

Safety First  
for a  
Merry Christmas!

# The SANDBURR

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## Christmas Story Remains Same Only the Spirit Must Be Renewed

No doubt everyone has heard the Christmas Story so many times that every detail seems firmly imprinted in each one's mind. Although the Christmas Story is the same story that was lived 1900 years ago, and the one that has been told by every generation since then, it still has significance for our lives today. The true meaning of the Christmas Story is revealed each year when the Christmas Spirit is renewed. As the Christmas Story is told again this year, think of the real meaning of this glorious occasion, when God's Son was born that man might never die.

"In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrollment, when Quirinius was governor of Syria. Joseph also went up from Galilee from the city of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be enrolled with Mary, his betrothed, who was with child. And while they were there, the time came for her to be delivered. And she gave birth to her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

And in that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear. And the angel said to 'Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you; you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a manger.'

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased!' When the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, 'Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us.'

And they went with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they saw it, the made known the saying which had been told them concerning this child; and all who heard it wondered at what the shepherds told them. But Mary kept all these things, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told them." (Luke 2:1-20)

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, wise men from the East came to Jerusalem saying, 'Where is he who has been born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him!' . . . When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy; and going into the house they saw the child with Mary his mother, and they fell

down and worshiped him. Then, opening their treasures, they offered him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. And being warned in a dream not to return to Herod, they departed to their own country by another way." (Matthew 2:1-12)

### Guild Hears Howe At Christmas Party

And the party was a success. This phrase could well be used to explain the annual Christmas party of the Press Guild. Held last night in the reception room, this affair included all Press Guild and faculty members. Marjorie Wilson, sophomore, Sedgwick, Kansas, mistress of ceremonies, introduced the program. Rev. Graham Howe, minister of the York Baptist-Congregational Church, was the speaker for the evening, his message being entitled, "Religion in Journalism." Press Guild members performing



Rev. Graham Howe

for the enjoyment of all were Jari Davis, sophomore, Red Cloud, Nebraska, with a saxophone solo; Bill Bradley, freshman, Edmond, Kansas, a vocal solo; and Virginia Atkinson, sophomore, Harlem, Montana, a piano solo. The reading "Aunt Sally's Star" was given by Justine Wickham, sophomore, Beloit, Kansas. Jerry Johnson, sophomore, Stillwater, Oklahoma, read the poem "Twas the Night before Deadline," written by Marjorie Wilson.

The latest project of the Press Guild is the selling of "Pogi" stationery. Everyone will recognize this little character by his antics in the Sandburr.

### Christmas Prayer

President Howland

Pour out Thy light of Heaven upon our hearts, whiten our hearts with grace, so we may be prepared to receive the grace of Thy Gift to Man, Thy Son Jesus Christ. We follow the star as the shepherds of old, we kneel at the manger, we prostrate ourselves before Thy throne. We may accept Thy gift with Thy help, but we cannot comprehend.

Grant peace and understanding of love to all mankind on this glorious day, help us to forget all differences of opinion and race, help us to overlook and set aside all problems that mar fellowship of divine calibre flood our hearts with love for those with whom we worship, draw us to Thee in kinship. Then, O God, cause our hearts to hold this glow and love, so that we may not drop back into the abyss of bickering, fault-finding, and selfishness from which we have emerged to do honor to Thee and Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

### Nativity Given By College Choir

Sunday evening, December 13, the York College A Cappella choir, under the direction of Prof. James Koontz, presented "The Nativity" in the City Auditorium. The program consisted of carols sung by the choir as background for the pantomime of the Christmas story.

Personnel in the pantomime were Mary Adams and Art Gallages, Mary and Joseph; Paul Edie, Valdemar Valdez, and Tom Kirby, shepherds; and Doretha Taylor, the Angel of the Lord. The Three Kings were portrayed by Pete Gomez, Al Panec, and Gale Cook. Joyce Miles, Carolyn Ziemke, Sally Roberts, Ann Beckman, June Shields, Carolyn Kelly, Mary Jo Colson, and Dixie Nichols comprised the Angel Choir.

Other numbers sung by the choir included "The Christmas Symbol"—Christiansen, with Eva Jones singing the soprano solo; "Lo, How A Rose E'er Blooming"—Practorius; "The Ninety-First Psalm"—Rhea. The girls trio, Diane Blauch, Darlene Lewis, and Joan Heidrick, also presented some numbers.

### Students Plan Trip To Indiana Central

York College is soon to participate in the 2nd Quadrennial Student Conference of the Evangelical United Brethren Church to be held at Indiana Central College, Indianapolis, Indiana. The delegates planning to attend from December 29 through January 1, are YWCA representative, Janna



A little cheer makes a big difference. Christmas spirit is promoted by these students as they help trim the tree. Left to right they are, Jane Oak, Ramona Watkins, Helen Teter, and Bill Lawrence.

Lee Waelffe, YMCA representative, Tom Stone; LWR representative, Andy Peterson, and YF representative, June Shields. President Howland will accompany the group and serve as a representative from York College.

Challenging addresses, group discussions, inspirational worship experiences, and wholesome fellowship with students from denominational campuses are promised all those attending. The theme of this conference is, "A Dynamic Faith for World Struggle." Study will be made of Christian Faith in history, today's problems, and plans for tomorrow's world.

### Kansas Conference Elects Ford Supt.; Votes YC Support

Rev. Earl R. Ford, who was serving the Waco Church in Wichita, Kansas, was elected district superintendent at a special session of Kansas Conference (UB) which met at Wichita, Nov. 24. He replaces Dr. A. V. Howland, newly elected president of York College. Dr. Howland was elected superintendent following the death of Dr. H. H. Thomas in 1951. Ford, whose home is in Iola, Kansas, will assume his duties serving the eastern district of Kansas, immediately.

