

FOOTBALL SQUAD HONORED AT BANQUET

DORIS GILMORE AND JEAN HANER PLACE FIRST IN CONTEST

Prize Winners in Annual Essay and Story Contest Awarded Prizes Monday.

Jean Haner and Doris Gilmore were named winners in the Christmas Essay and Short Story Contest sponsored by The Sandburr and were presented with boxes of candy at the chapel service on Dec. 18. Jean won first place in the short story division with her story, "The Thoughtless Twins." Doris Gilmore's essay, "A Christmas Gift for Everyone," was judged best in the essay group.

Milan Lambert's short story, "Mrs. Murphy's Christmas," was given second place, while William Hice's essay, "There Is a Santa Claus," was rated very close to the prize winning essay. Several of the essays were given honorable mention and are printed in this issue.

Considerable interest was manifested in the contest, there being four entries in the short story division, and twenty entries in the essay group. The judges of the contest were Miss Alma Tress Lundman, head of the Expression department, Mrs. J. C. Morgan, and the Editor of The Sandburr.

The rules of the contest specified that all entries should be centered around a Christmas theme. The short stories were limited to 1500 words, while the essays had a 500 word limit.

In determining the winners, the judges worked independently, each rating the entries. The choices were then scaled by the point system, and the winners selected. The entries were unsigned, being identified by numbers.

Y. C.

PROSPECTS GOOD FOR BASKET BALL SEASON

Four Letter Men Are Joined by New Recruits.

Prospects point toward a winning basketball team this season, with Captain Marvin Creech, Neal Gallant, Marvin Hersey, and Lee Knolle, of last year's varsity in suit.

Twenty basketballers answered Coach R. B. McCandless' first call to practice and the squad is gradually increasing. John Franz, a member of the 1928 N. C. A. C. championship basketball team, will make a serious bid for a forward position. Harlan Muth, Ted Peterson, Oren Jose, Henry Franz and Wilbur Gard all look like varsity material.

The Panthers open the season with two non-conference tilts against the Concordia Teachers' at Seward, Dec. 12, and Hebron College at Hebron, the next week. The Blue and White play their first conference game with Wesleyan University at York on Jan. 8.

Y. C.

YORK TO BE REPRESENTED AT YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONGRESS

The conference board of Christian Education of the Nebraska United Brethren church has selected delegates to the Congress of young people which will meet in Dayton, Ohio, from December 30 to January 2. Those selected to represent Nebraska are John Boren of Pawnee City, Maurice Brookhart of Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Crosby and Leo Anderson of York (all students in York College) and Wendell Johns of Lincoln, a student in the University of Nebraska. Others who will attend the meeting are President J. R. Overmiller of York College, the Rev.

STUDENTS ASSIST IN "MESSIAH" PRESENTATION

Handel's Oratorio Attended by Large Crowd.

A number of York College students assisted in the rendition of Handel's "Messiah," which was presented under the auspices of the music department of the Woman's Club of this city. It was given in the United Brethren Church, on the evening of December 7, at eight o'clock.

An appreciative audience of over eleven hundred people listened to the rendition of the famous oratorio "Messiah," by a chorus of approximately sixty-five voices from the various choirs of the city. The production was under the directorship of Miss Cora Conaway. The soloists were:

Soprano-----Mrs. Harry Nordlund
Alto----- Mrs. Wilhelmina Pitts
Tenor-----Harold Hollingsworth

Dean Charles Amadon, who was to have taken the bass solos was unable to take part because of illness. Miss Eda Rankin, head of the Piano Department of the College was organist, and Milan Lambert acted as pianist. Mrs. E. C. Felton and Mrs. Charles F. Gilbert had charge of arrangements.

Y. C.

"Y" CLUB MEN HOLD DECEMBER MEETING

14 Men to Letter in Football; Vote to Keep Concession Rights.

The regular December meeting of the "Y" Club took place at the College cafeteria on the evening of Dec. 3, with several former lettermen in attendance.

Several matters concerning the administration of men's athletics came up for discussion. Football letters for 1930 were awarded to the following men, provided they make the required twelve scholastic hours: Captains Neal Gallant, Ray Ruppel, Maurice Brookhart, Marvin Hersey, Wilbur Gard, John Franz and Robert Greene, also Tennis Hoffman, Clarke Adams, Oren Jose, Robert Moline, Russell Lewis, Frank Wendell, and Harlan Muth.

It was decided that the club would keep the concessions right during the ensuing basketball season, and a committee was appointed to care for it. On a motion by McCandless, the 1930 football lettermen voted to have two ballots cast at the annual football banquet in the election of football captain, the first ballot to decide whether the present system of game captains is to continue.

All the members were asked to cooperate with Coach R. B. McCandless in supporting the basketball team during the coming season.

One of the most important features of the meeting was the change in the schedule of the monthly meeting. The date was changed from the first Wednesday of each month to the second Monday of each school month.

Y. C.

William Gambell (after listening to John Boren hum a little tune): "What's the matter, John?"

John Boren: "I'm just happy."
William: "Yes, ignorance is bliss."

Y. C.

Agnes—Confess now, you men like talkative women as well as you do others.

Louis—What others?

Y. C.

A girl can let a fool kiss her, but she should never let a kiss fool her.

John Rollings '15 and Mrs. Rollings of Aurora, and Prof. Warren Baller '23, and Mrs. Baller '28, of York.

Prominent Church Leader On Campus



DR. CHAS. BREWBAKER ADDRESSES STUDENTS

Discusses Life Problems of Young People on College Campus.

Dr. Charles W. Brewbaker, of Dayton, Ohio, director of the Bureau of Evangelism for the United Brethren Church, who for sixteen years was General Secretary of Sunday School and Brotherhood work, and who is also author of seven books, spent five days at York College, Dec. 10-14 inclusive, in counsel with the students under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. He addressed the student body at the chapel services, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday mornings and each evening at 7:30 o'clock. He also preached in the College Church on Sunday morning, the 14th.

The addresses as well as the Sunday's sermon were intensely practical as well as vital in strengthening the religious faith of Youth in this changing, material, scientific and progressive age. The speaker's years of experience with youth in the field of religious education, his wide observation in travel and his careful study of present day problems enriched all of his addresses and made them not only interesting, but helpful to all who heard.

The morning themes discussed were "Youth's Vocational and Avocational Adventure," "Youth's Adventure in Leadership" and "Youth's Adventure in Religion." At the evening services he spoke on "The Value of Right Thinking," "The Value of Right Habits," and "Why I Believe in Christ."

