is it asking too much to request that those students who are near and those who are able to return a few days early from the valued Christmas rest do so in an effort to encourage the team and prove that we of Y. C. are really behind them?

You and I know that they would like to be at home the same as the rest of us, so why not sacrifice a little for them as they are making the same for us and Y. C.? I'll be here, will you?

The basketball squads of York are not limited to the one which you see carrying the blue and white into the fray at the city auditorium. York boasts three active squads, each numbering better than 10 men. The B squad which does its bit before most of us will arrive at the auditorium for the varsity game, has turned in some good and entertaining games already this year. In like manner the C squad, which plays the various high school teams around York County, has also done its part for the boosting of Y. C. name prestige. In fact, perhaps the C squad should rate rather high in the list of influences on prospective students. It is this squad which is responsible for proving the good name and spirit of Y. C. to the students of high athletics as they meet these students on the court as equals; and through this door of acquaintanceship many friends of York are undoubtedly established and cemented. The C squad plays its games in the College gym, and although failure to post notices of scheduled games contributes to the lack of attendance, perhaps if a little encouragement and interest were cultivated and made known to the proper sources the C squad could enjoy a little rooting and noise-making with its games as well as the first and second team combos.

PANTHERS DROP TWO

Missourians Edge Panthers 48-46

Tarkio successfully invaded the Panther's lair to eke out a 46-48 victory.

The final seconds ran out on a perfect spectator's game with the score standing at 46-46.

Four minutes and 55 seconds of the overtime went by with neither side having broken into the scoring column. With those five seconds to go, Whitehill laid in a short rebound shot and put the icing on the cake for Tarkio.

Outstanding in the game was the open play by both teams — much credit due Officials Baker and Hohnbaum. The boys from Tarkio were superior in long-shot artistry while the York cagers specialized on their fast break and working the ball in for mid-range pot shots and lay-ups.

Individual scoring honors went to Nordlund with 20 points and Holbrook with 15 points.

Tarkio Romps Past York In Return Game

Taking the road for the first time, the Y. C. hoopsters fell 70-52 victims to a Tarkio flurry.

Following through on a first quarter lead, the Tarkio team showed the home crowd how the game should be played. Utilizing their familiarity with the court, the Missouri boys kept the net warm with shots from unconsciously difficult angles. The York squad found a little more contact in this game than they experienced in conference play. A smaller court and the square back-boards aided ragged ball handling in holding down York's score.

SEASON'S GREETINGS
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Beginning December 28th, while other more fortunate students are enjoying the comforts of home, the Y. C. Panthers will play host to five other conference schools in the annual York College basketball tournament at the city auditorium.

Teams from Hastings, Wesleyan, Midland, Kearney and Doane are expected to participate in the vacation-time tourney which is usually a fair panorama of the coming season.

In last year's tournament the York Panthers fared none too well as they won only their opener and then bowed to Kearney State in the second encounter. The previous year, which incidentally was the beginning of the tournaments, saw York capitalizing on the novelty of their new tourney and downing Hastings in the finals.

The teams of Chadron, Peru, and Wayne have made known their intentions of by-passing the Y. C. tournament this year in favor of other tourneys or because of transportation and traveling problems. However, York fans are once again assured of a four star opening of the basketball season with this tournament.

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They Tramped These Halls

By J. C. Morgan

Walter S. Vick, '32, would like to have the address of Harold G. Wilcox, '33. They corresponded for a number of years after graduation but in time lost track of each other. The last address of Mr. Wilcox known to Mr. Vick is Polk, Nebr. The alumni directory of 1940 gives his address as Benkelman, Nebr. Mr. and Mrs. Vick are living at Reedley, Calif., where Mr. Vick is employed by the Safeway. During the war he was in government service, as a civilian, at Camp Adair, Ore. They have two sons, Tommy J., 10, and David, 8, both of whom he hopes will be future students and football stars at Y. C. Mr. Vick writes that he reads every line of the Sandburr, including the "ads."

Dr. Raymond E. Wochner, '34, had an article in the September issue of the American School Board Journal entitled "School District Reorganization Activity in the United States." Dr. Wochner is a member of the faculty at the University of Illinois.

Mrs. Eva Yaw Mead, Y. C. Academy, '21, is living at Aurora where Mr. Mead is County Agent. It will be remembered that Mrs. Mead had three sisters in school with her at the same time, their names being Elva, Dorothy, and Lois. Dorothy became Mrs. Edward Jordan also of the Academy, '21.

Rev. Floyd N. Richert, '41, is one of the one hundred and thirty-four Protestant chaplains in whose honor there was recently dedicated the Chaplains' Memorial Building in Washington, D. C. Three other Evangelical United Brethren chaplains are included in this number, one of them being Rev. J. S. Breden, college pastor at Westfield, Ill., 1911-1913.

