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189 STUDENTS \$1900!

THE REVIEW

M'MINNVILLE COLLEGE

VOL. XXIII.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, NOVEMBER 1, 1917

Number 2.

HILARIOUS RESPONSE TO THE Y. M. C. A. APPEAL

"OLD MAC" SPIRIT AGAIN MANIFESTED AS PLEDGES ARE SIGNED

Seniors Taboo Commencement Announcements — Social Expense Limited—Faculty Pledge Sacrificially

Following Mr. Seaman's appeal last Thursday the classes met in private gatherings and considered what they could do in view of the plea presented to us. The class meetings were serious affairs and every one was left free to sign his card without any special urging. After the situation had been talked over by different members of the classes the cards were signed and the amounts totaled.

Many of the pledges indicated real sacrifice, for we are not a wealthy set of students. Many little conveniences and good times customary in the school year will be left out this year. But say! Did you ever see a happier set of students than those which thronged the halls when each learned that the other had been actuated by the same spirit which had moved him to set down a sum worthy of the cause and worthy of the spirit of our college?

It was soon learned that the seniors had voted to do away with engraved invitations and that other commencement expenses would be simplified and cut down. The class is still looking forward to many jolly social events during the year, but the expense involved may not now exceed one dollar for each function.

Then the faculty pledge became

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)

FINE COURSE IS PRESENTED

TICKETS ARE GOING FAST—HAVE YOU YOURS?

With perhaps the strongest course in the history of our local Lyceum, and the choicest selection of dates for years, our campaigners are carrying tickets far and wide throughout the town. On Friday, November 9, the Berkeley Sextette, one of our most expensive and attractive numbers, will give their versatile program before many of us. Songs, orchestra numbers, readings, instrumental solos, and costumed selections are coming. This community could not do better for clean high-class entertainment. The Mildred Morrison Company come to us on Wednesday, Dec. 12, with Grand Opera, read-

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)

Seaman Tells of Gigantic Y. M. Work And Big Needs—Students Eager to Share in Million Dollar Fund.

The students of Old Mac have again faced an urgent need and met it without flinching. A week ago today Gale Seaman came down to give us a message thrilled with the horrors and calamities of the vast war and filled with the great crying needs of the boys at the front and in the prison camps. His address was loaded with sombre facts of the prison life of six or seven million men whose only comfort will come through the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. In face of the appalling calls for larger and larger service the Y. M. is struggling to bring men and money into action. At last the entire circle

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 2)

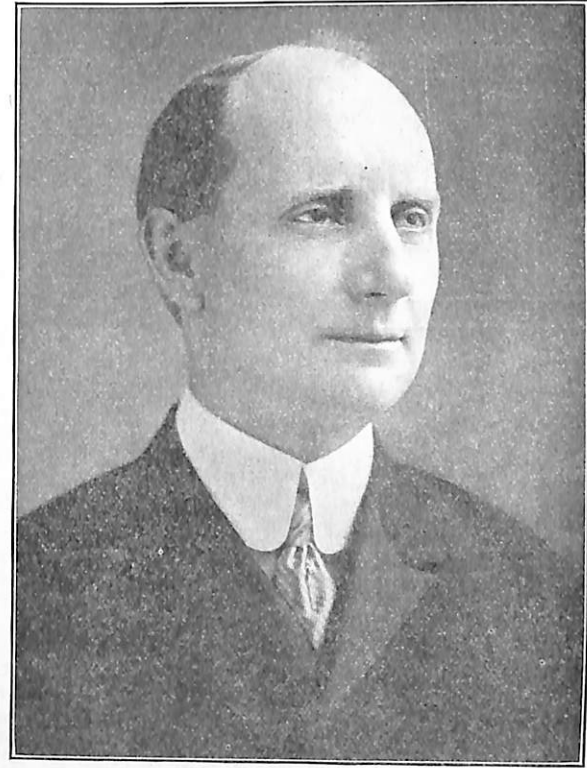
RESOURCES CONSERVED

STUDENT FUNDS TURNED TO USEFUL PURPOSE

By the action of the Associated Student Body last Friday, authority was given the Executive Board to convert \$150.00 of student body funds into Liberty Loan Bonds. This money is to be invested from the Lyceum Reserve Fund (\$100.00) and from the Band Fund, which now amounts to about seventy dollars.

The Lyceum Reserve Fund is maintained as a sinking fund. No apportionment can be made from it, except in case of a deficit in the treasury at the end of the year, and then only at the discretion of the Executive Board. Any amount drawn from the fund in this way must be returned to it at the beginning of the following year as soon as there shall be a sufficient amount in the treasury of the association.

Now it is seldom necessary to draw on this reserve fund and the band fund has never been touched. Moreover, Liberty bonds are convertible into cash at their face value at any time. Hence it is entirely proper that these moneys should be turned over to the government as a liberty loan. It cannot be called a sacrifice, for it costs us nothing. It is simply a patriotic investment which we are glad to be able to make for our country.