Mr. Brewbaker said "Every person's life should make the world richer and better, whatever his particular vocation may be. The call today is for leaders of the highest and best type who have actually found their place in life and who are willing to pay the price of leadership by doing their best. There are too many misfits." In speaking of Adventure in Leadership he said, "The fact that one has gone through the schools does not say that he will be a leader; some leaders are born, others are grown or developed. Most leaders are discovered." He emphasized preparation for leadership and spoke of the vicarious element which must enter into leadership. He also said that "Youth has an adventurous religion." Quoting from Stanley Jones, he said: "Religion is a cry for life, a cry for life with the chains off." "The religion of youth is real, idealistic, practical, expressive, cooperative, emotional, spiritual, continuous, a seven day affair.

(Continued on page 5.)

MEMBERS OF Y. W. C. A. DISCUSS USE OF TIME

Edith Lawson, Alice Peters and Norma Peterson Talk.

The singing of Christmas carols was the main feature of the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Dec. 9.

Neva Brookhart led the group in singing a number of songs, these being chiefly the carols taken from the Y. W. C. A. song books purchased recently.

Edith Lawson spoke briefly on "How the College Girl Should Spend Her Evenings," stressing the importance of extra-curricular activities in college life.

"How the College Girl Should Spend Her Week Ends" was discussed by Alice Peters. "Too often our week ends," she stated, "are spent so like the rest of our days, that we are not refreshed when Monday comes."

Norma Peterson gave several different methods of "Spending a Vacation," followed by comments from the group.

The meeting was closed with a prayer by Mrs. J. R. Overmiller.

Y. C.

FROSH MUST CONTINUE TO WEAR GREEN CAPS

Lose in Tug-of-War With Upper Classmen; To Wear Green Caps Until Christmas.

As a result of the tug of war held by members of the freshman class against members of the upperclassmen of York College on the college campus Dec. 2, the freshmen will be required to continue wearing the green caps until Christmas. While the contest was an evenly matched affair, the upperclass students finally won out in two straight contests out of a proposed series of three.

The first tug of war was undertaken Dec. 1 during the noon hour and after the event was won by the upperclassmen, it was decided to delay the second contest until the next afternoon. During the former contest the freshmen pulled the upperclassmen to within six inches of the 15 foot mark but could not draw their senior opponents the entire distance of 15 feet as required by the rules of the event. In the event of Dec. 2 the upperclassmen had an easier victory.

This was the third of a series of three events between the two factions to determine whether or not the freshmen should take off the green caps at Thanksgiving time or wear them until Christmas. The first event was a football game between the members of the two factions, resulting in a scoreless tie; the second was a volleyball game between the freshman and upperclass girls, which ended in a victory for the upperclassmen who by virtue of their victory, are in a position to demand that their younger school mates wear the green freshman caps until Christmas.

Y. C.

Y. W. C. A. PLAYLET
A Thanksgiving playlet, "The Bachelor's Dream," was presented at Y. W. C. A. on Dec. 2.

The part of the bachelor was played by June Crosby. He fell asleep and dreamed of the many girls he had known. Finally his mother appeared in his dream, and he decided that she was the "only" girl for him.

The devotions of the morning were led by Wilhelmina Feemster, and Jeanette Bisset sang, "Hand Over Hand" by Helen Thoburn.

Y. C.

Prof. (In class: "A pupil's knowledge varies inversely to the square of the distance from each other.—Blue Jay.

STUDENTS HEARTILY SUPPORT THE TEAM AND PANTHER CLUB

Gala Affair of First Semester Enjoyed by All; Game Captains for 1930.

One hundred and thirteen people were in attendance at the annual football banquet held in the dining room of the United Brethren church on the evening of December 5, making this the largest football banquet ever held in York College.

The tables were in a U shape with two small round tables within the U. These were decorated with goal posts and footballs adorned with blue and white, the college colors. Blue and white streamers and college pennants hung from the ceiling. Favors for the members of the team who have earned their letters were miniature chocolate football players. Small candy footballs were given to all others attending.

Each item on the menu was represented by some term well known to football players:

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| Kick-Off | Interference |
| Good Catch | Mud |
| Center Smash | Off-side Salad |
| Huddle | Punted Rolls |
| Drop Kick | End Run |
| Wet Grounds | |

The toast program was built around the word, "Huddle" and was as follows:

- | |
|----------------------------------|
| Toastmistress-----Neva Brookhart |
| Invocation-----J. H. Wright |
| H-eads-----Neal Smith |
| U-pset-----Ual Hanshew |
| Girls' Trio |
| D-owns-----Leona Dunker |
| D-rop Kick-----Denzel Smith |
| Cornet Solo, Vergil Strickler |
| L-ine-----Russell Lewis |
| E-nd-----Bessie James |

Music
Vergil Strickler, Robert Campbell
The toasts were very entertaining and humorous; yet in each there

(Continued on page 5.)

EXPRESSION STUDENTS GIVE CHAPEL PROGRAM

Various Themes Developed by Members of Class.

The Expression department presented an interesting program at chapel Dec. 5. Floyd Merchant acted as chairman while the speakers were Homer Crosby, Evelyn Dixon, Marie Anderson, Oren Jose, and Minnie Gebbers.

Crosby told of the advancement of aviation in the last two years. He explained that safety was uppermost in the furthering of aviation. Flying has been made safer by studying the wings and feathers of birds. He also talked about a German airplane that would fly at the speed of 700 miles per hour.

The theme of Miss Dixon's speech was "Happiness." She presented the idea of appreciation of the beauty in the common things of life. One should have happiness in service and in faith. She then added that to be happy one must have a healthy body.

Miss Anderson's subject was "home cooking." She stated that cooks should know the chemical properties of all foods. "The successful cook should plan her meals in accordance with the needs of the family," she explained.

Jose talked about the true gentleman. His talk was based on John Henry Newman's book, "A Gentleman Defined."

"Life is indeed worth living," was the gist of the exposition by Miss Gebbers.

The Sandburr



Published fortnightly by the students of York College, York, Nebraska.

Editor-in-Chief—Raymond Ruppel
Associate Editor—Lois Overmiller
Business Manager—Neal Smith
Assistant Business Manager—
William Hice
News Editor—Edith Lawson
Society Editor—Bessie James
Organization Editor—Dorothea Hintz
Sports Features: Marvin Hersey,
Harlan Muth.
Faculty Critic—
Miss Edith Callender
Typist—Edith Lawson
Reporters: Minnie Gebbers, Marlan
Shambaugh, Eva Worman, Dewey Regier.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at York, Nebraska, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Oct. 24, 1919.