There were several other ministers from the conference who were nominated at the special session to take the position. They included the Revs. E. C. King, Allen Kellogg, C. O. Nantz, Lawrence Life, Harry Sims, and Bernard Cook, '39.

The Conference voted to send \$5,000 to York College immediately to be used on debt reduction. The program of the college Board of Trustees was approved by the conference as it also voted to make plans for the raising of the additional \$25,000 in order to complete the quota for Kansas Conference.

### Violin Program Given By Voice Instructor

Mrs. Aaron Schmidt, voice instructor, was presented in a violin recital, Monday, Dec. 14, in chapel. Her program consisted of "Concerto in D Major" (First Movement)—Mozart; "Preghiera"—Rachmaninoff; and "Meditation"—arranged by Heifetz. Joyce King, junior, Great Bend, Kansas, was her accompanist.

Mrs. Schmidt was graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1953 with a Bachelor of Music degree. She played in the Lincoln Symphony Orchestra and the University Symphony Orchestra, and sang with the University Singers as well as being a member of Mu Phi Epsilon, professional organization, and Chi Omega, social sorority.

### Peace Conference Interests Casby

Dr. Lorraine Casby, professor of European History attended the conference on the Church and Peace held in Detroit, Michigan, December 7-10. This conference anticipated the second Assembly of the World Council in Evanston, with its theme, "The Christian Hope."

The conference had as its three major areas of major concern: The Christian in the Contemporary World, The Church Confronts War and Communism, and Positive Action for Peace. Among the many well-known speakers were the Rev. Albert E. Day, Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Church, Baltimore; John C. Bennett, Professor of Christian Theology and Ethics, Union Theological Seminary.

Dr. Casby is noted for her interest and work in international affairs. She is sponsor of the Doty International Relations Club of the Campus, and went with several of its members to Europe to participate in workcamps and international relations groups. She also serves as sponsor of the YWCA and WAA.

# SPECIAL CHRISTMAS FEATURE EDITION

## Christmas Contest Winners

Grand prize winner was Bill McNeff for the short story, **Choice** which also was the 1st prize winner of the short story division. Other short story winners were 2nd—**Joe's Miracle** by Diane Blauch; 3rd—**If Christ Had Not Come** by Ben Perri; and 4th—**A Special Gift** by Justine Wickham.

Winners in the essay division were 1st—**Is This the Way?** by Barbara Bearnth; 2nd—**Comfort** by Betty Bradberry; 3rd—**The Christmas Spirit Won't Help** by Justine Wickham.

**Magnificent Death** by Bill Bradley was the 1st place winner in the poetry division. 2nd place was **Lullaby** by Diane Blauch; 3rd place was awarded to **No Room** by Darlene Lewis. **Unto the Least of These** by Barbara Bearnth was the 4th place winner.

The judges for the contest were Mrs. D. E. Weidler, Mrs. Edwin Hibbard, and Rev. F. F. Gross.

### 2nd Short Story Joe's Miracle

By Diane Blauch

Every Christmas, Joe Lloyd was elevated from his position of janitor in the city's largest department store to that of Toyland's Santa Claus. The choice was a logical one, for Joe possessed an authentic, basso profundo Santa Claus chuckle and a more than spacious lap. For all these credentials, Joe lacked one important one. He didn't don the old moth-eaten suit every year because of his sheer love of children. Oh, no — nothing like that. It was just that the extra pay-check looked mighty good and his rheumatism was getting so aggravating that it was a joy to be able to sit for two weeks.

This Christmas was no different from the rest. There was still the endless lines of babbling, bright-eyed, little people with their endless lists of requests. All of them anticipating some miracle of receiving everything they asked for. "That's the trouble with the whole dad-gummed world," thought Joe to himself. "Everyone is forever expecting some kind of a miracle. That's just not the way the old world is." Then he mechanically voiced, "And have you been a good little girl?" to the tiny, be-ribboned bunch of femininity on his lap.

Joe was what you might call a realist. His philosophy of life was "Work like 'he dickens, mind your own business, ignore people, and don't ever think you'll ever have anything handed to you on a silver platter!" For the eager children who grew to young manhood and womanhood still anticipating a glorious future Joe had no patience. "The sooner they learn the cruel truth, the better," he would often grumble to himself.

Now, a freckle-faced seven year old was lisping his gigantic Christmas list and Joe allowed his gaze to wander around the room. His attention seemed to be drawn to a pitiful looking small creature leaning on a crutch. Joe couldn't take his eyes from the piquant face and those wistful brown eyes. He sub-consciously heard, "anda lectric train, anda real live puppy, anda space helmet, anda . . ." It was strange. The little cripple wasn't in line. He was huddled over in a corner taking everything in. "Poor little tyke," muttered Joe, and then thought better of his sentimentality.

All afternoon, the boy remained and then, all of a sudden, he was gone.

The store closed early on Christmas Eve. After packing away his Santa Claus suit for another year, Joe left the store. He had no family — and no Christmas. He would go home, a room in a large boarding house, read a bit, and hit the sack. All the way home, though, Joe could not get the image of the pathetic, little child out of his mind. He couldn't concentrate on his reading. So he lay down. "More tired than I realized," he thought drowsily and was asleep.