REV. C. R. TRAWIN

BOISE PASTOR COMING TO McMINNVILLE—FRIENDS ARE ENTHUSIASTIC

Many Student Members of Baptist Church—Great Interest In New Pastor

The students of the college feel deeply interested in the coming of the Rev. C. R. Trawin to be pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city. There has always been a close link between the college and the church and the students, whether members of the church or not, look to its pastor for spiritual counsel. Mr. Trawin is a man of very pleasing personality, a clear and fluent speaker, an earnest social worker and an evangelical pastor. He is a graduate of Franklin College and Crozer Seminary and won a scholarly distinction during his college career. His wife is also a graduate of Franklin College.

Before his pastorate at Boise, Mr. Trawin was pastor at his seminary church in the east. He terminates seven years of service at Boise with the good will of all, as is evidenced by the fact that the church offered him a substantial raise in salary just before his resignation was tendered to them.

We are looking forward to knowing Mr. and Mrs. Trawin and the family as they come to work among us. We wish them joy and success in their labors.

Ben Larson, called by telegram, left yesterday for Seattle, where he will enter the medical department, U. S. Army. With his many friends, The Review is loath to lose Ben even though glad he is in the service of Uncle Sam.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, LADIES

WOMEN ENTERTAIN MEN AT MASQUERADE

Many Bewitching Costumes—Crowd Fills Gym.

On Saturday night the men of the institution were royally entertained by the women at the annual Halloween Masquerade. The gym, beautifully decorated with autumn's showy gifts and gleaming with jack-o-lanterns, was a fitting scene for the amusement. Over a hundred mysterious figures moved airily about, each seeking the identity of the other. Witches, gypsies, and fairies vied with each other, while cow-boys, doctors, professors, (not to forget Prof. Asa Gray, the noted botanist) and even saintly priests each labored to sustain his part. Indians bumped grunting into massive Negroes and military and police officials strove to preserve rigid order and dignity. Whenever a calamity of any kind happened, as when a cowboy started to shoot up the party, dainty red cross nurses appeared on the scene to be followed in serious cases by the sisters of mercy.

After everyone had convinced himself that he could see through the disguises of his comrades, the signal for a grand march was given. The march ended with the command, "Unmask," and a confusion of surprises followed as abashed women's faces appeared beneath high cowboy hats.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 4)

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BIG FEATURES AT STAR THEATER

Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2
and 3, Wm. S. Hart in "Cold
Deck," also Charlie Chaplin:
9 reels, 10 and 25 cents.

Nov. 7 and 8, Mae Marsh in
"Polly of the Circus."

Phone White 6911

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(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)
known and again their friends wond-
ered how our faculty could pledge so
liberally, for their's is a continual sac-
rifice.

When we remember that the student
body and faculty last year pledged
over sixty-one hundred dollars to our
college endowment it seems wonderful
that this call should meet such a re-
sponse. The pledges by classes are as
follows:

Faculty	\$281.50
Seniors	300.00
Juniors	320.00
Sophomores	500.00
Freshmen	290.50
Academy	208.00

Total \$1,900.00

LYCEUM COURSE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

ings and solos on trombone and
violin. Almost a month later, on Fri-
day, January 4, the Venetians give
accordeon numbers, folk songs, solos,
etc. Less than two weeks after the
Venetians, on Monday, January 14,
our prime attraction, Russel H. Con-
well, will give his world famous lec-
ture, "Acres of Diamonds." It has
given thousands a new outlook on
life, and it will change the color of
your life, if you hear it. Tuesday,
February 12, the Alpine Singers and
Yodelers give us folk songs, zither
music, yodeling and costumed selec-
tions. Their work provides a rare
treat for all lovers of real unique
things in the musical line, which com-
prises an irresistible combination of
melody, comedy and pathos. Last,
but not least, Arthur Walwyn Evans
comes about two weeks later. His
lecture, "The Language of Liberty,"
has a patriotic touch which is pec-
uliarly appropriate for this day. In-
termingled with his talk, we will find
wit which will refresh us, and humor
which will go a long way towards
helping us to forget our troubles.

Our Student Body is responsible
for this course, and its success or
failure is of vital importance to us.
The price on most things has gone
up, but the Lyceum prices are the
same as before, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.

LET'S ALL ADVERTISE

The ticket canvassers are doing
their best to further the interests of
A. S. B. and town. When our great
Y. M. C. A. army pledge was raised,
our students gave so unselfishly that
many if not all are now in a very pre-
carious financial condition. Ticket
sales among our college folks are al-
most at a standstill now. A grave
danger is very apparent. Unless the
town supports the course in an un-
usual way, the student body's Lyceum
may not pay for itself. If we have
to pay for the course anyway why
not pay now and see the attraction?

It is not enough to act for yourself,
but we must do our best to advertise
our course and sell our tickets. It
ought to sell, for the course is un-
usually fine, the choice of dates is
good, there being no Saturday or
Thursday night events. The man-
ager can't do it alone. It is an open
question whether or not the canvass-
ers can do it, but by our united ef-
forts, our LYCEUM WILL MAKE
GOOD.