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York College—York College!

"SUN-UP"

Spend that fifty cents for a ticket to "Sun-up," which is being presented tonight by the Histrionic Club in the high school auditorium. You will have an opportunity to see a worthwhile play presented by people whom you know.

Night after night, several hours each night, and even during vacation, the members of the cast have worked to make this production the best possible. Students, do not fail to see "Sun-up."

Y. C.

SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship is the saving grace of amateur sports. It transforms a football game from a mere rough and seemingly brutal struggle into a competitive sport where it is enjoyed by the players and spectators alike.

Perhaps no two people have the same idea of sportsmanship. Sportsmanship in athletics is the test of a player's honor. If a player is a true sportsman in whatever athletic competition he is participating, that player will also be a person of honor in his daily life off the field.

A notable example of poor sportsmanship has been exemplified in the newspaper sport sections in the last few days. A prominent college in the United States was beaten very badly several Saturdays ago in a football game by a neighboring educational institution. Immediately the defeated college began to spread the story that the other institution was paying its football players to attend that college. Surely this was poor sportsmanship, because there was not a thing mentioned until the one institution so badly defeated the owner. To have an alibi for itself the college deliberately slandered the other apparently without any foundation for the charges.

On the other hand, an example of good sportsmanship is found in the action of Mrs. Helen Willis Moody. This last summer Mrs. Moody retired from the competition and tournament for the United States women's amateur tennis championship. Mrs. Moody had dominated the tennis world for five years and had won all championships for which she had competed. However, she remained out of this tournament so that others might have a chance at the mythical crown.

The leading coaches of the American colleges are all advocates of good sportsmanship and as long as

this attitude continues, amateur athletics will always be a drawing card for the public.

—Charles Flickinger.

Y. C.

THE POINT OF VIEW

Have you ever felt as if your soul were shriveling up like a mummified apple? Have you ever been out of tune with everything and everybody? Do you ever feel that the world is filled with nothing but envy, malice and hate, and that life is empty and useless? If you do ever feel this way, you should diagnose your trouble. It may all lie in your point of view.

If you will pardon this personal story, I will try to illustrate what I mean. A few years ago, my duties as teacher kept me for some time in the little village of T—, Nebr. Such villages are often very dull and matter of fact, and this was no exception. Men, as is customary in such small towns, gathered in the village store or the postoffice to swap yarns and to discuss politics or religion. The usual gossip of small town life went the rounds, and there was little to break the monotony except the coming of the trains, church on Sunday, an occasional party, and a trip to the county-seat on Saturday.

I soon found myself drifting into a state of dullness and apathy as gray as the old elevator, which stands on the edge of town. As far as that elevator is concerned, I once heard a man remark, "T— is dead and buried, and that elevator is the tombstone."

But one spring evening, when roadsides and pastures were putting on their coats of emerald, when buds and blossoms were unfolding their mysteries, and when robin, thrush and meadow-lark were making earth glad with their song, I took a leisurely walk along the creek road, past the church, across the old gray, wooden bridge which spans the creek, and up the hill as far as the cemetery, where, from beside the city of the dead, I turned to view the city of the living. The rays of the setting sun enhanced the whiteness of the buildings, windows shone like gold, the church, so stately and white, became the emblem of the spirit of love and truth, and the tall, gray elevator became a tower of strength. The shimmering waters of the creek danced and rippled in the breeze, the purple of twilight crept up from the eastern horizon, and a spirit of peace settled down over all. The little town, so humdrum and matter of fact before, took on a new aspect in this magic evening hour.

Thus in life, we often become so engrossed in our own petty troubles and worries, so sunken in the rut of habit, so oblivious to our external surroundings and to the people about us, that life becomes dreary and dull indeed.

Then it is high time to change our viewpoint, to right about face, to forget self, to live for others, to smile when we feel like weeping, to put our shoulders to the wheel and push. Then we will feel our pulses bounding with happiness, and life will indeed be worth the living.

—Minnie M. Gebbers.

Y. C.

OUR FAVORITE TUNES

1. "Three Little Words"—used constantly in the classroom, "I don't know."

2. "After Thoughts"—What I should have written before in that exam.



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JOHNSON BROS. MUSIC HOUSE

3. "O How I Cried the Morning After"—said some after disillusioned dates to the football banquet.

4. "High, High Up on the Hill"—sung by "Con." girls coming tolling up the hill from town.

5. "All Through the Night"—cramming for 7:30 exams.

6. "Get Goin'"—sung especially for our basketball squad!

7. "Turn on the Heat"—the cry of all "Con." girls at 6:00 each morning.

8. "Those Little White Lies"—that we've all told.

9. "They're Not Doin' What You Think They're Doin'"—They're Huddlin'—advice to Miss Fye.

10. "Whispering"—not allowed in the library.

Y. C.

DIDJA

Didja
Ever stop to think
That when
You really want
Something done on the
Campus
You always hunt up
The fellow who
Is the busiest,
For he always has
Time for just
One thing more and
Didja

Ever notice
That fellow who actually
Has the
Least to do
Thinks he is the
Busiest
So that he never
Seems to have
Time for anything
Except to
Tell folks how busy
He is
But that
He always has
Plenty of time
For that
If someone
Will just take the
Time to listen.
Didja
Every notice that?
Didja? —Exchange.

Y. C.

TROUBLE MAKERS

Any person who makes another feel out of sorts with, or disgusted with, things as they must be, is a trouble maker, and an enemy to the peace of mind of the individual and to the peace of the whole community.

Trouble makers are not limited to people, for anything, animate or inanimate, can cause dissatisfaction with things which are as they must be. The trouble maker of a small boy may be the dirty little dog he wants

for a pet, or the earthworms he has in his pocket. The trouble makers of a college student are probably different from those of any other class of people. They may be difficulties of finances, difficulties of scholastic abilities, difficulties with instructors, or difficulties with affairs of the heart.

The most ordinary classes of trouble makers come in the following three groups. There are the trouble makers who cause misunderstandings between friends. These can be divided into two types: Those who gossip, and those who are "two-faced." Next comes the meddling type of trouble makers, who are never satisfied unless they are stirring up other people, or their home life, or habits. They seem to think that no one has any private business. They can not resist telling what they would have done in the same situation. They are about the worst of all community pests. The third type takes in those who try to belittle your every achievement, by telling you about some individual of their acquaintance who started life in the slums and now has an income of \$50,000 a year. If this example does not fit the situation, they have another which will.

There is only one way to deal effectively with trouble makers of the above three types, and that is to definitely cut them off from your list of friends.

