

1927 Marathon Staff Wants 200 Books Sold

Compared with the annuals of larger colleges, it does not seem that very much money is to be spent on The 1927 Marathon. But compared with their annuals in quality, you will be surprised to note what a pleasing appearance the Marathon will have. From the standpoint of appearance, Everybody's Marathon is going to be equal to any college annual of the State. Careful planning and a judicious expenditure of the Marathon budget is what makes this possible.

Unless unforeseen difficulties arise, it is the plan of the Staff to have the book bound in a high quality cover of imitation leather. This alone will give the book a striking appearance, and will be a noticeable improvement. The first few pages will be devoted to a well arranged and attractive view-section. Following that will come the usual pages devoted to foreword, dedication, and table of contents. Of course there is nothing unusual about this part of the book, but the following pages will be crammed full of interesting things.

Many of the Faculty are having new cuts made, so it is a certainty that their section will be complete. A novel arrangement is being planned, which will be sure to make the Faculty section one to which we shall often turn, in the years to come.

Class section, which follows, is noted for its arrangement of unnecessary engravings. It makes annuals so very expensive. In spite of the economy practiced, this section is quite artistically planned and arranged. While the arrangement is different from that used in previously published Marathons, it is one which will make you proud of your class. The Editor should be complimented upon his skillful grouping of the panels, which task is not to be lightly thought of. The Art Editor has lent his genius in a very creditable manner, in the panel decoration.

The Organization section is to be enlarged, and the pictures so arranged as to give every page the correct balance. Every organization picture will be taken as a group, thus giving variety to the various pictures of each individual. There will be some organizations of which it will be impossible to get a picture, but they will have sufficient space for a write-up, and roll of members, however. We want every organization to feel that it has a place in The 1927 Marathon.

The big feature of the book is to be the Athletic section. The arrangement of this section is the special pride of the Staff. Adequate description cannot be given here, but you may rest assured that it will do lasting credit to York College Athletics. Let it be sufficient to say that it has received the hearty approval of Coach Hubka. It is a departure from the commonplace arrangement so often used, and will do much to add distinctiveness to this year's Marathon. You may look forward to this section with eagerness, which will not be disappointed.

The Feature section is the second big improvement which will be made. It is a question which will be most popular with the student body, the Athletic section or the Feature section. Eight pages have been allowed for snapshots. These will be double-mounted, and so arranged as to give a unified effect. There will be none of the "hit and miss" effect so often seen in this section of other annuals. It will depend upon the number of snapshots available, whether it will

(Continued on page two)

Literaries Hold Elections

PALS

Once again we're Pals together. For we met last Tuesday night at 7:30 to listen to a good, snappy program. As our critic and our vice president (never mind their names went on a little jaunt with the Symphonic Orchestra) June Crosby acted as critic and very nicely corrected all our mistakes. The extempore, "What is my favorite type of literature" was given by Thelma Manning. We find these unpremeditated speeches very good tests of the nerve and thinking ability of an individual. Other numbers on the program which we enjoyed very much were: A vocal solo by Homer Watkins; an essay on "Onions and Fords" by Alleta Marlow, which adequately lived up to its title; a short story "The Child's Dream of a Star" by Dickens which was read by Edna Coffey; and another number on the program which didn't appear. The least said about the numbers on our programs which fail to appear, the better but we do believe that would be a good subject for our editor to discourse upon, in an editorial.

At the regular business meeting the officers for next semester were elected as follows:

- President—Lloyd Wells.
- V. President—Lorraine Edmonson.
- Secretary—Vivian Johns.
- Treasurer—Ira Colson.
- Musical Chairman—Theodore Peterson.
- Devotional Chairman—June Crosby.
- Pianist—Alberta Parker.
- Sergeant—Manuel Martinez.
- Critic—Neva Brookhart.
- Trustees—Alice Coffey, Ray Bryant, Paul Goudy.

As this was the last meeting in this semester we wish every Pal would settle his account with the treasurer as soon as possible. It also might be wise for any member who was not at the last meeting to take a good look at the next program posted on the Pal bulletin board at the left of the Art Room door. Your name might be on the program.

After the election which was shoved through without delay the sergeant announced that the photographer (or stenographer, he forget really which he said) was waiting to take our pictures. But we made him wait while we initiated as full fledged

(Continued on page three)

ZETA LITERARY SOCIETY

The Zeta Literary Society met last Tuesday evening and the following program was given:

- Prelude—Thelma Dierdorff.
- Life of Laurence Dunbar—Evelyn Laurence.
- Violin Solo—Virginia Edwards.
- Poems of Dunbar—Ardus Knight.
- The following program will be given at the next meeting.
- Prelude—Ruth Huenefeld.
- Foreign Comment—Jack Rowley.
- Essay—Esther Olewine.
- Short Story—Irene Backmann.
- Poetry—Alice Peters.
- The new officers for the year are as follows:
- President—Marion Wing.
- Vice President—Francis Harbert.
- Secretary—Ardus Knight.
- Devotional Chairman—Mabel Shelquist.
- Chorister—Nora Rath.
- Pianist—Ada Green.
- Social Chairman—Ruth Huenefeld.
- Usher—Jack Rowley.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