MAC STUDENTS AT U. OF W.

We are glad to hear that Evelyn
Ballard, Marian White and Jack Mc-
Knight are doing credit to Old Mac.

Evelyn has made the girls' debat-
ing club and has also joined the Sig-
ma Kappa Sorority. Marion has de-
cided to cast her lot with the Delta
Delta Sorority.

Jack is entering into musical ac-
tivities as usual, playing violin in the
college orchestra. We have not yet
heard of his choice as to a fraternity.

Y. M. C. A. WORK

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)
of battle fronts is open to whole-
hearted Y. M. work. From Russia and
from France come new pleas for sec-
retaries. Two hundred are being gath-
ered and sent to Russia this fall. At
a thousand points in the French army
Y. M. secretaries are sorely needed.
A great effort is being made to place
four hundred of these before Christ-
mas. Major-General Pershing has
cabled the need of five hundred sec-
retaries for the American troops in
France. Great Britain calls for more
secretaries. When we realize that
there are now twenty-one hundred men
working for the Y. M. C. A. in camps
and that the national committees are
trying to solve the problem of finding
and training twenty-five hundred more
for places definitely in need of men, we
see something of the enormity of the
task before the association.

The work of the Y. M. in camps is
varied and is a wonderful benefit to
the boys living away from home and
its influences. Among the most im-
portant functions of the Y. M. work
are: Personal service to the men, free
stationery and letter writing facilities,
entertainments, Bible classes, French
classes, religious meetings, and many
other activities. These lines of work
are carried on in all the great camps
in this country at present and the Y
buildings are always crowded and the
center of social life for the men.

Besides the buildings at the assem-
bly camps the association conducts
work at the base camps and at the
front. Its men are found in the hos-
pitals and in the towns to which the
men resort when on leave of absence.
Dug-outs thirty feet underground are
Y. M. havens close to the front line of
battle for those who can straggle back
after the battle, following the lines of
rope stretched by the secretaries out
toward the trenches.

In view of all this the Y. M. is
making a huge campaign for men and
funds throughout the United States.
One million dollars has been set as
the goal for the students to subscribe.
Of this amount the proportion set by
the committee for our college was four
hundred dollars. They even hoped we
might raise five hundred. We have
stopped at nineteen hundred!

Send home your Reviews
To give them Old Mac news.

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is the new bound volume of The Re-
view. The volume includes The Re-
view for the past five years and is a
very interesting and, for those who
want to note the development of our
student body as indicated by The Re-
view, a very instructive book.

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FIRST CLASS EVENT

FACULTY EYE VIEWS SENIOR FROLIC—THE "SENIOR CALENDAR"

Such was the unusual title given to the unique senior class function the night of the 19th. If that "unique" looks two ways, apply it as you please. The class function was unique; the class itself is unique. "Uncommon" is what that means, and the class is that. Executives, cooks, caterers, musicians, dramatists, readers, entertainers—they were all there that night. The program was unusual—not to work our other adjective to death. July, August and September were the only months left out in the cold, and it is warm enough during their life time so that they will not suffer. The "Senior Calendar" put new life into all the rest of the year. The male gender of the chaperon party laughed so hard that he dislocated his diaphragm, cracked his windpipe, and pulled out of joint three ribs. He was going to enter a bill for damages received, but he applied as a poultice the bully time he had and he got well. Teddy used that word once in a political speech, and everybody knows that you can't go back of that as an authority.

But I'm going too fast. That's because a boy always wants to eat the dessert first. The story begins at Prof. Van's—no, it began in the fertile brains and warm hearts of the seniors; but the reporter did not come into the story soon enough to get in there. Anyway, the auto-truck, with comfortably cushioned seats, just roomy enough for the class and the two fortunate chaperons, welcomed the jolly crowd at five o'clock Friday night and frisked them out into the country and far up—or was it down—the Yamhill. The boys had been there the day before, filed a claim on the spot and set their stakes, in the form of an enormous camp fire and a generous pile of wood for cooking. It was ideal. Silently the black waters of the Yamhill idled in the shadows of the tall trees and overhanging shrubbery. The sun blushed like a bashful boy as he said good night to us, evidently embarrassed in the presence of the radiant moon.

Oh, shucks! I can't get it on paper; but it got into my blood until I had to say something. It's the fault of the seniors. They shouldn't introduce unsophisticated—isn't that a big, nice word?—unsophisticated professors to such intoxicating experiences. Well, where was I? Oh, yes! Well, the stage was set with the most beautiful scenery, for the Master Carpenter had built it and the Master Artist had painted it.