—Doris M. Gilmore.

Y. C.

Personals

Those who attended the Thanksgiving dinner at the Conservatory were: Naidine Robinson, Mary Fairchild, Ella Valdez, Margaret Yust, Alice Peters, Hilda Hintz, Dorothea Hintz, Viola McBride, Mrs. McBride, Willis Young, Bernabe Herrera, Prof. Paul Frey, and Leo McBride.

Gilbert Deason, a former student in York College for two years, died on Dec. 9, at the home of his father, E. V. Deason, in York, after a lingering illness. He was a graduate of the University of Nebraska, and had been engaged in electrical engineering at Schnectady, N. Y., for some time. The funeral was held at the United Brethren church on the afternoon of Dec. 11. Mrs. Deason will be remembered as Miss Florence Moore, also a former student.

Dr. W. E. Schell, York College president from 1897 to 1913, is criticized.

Dr. Fred W. Walter, Dental Surgeon, 1st National Bank Building.

Y. C.

Good looking and useful Christmas Gifts at Russ Williams.

ically ill at Bryan Memorial hospital in Lincoln. At present Dr. Schell is pastor of the Calvary United Brethren church in Lincoln.

A waffle supper held at the Conservatory on the evening of Dec. 7, was sponsored by the World Fellowship Committee of the Y. W. C. A. under the directorship of Marjorie Mohler. This was done to help raise funds to meet a pledge, which is owed the national organization.

Miss Hortense Pointer and Miss Anna Mytholar of Shelby, were campus visitors on Dec. 8. Both young ladies expect to continue their studies at York College during the second semester.

The Rev. Con Hewitt, pastor of the United Brethren church at McCool, was a recent caller at the college office.

Miss Helen Oliver was called to her home at Shelton, on Dec. 7, by the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Belvina Barret. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barret were liberal supporters of York College.

The members of the Nebraska Association of Church Colleges will meet at York College on March 20th and 21st. Several of the heads of the departments of York College are chairman of their respective groups in the association and are planning the program for the spring meeting. The theme for the first general session will be "The Place of the Liberal Arts College in Present Day Education."

Y. C.

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Russ Williams.

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Essays and Stories Submitted in The Sandburr Contest

THE THOUGHTLESS TWINS (Prize Winning Story)

Mrs. Hardington glanced hastily at the living room clock, as she paused just long enough to see if all was in readiness for the Christmas home-coming. She was a woman of about forty-five, of medium height and slender build. Her lovely brown hair, with the faintest suggestion of silver, framed her pale little face. This Christmas season, the marks of fatigue were more noticeable than ever, but all this was forgotten by anyone who glanced into her lovely brown eyes, which seemed to radiate a transcendent happiness.

"Oh, Nellie!" said Cousin Eliza, who had lived with the Hardingtons for many years. "Do you suppose the train will be late? They surely won't come all the way in their car? Let's see, turkey, potatoes, dressing—land, I've planned everything they like, even Bob's special mince pie. Do you remember the time I caught him slinking off to the nursery with a pie, for a tea party? The little rascal! You think he'll like it, don't you?"

"Yes, Cousin Eliza. He will be more than pleased with it. It's his favorite kind, and no one but you can make pie to suit him. Do you remember how he spent hours with you in the kitchen, greasing the pans and rolling the dough? It hardly seems nineteen years ago, that he was such a baby. What would I have done without you?"

"Nellie, it seems to me I've had as much hand in rearing those twins as you. I've been here nigh onto twenty-one years and I'm still good for twenty more. My only hope is that I'll be living to help bring up Bab's and Bob's children. Land! I do hope they'll get here all right. What time will they arrive? Oh, yes, you told me—five-thirty. Let's see—it's five-thirty now. Here, you tidy up a bit, I'll finish everything. Land alive! What in the world is that unearthly noise? Look there—out the window!"

A rakish yellow roadster sped along the road, with the cut out wide open, and penants trailing in the breeze. It swerved perilously on two wheels as it rounded the corner, tore up the driveway and came to an abrupt halt with screeching brakes. Two figures flashed out of the car, up the steps two or more at a time and swooped down upon the little mother waiting with outstretched arms in the doorway.

Babs, keeping just far enough ahead to be out from under the toes of the other two, and close enough to hear all the conversation, led the way.

Little old wrinkled Cousin Eliza, meticulously drying her hands upon her apron, beamed upon them from the dining room. With a shriek of delight, Babs pounced upon her, smothering her with kisses and deliberately mussing up her hair.

"Hold on there!" roared Bob. With a giant stride, he was across the room. With one sweep of his arms, much as he pulled his oar on the varsity rowing crew, he picked up Cousin Eliza and strode across the room, stopping only when he had reached the mistletoe. There he tenderly kissed her wizened old face and asked if she had made some mince pie.

All the while Mrs. Hardington hovered anxiously about, asking questions whenever she could get a word in edgewise.

"Children, did you get my last letter? What time did you leave school? Oh, Bob, are you sure you passed your examination? There wasn't any car trouble, was there? Babs dear, shouldn't you get a new hat soon? Goodness, you must be hungry. Dinner is nearly ready so hurry up and freshen up a bit."

Babs glanced up in surprise. "Oh mother, don't you remember, I wrote you that Mary was giving a Christmas party in honor of Bob and me. Why I'm sure I wrote you about it? You know her mother and father are away and what fun could Mary have with just Aunt Jane. All

the gang will be there, Betty, Harry, Helen, Jim, Mabel and Ned. Why mother, I thought sure I wrote you—but then I was so busy, I didn't have time to write everything. Bob, stop staring so—you know we've got to go. Why Mary's been planning on this for ages. Besides we'll be here for two weeks and we can be home all that time. Of course you won't mind, mother. That's a good girl! You see, it's for us—all the old gang. Bob, your mince pie will keep till we get back, besides, if you want a berth on the basketball team, you've got to keep in training! Come on, you big two-fisted man, we haven't got all day!"

Babs ran up the stairs to dress, while Bob reluctantly trailed behind her. Poor little mother! All her plans for nothing! She lived only for her twins and it had been a trying time, when they had been packed off to college. It was true that the college was but a hundred miles away, but the twins were so busy. Babs lived in a continuous whirl of activity, while Bob, athletically inclined, inclined, struggled with books and ineligibility. Mrs. Hardington had always dreaded the moment when there would be only Mr. Hardington and herself left to celebrate Christmas. And here it was—so soon. How could the children have known how much she had planned on this Christmas Eve. If they had only taken time to think. As every mother sacrifices her all for her children, so had Mrs. Hardington. And now she must see her bit of Christmas cheer, which she had cherished for so long, taken from her. She managed to send the children off with a cheery smile; then spent by her efforts she turned into the lonely living room.