There was handed the historian recently a copy of the Commencement Program for 1909. Some of the features of this program might be of interest to Sandburr readers. The music was furnished by the college orchestra, a college octette, and a violin solo. The address was given by the Rev. Ira A. Holbrook of Toledo, Iowa. Degrees were conferred by President W. E. Schell. There were graduates from several departments . . . the Collegiate, Advanced Normal, Academy and Teachers Courses, the Conservatory of Music, and Commercial. The historian noted several names known to him—William H. Morton, Blanche Bagg, T. R. Front, Pauline Bradwell, Nettie V. Haggard, M. O. Arnold, L. R. Gregory, Ella P. Groelz (Mrs. H. C. Feemster), Lydia Schaum, Bessie B. Weston, Tillie R. Schenck, Mary C. Wiswell, and Charles Bucy.

Recent campus visitors include Mr. Guilford Saunders, '17, and Dr. and Mrs. William H. Morton, '09, of Lincoln.

The present address of Grace Walrod is Aurora. She is home economic extension agent for Hamilton county.

The body of Second Lieutenant Wilson C. Gilmore was returned to York county for burial this past summer. Lt. Gilmore was killed in action in Italy, March 4, 1944. Military services were held in York in charge of the American Legion and the V. F. W.

In Memoriam:

Lillian Bearss, '26. Miss Bearss taught history for fifteen years in the Fairbury high school, and since 1943 has taught in the Sanger Union high school, Sanger, California. She received her master's degree from Columbia University in 1939. During World War II she taught one year in the Japanese Relocation Center at Rivers, Arizona. She will be greatly missed both in the classroom and in the wide circle of her many friends.

Sympathy:

Sympathy is extended to Bert Smith, ex-'51, in the loss of his father, and to Paul Clark, ex-'50, also in the loss of his father, Rev. Paul Clark. Rev. Clark was honored by the Doctor of Divinity degree in 1946.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Beaty, (Wilma Easterling, ex-'45) write of the birth and death of Kenneth Eugene, Jr., October 4 and 6, Enid, Oklahoma. Their many college friends extend sympathy.

Memorial To Dean Amadon

It is a great disappointment that the goal of five thousand dollars to be raised for the purpose of setting apart a room in the new college dormitory as a memorial to Dean Amadon has not yet been realized. In fact only a little more than one-fifth of this amount has materialized.

It was the hope, and still is, that the many former students of the Dean would make this goal a reality. But it is also the wish that all his friends and admirers, all who ever heard him sing, will contribute, even though it be but a small amount, to this worthy fund.

To have known Dean Amadon, his genial disposition, his versatile mind, his variety of interests, his gift of song, was a privilege indeed. "What Godmother," asked the historian Motley of Hawthorne after reading his Marble Faun, "gave you to talk pearls and diamonds?" Likewise, we used to wonder what godmother gave to Dean Amadon his golden voice, his sweet and harmonious tones.

So with pride and pleasure we urge students, friends, and admirers alike of Dean Amadon to contribute speedily to the completion of this fund in honor of a noble life.

DON'T FORGET!

Peanuts, candy, hot dogs and pop are being sold by the Panther Club, Pantherettes and Y Club in the lobby of the auditorium during basketball all the games.

The Christian Calling Explained by President Bachman for O. B. N.

"That may sound like watering it down, but think it over," challenged President W. E. Bachman regarding his idea of a calling into the ministry when he spoke before the meeting of the OBN recently. He had stated that a calling might be simply the realization of a need for Christian teaching and the willingness to offer services for this purpose.

Dr. Bachman then pointed out all that such a call might involve. He suggested courses needed in preparation for the ministry, such as English and history. He stressed the fact that a minister must have a wide ready vocabulary and must understand psychology. He must be able to handle church administration.

In closing, Dr. Bachman answered questions from the group concerning the seminary and courses offered there.

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Music Department Presents Second Informal Recital

The second informal recital of the year was presented by the music department December 13, at the college chapel. These recitals are becoming a part of the music department program in order that amateurs may have an opportunity to perform before their contemporaries.

Piano students who participated were Frances Porter, sophomore, Aurora; Clifford Morgan, special student, York; Mabel Dalke, freshman, Benedict; Carol Mead, sophomore, Imperial; Robert Embree, sophomore, Merna; Bonnie Smith, freshman, Benedict; Helen Sanchez, sophomore, Holman, N. Mex.; and Alberta Bethke, sophomore, Whittier, Calif.

Six vocal students were also presented: Leta Kurtz, sophomore, Alton, Kans.; Clair Marvel, sophomore, Valeda, Kans.; Lois Dever, sophomore, Adrian, Mo.; Paul Woelfle, freshman, Loveland, Colo.; Warren Porter, junior, Aurora, and Eugene Weaver, sophomore, Tulsa, Okla.

Student Council To Entertain H.S. Music Group

Taking advantage of an open Friday night and the promise of two-hundred and twenty-five high school students as guests, the Student Council announces an evening of entertainment. The occasion is the Y. C. Choral Clinic, to be held Friday and Saturday, January 7 and 8.

Indications are that the entertainment will consist of a party complete with games, entertainment by veteran collegiate troupers, and refreshments.

To taper off successfully the evening of congeniality, a movie has been scheduled for all who have inclinations toward cinematics.

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