And the play! How can I describe that? With the Wamhill asleep just below in the darkened room of lofty banks and leafy trees, a secondary bank shutting us in from the prying world above, and the magnificent camp fire leaping upward as if to tantalizing the moon into playing leap-frog, October came on the stage. That is the time for getting acquainted with the new faculty, and "Cy" Richards did it excruciatingly. November remembered her place in the play and came next. The first lyceum number was the act. Bina Reeves was the manager and Ralph Doud was the attraction. Your reporter might be inclined to reverse the terms, but still Ralph was all right as an attraction,



THE BERKELEY SEXTETTE.

"I CONSIDER the Berkeley Sextette the finest entertainment orchestra now before the public," says Louis O. Runner, the well known organizer and coach. "The programs represent the most advanced type of high grade, refined entertainment known to the American public. Classical music is made interesting to all, and popular music is given a new charm. Orchestra numbers, readings, songs, instrumental solos and costumed selections make up this thoroughly pleasing entertainment."

Six talented and vivacious young women, of fine platform presence and with distinct musical ability, attracted to each other by a mutual love of music and thoroughly coached and trained in a program of fine variety, the Berkeley Sextette, soon to be heard on the lyceum course, will more than make good the enthusiastic recommendation quoted above. Hear them.

and it's a woman's place to manage. It doesn't take any managing for her to be an attraction. I guess the order was all right after all. In December the faculty were remembered by the seniors with Christmas presents. The way those presents were selected and the nature of them was excruciatingly funny. I used that word before, but I don't know any more big words. I'm prohibited from telling, for little boys must be seen not heard; but one member of the faculty got an appropriate present by letting it be known that his ideas rattled around in his cranium. He got a vacuum cleaner! Don't you other fellows get jealous, for you got what was coming to you too. You bet you did. That's a swear word and gambling too, and you boys mustn't say it, or do it.

I guess that's long enough for one paragraph. Anyway, 1918 ought to start something, not end something. The Seniors—they ought to begin with a capital, oughtn't they?—the Seniors stuck January right in the midst of their calendar, with three months behind her and five months ahead of her. During that time Frederick Parkes showed how the Seniors "bone" for exams. I forgot to say that Roger Elder and Ida Himes planned those Christmas presents. Who paid for them I don't know, but Roger and Ida planned them all right. Well, as I was saying—no, as I was going to say—February came after January. He didn't catch her, for she was gone before he arrived. He came with a rush, but he was too late. That's a joke, or some other figure of speech, for "Rush Day" was what the Seniors had in February. Carey Bishop and Elsie Browning did the rushing, and it was some rushing, believe me. I think that's slang, and

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 1)

MISS GROVER SURPRISED (?)

Miss Grover has not yet come to the stage where she denies having a birthday, and it wouldn't do any good if she did, because several of us know the date, and have established a precedent for the coming generations of young McMinnville-ites, and doubtless hundreds of years hence the date of October 25th will be celebrated by the whole college in honor of Miss Grover, our first dean of women.

On Wednesday, October 24, about twenty students who best know and therefore best love her, met for the third annual surprise (?) party, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Toney. We announced our arrival by a verse of the college song outside the window, and then went in to congratulate her. After several games and much singing, cake was passed to each guest, and on each piece was a small pink candle. As the guests blew them out, they made their birthday wishes.

The burden of these was that Miss Grover might be of as much service to the students of the future, as she has been to those of the past. But I am sure we also join in wishing for her the love and loyalty of the college in return.

ZETA CHI

Zeta Chi held a delightful meeting at the home of Flora Maloney on October 13th. After the business meeting a social hour was enjoyed.

On October 11th Zeta Chi met at the home of Margaret Mann. A very interesting letter was read from Professor Wallace in reply to the one sent him by the fraternity. The matter of less elaborate social functions was discussed.

Some Facts Concerning Your Watch

In the course of one year the balance wheel of your watch makes 157,680,000 revolutions. Think of it!

In time the oil gums, produces friction, and wears the delicate bearings, destroying their high finish and perfect fit, thus ruining an accurate timepiece. An ordinary machine is oiled daily. Let us examine your watch, an honest opinion will cost you nothing.

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THE LIFE

As students of Old Mac we have felt an unusual elation during the past week; a new sparkle has been merrily snapping from every eye; fellows have slapped each other on the back with resounding whacks and excited groups of girls have been seen standing on tip-toe happily talking as only girls can talk (Excuse me, ladies). What is it all about? Why a man, a certain Seaman in fact, stopped in with us for a few hours one day and told us a few things about the great war and the greater Y. M. C. A. war work. Did that make us happy? No! But it made us think.

As classes of Old Mac we met and our thoughts, or some of them, took form in words. Some of our words found expression on little white cards and then it was that we began to smile. Every individual as he signed the card knew just how much it meant to him to sign and if it meant real striving, if, as Mr. Seaman put it, he had actually given in a sacrificial sense—then he began to put on the smile that wears.

As a faculty and student body of our college we feel like congratulating ourselves upon what we have done—more perhaps, than we were given the opportunity to do. Being asked for four hundred dollars we subscribed almost nineteen hundred. It was noble giving. How did it come about?