An hour later Mr. and Mrs. Hardington sat together in the living room. The wood in the fireplace snapped merrily, but the grotesque shadows which the fire cast seemed to fill the room with a dismal heaviness. Mr. Hardington had arrived but a few minutes before. He had cut several business appointments in order to be with the twins on their first night at home; besides, it was Christmas Eve. Oh, how he hoped they would like his gifts. Babs had always wanted those pearls, and Bob had recently written that his typewriter was "on the blink" and how could he be expected to get his papers in on time. Well, he wouldn't have any excuse now for his low marks. By the empty quietness of the house Dad knew that something was wrong. In the living room he found little mother sitting very still, bravely trying to keep back the tears. He sat down with her and together they tried to console themselves.

"They just didn't think, Dad. I didn't have a chance to tell them that we had planned anything. And poor Eliza's heart-broken. She's planned and worked on that meal for two days. They're just our babies—they just didn't think, and besides they were the guests of honor."

"Don't excuse them, mother! They should have thought of you. Besides, it's Christmas! They must have known how much we would count on it. Why do you know what those young upstarts did? They sailed into the office, and broke in upon a director's meeting. Babs plopped herself on my knee and gave me a resounding smack while Bob slapped me so hard on the back I almost collapsed. And then those two monkeys meekly assumed a dignified air and contritely apologized in my behalf for interrupting the meeting. Babs minced across the floor and sidestepped through the door, while Bob stalked out, like J. P. Morgan himself. Well, it was too much for the men. They simply sat there and shook with laughter. Furthermore, mother, that closed a deal I've been hammering at for two months. Oh, mother, here are Babs' pearls. Do you think she'll like them?"

Dear Mr. Hardington was so busy trying to revive his wife's spirits and she was trying so valiantly to respond, that they didn't hear the soft tread of feet in the hall, nor

the gasp from the twins as they realized how thoughtlessly cruel they had been. Babs had hardly arrived at Mary's when her customary sidestep and whirl had deftly ripped off one of her spike heels. Bob and she had returned for another pair of slippers when they overheard their mother and dad talking. Of common accord, they both turned and bolted out of the house.

Fifteen minutes later, Mr. and Mrs. Hardington were startled by a chorus of voices shouting a premature "Merry Christmas."

"Mother! Dad! Liza! screamed Babs. "I guess we surely put one over on you. You surely didn't think we could be away from home Christmas Eve. Why we always have to spend Christmas Eve with our dearest mother and dad. Besides we didn't like the idea of your getting left out of the fun, and so we brought the party here. Yoo Hoo! Everybody! All hands to the kitchen. I'm the chief cook. Who is going to set the table?"

Mr. Hardington slipped his arm around his wife and chuckled happily—

"I knew they wouldn't leave us alone on Christmas Eve."

Mrs. Hardington squeezed his hand.

—Jean Haner.

Y. C.

MRS. MURPHY'S CHRISTMAS (Honorable Mention)

It was a dull, dreary afternoon on the day before Christmas. As the employees of the Rood Candy Company filed past the cashier's window they received in addition to their weekly stipend the total of their Christmas savings account, according to a new plan which the company had sponsored since the previous winter holidays. The cashier smiled broadly as he recognized the beaming face of Mrs. Murphy, a widow apparently in the thirties, who worked in the packing department. She smiled cheerfully upon him as she remarked rather triumphantly, "There, that's for Christmas,—for Timmy, Bud, and Annie. It will be the first real one they'll have enjoyed since their poor father died."

Mrs. Murphy hurried on and was soon lost in the crowd that was slowly pushing its way through the large doors of the building into the biting wind and swirling snow of that winter afternoon. While she made her way slowly among the last minute shoppers she was completing the mental picture she had formed of the expression that would be on the children's faces when they awoke the next morning and saw the things for which they had barely dared to hope. Though the wind played hide and seek unrestrainedly in and out among the loosely woven threads of her coat which year in and year out she had endeavored to keep looking respectable, she noticed it not, for in her heart was the spirit of Christmas which not even a tempest could have dislodged.

She now paused in front of the window of one of the large department stores. After a searching glance which included price tags rather than articles, she saw there in an obscure corner a small, cuddly brown teddy bear. She could easily picture Timmy's eyes when he found it peeping over the brim of his sock at him. She decided to go into the store, in the hope that she might find other things, also—perhaps the mamma doll which Annie had wanted so badly, or the harmonica which was one of the desires of Bud's youthful heart.

She made her way through the crowded aisles to the toy department where she at once found the teddy bear she had seen in the window. After a long wistful glance at the teddy bear she asked the clerk to wrap it for her. She paused while the clerk was busily engaged with string and paper, her glances wandering idly over the marvelous assortment of toys, many of which she had never known existed.

"Here you are, madam," said the clerk as he pushed the knobby package across the counter towards her.

Mrs. Murphy fumbled absently in the crook of her elbow for the strap of her purse, her gaze still enraptured over the toys. A sensation of horror slowly permeated her whole being as she realized she held in her hand but a strap to which no sign of a bag was attached. Her heart beat against her ribs as the realization of what her Christmas would now be dawned upon her.

"Madam, your package is ready," repeated the impatient clerk.

Mrs. Murphy, wise in the ways of frenzied Christmas mobs, knew it was more than impossible that she should recover her purse. She nodded her head slowly and said to the clerk in a faltering voice: "I-I-I'm sorry, but I believe I must have left my purse at home. I'll perhaps be back later."

With her eyes brimming with tears, Mrs. Murphy slowly made her way out on to the street. She directed her footsteps towards that part of town where only a trained observer can tell one house from another. Each successive step brought her nearer to that realization of a cheerless Christmas which but a short time ago had been a thing of endless joy and anticipation.

As she plodded homeward she called to mind the Christmas festivities of her childhood. She could remember vividly when her grandfather had brought for her from Ireland a beautiful golden locket with a real diamond set among delicate tracery of engraving. But wait! Where could it be now? Yes! But certainly! That was easy! She now remembered having placed it in a drawer of that old spinet desk, the only drawer that locked, to keep it away from the inquisitive fingers of the children. Her pace quickened and as she turned the corner that marked the last block to her home, renewed hope shone in her eyes. In a moment she had formulated a plan, which though it involved the sacrifice of a precious heirloom, seemed the only solution that would provide the Christmas she had so set her heart upon.