- Tuesday, Jan. 25—
 - 9:30 A. M., Association Meetings. Don't miss 'em!
- Wednesday, Jan. 26—
 - 7:30 P. M., Midweek Meeting.
- Thursday, Jan. 27—
 - Longfellow's Birthday.
 - 9:30 A. M., the Orchestra will play a "Suite" for us.
 - 7:30 P. M., Basketball, Kearney vs. York, at the gym. Use your football ticket—its good for this!
- Friday, Jan. 28—
 - 9:30 A. M., Basket Ball Rally.
 - 7:30 P. M., Basket Ball, Doane vs. York, at the gym.
- SUNDAY, Jan. 30—
 - 9:30 A. M., Orchestra.
 - 9:45 A. M., Sunday School.
 - 11:00 A. M., Morning Worship.
 - 6:30 P. M., Endeavor Societies.
 - 7:30 P. M., Evening Worship.
- Monday, Jan. 31—
 - 7:30 P. M., Histrionic Club.
- Tuesday, Feb. 1—
 - 9:30 A. M., Association Meetings.
 - 7:00 P. M., Basketball, Cotner vs. York, at the gym.
 - 8:00 P. M., Pal and Zeta Meetings. Boost your Society!
- Wednesday, Feb. 2—
 - Groundhog Day.
 - 7:30 P. M., Midweek Meeting.
- Thursday, Feb. 3—
 - 9:30 A. M., Orchestra.
- Friday, Feb. 4—
 - 9:30 A. M. Basketball Rally.

SOPHOMORE RECEPTION

The Annual Reception given by the Sophomore class to the students of York College took place Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock. Hotel McCloud. A reception committee met the guests as they arrived at the lobby and directed them to the mezzanine floor where wraps were removed and greetings exchanged. In the receiving line were Ted Peterson, president of the class, Dean Charles Bisset, Mrs. E. W. Emery, Misses Vivian Johns, and Arlys Small. After social converse for a time, the company marched to the large banquet hall down stairs as music was played by a picked orchestra and after all were seated the president of the Sophomore class, Ted Peterson, gave an address of welcome to which Miss Marguerite Wilson in behalf of the Senior class responded. The Sophomore mixed double quartette, Ivan Caldwell, Harold Jeffers, Bart Blanc, Ted Peterson, Misses Evelyn Lawrence, Laurine Edmonson, Dorothy Johns and Loraine Thompson, sang. Dean Charles Bisset then extended the greetings from the college, and strengthened college spirit. The Sophomore male quartette, Ivan Caldwell, Harold Jeffers, Bart Blanc and Ted Peterson sang. Miss Esther Strickler entertained with the Xylophone and Professor Bohdan Shlanta contributed violin numbers. Following the program twelve of the Sophomore girls served refreshments consisting of ice cream, cakes and opera sticks, and the college colors, dark blue and white were noted in the menu served. The reception was largely attended and proved to be a very happy function.

MARATHON DEPOSITS DUE

The race is getting close! The girls are busy collecting deposits, and just now it is hard to tell who will win if you haven't paid your deposit yet, do so now. Pay to the girl whom you would like to see win this contest. Or, if you are too bashful to do that, you may pay it to the business manager. The winner of this contest will be announced the first week in February. Don't wait for them to solicit you, but hand them the money at once. They will appreciate it, and as you know, "it pays to keep on the good side of the women." (Ask these married men, they know!)

Blue and White Cagesters Lead Conference

Where Do You Live

That is what Mr. Noll asked us last week in chapel. And then he went on to tell us what he meant.

One time Van Dyke was on a ship home-ward bound. As it pulled out of the harbor he thought, "I am at the utmost height of pleasure; I am doing the thing I most want to do; I am going home." So he wrote the poem "America for Me," which has since been set to music and with the first stanza of which we are all familiar.

Why is home such a wonderful place? When some one asks you where you live, you may give the name of the town in which you live. Well that is true, but it isn't all the truth. The place where you live has a great deal to do with your personality and your estimate of yourself.

Some people take life too seriously and feel they are held down by circumstances, just because they live down across the tracks. But one family lived across the tracks. Did it bother them? No they were just as ambitious as those on the hill. A little later what do we see? These same people get into business and become a little prosperous and they move into a better neighborhood. A little later they move up on the hill and have one of the best built mansions in the city. So you see the people in a certain district need not all have the same characteristics just because they live in the same town or same part of town.

Goodell, the missionary, and a bowery man lived on the same street in a large city, but it was home to both. Queen Mary said "When I am dead, open my heart and you will find the word 'Calais' written upon it." Calais, her girlhood home was the best place in the world to Mary. And people away from home in college are inclined to think that the sun shines brighter and the birds sing sweeter at home. Home is where the heart is.

Take a half dozen people, give them plenty of money and turn them loose

(Continued on page three)

BUSINESS COLLEGE NOTES

Twenty-one new Underwood typewriters and four L. C. Smith's were placed in the typing room during the Christmas holidays.

The penmanship class are working up drills for their Palmer certificate. Two sets of drills have been sent in.

Miss Anna Strunc has accepted the position of stenographer for part time work at the E. S. Clarke Lumber Co.

HOT CHILLI!