As Christians we gave to the cause of Christianity and of humanity. That's the answer! As Christians! The great majority, almost all, of us are Christians, and the size of our pledges is not the result of a sudden passing wave of emotion but rather the outgrowth of noble living. We have trained ourselves to be ready to sacrifice. We have tried to live in the spirit of him who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 3)

ARE WE DOING OUR BIT?

All over the state, the colleges are doing what they consider to be their "bit" in the matter of food conservation and relief of the strained conditions brought on by the war. At the University of Oregon Hoover has a live representative on the campus, trying to carry out the program of food conservation as planned by Hoover himself. At O. A. C. the matter is being taken up and at Waldo Hall the program is being carried out as far as possible. At Pacific University the matter was taken up and the result is that many banquets will be eliminated and the "All College Day" at which a big banquet was formerly the great attraction, will be simplified so that the affair shall be as simple as possible.

We can't say that we have not been in line with this great program of food conservation after knowing that meatless and wheatless days are being observed at the dining club and at many of the surrounding boarding houses. Even the college classes have practically denied themselves the privilege of serving expensive food at their semi-annual feeds. The main idea is conservation, both of food and money, and this is what will help our country right now.

One way in which great sums of money have been spent in Mac formerly has been through society and class banquets. We don't want to be misunderstood now, but bringing the matter down on a basis from which we can talk, wouldn't it be just as good to eliminate these extravagant luxuries for this year? It is true, the banquet does often take the place of a meal, but between the two of us, you know as well as I do that everything must be "classy" on an occasion of that kind, and that there are large quantities of food and social value of the banquet is also important. It is good practice for us to get into a place where we must appear clothed in formalities, and think of things more serious than are usually thought of at social gatherings, but considering the matter from the standpoint of food conservation, if we must have banquets, let's make them as simple as possible. Best of all, eliminate them for this year at least. There are many other ways of obtaining social fellowship besides the banquet, and many ways in which we could serve our country better at this time.

Let's get away from the narrow, selfish, personal standpoint, and get the national view. We must sacrifice, but we can afford to do it for the worthy principle for which we are struggling, and struggle we must, both at home and at the front.

We understand that the Inter-society Conference has already discussed plans for such simplification and at least one of our societies has been enthused with the Hoover spirit enough to request that refreshments be omitted when it was entertained by a fellow society. The members of the inter-society conference must, of course, vote at the bid of their respective societies. What is the sentiment given to control their action? Are we willing to make the effort necessary? Can we use our ingenuity to plan social functions that will be pleasant, entertaining and memorable without the usual rich and tasty viands? Let us do our bit, even if we must sacrifice a bite or two.

Today's Work Today

We have a new motto, "Today's Work Today." For our own lives we are the absolute sovereigns of today. We are the masters of our own fates. Our fates depend wholly upon our daily work. We are able to become that which we purpose in our hearts to become. The usefulness and happiness of our lives depend upon our todays. As Pres. Riley said before the student body, we are the worst type of slackers if we pile upon tomorrow and the tomorrow that never comes that which justly belongs to today and today only can properly do.

Ours is a busy nation, a busy world, and each one of us should be a busy individual. The nation demands it, the allies demand it, and the cause of justice and liberty calls upon us to fill our place adequately in the work of today.

Our very happiness depends upon our todays. Let us so fill our lives with work, today's work today, that we will have no time to be homesick, lonely, or disappointed. It is possible, it's more than possible, it's our privilege.

Some of us will say that at times we have more to do in a certain day than we can properly do. Let's plan our days and our hours. Let's set apart certain hours for the several duties of today. Let us again make a daily program and conscientiously follow it. Oh, too many of us waste hours, yes hours of each day by failing to so master ourselves that we may be able to keep our mind intently fixed upon that which is before us. We can never fill the place which is our duty and privilege to fill until we teach ourselves to concentrate. How often we study the nearly proverbial hour and a half or more on a subject and study hard but at the end of the time hardly know what we have been working over. A mind divided can not adequately perform its duty. Plan, purpose, and concentrate and today's work can be done today.

Today's work today and a striving to daily surpass our own record will enable us to fill successfully that position which God has in store for us. Today is our opportunity; tomorrow may not be ours. How truly the poet has said:

Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell, nor yet surmise:
Pass therefore not today in vain
For it will never come again.

"Make Good" by doing "Today's Work Today."

—STEELE.

Intimations of Imbecility

What's this upon our campus fair?
Those greenish splotches here and there!

The glinting tint of emerald
The freshies wear!

Nor caring aught for aching eyes—
To none but self appearing wise—
To keep his head from going bald
The freshie tries!

Their infant voices pipe with glee
They romp and shout so gay and free

By childish freshman spirit cal'ed,
The freshies spree!

Oh darling specks of innocence,
If verdant caps could give you sense
By tongue and pen you'd not be mauled

Oh freshies dense!

—K.