As the wind blew the door open she could hear from the kitchen the voices of the children engaged in preparing the meager evening meal. In the hope that she could carry out her mission unnoticed, she tiptoed noiselessly to the old desk and opened it, rummaged in a pigeon hole until she found the envelope which contained the key to the drawer. Hurriedly and with trembling fingers she unlocked the drawer. What! At the sight of the empty drawer her soul again became overwhelmed with misery.

Resigning herself to the inevitable she groped her way to the kitchen, her eyes blinded with tears. Little Annie was the first to greet her. "Look, mother, what Timmy and I found this afternoon in that old desk." In her hand she held up before her mother's tearful glance—could it be—really—the locket?

Mrs. Murphy closed her eyes, then looked again as though to be sure her eyes had not failed her. In that moment of supreme happiness she almost tore the locket from about the neck of the wondering Annie, and hastened out again upon the darkening street. As she passed St. Marks she looked at the tower clock and saw that it was five-thirty and only thirty minutes until Levingstein's pawn shop would be closed.

—Milan Lambert.

Y. C.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR EVERYONE (Prize Winning Essay)

The best Christmas gift for everyone in the world is appreciation. Appreciation is the proper recognition of worth and merit, or in briefer terms, it is a sympathetic understanding. You cannot give anything which will please everyone more than appreciation. If you do not give appreciation, your other gifts will not amount to anything, no matter what their pecuniary value is. Give appreciation, and after the Christmas season is over, you will have many

pleasant memories.

Everyone wants appreciation more than he wants anything else. The worst crime against a wife is neglect, not abuse. It is the husband's duty to provide for his family, but just the same, he likes appreciation and thanks for it. The children may have nearly everything in the way of toys and necessities, but they often do not have enough appreciation. They should be given more time. Their parents should try to make the children's interests their own and try to find what there is in them to compliment and admire. Grandma wants appreciation as much as anyone else. If you talk to her, listen to her, and try to understand her, you will make her feel that you appreciate her. Baby likes appreciation, too. Have you ever noticed how she gurgles and laughs when someone pays attention to her? Indeed, everyone wants appreciation because it is necessary for complete happiness.

There is something which may be admired and appreciated in everyone. A girl may be very quaint and shy, but she may have a talent for music or painting. The awkward boy from the farm may be a failure socially, but he may have a brilliant mind for mathematics or science. The child who is disrespectful toward adults, may be very kind and gentle with his little sister. All these are qualities which we should appreciate.

If you want this Christmas to be full of joy, clear of disappointment, and indeed the brightest Christmas you have ever experienced, forget yourself and find something in everyone else to appreciate. Study every person in your home, and find his desirable characteristics. If you try to find admirable qualities in everyone you meet, you will soon find joy everywhere.

If this great gift of appreciation could come to everyone this Christmas, many heavy hearts would have a lighter load to bear. If we only had this great gift, the Spirit of the Christ Child would reflect down on us with the Light of His Eternal Love.

—DORIS GILMORE

Y. C.

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS (Honorable Mention)

I am sure that we can all remember the time when we believed implicitly in a Santa Claus. How we loved to think of the chubby, kindly, white-bearded old man who came through the air in a sleigh drawn by reindeer and brought us so many lovely gifts. But then as we grew older we began to be made fun of if we believed in a Santa Claus. We wondered and finally the disillusionment came. What a shock it was to learn that Santa Claus wasn't a real, honest-to-goodness person but only a myth! But now we have reached the final stage of our lives where we again believe in a Santa Claus and it is about this Santa that I wish to speak.

Since time immemorial man has constructed a concrete form to represent an abstract idea. Centuries ago the early Christians adopted the cross as the symbol of Christianity. In later ages great masters of art and sculpture have given us tangible interpretations of love, hate, death, famine, etc. Why people accept these interpretations as correct we cannot say. The fact is they are accepted and we see about us daily concrete objects which represent abstract ideas.

Santa Claus is one of these imperishable symbolus. It has been almost two thousand years since God gave His greatest gift to mankind, namely—Jesus Christ whose doctrines have influenced the world more than any other man's. Hundreds of years later as the people of Europe commenced to celebrate the birth of the Savior of mankind, certain people began to feel and notice the good spirit which prevailed the whole Christian world at Christmas time. Finally a mythical person embodying only the best attributes of human kind came into being. In

(Continued on page 5)



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HESLER CLEANING WORKS



(Continued from page 4)
other words, people began to invent a concrete object to represent the abstract idea of good will at Christmas time. The result was Santa Claus.

They made him old because old people are kind and gentle. They made him fat because fat people are polly. They had him wear red because that color signifies cheer and I imagine that they gave him whiskers in order that the children might not know that Santa Claus is Daddy. At any rate our Santa has come down to us pretty much like the Santa of days gone by.

We who at our age believe in a Santa Claus then, do so because he is mankind's symbol of the Christmas spirit and to this Santa I say, "All hail! Long may he live!"

—William Hice

Y. C.

DREAMS OF CHRISTMAS

The small boy goes to bed Christmas Eve in a state of great excitement. In his dreams he sees Santa Claus coming down the chimney and filling his stocking with sugar plums. He dreams of the brightly Christmas tree and the little red wagon so dear to his boyish heart.

Thirty years later on Christmas Eve he goes to bed to dream a dream of a different sort, a man's dream, not a child's. His thoughts turn to the Christ child and the first Christmas. He hears the angels sing their glorious song of, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men." He sees God in all his glory. Then he has visions of the glory God has given him, his nation, his home and his loved ones. He dreams of peace, God's promised gift. He sees the three wise men following the star which is ever leading them onward through the darkness of night to the Christ child.

But it is no dream. Suddenly it becomes all very real to him. He is God's messenger. He has not only one star to lead him on but many. The stars of love, hope and faith are ever shining to guide him on to the Christ. Surely it was to him the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men."

—Evelyn Dixon.

Y. C.

A CHRIST-CENTERED CHRISTMAS

Christ is the center and source of a true, wide-spread Christmas. Unless we kneel at the manger and there greet a divine Lord, and unless we recognize that God came in the person of the child born in Bethlehem of old, we have no Christmas at all, but just the relics of an outworn social custom, attended by doubtful buying and giving of trinkets, most of which are more ornamental than useful.

The Christmas Christ is the world's Saviour. At this blessed Yuletide season, we should dedicate ourselves anew to the purpose of making known a world Saviour. We are told that in the city of Madras, India, there is a chapel, on the wall of which there is the upper portion of a cross. On one transverse end of the cross, there is a pierced hand, the skin of which is brown, after the color of the people of the East. On the other transverse end of the cross, there is a pierced hand, the skin of which is white, after the color of the people of the West. It is a glorious symbol of a world Christ.