The Business Department of York College held their second party of the semester Monday, January 17 in the Gym. Not all of the students were there and those that were not will never know what a good time they missed. Also Mrs. Townsend and son Jimmie were guests of the evening. Games furnished the entertainment and hilarious laughter could be heard at any time.

It was an extremely cold night and the hot chilli was the very thing to serve for it was hot in more ways than one. Sandwiches and coffee were then served by the committee after which we took our departure for home. With the aid of some of the B. C. boys the dishes were washed at the Con. by the Committee.

The committee serving were: Esther Klein, Hazel Hackel, Doris C. Fitzpatrick.

STANDINGS

	g	w	l	pts.	pts.	opp.
York	3	3	0	84	65	1000
Peru N.	2	2	0	71	30	1000
Hastings	2	2	0	63	40	1000
Neb. Wesleyan	1	1	0	27	24	1000
Omaha	2	1	1	51	51	.500
Grand Island	3	1	3	59	66	.333
Dana	3	1	2	59	116	.333
Midland	4	0	4	97	113	.000
Cotner	2	0	2	35	43	.000
Kearney N.	1	0	1	20	37	.000
Chadron N.	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Doane	0	0	0	0	0	.000

The York College Panthers returned home Sunday Jan. 16 from a successful week-end invasion of basketball courts of Cotner College and Omaha Uni. As you all see, York College is leading the Nebraska Conference by virtue of our three games in which we were undisputed victors.

Coach Ladd Hubka and his well picked players are to be complimented for their good work this early in the season. Bigger and better things are expected later in the season when every member of the York front line takes a shot at the basket. Two points every crack, that's what it means.

There has been no individual starring so far this year. Captain Louis (Slick) Helzer led his hilltop basket flippers to a 26-20 victory over Grand Island with 11 counters. Harold (Ashes) Asmore turned loose on the Cotner court and dropped in 15 of the 24 points that won the second Panther victory. Boyd (Hot) King in the Omaha game downed the Cardinals in the last few minutes of play by sinking the ball four times, he secured 13 of the 34 points. Nichols and Gilbert have been the shining lights at the guard positions. Their super guarding has been largely responsible for the success of the college quintet. Nick is one of the best guards in the conference while Fred is showing promise of running him a close second. Ivan (Cy) Maurer played a bang-up game at Omaha and started the York scoring machine from center court. In no game has there been lacking that one essential so necessary for victory, namely teamwork. The above mentioned players have borne the brunt of the early season's work.

Floyd (Pete) Peters is sure to get hot in the next few games with his famous long side court shooting. John (Flashy) Franz is showing up well at forward and is expected to do considerable scoring before many more games. There are several reserves that are out working hard in hopes that they will see some action before the season closes.

The York College hoop tossers are this week preparing to invade the Kearney basketball camp for another win Friday night. Then the Hastings College ball club will meet the same five fighting Panthers on Saturday night. Both of these games are going to be hard battles, but we feel that our standing will still be a thousand present.

Now remember it isn't up to the boys on the basketball floor alone, to do all the fighting. The student body is expected to get out and show some pep and enthusiasm over a winning team. The loyalty to your team is one of the greatest assets that a school can exhibit.

Loyalty, pep and 100 percent support is something that York College students should have but Do Not. Now what is the matter? Aren't you interested in athletics or is it just indifference. If York College had half the ginger and genuine school

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THE SANDBURR

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor Etta A. Mason
Associate Editor Elaine Winfield
Athletic Editor Marlyn Diehl
Feature Writer David Braun
Faculty Advisor Minta Thorpe

BUSINESS STAFF

Manager Theron Gard
Assistant Manager Ira Colson

REPORTERS

Y. M. C. A. Harlon Moore
Y. W. C. A. Mabel Shelquist
W. A. A. Ardith Kull
Student Volunteers Margaret Hill
Life Work Recruits Willis Smith
Zetas Camille Pachner
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Juniors Esther Olewine
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Freshmen Alice Schriefer
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 } Alene Boren

Our modern street car companies have a way of compelling everyone who rides to pay his fare as he enters the car. The old method of collecting the fares after the people were in and settled had its faults. Now and then a conductor would have more people than the fares he had collected and he would be seen looking all over the car trying to see whom he had missed. But now everyone pays as he enters.

Have you ever thought when you paid the conductor, that you were doing just what you were asked to do everywhere else you go in life? Life has a great "pay-as-you-enter" system in operation on all its lines. If you fail to pay your fare, you are thrown out.

If you desire to enter the commercial world, you will find the demand that you pay as you enter written over every door you approach. If you go into a factory you must pay your way with a well-trained hand or a keen eye. If you should fail to pay, you are not wanted.

Are you in search of friendship? Do you pay your way by going the other way? Some time ago a young man entered college. The annual mixer to help new students get acquainted was held a few days later. A member of the committee came to him and said, "Good evening, friend. My name is Harold Johns. We are glad to have you here," and our young man's only answer was, "Is that so? I didn't know what your name was." Every attempt to become acquainted with him, met about the same reply. In a few weeks everyone had found friends. This young man said he was always left out. He left school. BUT he had not paid his way as he entered.

Sometimes we complain that society passes its favors to only a few. But if we watch closely, we shall see that a man receives just about what he gives. If he gives freely, others respond and give in return.