Even his dreams were invaded by the boy. Through the door he came, painfully limping on his crutch. And he spoke in the most dulcet tones, "Joe, I've come to ask you to believe in miracles. Don't discourage youth. More

### 1st Poetry

#### A MAGNIFICENT DEATH

By Bill Bradley

While other seasons have their scenes of life, and warmth, and mirth,  
So winter in her destined pow'r now dominates the earth,  
And spreads her white, celestial cloak across the fields and ways;  
In places once bright scenes of play, rise sepulchres in praise  
To God, for blessing nature's toil of pleasing human quest,  
In everlasting style imparted everlasting rest.  
The frozen twig, the matted roofs, all witnesses of death.  
Protruding from an icy bed stand trees in frosty breath.  
Is God's plan death for nature's womb, pre-destination won,  
Or is there life to spring on by, as in God's only son?  
No—nature in her rendezvous has granted earth her best,  
Through living, beauty magnified, and now recedes to rest.  
So hearts at work in life's short days, when death, life's tie shall sever,  
Shall have a season of repine, a Spring of Springs forever.

### 3rd Poetry

#### No Room

By Darlene Lewis

No room for Jesus in the inn.  
Was He not the king of men?  
Only room in a cattle stall  
For the Prince of Peace and Lord of all.

No room in people's hearts for Him  
Who came to earth to save all men.  
Only room in the hearts of few  
Who believed in Him because they knew.

Is there room for Christ in our hearts today?  
Do we follow Him in every way?  
"Of course we do, We love him well.  
We believe in Him," is what they tell.

But is there room in our hearts for those  
Who have different skin or ragged clothes?  
Do we strive for peace and goodwill toward men,  
Forgetting ourselves in favor of them?

If we have room in our hearts for all,  
Christ will know we've met "The Call."  
He will know His will's being done.  
There is room for God's only Son.

than ever before, they need faith. Yes, even faith in miracles. What is Christmas, Joe, but the most divine of all miracles?" And as suddenly as he had disappeared from Toyland, he was gone from Joe's room.

It was midnight when Joe awakened. Church bells were ringing all over the city calling all believers to Christmas communion. Joe felt funny . . . changed . . . different somehow. He recalled his dream as he sat up in bed. There! In the corner. The crutch.

## Grand Prize Winner 1st Short Story Choice

By Bill McNeff

It was nearly Christmas evening. A man stood at the door of his house, which bore the initials U. S., looking at the house on the other hill. His face and broad shoulders showed a tiredness, though his jaw was set with the determination of a football player. He glanced again at the house on the other hill with a look of apprehension in his eyes, then looked down at his calloused hands. With these hands he had dug hidden riches from his good hill. His fathers had been sharp traders, and had left him their wealth. Now his riches were greater than the wealth in the valley and on the other hill put together.

He looked again at the house on the other hill. It was a dark house, with only two small windows high up. On a pole flew a red flag, and though he could not see them in the dusk, he knew that there was a black hammer and sickle on it. He knew that the ruler of this house maltreated his servants, but by keeping them in ignorance maintained his power. He also knew that this tyrant did not believe in the creed he professed, but used it only as a means to gain power, to capture the fancy of the valley peoples.

Now he gazed down into the valley. In the gray huts lights were beginning to flicker, but it was a bleak, pitiful scene. The sight was made more pitiful still by the two crooked lines of tangled barb wire with the wide, charred strip of ground between a raw black wound in the whiteness of the snow. The ashes of what had been huts were still smoking; the cold wind carried the acrid smell to his nostrils. A slow horror made the man shudder as he realized that in the heart of battle against the tyrant, he and his ingenious weapons had made most of this destruction.

The man shook his head in perplexity. Was there no other way? His thoughts turned back to the day. It was nearly Christmas! Christmas, the day on which God had given the world its greatest gift, the gift of a tiny babe, who was to be the redeemer of man, who was to lead men with the words ". . . the truth shall set you free . . ." and "It is . . . blessed to give . . ." The words brought a vision into his mind, which became clearer until it seemed to be real. The huts in the valley were gone — in their place were warm houses, houses made from the valley's woods, but cut with the aid of flashing steel from his hill. The valley children were clean and well clothed, and were shouting at their play. Athletic youth and steady-eyed fathers were working with a will, in new hope, with the aid of the knowledge that he, the man on the hill, had shared. Men were learning the difference between ignorance and freedom. A man was standing on a box, waving a red flag and shouting something about "Yankee thieves," but hardly anyone paid any attention to him. It was known that the tyrant on the other hill was feeding his servants a little better; he was becoming afraid of their discontent.

As the man helped and worked with the valley people, he found a great reward: the meaning of real friendship. From the far distance came a strain of music, a promise of life, of great things to come, of infinite possibility, great beauty. Men listened for a moment, then went on, busy now at the building of a world where want could not exist, where truth could survive.

Suddenly a mist began to close over the vision, but before it closed, he caught a glimpse of tall, beautiful buildings. The distant music swelled into a great sym-

### 3rd Essay

## The Christmas Spirit Won't Help

By Justine Wickham

Take a look at the state of people's minds, the mixed up array of jumbled nerves, unhappy situations, and inability to make a go of things. What's eating at the core of great American democracy and the religious beliefs? America is on top in the scientific realm and on the bottom in personal situations. If this is a true democracy and the people in it believe in democracy, why need we be troubled if other forces enter in? Can't democracy stand up under discussion? Must we shield it from outside influences as you would shield a baby from the sharp wind. Why do people get so frantic under the pressure of the world's situation. Is there really so much to worry about. Should not a combination of democracy and a religious faith give us peace of mind and strength to survive this bedlam of Warcry! Warcry! Why are there more churches today and yet fewer people in them. People are so very frantic and disturbed by the situations around them, yet where are they going for solutions. They think other forms of government are bad, do not want things said about them in this wide open "Freedom of Speech" country, and yet how many will support democracy by living it? What about our freedoms? Do we use them only as arguments when someone steps on our toes, or literally requests, "Shut up!"? Are we enlarging the bounds of freedom by respecting the use other people make of them? Then look at the spirit of Christmas. Which is more important, the spirit of giving, or the age old discussion of "To be or not to be Santa Claus"? The beautiful Christmas story doesn't seem to make an impression on the people who keep on doing things in underhanded ways, forgetting about Christmas wishes, men that forget to come home, wives that leave their children, children that run away. What's eating at our love of living, the very essence that can make people happy, make life worth living. You can't find happiness by attending church three times a week, or by learning the constitution backward and forwards, or by giving away more than half of what you earn. It's the thing

phony, then words like thunder reverberated from the hills, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" Then all was silent like a great benediction.