Bulletin Mutilations

Once more we have our would-be humorist with us. The mutilating of the signs on the bulletin board still goes on. Some people have a brand of humor that needs training, the kind of training the Y. M. gives you when you first enter the annual stag. I wonder when we are going to recognize that the notices on the bulletin board are personal property and are put up there for a different motive than to be a practice ground for a few who think their imagination tends toward the humorous. So let's resolve to have a little feeling for the rights of others. If you think that your day's work includes the changing of the signs on the bulletin board, you better put it off till tomorrow, because the committee for training any misdirected sense of humor will assuredly do today's work today.

—F. E. P.

The First Lady—"My husband wired me from Paris on my birthday asking whether he should buy me a Rembrandt or a Titian. Now, which would you have?"

Second Lady—"Well, as far as that goes, any of those French cars are pretty good."—Sketch.

Send home your Reviews
To give them Old Mac news.

McMinnville, Oregon, Nov. 1, 1917.

MISS AND MR. STUDENT

Dear Friends:—

The importance of good eyesight in relation to general efficiency has never been more impressively shown than in the examinations for the big drafted army. Thousands of men otherwise capable, have been rejected because of poor eyes; and it is a fact, in all walks of life, not merely in the army, that people with poor eyes without proper glasses are not efficient as they might be. See that they are efficient.

HENRY E. MORRIS

Optometrist.

CONQUEST CORNER

SOME MESSAGES FROM THE CLASS TO THE BOYS IN THE CAMPS
CAREY BISHOP, Editor

Some of us who have been born and bred in the Conquest Class have been wondering what it must be to our students in the army camps to miss those splendid lessons which we are getting. The editor of The Review came through with the space to just hand on some of the good things to our army boys so we are going to try to give them some of the thoughts, the enthusiasm, the consecration which goes floating around in our big class and quietly instill those highest ideals of service which all the world needs so much. We feel that we have sacrificed in a very vital way in giving so many of our best Christian men to the service. And if Gen. Pershing made no mistake when he said that France needs at least five hundred Christian soldiers most of all, then perhaps in a short time our Conquest Class shall be ministering to France's direst need.

Prof Van Osdel is still on the job and the goods which he delivers are still as vitally united with the practical every-day lives of the students as ever. He is still hammering home the noblest of ideals, that self-sacrifice and unselfishness are all-essential in life. And speaking of self-sacrifice brings up last Sunday's lesson. It was on intemperance; you know what your general opinion of temperance lessons is, but this one was different, it gripped you. Prof Van Osdel believes that temperance in anything is

merely a series of self-sacrifices. Every one of the fellows who has struggled with that beast within, knew what Prof. meant when he said that sometimes absolutely the only resistance we can make is when the Prophet, our Lord, comes into our hearts and resists for us. It is when God gets behind us, or rather when we get behind God, that we can cut our relations with the sin within us.

The essential fact that it is not how you start out that counts so much but the way you come back was brought out in a strikingly simple way in the thought that "the time to praise a beautiful day is in the evening."

It's so easy to make a bluff; everyone does it and why not you? Does it really pay in Christianity or anywhere? Is your Christian life impressing those around you like a peace conference impressed an old Indian who stalked out of a meeting once with the words, "Heap big wind, much dust, no rain!" Some of you boys in camp perhaps have played basket ball in your time and get the significance of Prof.'s statement that everyday in life you want to "get the jump" on sin in your life. It's the little moral "siestas" that we take that gives the worst things a chance to get the upper hand of us. Don't leave a little corner in your heart for Satan because by right of possession Satan will trample down your whole

life to get to it.

We had the regular Hollowe'en party in the gym last Saturday night and Prof. therefrom deduced the philosophy that "It is hard not to judge people by their faces." He also noticed that everyone seemed to have some fascinating quality. Again sometimes you see someone in trousers who really has a woman's heart and vice versa.

Greetings to our boys in the service. Through these few lines we are trying to extend the glad hand of every member of the Conquest Class to you.

THE LIFE

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 1)
hand will follow the heart. We feel that an unusual privilege is ours in being here at college amid the comforts of normal living, but we do not want to force upon those who have gone, the entire burden of feeling the war. We want to feel a little of the pain. We would know continually that there is an awful scene of carnage over on the other side.

As fellow students with those who are in the camps we have given tangible expression to the Christian principles for which we stand, by giving to the great association which is ministering to them. And so we are happy with the smile that wears.

As college men and women we will not fool ourselves. Other calls will crowd in upon us. Let us not think our duty is done with one effort. By continued sacrifice in the little things we can again respond in a large and royal way to the appeals of the future. Let us resolve together that we will watch every expenditure so that we may be able in the spirit of our

nation and of our religion, to wear through the year a smile for a good deed done and a sacrifice made. Let us catch more and more that spirit of truest patriotism which knocks straight at the individual heart and makes the nation's needs the needs of every citizen.