There is little in life for anyone who fails to pay as he enters. We must pay in honest toil, in consecration, in loyalty.

When we read stories of great men who have had great experiences like Paul or Luther, we do well to remember that they all paid a good full fare as they entered into each new day. No one has paid his full fare in life until he has, out of the richness of his own life, poured richness into another life.

If, in your school life, or in your social life, or at home or in the church, you feel you are not getting from the journey of life, what you should, study the matter and see whether you have paid as you entered, the full fare admits that us to the best that life has to give.

1927 MARATHON STAFF WANTS 200 BOOKS SOLD

(Continued from first page)

be possible to make this section as large as planned. This is an increase of three pages over that of the last Marathon. Every student is urged to contribute pictures for this section. Here is a chance to commemorate the events which you wish to remember. Get busy with your camera.

Other special features, which are being planned, are in the charge of the Joke Editors. If plans materialize, the joke section will be overflowing with wit and humor. The write-ups and other printed material will be collected in February, by the various editors in charge. A colored border will be run, to match the cover. Taken all in all, we feel that you have a pleasant surprise awaiting you when The Marathon is printed.

Perhaps you are wondering what it is all to cost. The entire expense will be approximately one thousand dollars. At four dollars each, this would require the sale of two-hundred fifty books. But since we expect to

raise some money by sale of advertising space, we are expecting to sell only about two-hundred books. With one-hundred sixty already sold, it looks as though the four-dollar price would be guaranteed. Out of a student body of two-hundred forty-five, there is no reason why two-hundred books cannot be sold. Order your book at once, and boost WITH us.

Miss Thorpe says her birthday is when the "One-Hoss Shay" fell to pieces. As yet we haven't found out just when that was.

Don't be a very "promising" student. Promises don't get you very far here.

Mr. Searle says that boys like to think that someday they will be somebody's hero. Hope not in vain, boys!

Fleta: "I had a fire in my room yesterday."

Ruth: "Why, how did you put it out?"

Fleta: "With my hose."

Y. M. C. A.

Two weeks ago, Ted Thompson gave us a report of the Milwaukee Student Conference which he attended during the holidays.

The purpose of the conference was to put Christ into the lives of all people. Some of the questions that were discussed were: Race Antagonism; Fraternities and Sororities; Why be Altruistic?; Why is Religion Necessary; Why have War; The R. O. T. C.; and What do we Need to Eradicate War? The answer to the last question seemed to be—Christian living and Christian principles.

Mr. Thompson then gave us the four stages of the evolution of religion. They are (1) Sacrifice, (2) A New Conception of God and of Duty, (3) A Change in our Conception of God and Duty, (4) The Continual Study of human life from the lower stages to the higher. He also said that religion tends to make this a better world in which to live.

Last Tuesday morning Prof. Noll talked on the subject "Which Bone Are You?" He classified people as four different kinds of bones.

The wish-bone folks were those who were continually wishing they could have the success of others but they were not willing to pay the necessary price.

The jaw-bone folks are those who can always tell you how everything should be done. They are the people who just naturally have to talk and are the ones who always do the most complaining.

The funny-bone folks are those who like to have a good time if some one else furnishes it. The men who attend a public sale if there is a free lunch are good examples of this type. The same attitude is shown by the man who thinks,—well, I earned my money, I'll go out and have a good time with it instead of taking it home and using it as it should be used.

The back-bone folks are the people who carry the responsibility. They are the ones in an organization who do the planning and who try to get others interested. They can always be depended upon. They are looking out for some one else and do not have selfish aims.

Prof. Noll then asked these questions: Can you imagine Jesus a wish-bone type of man? Can you imagine Jesus a jaw-bone type of man? Can you imagine Jesus a funny-bone type of man? Can you imagine Jesus anything but a backbone type of man?

Y. W. C. A.

Tuesday morning, January eleventh the Y. W. girls were glad to hear the interesting report given by Evelyn Laurence, delegate to the Milwaukee conference. We are glad Evelyn could represent us at such a conference.

On January 18, the Y. W. girls were happy to have as their speaker Mrs. Calvert, matron of the Mothers' Jewels Home. Her message was very helpful. Many have expressed a desire for Mrs. Calvert to return and speak to us again.

Thelma Dierdorff led the devotions and Elberta Parker played a piano solo.

Each girl left the Pal hall feeling that forty minutes of her day had been well spent.

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra appeared in chapel Thursday morning bringing to us the splendid music of Haydn's called "The Surprise Symphony." After the explanation of its originality and getting the audience at chapel inquisitive the orchestra rendered it beautifully. The audience was in a "roar of laughter" when the climax of the "Andante" was played since Mr. Shlanta explained to the audience to listen closely and detect the place where this Symphony gets its name.

The orchestra will render us a "Suite" next week and show us what the meaning of all the classification of music means. They are working hard on this suite called "Anthony" and it really is a lesson in "music appreciation" when the orchestra thus educates us in chapel

LEARN THESE BASKET BALL SONGS if it wasn't for their studies.

SONGS

Tune: Doodle-do-do.
Just watch the team
That plays for York College.
The White and the Blue.
The White and the Blue.
We want a basket
We want a basket
We doodle-do-do.
We doodle-do-do.