The inscriptions on His cross were in the languages of the world. Let us at this Christmas time consecrate ourselves anew to the service of the whole world. He is the only peace-bringer for men and nations.

Harry Corey.

STUDENTS HEARTILY SUPPORT THE TEAM

(Continued from page 1)

was a worthwhile message.

Neal Smith responded to the toast "Heads" and showed that the term is related to the huddle. He stated that heads play a major part because football is becoming more and more a game of brains rather than brawn. Headwork is essential in football. "Upset" was the topic on which Ual Hanshew spoke. He said that upsets relieve the monotony of life and spoke of the joy it gave the team when they upset Doane's hopes and ideas last fall.

Following this the girls' trio composed of Genevieve Rystrom, Margaret Houston, and Julia Wilson sang "The China Maid" by J. A. Parks and a medley, which they dedicated to various members of the football team.

Leona Dunker gave the toast on "Downs." The word may mean many things but we are especially interested in touchdowns. She cited the number of touchdowns made this year and by whom each was made. The toast "Drop Kick" was responded to by Denzel Smith. Drop kicks may correspond to our aims and we should make these aims straight and true and directly over the goal post.

A cornet solo, "Birds of the Forest," was played by Vergil Strickler after this toast. He was accompanied by Margaret Yust.

Russel Lewis, one of this year's letter men, responded to the toast "Line," saying that cooperation and teamwork are essential both in the line and in the backfield to have a good team. He suggested that the line represent the students, and the backfield the faculty and officials, and that by cooperating York College could have a strong 'team.' The last toast, "End," was given by Bessie James. The end toward which a football team strives is victory. She asked that this should not be the end but a prediction of what might be done in the future.

After the toast program Coach R. B. McCandless passed out ballots to the members of the football team and asked them to vote on whether or not they would have a team captain next year. The result of the voting was that there would be no regular captain. This means that one will be appointed before each game as has been done this season. Coach McCandless then related some incidents about the freshmen who are on the

team in order that everyone might be better friends and get better acquainted.

The program was brought to a close by "On York College," which was played by Robert Campbell and Vergil Strickler.

The candidates for a letter in football this season are: Franz, Ruppel, Gallant, Hersey, Gard, Hoffman, Adams, Muth, Brookhart, Moline, Jose, Lewis, Wendell, and Greene. Others who did not earn letters but who have gone out to practice regularly are: Hanshew, Regier, Hunt, H. Franz, Rutter, Haws, Jaramillio, Feemster, and Anderson.

The members of the Panther Club who sponsored the banquet are: Lee Knolle, Jeanette Bisset, Neva Brookhart, Genevieve Rystrom, Floyd Peterson, Thelma Wells, Elmer Mahlin, Rodney Whittemore, Jean Haner, Lulu Smith, Ed. Johnson, and Orville Moore. The sponsors are: Miss Zelda Wakelin and Prof. Paul Frey.

Y. C.

DR. CHAS. BREWBAKER ADDRESSES STUDENTS

(Continued from page 1)

It is a way of life, the Christ way of life." He urged Bible study, prayer, and church membership as vital to growing a victorious and useful personality.

In speaking on the value of right thinking he said, "Man is so constituted that he cannot help but think. He largely determines the quality of his thinking, the quality of his thinking determines his character, and the power of right thinking is resistless." In speaking on the value of right habits he said: "Habits constitute one of the controls of conduct. Man is a walking bundle of

habits." He mentioned heredity, environment, instruction, and volition as factors that enter into the formation of habits. He dwelt on the habits of Jesus such as attending the synagogue regularly, reading and study, the practice of prayer and doing good to others.

In answering the question, "Why Do I Believe in Christ?" he gave the following reasons: "Because Christ is an historic fact; because He is alive and because of the living memorials which remain, such as the Christian Sabbath, the Holy Communion, Baptism and the Cross; be-

cause He reveals God to me; because of personal experience; because of the testimony of the experience of countless followers of His in the past and present, and because of the growing, widening and increasing effect His life, teachings, ideals, death, resurrection and His living presence have had and continue to have in all human relationships."

In addition to the addresses given by Dr. Brewbaker, two periods each day were set apart for personal interviews with students with a view to helping them in their personal and life problems.

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Official All-Nebraska College Athletic Conference Teams Selected By Eight Coaches

Wesleyan and Hastings Garner Most First Team Berths; Hersey and Ruppel Given Honorable Mention.

Hastings, Doane, Wesleyan, Cotner and Midland furnish all of the player for the official all-Nebraska College Athletic conference teams announced recently. The selections, made entirely by the eight league coaches, were made public by W. Emerson Reck, head of the conference publicity committee.

Wesleyan and Hastings each placed three men on the first team, while Midland and Cotner each got two mentions and Doane one. Six Doane men were given berths on the second team, while two places went to Cotner, two to Hastings and one to Midland.

Capt. Douglas of Hastings came the nearest to being a unanimous selection when he got 38 out of a possible 40 points. Howard Kitcher, Cotner; Max Coe, Midland, and George Miller, Wesleyan, each received 33 points.

Voting on the most valuable player in the conference, the coaches gave the honor to Kitcher of Cotner over Miller of Wesleyan by a one point margin, 26 to 25.

The coaches' all-conference teams, with the number of points received by each player, follow:

FIRST TEAM				SECOND TEAM			
Player	School	Pts.	Pos.	Pts	School	Player	
McConnaha	Wesleyan	(27)	L E	(21)	Doane	Aller	
Bonham	Wesleyan	(23)	L T	(20)	Cotner	Gardner	
Aringdale	Hastings	(31)	L G	(10)	Midland	Brainard	
Swanson	Doane	(16)	C	(15)	Hastings	Wilkin	
Schnabel	Midland	(25)	R G	(16)	Doane	Grovert	
Douglas	Hastings	(38)	R T	(21)	Doane	Mason	
Epler	Cotner	(24)	R E	(18)	Cotner	Watkins	
Kitcher	Cotner	(33)	Q B	(20)	Doane	Culver	
M. Coe	Midland	(33)	L H	(19)	Hastings	Mercier	
Miller	Wesleyan	(33)	R H	(16)	Doane	Jessup	
Owen	Hastings	(32)	F B	(17)	Doane	Werner	

Honorable Mention

Ends: Osborne, Hastings (17); Grothman, Hastings (7); Wilson, Midland (7); Ruppel, York (5).
 Tackles: E. Smith, Wesleyan (10); Watkins, Nebraska Central (8); Morrow, Hastings (8); Gibson, Grand Island (8).
 Guards: Eck, Midland (9); Pierson, Hastings (9); Adams, Doane (6); Lee, Cotner (5).
 Centers: Hersey, York (14); Meyers, Grand Island (13); Yost, Midland (7).
 Quarter: Thompson, Wesleyan (6).
 Halves: Atwood, Cotner (9); Moore, Hastings (7); Luchsinger, Cotner (6); Branstitre, Cotner (6); Cone, Grand Island (5).
 Fullbacks: Wilson, Nebraska Central (9); Ostrand, Midland (7); Gibb, Wesleyan (7).