CALENDAR CLUB

No doubt a great majority of the new students have been just a wee bit curious as to what the Calendar Club really is. So just a few words in explanation of its purpose: This honorary organization was begun a few years ago for the sole purpose of collecting pictures, souvenirs, programs and other things of interest pertaining to college life at "Old Mac." These relics will be mounted from time to time in a big college memory book, which will probably someday occupy a shelf of honor somewhere in the library. A fine idea isn't it. To think that the mementos and favors of the various social functions, that we are attending now, the programs and other curios, all these will go down almost in history, as it were. Then the future student bodies will know as well as see that we had "pep" while attending college.

On Saturday night, October 20, the Calendar Club met at the home of Ruth Hunter to discuss plans for the coming year. Many very interesting duties were assigned, but ignorance is bliss, so we will not enumerate any more. Just this—the Calendar Club has its sails set—and it means business.

YOUR LYCEUM CAN'T GO UNDER!

The Associated Student Body can't afford to let it go under. You have paid out too much money already for College Endowment, Liberty Bonds, Y. M. C. A. Army Work, etc.

HAVE YOU A SMILE COMING ON LYCEUM NIGHT?

Let's ALL SEE what we might ALL have to PAY FOR!

Buy Your Season Tickets Now!

Fire flies in the Grandstand

It would seem that Mother Nature is not always to be depended upon. Usually she makes the provision that fireflies inhabit warm territories and after their playtime retire when curfew sounds at nine o'clock. Contrary to these usual habits of the firefly and notwithstanding, three small green fireflies were found perching in the grandstand this week when two Seniors and a friend were out looking for biology specimens. These fireflies left a small white chalk line traced over various parts of the grandstand. This, it appears is a differentia of the species which has never been found in fireflies except of the prowling, green variety.

Putting out their little lamps and quietly stealing away to sleep was the only thing that saved the biology specimens from a lemon-acid bath in Cozine. This operation is often necessary to develop the green variety of fireflies according to Cy Richards, assistant in the biological department.

Hugh Doud greeted friends here, prior to his enlisting in military service.

PHI EPSILON SURPRISE PARTY

Crowded in Prof. Frerich's machine the Phi Epsilon went to surprise Sargeant Simonson who was in town with the remaining Co. A. fellows. When we announced our arrival he did not know whether someone was after him or if he had been called for immediate service.

The first part of the evening was spent with the usual literary program. Results of the impeachment of the Governor of Texas, how the great aeroplane fleet will help win the war, and then an extended and most interesting description of army life as seen from the viewpoint of one in service. This latter by Sargeant Simonson gave us all a new insight into the pleasures as well as some of the most discouraging hardships encountered.

Following this we all gathered round the piano and sang a multiplicity of songs.

Soon the most welcome call came to service in the way of partaking of an excellent feed. Of course someone had received advance information on the whole affair.

Send home your Reviews
To give them Old Mac news.

PARTING DESCRIBED

McM BOYS LEAVE FOR
SOMEWHERE IN EASTThird Oregon Entrains at Clackamas
Cheers and Song Speed Them
to Service

After keeping "Old Father Oregon" guessing for two hours on Friday morning the weather man sent a special delivery to tell him he had ordered the finest weather possible for the day when his best sons were to leave him.

The Third Oregon was expected in Portland at 10:40 at the Morrison street depot. At 9 o'clock the platform tracks and streets were crowded with the crowds still coming. Everyone came laden with bundles of one kind and another. A photographer standing up on a box car where he could look over the crowd attracted their attention and demanded a picture. Eager hands held packages meant for loved ones high up in the air so they might show up well in the picture.

Everybody was there. Well-groomed women beautifully dressed, women with shabby clothes, men carefully taken care of by the tailor, men with horny hands and worn suits, mothers with babes in their arms, the little lady of high school age with her gay stockings and sport jacket, the boy in his teens with plenty of life, sober faced young men whose turn will come later, young wives wearing shining now wedding and engagement rings—all waiting with their bundles for "him." Everyone was brave but the tears were not far away in many eyes. A father stood in the crowd, jaw set, hands clenched, eyes longing, and the pulse throbbing in his throat; many mothers with breaking hearts shining through clear eyes, young wives with strained faces and twitching fingers, hands clasping and unclasping over gifts brought for their soldiers—these were the people who waited anxiously for over three hours for the sound of the whistle of the train bringing Oregon's best sons from Camp Withycombe. Freight trains passing slowly over the tracks caused a movement in the crowd every time they rounded the curve, and bluecoated officials standing on the steps of a passenger train smiled kindly at the disappointment in the faces of the anxious crowd assembled so close to the tracks.

The police band of Portland marched through and played for nearly two hours on the platform, rollicking, rousing tunes. Here and there a cavalryman could be distinguished by the red cord on his hat. They with special police distributed information regarding the arrangements made for seeing the boys when they arrived.

Announcement was made and the news spread through the crowd that they were coming at 12:15, but it was 1 o'clock when the first long troop train of three baggage cars, a cook car and eleven coaches filled with uniformed men hanging out the wifedowns, waving and cheering rounded the curve and moved slowly over the tracks to the west side of the station. Companies K, L, and M, were on the first train, their cars being lettered in order to assist their friends in finding them. The second train brought Companies A, B, and C. They stopped on the east side of the depot.