The vision was gone. The man looked at the valley; it was dark and cold; only the tiny firelights flickered feebly in the impoverished huts. He turned and went into his house for the night.

In the morning, what will he do?

inside you, the conscience, desire to live, love, let live, and be loved. No matter what becomes of this world, need that trouble us. Can't we just live it out to the end. Can't we make the best of what we have, strive to improve it, and be confident that we have control of ourselves, our life! So, what is there in the Christmas season, what will it solve? I say it will neither solve or help anyone unless he first finds within himself a peace of mind constructive enough to create happiness in whatever belief he has, whatever religion, and whatever status of life!

### 2nd Essay

## Comfort

By Betty Bradberry

When you are discouraged, doubtful in knowing what decision to make, hopeless, and fearful — fear not. When reality is no more and when things of this earth seem all wrong — fear not. Fear not and take courage and walk in the way of the Lord. When you seek love and friendship of others, but they do not come unto you, have courage; you still have one friend left, which is Jesus Christ our Lord. He loved us. He loved us enough to suffer and die for us, to pay the great cost of love so that we who would only follow and obey might obtain happiness, comfort, love, and Christian fellowship, that we might not only obtain these on earth but that we might obtain these wonderful gifts eternally.

When you love someone, who understands not of this love which you have, stop and remember those in Christ's time here on earth who were not concerned and those who did not understand this wonderful Savior's love for them. No greater love hath any man than did Jesus Christ for us. Even today there are still many who do not understand Christ's everlasting love. Christ loved us even though we sin and are unworthy of such great love. Christ loved us regardless of our little differences.

Look up, reach out, and grasp God's hand of welcome. Walk with Him here on this earth. And as God and you journey together here on earth, tarry awhile, helping others to walk with God, also. Remember those times when you were down-hearted and unhappy, and help others to obtain those things which came not unto you, that they may be happy, and more pleasing in God's sight. Pray for them and continue to love them. Persecute not your fellowman because of differences of belief and manners, for great is your reward in heaven. Amen.

### 4th Poetry

## Unto The Least of These

By Barbara Bearnth

—a picture in irregular verse

"They say that it's the very spot  
where He was born,  
Of course there's controversy and it may not  
be the place at all—  
Strange that He should choose a stall  
to be the birthplace of a King."  
"I know, He might have had a palace and done the thing  
up right . . . . Then people might have known, but . . .  
God is strange and works in ways that we shall never know.  
I wonder how He caused that certain star to glow  
so brightly.  
My—it's interesting to visit foreign lands, don't you agree?"  
"Oh yes . . . I always think it odd he didn't see  
that they were different when they came to Him that night  
And begged for room to stay.  
I wouldn't have been that way  
And turned them out if I'd been he.  
I feel I would have known somehow it was the Christ,  
and done my best to please! What's this?  
A man down on his knees  
Begging for food to feed his children?"  
"Say, that's good! The filthy scum, leave him to starve.  
There was a beggar much like him when we were at Le Havre."  
"I feel it's vulgar that humans such as he  
should be allowed to live.  
When I give to charity, I make certain the people who  
receive are worthy . . . .



### 3rd Short Story

# If Christ Had Not Come

By Ben Perri

The elderly minister set aside his Bible and meditated over the words of Jesus that he had just read, "If I had not come!" As the hours crept on into the stillness of night, sleep overcame him, and he slumped over on the study desk into a deep slumber.

Thus began his subsequent dream. It was Christmas morning and he was living in a world in which Christ had not come. The time-tempered clergyman walked throughout his house and saw no Christmas tree, no wreaths of holly, no manger scenes and no Christ to sing praises to on his birthday. He walked into the public streets but no church spire pointed to heaven, no Christmas crowd caroled under the lamp posts, and there was no "Christmas spirit" evident among the rabble of people. He went back to his study but every book about the Saviour had disappeared.

A ring of the door-bell startled him, and upon answering it he found a young weeping child beseeching him to come and visit her poor dying mother. He hurried to the mother's side and knelt beside her deathbed. "I have a message of comfort for you," he said quietly, as he opened his Bible to read some of the old promises of that Sacred Book. But to his dismay he found that his Bible ended with Malachi and that there was no Gospel, no promise of hope, no hope of salvation, no deliverance from the "sting of death" promised by the Christ, and bowing his head he wept with her in bitter despair. He was a helpless instrument of consolation in this time of distress and need.

Three days later he stood in front of her coffin and conducted the funeral service, but there was no message of consolation for the bereaved, no word of resurrection promise, no direct path to heaven, no certainty of eternal life, but only "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" and a long blessing of farewell.

Sunday he found that his sermon had to contain only the "law", and his congregation was burdened under its weight and the difficulty of living up to its many statutes. He saw no release from the law, no grace to save, no fulfillment of those ancient promises, and no complete revelation of the Eternal God's purpose. At last he realized "He had not come" and burst into tears and bitter pathos. Then he cried with a loud voice "Maranatha! Come, Lord Jesus, Come!"