Easy to win
There's nothing mucn to it.
York College boys can doodle-do-do-it.
We beat them
Wherever we go,
We doodle-do doodle-do-do.

Tune: "There's a Quaker Down in Quaker Town"
There's a Yorker team in Yorker town.

When ye're around, they play.
But down in our hearts, we know
They're not so slow,
For see now they play tonight.
In the shooting too, they're all true blue.

They've got pep, you'll find.
They've got the get-you-later look,
And they win in spite of crook,
This Yorker team in Yorker town.

Tune: "It Ain't Gonna Rain Anymore."
Oh, they ain't gonna score any more,
anymore,

Tney ain't gonna score anymore,
So how in the world can they win this game,
If they ain't gonna score anymore?

Tune: "Marcheta"
York College, York College,
We want one more basket,
We need one more basket, We do!
We want one more basket
Because we have ask it,
Bring cheers to the white and the blue.

Banish all sadness
And fill us with gladness.
We'll prove we are loyal and true.
We'll cheer you, revere you
While other will fear you,
We want one more basket—
We do.

There's a good many students who could get along pretty well in college

OUR NUMBER IS
844

The City National
Barber and Beauty
Shop

You Know the Place

Men's Suits and Overcoats
at Reduced Prices

Rothman & Sears

See
RUSS WILLIAMS

for good clothes
and furnishings.

We lead in style for Col-
lege boys.

EXPERTS

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Professional Directory

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Off. Tel. 97. Res. 2-rgs-97

H. G. PATTERSON
DENTIST

Wildman Bldg. Phone 210
Res. Phone 210-2-rings

H. L. Vradenburg,
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Electro-therapeutist
Cain Bldg

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DENTIST

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Res. Phone 125—Office 279

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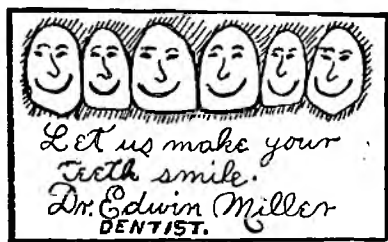
OSTEOPATH

V. J. MORGAN
Dentist

Annex American State
Bank Building

Metz & Hitchcock

Ambulance
Service



In Commercial Arithmetic class
Reed G. was sitting on the wrong
side of the seat.

Mr. Hubka: "Reed will you sit on
your side?"

Reed G.: "I'm sorry, Mr. Hubka,
but I can't sit on my SIDE."

THE CLINIC
HOSPITAL

12 Beds — Graduate
Nurses — Down Town —
"On the way to School."
A better place than home
when you are ill.

THE INEVITABLE

Examination's here for sure,—
Of that there is no doubt;
For some of us it has no lure,
And so we simply pout.

We knew 'twas coming, so you say—
What matter if we did?
It's far much easier to play,
And let the lessons skid.

But since its here we'll settle down,—
And burn the midnight oil;
And wish that 'stead of playing
'round,
We'd spent some time in toil.

So next semester we'll resolve—
To study hard each day;
And every single problem solve,—
Our Prof's will all be gay.

A week or so, we thus will spend,
And feel quite free from blame,—
But at the next semester-end,
Our plaint will be the same.

We want to see lots of snapshots
in the Marathon, but we hope the Editor
will not use snap judgment in ar-
ranging them.

Dick Larson, to Prof. Warrick:
"When does that Physics test come?
—I don't want to start cramming too
soon."

Nestor Salanta seemed to know a
great deal about the Peru football
trip, in Frosh English class one
morning, but ask him about the Oma-
ha basketball trip???

Speaking of cryptic remarks, here's
one that was overheard recently:
"Why, I don't see how she does it. No-
body ever had to pay me for kisses!"
(You would be surprised to know who
said it.)

Prof. Searle: (to Bart, who has just
handed in a paper without any name)
"That's very good, but what's the
matter with your name this morn-
ing?"

at: "Its Blanc."

ent epidemic of "hat-
inues, it is rumored
ertain group of underclass-
are due for a little "Forcible
ducation." The upperclassmen are
rarin' to go, so watch your step!

Certain people feel that the height
of politeness is to stand outside the
Chapel-door, at nine-thirty each morn-
ing, and wait for everybody else to
go in first. "Women and children
first," is a good slogan in times of
danger, but what danger could there
be, if the hall and the doorway were
left unblocked? Come on in, fellows,
don't stagnate out there in the hall.

The College Students will
find at all times a wel-
come at the

**RAPID REPAIR
SHOP**

Come in and let us talk
Shoe Repairing with you.
(We thank you)

We have the reputation of
standing for and sponsor-
ing everything that is
good and looks for the up-
building of this community
We extend to the student
body of York College a
cordial invitation to do
business with us.

**THE FIRST
NATIONAL BANK**

York, Nebraska.