Resume of Panther Season Shows Success

On Thanksgiving day the York College Panthers closed the most successful season in football for three years. The Panthers won three games, lost three and tied two, for a 500 per cent. in the eight game schedule. They tied for fifth place in the N. C. A. C. standing, first place of which was won by the Cotner "Bulldogs."

The Panthers opened the season with a night game at Hastings, losing by the score of 33 to 0. The team was not yet organized and was somewhat bewildered by the electric lights. Neal Gallant acted as captain in this game.

Dana then visited the York field. They fought the crippled Panther team hard the first half, leaving the field at half time with York leading by 6 to 0. In the second half, though, acting-captain Greene, and his mates, started clicking and gathered 33 points while the "Norsemen" were earning 6. The game ended with the Panthers on the long end of a 39 to 6 score.

In the next game, which was with Doane, the Panthers held the strong Tiger aggregation to perfection, in fact to a one point margin, made by a kick after a touchdown, which won the game for the Crete squad. Hersey acted as captain.

Ray Ruppel led the Mac-men to a hard fought victory over the Concordia Teachers from Seward. Fighting a stubborn defense through the entire 60 minutes the York boys left the field winners by a score of 13 to 0.

The Panthers were the guests of homecomers at Central City College the next week. Wilbur Gard was chosen to lead the team. The Yorkers won handily by the score of

28 to 0, never being threatened by the Quakers.

After a two weeks' vacation from regular scheduled games, during which time the freshmen and upper-classmen battled to a scoreless tie, the boys again took to the gridiron on Armistice day, against their old rival, Grand Island. Hersey was appointed acting captain. The Grand Island and York boys both showed exceptionally strong defenses and the game ended 0 to 0.

The next game on the schedule was at Tarkio, Mo., and was another homecoming affair. Here the Panthers were again shown a strong defense but they held the Tarkio team to a 7 to 7 tie. Brookhart captained this game.

In the final game of the season held at Wayne on Thanksgiving day, the Panthers met defeat at the hands of the large normal eleven. The Wayne coach literally strewed the field with reserve power, which left the Panther eleven little time for rest. John Franz, in his last game for York College piloted the squad in their last game of the 1930 football season.

It cannot be said that a single man on the York squad was a star over the others. All 14 of the lettermen played eleven man football in defeat and in victory, and the coach is to be complimented for building a group of men of such calibre. Some of the men, however, received mention from the various officials and papers in the state. These were: Marvin Hersey, center, on second team; Neal Gallant, end, who received honorable mention in the state papers. Wendell and Greene received mention in the Hastings Tribune selection, while Hersey and Ruppel were given honorable mention in the Conference selection by the eight coaches.

Frank Wendell, plunging full-back of the Panthers' squad, gathered the most points of the season,

	N. C. A. C. STANDING				Pct.	Pts.	Op.
	G	W	L	T			
Cotner	6	5	1	0	.833	110	18
Wesleyan	5	4	1	0	.800	71	33
Doane	5	3	2	0	.600	68	52
Hastings	5	3	2	0	.600	103	62
York	4	1	2	1	.333	34	40
Midland	6	2	4	0	.333	85	95
Grand Island	4	1	3	1	.250	15	40
Central	4	0	4	0	.000	2	148

his total being 34. The following men entered the scoring column: Adams 18, Gallant 12, Hersey 10, Ruppel 8, Muth 6, and Henry Franz 6. The Panthers scored 93 points, as did their opponents.

Scores for the season's games:

Hastings	33	York	0
Dana	6	York	39
Doane	7	York	6
Concordia	0	York	13
Central City	0	York	28
Grand Island	0	York	0
Tarkio	7	York	7
Wayne	40	York	0

Total -----93 93
 ----- Y. C. -----

Panthers Win Over Concordia College

York College opened the 1930-31 basketball season with a decisive victory over the Concordia College five at Seward on the evening of December 12.

Captain Creech and his mates garnered 45 points to the Lutherans' 14. Creech and Muth each collected 13 points to lead the scoring column, while Jose rang up 8 markers.

Coach McCandless played his second team throughout the first half, holding the Sewardites to 5 points.

	fg	ft	pf	tp
Peterson (f)	1	1	1	3
Hunt (f)	0	0	1	0
Moline (f)	2	0	0	4
Jose (c)	4	0	0	8
Wendell (g)	0	0	2	0
Gard (g)	0	0	1	0
Creech (f) Capt.	5	3	1	13
Knolle (f)	0	0	1	0
Franz (f)	0	1	0	1
Muth (c)	6	1	1	13
Hersey (g)	1	1	2	3
Gallant (g)	0	1	1	1
Total	19	9	11	46

	fg	ft	pf	tp
Toensing (f)	1	1	1	3
Schmidt (f)	0	1	1	1
Stokstoening (f)	2	0	0	4
Achebauer (c)	1	2	1	4
Helberg (g)	0	0	2	0
Neben (g)	1	0	3	2
Total	5	4	8	14



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Personals

Henry Franz received a very painful bruise to his right leg, just above the ankle, at basketball practice on Dec. 8.

Prof. Paul Frey was selected to act as one of the judges at the Old Line Oratorical contest, which was held at the State Teachers' College at Kearney on the evening of Dec. 12. Dean Charles Amadon sang the bass solos in the Messiah which was given by the students of Doane College on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 7. Marvin Hersey assisted the tenors. Mrs. Amadon, Arthur Amadon.

The Student Council held a business meeting at the college on the evening of December 9. Plans were discussed for amending some of the existing provisions of the Constitu-

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tion of the Council, but nothing which can yet be made public was decided upon.

Mrs. Edith Gridley, a student in the department of expression, gave a very enjoyable reading, "A Christmas Story," by Grace Keene at chapel on Dec. 8.

Y. C.

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