He was suddenly awakened by a start, and his heart lifted itself up in adulation as he heard a choir singing a familiar tune:

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her king;  
Let every heart prepare Him room, and heaven and nature  
sing, and heaven and nature sing.  
No more let sin and sorrow grow, nor thorns infest the  
ground,  
He comes to make his blessings flow, far as the curse is  
found, far as the curse is found.

Then he realized "Christ has come". "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners". (I Tim. 1:15) Yes, the Master spoke to his soul the eternal message of Matthew 11:28, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest". Let EVERY heart prepare him room, for he indeed "Is come."

## York Panthers Drop Third Game

After losing the first two games of the 1953-54 basketball season, the York Panthers journeyed to Tarkio, Mo., Dec 11. During the first quarter the Panthers and the Owls took turns at making baskets. Both teams fought hard and the quarter ended in a 15 to 15 tie.

### 1st Essay

## Is This the Way?

By Barbara Bearnth

Unto us a child is born and he is to be the King of glory. Words that remind us of a scene in Bethlehem—words that, for some, have less meaning with each Christmas. Christmas is Jesus' birthday and we buy huge trees, burden them with gaudy decorations and electric lights and vie with neighbors in an effort to have the prize outdoor attraction.

Christmas is Jesus' birthday and we buy gifts that cost too much and wrap them with glittering paper and brilliant ribbon and send them to people we don't really like but with whom we always "exchange."

Christmas is Jesus' birthday and we buy fine food and prepare sumptuous meals and stuff ourselves and complain of what a needless expense the entire season always turns out to be.

Christmas is Jesus' birthday and we feel that we've done our pious part by attending church the Sunday before and perhaps donating to some friend to buy gifts for poor children.

Christmas is Jesus' birthday—the birthday of the Son of God, the Savior of man, the Prince of Peace—and we can't find time to look behind the tinsel and the glitter to see the star.

Look into your heart and ask yourself—Is this the way to celebrate the birthday of a King?

The second quarter was hard fought all the way but at the end of the first half of the game Tarkio had a small six point lead. Early in the third quarter Tom Stone and Norman Menzie were put out of the game on fouls. This was the brake that Tarkio was looking for. With two of the Panthers' best players out of the line up, the Owls scored twenty-four points to the Panthers nine. During the fourth quarter the Panthers came back to make a better showing but could not stop the scoring of the Owls.

Jim Ekart was high scorer for the Panthers with seventeen points, nine of which were free throws. Arnold Ginn was high scorer for the Tarkio Owls with twenty-one points, five of which were free throws. The final score was Tarkio Owls 85, York Panthers 51.

The Light in the world comes principally from two sources—the sun and the student's lamp.  
—Christian N. Bovee

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossom  
Into the Silent Land.  
—Von Salis

It is more difficult to organize peace than to win a war; but fruits of victory will be lost if the peace is not well organized.  
—Aristotle

Co-operation is not only a splendid ideal. It is a stern necessity.  
—Nations Business

## Wesleyan Blasts York Panthers

The York College Panthers were blasted 118-51 Dec. 7, at Lincoln as the Nebraska Wesleyan cagers broke their scoring record set a year ago against York.

The record bettered by 14 points the mark set when the Wesleyan club shellacked York last year.

Jim Lightbody and Scott Willoughby paced the victors with 22 points each while Jack Tatro hit 17 for the Panthers.

Only in one quarter—the second—did the Panthers hold the Wesleyan cagers on fairly even terms. York hit 21 points to 26 for the Plainsmen in the period. York got but 7 points the third quarter, 13 the final period.

York scored on 15 field goals and 21 of 49 free throw attempts. Wesleyan had 46 fielders, 26 out of 49 free throws. The Panthers drew 36 fouls, Wesleyan 28.

## First Home Game Goes to Kearney

The York College Panthers dropped their first home game to the Kearney State Teachers Tuesday night to the tune of 86 to 42. The Panthers held their own in the first quarter, but the Teachers took a lead of 20-15 at the end of the period. The Teachers forged ahead in the second quarter and left the fighting but inexperienced Panthers in the dust.

At half time the score was 41-20, the Panthers scoring only five points in the second quarter. The Teachers kept control of the ball as they were getting the rebounds and doing a nice job of ball-hawking. During the third quarter Kearney continued to gain, and the score at the end of the period was 62-29. Both coaches substituted frequently and every one saw action.

In the first quarter, Glen Hinkle made 14 points which gave the Teachers their big start. Hinkle was high point man with 22. Bud Exstrom was the big gun in the second half with 15 points for the night. Darrell Lloyd also had 15. Norman Menzie and Jack Tatro kept York in the game the first quarter. Menzie was high point man for York with 13 points; Tatro and Tom Stone each had nine.

As the York Panthers have played two games in successive nights and lost both, they know their weaknesses and are working on them so as to be ready for the coming games which will be just as rugged competition as the ones already played. Win or lose let's be with the team all the time and give them our support.

Box Score			
Kearney (86)	fg	ft	pf
Hinkle	9	4-5	1
Stemper	0	0-0	1
Hemje	1	0-0	0
Mills	2	2-4	1
Samford	0	0-0	1
Troyer	1	0-0	3
Forch	1	0-0	1
Fyfe	1	0-0	0
Williamson	3	0-2	1
Lloyd	7	1-2	0
Crosley	1	1-1	1
Van Horn	4	1-1	1
Weyen	0	0-0	0
Exstrom	6	3-7	2
Johnson	1	0-0	2
Totals	37	12-23	14

York (42)			
	fg	ft	pf
Menzie	5	3-3	3
Gomez	0	0-0	0
Hollinger	0	0-2	0
Kipple	0	2-4	0
Brekke	0	2-5	0
Perri	0	0-0	0
Stone	4	1-4	4
Cook	0	0-0	0
Wickham	0	0-2	2
Tatro	4	1-2	3
Woelfle	0	0-1	1
Dirreen	0	0-0	0
Ekart	1	1-3	2
Epp	1	0-0	0
Alire	1	0-0	0
Totals	16	10-25	15

Score by quarters:  
Kearney 20 21 21 24—86  
York 15 5 9 13—42  
Officials: Deeb and Miller.