KAMPUS KWIPS

Some time ago we received a very
strange and ominous looking missive.
With dire misgivings we opened and
read it. Our fears seemed groundless
for it was a perfectly innocent re-
quest. Down in the lower left, no,
right hand corner, were the letters
R. S. V. P. These letters meant as
follows: Recitative Semper Velour
Plush. That is Danish for women
and children first. After some debate
we decided to go. After arriving and
noting the number of freshmen there
we almost regretted our decision,
however we swallowed our disap-
pointment and remained. The pro-
gram was held without fail, rain or
shine and it was relatively good.
There was little rowdyism with the
exception of a few first year men who
insisted on yelling for more between
acts. Refreshments were good but
meager. We never did like green ice
cream and next time we go to a formal
we will take a sandwich.

We submit our next success article.

How to Study

The most tragic thing we can think
of right now is the thousands of
students who know how to study upt
don't. If nature, in her generosity
has endowed you with the ability to
study, don't overdo it. College men
should know how to study. There
comes a time at the end of every se-
mester when the art of concentrating
for a few hours is quite a blessing.
Under normal stress to study a lesson
is not really very difficult. First you
and your room-mate go down town.
Always remember that you are in a
hurry as you must get home to study.
You saunter around and finally buy a
bag of peanuts and a nickel's worth
of hard candy. Armed with these you
go home. Both of you put on a bath
robe and you eat the peanuts. Then
you find a comfortable position and
get ready to study. This part is beau-
tiful in its simplicity. Then you find
out you forgot to bring your book
home. You face lights up with the
consolation that you tried to study
anyway then you go to a show. Simple
isn't it? So is this article and just as
useful as it is simple.

**Blue and White Cagesters
Lead Conference**

(Continued from first page)

spirit as Cotner College we would go
through the conference with an un-
married slate.

We have two of the best yell lead-
ers in the state, they are capable of
arousing the spirit of any student
body so why not give them all you
have in the way of pep next Friday
morning so that the boys that are out
battling for you and their school, will
know there is something more worth
while than the ordinary Friday morn-
ing chapel.

Yes! you may say that you do show
your pep but if you had to live on it
from chapel time until the game was
called some would be too weak to
walk to the gym. It is true that these
are students and faculty members
who are willing to do what ever they
can to create or generate pep into
some of you old drones. But at the
best the team support is poor.

It is a good thing to team members
are fairly husky or they would all be
laid up from such injuries. Make the
basket ball games your heavy dates
instead of going to some show and
letting your team make the best of
such conditions as having a hand full
of rooters, no pep and indifference
predominating.

This is just the way things look to
visitors from other schools and the
way things seem to the team when
away on trips. If you don't BE-
LIEVE it go to Cotner College and
SEE IT.

Now the best thing for us to do is
to get behind our Booster club and
follow the instructions of the yell
leaders, trying our best at all times.
We can just as well have a 100 per-
cent loyal student body because the
good stuff is in us and the big idea
is to let it out for the good of old Y.
C.

Loyalty, pep and student support
are the three essentials for successful
athletics. Lets go, everybody, and
show all these conference teams we

know our stuff. Remember the sole
requirement for admittance to the
game Friday night is your old foot-
ball ticket and the password, Pep.
Go! gang go! We are all behind
you! Win! gang win! 100 percent
loyalty is now our motto!

CHAPEL DIARY

Jan.12. The Glee club sang "Hail
Bright Abode" very beautifully for
us. Dean Amadon told us that this
march occurs in the second act of the
opera "Tannhauser" by Richard Wagn-
er, when Tannhauser returns and re-
pents of his sins. This same chapel,
Miss Staudt gave us a new insight in-
to the life of St. Francis of Assisei.

Jan. 13. The orchestra very effec-
tively rendered Haydn's "Surprise
Symphony." This begins softly and
becomes softer and softer, then
comes a crash. And even though
Prof. Shianta told us to watch for the
surprise, some of the Freshmen
jumped when the surprise came.

Jan. 14. Dean Amadon tried us out
in Autiphonal singing. The Fresh-
men sang a stanza of a hymn and
then the laughing Sophomores were
called upon. They flunked out en-
tirely, but they had no books. After
being given books they rivaled the
Freshies.

Literaries Hold Elections

(Continued from first page)

members of the Pals, Russel Van
Alen and Archie Howard.

Then we stood just so or sat just
so, smiled our sweetest and had our
pictures taken. Some of us are not
sure how high we were in the air
when the camera clicked for it was
a flashlight picture and when the
smoke had cleared away, the damage
was all done, and no telling what the
photographer may see when he de-
velops those pictures. We trust they
flatter us, for although a great many
members were not there, we who
were feel that quality will have to
make up for quantity when we appear
in the Marathon.

At the next meeting we will have
installation of officers. This will be
followed by a very interesting pro-
gram on "Other Colleges." For fur-
ther information about the program
see the Bulletin Board.

Let every Pal bring a Pal
And every Pal bring a friend.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

(Continued from first page)

on a vacation in a city. One, not hav-
ing the ideals of others will seek a
lowly place; another will go to a fin-
ancier and discuss problems of
finance; another will go to a museum
to study the collections found there;
another will go to the opera or a sym-
phony and sit in rapture for hours.
The places in which we live are our
true selves. Some people do not real-
ly live in their homes but in their
daily business, behind counters, in
writing catalogs and so on, for those
are their true interests.