### 4th Short Story

## The Special Gift

By Justine Wickham

It was a very gray day. Lucy sat at the window of her plain little room. She was so very lonely, the people at the orphanage were very kind, her room partner had been very nice to her, but she just couldn't find happiness here. Everyone here was just a bunch of unwanted humans, living together because they had no place else to live, nothing else to do.

It had been a week now since she had arrived to live here. Uncle Henry hadn't wanted to leave her, he had said, but she knew that there was no room for her either in his big white house or his unloving heart since Aunt Helen had died. Aunt Helen was wonderful. They went every afternoon to the little sunporch where all the old furniture had been pushed, where Aunt Helen kept her precious memory books of the years before Uncle Henry made "too good," as Aunt Helen and she referred to their status in life. Oh, Aunt Helen knew the best stories. Sometimes they would make them up as they went along. The words seemed to tumble out too fast and then they would jig around the room in glee at the funny things they had said. Yes, Lucy was very lonely. The other girls didn't like the lovely poems that took just hours to read. They didn't understand the magic that words had for Lucy. Even the sun had disappeared behind a cloud and the little beams would not come down to laugh with Lucy. "Oh, Oh," sobbed Lucy, "I want someone to love me, I want a friend."

Once again, Mrs. Lunder turned to her husband to plead her case with him. "Oh, please, Harry. We can do it, I know we can. We would have managed somehow, if our own child had lived. Why can't we do the same thing with some . . . other . . ."

Harry turned and looked at his pretty little blond wife. She was so very good to him. She had made their tiny four-room house a heaven for him. Each little curtain was a part of the soft harmony that spelled love to him. They had had so many troubles. The hospital bills, doctor bills, insurance, his mother's accident, and now it was Christmas . . . what could they spend on Christmas . . . Just where could they cut corners to be able to afford a little joy and happiness? Perhaps she was right. Perhaps he should consent to her wanting a child so badly. They could never have one of their own now. No, No, the doctor's words rung in his ears as he remembered that horrible night, "Harry, take care of her, next time neither she or the child will come out alive."

So, they bundled up and went to the orphanage that was so familiar to Mrs. Lunder. She drove up practically everyday, not once daring to return since her baby had . . . As they stepped into the office, Mrs. Lunder began to get

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### 2nd Poetry

## Lullaby

By Diane Blauch

"My babe the people's king shall be,"  
Mused Mary as she rocked her son,  
"The hope of all humanity."  
"Now go to sleep, my little one. Angels watch thee, Heaven keep thee, Sleep, my dearest, tenderly."

"God help me guard my precious lamb,  
If he would be the Counselor. It is so humble that I am; But deeply grateful evermore."  
"Sleep invites thee, Arms enfold thee, Sleep, my first-born, tenderly."

"Why do I feel a pang of fear? As you cuddle close to me. On your head, there falls a tear. For you I weep, small chick-a-dee.

Grief will clutch thee, Death awaits thee, Sleep, my baby, tenderly."

her first qualms about adopting a child that she did not know . . . "Yes, I would like a child, sorta special . . . like a Christmas gift." She whispered as her former employer smiled at her. Mrs. Lunder had worked in this same office right up until the very week before her own baby was to have been born. This was going to be different. Always before she had looked over the children, thinking how much better her own was going to be, picking out good points of each one, putting them into an imaginary child of her own.

"I don't know how you will be able to choose one," the lady was saying, "you love all of them so very much." Harry grasped her hand as they walked into the hall where the children were singing carols in front of the small Christmas tree with its presents, waiting for morning to come. Suddenly all the faces were a blur of unwanted loneliness to her. She wanted to turn and run . . . she didn't want anyone else's child . . . Oh, why had she ever come.

Just then, amid her frantic thoughts, she heard a soft sobbing. Who was crying, all the children looked happy, all of them were singing. No, there it was . . . over in the corner. My goodness, what a small girl, thought Mrs. Lunder, as she quickly left her husband and the lady and made her way around the cluster of laughing children to the little huddled form. Oh, what a pretty child. Beautiful blond hair, blue eyes brimmed with tears much too big for such a wee one. Without thinking, she gathered the little bundle into her arms and walked away to a chair nearby and sat down. She rocked the child back and forth, humming along with the carols of the others. The child grew quiet, and looked up and saw the soft smile of the lady holding her. "Hello, little blue eyes," said Mrs. Lunder. "H . . . H . . . Hello," she breathed through her sobs, "d . . . d . . . do you work . . . h . . . h . . . here?" No, I came looking for a Christmas present, I wonder if you can help me find it." Mrs. Lunder suddenly felt the urge to cry as she realized that this must be the one, oh it just must be the one. "Oh, I'd like to h . . . h . . . help you, you are very nice, Mrs. Lady," the child snuggled up close to the well-worn and faded coat. Lucy had not been sleeping very well and now all the tension and tiredness of her tense little body seemed to melt and she closed her eyes and was asleep almost instantly. Mrs. Lunder got up and carefully walked over to her husband and the lady. They were surprised to see a child in her arms. Mrs. Lunder looked pleadingly at them, and said, "Please, this one, I want this one." The lady just nodded and reached out her hand to them and motioned for them to go. She knew that everything would be all right in this case, for after all, this was not an ordinary adoption. This was a special Christmas gift.



A little chance makes a big crash!

## Don't Let This Happen to You!

Just a minute, just a mile, just an inch. That's all it takes to save a wreck, an injury — or a life.

York College students will be traveling something like 4,286 miles to go home for Christmas, the number of miles traveled in returning depending upon how many are alive to return. Carelessness, Haste, Dangerous Roads, all play a big part in accidents on the highways of America, but 75% of last year's 38,000 traffic fatalities were caused by actual law violations. People dislike being held back by laws, but which is worth more to you, law or life?

A crumpled car, broken glass, bloody flesh, and a Merry Christmas! The officer wonders which was on top of the list of the persons in this wreck. This wreck picture is as true to life as if you were the officer standing near the car. It was a college-student wreck. Merry Christmas to the parents! Best wishes to the friends that come back to school when their new year begins! And a joyous holiday to them, whose life was so full of promise, whose future was just beginning.

Home for Christmas! Mother, I'll be home for Christmas, if we don't run off the road, or if we aren't hit by in-a-hurry Jack, or if we drive slow enough, carefully enough, and keep driving long enough, we might make it home for Christmas. MAKE it home for Christmas! Defeat the horrible law of averages that has grown from the many repeated accidents!

Take a minute, Take a mile, Take an inch! Be safe, Be careful, and Stay alive!

Life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles with sniffles predominating.—O. Henry.

The cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—Oscar Wilde

Laws are not made for the good.—Socrates

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## What Do You Pay For An Education?

(From the Carroll News, John Carroll University, Ohio)

### Parade of Opinion—ACP Review

Education is not a commodity. Not being material, it cannot be paid for.

It is sometimes easy to lose sight of this fact among the various charges and fees connected with acquisition of an education, but its disregard leads to a loss of perspective and purpose.

When you buy coal, you pay by the ton—the more you get, the more you pay. But when you "buy" an education, you pay one fee—an entrance fee . . . The student who gets the most from his schooling and the one who gets the least pay the same rate.

This means that a student's education is entirely up to himself. For his tuition he receives access to teachers and to facilities—not an education but the chance to gain an education.

Education is an unending process. Classes, extracurricular activities, outside reading, social events — all can be made part of an education. Payment of fees confers the right to all of these. Their use is up to the individual.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Schrader, '53, Mrs. David Philo, '49, Kendall D. Martin HM3, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stow, '20, W. H. Morton, '09, W. T. Smithers, O. F. Showalter, Mrs. D. E. Carpenter, Dr. and Mrs. Merrill Day, '38, Raymond Worich, Lois Alexander, '38, Drs. Rochrs & Rochrs, Mrs. Florence M. Deason, Rev. and Mrs. M. B. Canon, '23 and '24, Evelyn Beason, '42, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hill Anglin, '47 and '45, Beverly Brekke, Antonio Rivera, '21, Mrs. Chas. T. Serf, '27, Mrs. Harvey Mizell, Mrs. Herbert Bergstrom, '26, Mary C. Harris, '46, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde A. Necler, R. J. Thornton, Mrs. Donald Fitz, '42, Arvenne Jameson, Gerald Witham, '50, Harold B. Holton, '49, Shirley Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hazen, Dr. Laurence C. Smith, '46, Jesse L. Luthi, '36, Mr. and Mrs. Darrell E. Anderson, '53, Mrs. Kenneth O'Mara, '36, Mrs. Harold Boyle, '46, Rev. M. E. Shank, Melvin A. Thompson, '34, Rev. and Mrs. Max L. Allen, '47 and '49, Rev. and Mrs. Paul S. Deever, '50, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Barker, H. M. Wylie, Mrs. Gerald Denton, '43, Rev. Ralph Hines, '43, John A. Steiner, Mrs. Marie Pettit Whipple, '42, Everette W. Berry, '41.

It may make a difference to all eternity whether we do right or wrong today.—James Freeman Clarke

When a bit of sunshine hits ye, After passing of a cloud, When a fit of laughter gits ye And ye'r spine is feelin' proud, Don't forget to up and fling it At a soul that's feeling blue, For the minit that ye sling it It's a boomerang to you.—

Jack Crawford

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.—

Keats  
Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.—Mark Twain

# Christmas Is A Time of Giving Don't Take A Life - Safety Pays!

According to statistics, speed is one of the main killers on the road today. Last year 28 per cent of drivers in fatal accidents were driving too fast for conditions. Since 97 per cent of the vehicles were in perfect running condition, the driver was mainly responsible for this percentage.

At high speeds, the human body becomes increasingly vulnerable when an accident takes place. If an injury accident occurs at 60 miles an hour or more, the injured person is eight times more likely to die of his injuries than if he had been injured in an accident at 20 miles an hour. Therefore, drivers can reduce accidents 90 per cent by increasing travel time 10 per cent.

Why not remember as you drive home for the holidays and are tempted to get there as fast as possible, that excessive speed is a matter of conditions: traffic, weather, the road, in addition to the consideration of stated or legal speed limits.

Consider what can happen if you have tire or brake trouble while traveling a mile a minute or faster. Is it worth it? Is it worth making a Merry Christmas result in tragedy? Accidents are preventable — so slow up — and don't speed up for a bang-up Christmas.

Let's drive sanely — and enjoy the holidays.

## Pogi's Plan Assures A Merry Christmas

Pogi is making certain that Santa will leave some evidence of his visit on Christmas by mending all of the holes in his sock. He doesn't want one tiny hole to mar his Christmas joy. Likewise, this safety-minded Panther is making sure of all of his vacation activities. Pogi believes that a safely decorated green tree is much more inspiring than a black and charred one, and the green trees are not nearly so detrimental to the house. Also, out of consideration for his family, this journey-inclined Panther isn't going to surprise the folks by riding part of the way home in an ambulance or hearse.