Dr. Holmes describes people as be-
ing of three kinds. The one-story
folks are those who care only for
facts. They are the statisticians. The
two-story folks are those who live in
a world of theories and ideas. They
are the philosophers. The three-story
folks are those who live in the realm
of splendid dreams and high ideals.
They are the propnets.

John sent his disciples to ask where
the Master lived. He said "Come and
see." One only had to watch to see
where He lived.

Dr. Holmes wrote a poem, after
watching a chambered nautilus, as
its spiral grew,—and applied it to us
in his last stanza—

Build thee more stately mansions, oh
my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the
last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome
more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by
life's unresting sea.
Where do YOU live?
Where do you NEED to live?

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more value out of them because more
value has been put into them.

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Y. C. BASKET BALL SCHEDULE

	Opp.	Us
Jan. 7—Grand Island at York	20	24
Jan. 14—Cotner at Cotner	21	24
Jan. 15—Omaha at Omaha	24	34
Jan. 21—Kearney at Kearney.		
Jan. 27—Kearney at York.		
Jan. 28—Doane at York.		
Feb. 1—Cotner at York.		
Feb. 4—Hastings at Hastings.		
Feb. 5—Grand Island at Grand Island.		
Feb. 10—Wayne at York.		
Feb. 12—Midland at York.		
Feb. 14—Omaha at York.		
Feb. 18—Doane at Doane.		
Feb. 19—Peru at Peru.		
Feb. 25—Peru at York.		
Feb. 26—Midland at York.		

Some Experience

Jim Lane reposed in a comfortable camp chair, breathing deep of the crisp invigorating air of the White Mountains, whose majestic peaks stand towering above the never ending desert wastes beyond the foothills. Those snowcapped and forested mountains are visible for miles from that boundless desert surrounding them; and like an oasis of the Gods the countless picturesque valleys below the peaks hold limitless forests of pine and abound with wild game. The last vestige of American hunting grounds and only now beginning to be trampled by man.

The camp had been pitched and all was in readiness for a week of camping; a sportsman's dream of wild hunts and endless trails seemed practically realized and to us it was like the eternal "happy hunting grounds" of the Indians.

As I kicked at the blazing pine log in the fire, Jim drew a last long breath of the fragrant air and gave a wild whoop of sheer joy that would have done credit to any Indian chief. His pent up desire for excitement and his eagerness for the hunt were driving him to insane actions. Grasping his rifle with one hand he danced madly around the fire, one voluminous whoop following another from his lusty lungs. I fell in behind him, trying to imitate his actions and equal his shouts but I might as well have tried to race a cyclone, for Jim's athletic body did everything mine didn't and his voice drowned me out completely. Out of breath we stopped, and laughingly made for each other in a friendly tussle which ended in both of us lying flat on our backs in our bunks, completely exhausted for the moment but still as eager for the hunt the following day.

Jim was the first one up the next morning and dragged me out from beneath warm blankets by my heels which abruptly ended my wild dream of cornering a huge mountain lion in the top of a tall pine and, in my delight at bagging such game, climbing to the very peak of the tree to capture my prize alive. And in the wild tussle that ensued, the lion and I both were fleeing through space toward the ground below. I awoke with a start but the laughing face of Jim looked more like an ape in its impishness, than a mountain lion, and I wanted to cuss him for letting my game escape.

Early morning found us on the trail hitting deeper and deeper into the forested valleys. Tracks were numerous and small game a plenty but right then nothing short of mountain lions or grizzly bears would satisfy our ambitions.

The height of the morning came when Jim shot a young deer. A beautiful little creature, slender and graceful in its wildness and I know we both felt a pang of shame at so abruptly ending the wild throbbing life of such a perfect specimen of God's creatures. But the thrill of the hunt did not let such regrets linger long.

Jim wanted to save the carcass of the young deer so he shouldered his game and started on a direct path for the camp. I couldn't let Jim have the only luck of the first day's hunt so I picked a course higher up toward the peaks which would back towards the camp, hoping every minute to spot game capable of throwing Jim into a jealous fit.

It seemed as though the afternoon almost slipped by for it was getting dark and I was still miles from camp. It was only five o'clock but deep in

those tall pine forests and beneath such mountainous peaks, darkness begins early and comes rapidly. From a little clearing on the side of the mountain I got a glimpse of the sun now setting behind jagged peaks in a red haze of glory. But the surrounding peaks did not reflect that glory but seemed dull and lifeless as though half hidden already in the grey dusk of night.

There was something peculiar about that scene, it worried me. The clear grey-blue depths of air so characteristic of Arizona mountains was lacking. There was something wrong. I climbed higher on the slope to get a clearer view of the mountains to the west. And almost suddenly before I could fully grasp the situation, the whole reason lay there before my eyes. Farther to the south at a point obscured from my first vision and hanging over the low forested peaks was a great greyish-black mass of smoke; the peaks directly behind it invisible, but those lying to the side seemingly doubly close in their half obscurity behind the drifting smoke clouds.

A light breeze from the southwest almost directly behind that gaping black hell which covered the red blaze of destruction beneath it, was blowing the smoke toward my direction. Even now, looking up, I could see thin wisps floating lazily high in the air.

But camp, what of the camp and Jim? For the moment I had forgotten, that camp lay directly between me and that bank of smoke racing this way and driven on by fiendish thrusts of a southwest wind off the desert.