Pogi wants to incite all of the college students to consciousness of safety also, so that this Christmas will not be long remembered for tragedy.

## Campus Briefs Campus Life Has Christmas Spirit

Days before Christmas are busy for anyone, but around YC, life has taken on a burst of activity which is marvelous to behold. Santa's own little elves couldn't be more cooperative than the average York College Student, who always has a ready smile and helping hand for any task to which he is assigned.

Decorations now hold the spotlight, with a huge Christmas tree and 42 little stockings supplying the proper atmosphere in Middlebrook's Reception Room. Various other holiday decorations appear throughout Middlebrook. Never let it be said that YC girls lack that decorative ability, for novel ideas appear daily in preparation for the Christmas Open House, Dec. 15.

Special thanks go to Mr. McVey, Allen Holzwarth, Tom Kirby, and Walt Price for cutting the tree and setting it up. Also to Janna Woelfle, Helen Teter, Pat Humphries, and Mrs. Thomas, and any other helpers who decorated the tree or some part of the building. Merry Christmas!

Though Saturday, December 5, was cold and grey, York College students were on hand for the big York Christmas Parade which was led by the college float. The float, the theme of which was, "Home for Christmas," was under the sponsorship of the student council and was constructed with the help of the student body.

Misses Diane Blauch and Barbara Bearnth have added notes of patriotism to our Christmas Season through numerous talks, which they have given in and around York. Diane, having spent the past summer in Europe, shared her experiences with others through descriptions of European conditions and by the use of slides. Barbara's talks were based on her experiences while attending a convention at Valley Forge this past spring, sponsored by the Freedom Foundation.

The A Cappella choir presented a Christmas program for the York Woman's Club on Monday afternoon, December 7, 1953. Some of the program was composed of small group musical numbers and solos.

Watch the Birdie! Yes, the little man with the camera, Dick Edie, has been pretty busy keeping everyone smiling for those all important Marathon pictures he has been taking.



Pogi sez: "A stitch in time saves nine. Play it safe for a Merry Christmas."

## SEEN AROUND

Formals . . . big and little sisters . . . mums . . . parties and teas . . . corsages . . . outlines . . . Kit's doll . . . receipts from Thanksgiving . . . aches and pains of basketball . . . fancy doors . . . ribbons . . . painted mirrors . . . open house . . . evergreen . . . Press Guild party . . . leather . . . migrations . . . colored lights . . . Richard Edie and camera . . . gifts . . . red X . . . basketball games . . . marching practice . . . Marathon pictures . . . Rook . . . stormy weather . . . makeup work . . . straw flowers . . . rearranged rooms . . . Christmas cards . . . wave clips . . . Dunce Dorothy . . . true stories . . . lint . . . sachet . . . scatter pins . . . suede shoes . . . napkins . . . icicles . . . frost . . . cloudy days . . . charts . . .

## HEARD AROUND

"It won't be long now" . . . "Have you picked your subject?" . . . "I show the after-effects of Thanksgiving" . . . "Do you get to go home?" . . . "Paid your dues yet?" . . . "I can hardly wait until Christmas" . . . "I'm no poet" . . . "I need a baby-sitter" . . . "May I have one of your pictures?" . . . "Move it over" . . . "Here you go" . . . "I couldn't see it" . . . "I did that last week in practice" . . . "Happy chasing to you" . . . "I'm ready anytime you are" . . . "We can live together now" . . . "It's simple" . . . "Who chopped the top off the Christmas tree?" . . . "Wilma" . . . "Gotta be fast" . . . "Mable King" . . . "Do you really want me to tell you?" . . . "That's just about right" . . . "You worry" . . . "It's me" . . . "So long, fellow guardsmen" . . . "Bumble Boogie" . . . keys . . . "have you entered yet?" . . . "Man on second" . . . "You think I'm kidding, don't you?" . . .

## Vacation Welcome As Christmas Gift

Christmas . . . what one word embodies so many connotations! For the college student, especially. Around the middle of December everyone shares the same feeling—one of utter exhaustion. After three months of rugged routine, the student is firmly convinced that unless he gets the much needed rest, his mind will crack. It's fortunate that Christmas vacation always comes at this period. So this new anticipation is added to others as the holiday season approaches.

Rooms in the dorm are festively adorned proving that those in college still cling to that bit of "homey atmosphere" that means so much at Christmas. Operating on a strict budget, the student still manages to send a few cards and hopes that his family will appreciate the sentiment rather than the impressiveness of their small gifts.

On the college campus the Christmas spirit is especially prevalent. Friendliness — gaiety — and the most important, serious thought toward the real meaning of this greatest of holidays. Students realize that this one event gives meaning to all that they do every day of every year.

## It Shouldn't Happen to A Dog

Duke, the five-year-old cocker spaniel, formerly owned by Dr. G. T. Savery, met with tragic circumstances as he finally fought a dog too much larger than himself. It was quite a bout bystanders report, as Duke was overthrown by the foe. The fight was probably a result of a very down trodden attitude on the part of Duke. It seems as though he has no place he can really call home . . . that would cause any man to fight for his rights!

After the many trips to the doctor (at least two), and wearing the cast over two weeks, Duke is still known by his pathetic expression of misery as he limps around the campus. Duke is still in York and as long as he stays anywhere near the campus college students will always be seen stopping for a chat with him. Duke was very careful of his famous cast as he hopped over mud puddles to keep it clean. Duke reports to us that he is practically back to normal, but is still working on relearning how to climb steps. Alas! Our poor Duke. It must be rough to lead a dog's life!



Duke resolves to make it SAFETY FIRST!