Did Jim know of that fire eating its way, probably now only a short distance from camp? For the camp was pitched low in a sheltered valley and this blaze was coming from off the slopes above. He would not be able to smell the advancing smoke until the fire would be almost upon him, for in that light airy atmosphere smoke would float high above the lower valley until the fire would be almost upon him.

The tall pines clustered around the camp would shut off his vision of the upper slopes, and the early darkness would not arouse any suspicion of such an impending danger.

In my frenzy I pictured Jim even now racing before that blazing forest demon. Jim staggering from exhaustion, wildly trying to elude the path of that awful calamity, but only being overtaken and swallowed up in that roaring, flaming, racing hell.

It was getting dark in the lower depths of the hills and even the higher peaks stood grayish in outline. A dull red glow began to show above that black advancing cloud of smoke.

I had only one thought, I must reach Jim. In my frenzy to gain the bottom of the first slope I almost plunged headlong on a hundred yard sprint into the pines. I couldn't seem to make headway; why couldn't I fly? There was Jim unaware of the fate that was rushing upon him and I was miles away unable to warn him or help him. Long slopes of carpeted pines loomed before me in the gray dusk as almost insurmountable barriers. Now and then an opening in the pines showed the grim outline of the peaks in the distance. That dull red glow above the pines was growing brighter as darkness increased. I smelled the odor of green burning pines carried on that fiendish breeze prodding the fire on in intensity. I imagined I could

hear the roar of that blazing furnace roaring in my ears.

Things began to blur before me. Somehow I couldn't run. My legs would not move, I couldn't make them move. My lungs were burning with every gasp for breath. I was completely exhausted, I didn't know how far I had ran. Only one purpose was in my mind, to reach camp before that flaming furnace surrounded it and shout at Jim to run for his life.

But now cold reason began to argue with that purpose. Surely Jim had seen the danger by now even in that low valley surrounded by pines. And in the face of that rushing surging fire there was no chance to reach the camp in time, for it was still several miles distant straight into the face of the fire. After such a race there would be no strength left to escape the path of the fire even if it was possible to save Jim. The instinct of self-preservation became uppermost.

Exhausted now, there was only one thing to do and that was to save myself. Swing wide to the north and 'round the peaks to the right and in the shelter of the valley over the next ridge, head straight for Ft. Apache many miles to the northwest. If I was lucky I would miss the path of the fire. If not, well, that was another story.

Late the next day I stumbled wearily into Ft. Apache, a small lumber camp deep in the high forests. With no rest the preceding night I was completely exhausted. My muscles cramped at every step I took. Walking as straight as I could I made for the lodge which I knew to be at the center of the camp. A small group of men were talking excitedly on the steps of the lodge. I tried to hide my exhaustion behind a pine-smoke grimaced smile. But my poor attempt at deceit was useless.

Twelve hours later I awoke to find myself tucked neatly beneath clean blankets, but there was a peculiar burning sensation about my face and hands, in fact my whole body seemed scorched. I looked at my hands, they were red, almost blistered.

The next two days were nightmares in which I listened to reports of the disasters of the fire, its insurmountable cost, the nauseating scenes of scorching animal flesh caught in its path. But the most terrible soul sickening reports were those of mere semblances of charred bodies which undoubtedly could belong only to human beings caught in that blazing fiery hell.

Poor Jim, would I ever see him again? To lose a friend like Jim was almost to lose half of one's self. There was no doubt about it, his must be one of those charred unrecognized bodies. He had had no chance to escape.

But just then the door of my room opened. I looked up to see a ragged grimy man standing before me. Could that be Jim? Several days had passed since I last saw him and as he stood before me now I scarcely knew him for in that short time he had changed almost beyond recognition.

He no longer was the elegant young prince that he had before resembled but instead he was ragged, dirty, unshaven, with face and hands scorched and blistered. He looked haggard, tired, and weary as though he had not slept for days.

His head drooped and his shoulders hunched forward from exhaustion. I offered him my chair and as he stumbled toward it and fell heavily into its cushions a deep sigh of relief involuntarily forced itself from his lips and the haggard look momentarily gave way to one of relief and rest as the tired muscles relaxed from the strain they had been under.

For a moment he stared at the floor as if in deep thought then he suddenly lifted his head and looking at me with a friendly, thankful gaze, smiled the old smile that had always won my admiration. For a long time we remained that way looking at each other. Finally he held out his hand toward me; there was no need of explanation, no need of words, for there was nothing to be said.

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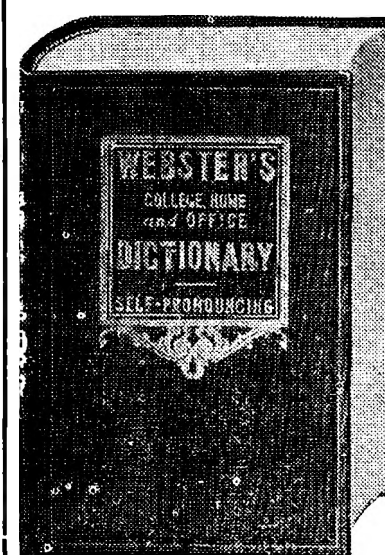
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