After a few minutes they were allowed to come out of the cars to meet friends, but were not allowed to go out of the bounds of their own car. The first detachment was ordered to fall in and marched to the automobile which was used as a speaker's stand. There Mayor Baker for the city, for the state, for the nation bade the men Godspeed. He introduced Governor Withycombe, Chief Justice Wallace, and Senator Chamberlain who spoke briefly but seriously and effectively to the men who listened with sober faces. The first detachment passed on, then the second fell in, marching up to the machine where they were addressed by the same men. Then the mayor led in three long cheers for the Colonel of the Third Oregon, three cheers for the President and three for the bravest and best of Oregon's sons, 9,000 of whom have gone to serve.

The boys broke into cheers again when told they might visit with friends again until the bugles blew. There was a scramble to find them—everyone helping everyone else to locate "their" soldier. Finally orders to entrain again came; "All aboard," and the slow movement of the train forced them all to leave. Yelling, waving, singing they went away. "Are we coming back?" they called. "Yea-Bo!! Will we get the kaiser?" "Yea-Bo!"

It was a scene never to be forgotten, a day that will stand out above all days until the day they come back. No sooner had they gone than everyone began to talk about "the day when they come back." More little acts of kindness, thoughtfulness and unselfishness were evident than is usual at such a crowded place. Everyone was helping everyone else. The note sounding above all others was "Give, Give, Give." Old Mac is proud of her share in the Third Oregon and with the others cries "Godspeed!"

I. H. '18.

HALLOWEEN PARTY

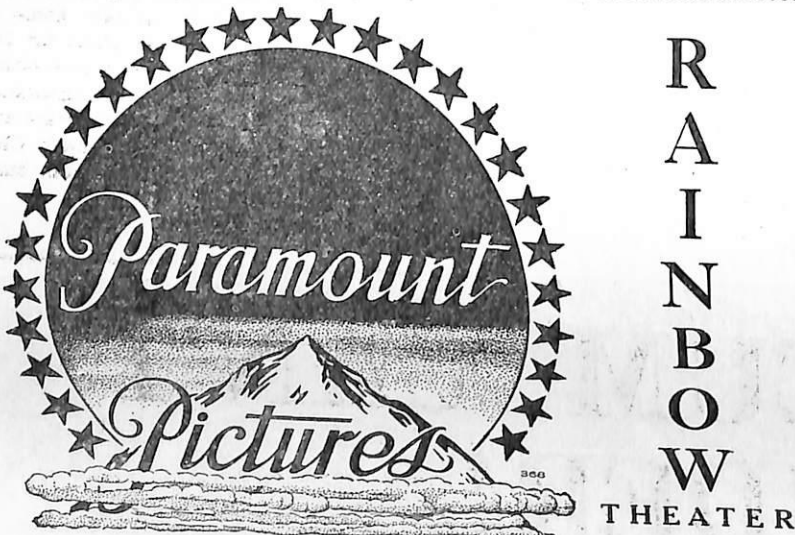
(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)
and coarse masculine features peeped from behind secretive veils.

A merry time ensued as various divisions offered stunts involving every costume displayed by their members. No wonder that most of them took on the black aspect of tragedy, for how else could the villain be done away and the nures display their efficiency. A pleasing reading by Miss Varney in the guise of a very small girl and a solo by Osterholm, whose deep voice issued from the garb of a German spy, were enjoyed with delight and enthusiasm.

Very simple eats, none the less delicious because simple, warned the merry masqueraders that the departing time was approaching and with a rousing verse of the college song and America, the jollification was ended.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon
Attempted to spoon
With the lady residing up there.
But she grew cold
As he waxed bold,
And tossed her wind-blown hair.
She jerked away
She would not stay!
His suit could not be pressed.
Three quarters he spent
But she would not relent,
And so he got full on the rest!
—Poeticus, Wn. State Normal Journal



COMING

- Nov. 2—3 Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower."
Nov. 5—6 Geo. Bebau in "Lost at Transit."
Nov. 7—8 Bill Hart in "Hell's Hinges."
Nov. 9—10 Pauline Frederick in "Double Crossed."

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A Food as Well as a Confection

Experts in the employ of the government, state that pop corn is close to wheat in food value. In Bulletin 553, they state: "When properly prepared for the table it is superior to many of the breakfast foods now on the market"

Dad's Place

HIS LETTER HOME

Dear Mother, Dad and Vera:

You will forgive a typewritten letter from me this time, won't you? I cut my thumb this noon and I want to write to you but it hurts to push a pen so I am using my new typewriter. You notice, Dad, I say my new typewriter. I bought it from Carey Bishop. When a fellow gets to be a Senior he needs a machine to fool the faculty into thinking he is settling down and becoming methodical and old-maidish in his ways.

I haven't written home since I came down except that card and my first letter. I hope you haven't worried. I haven't had much to write about. School is a little different this year, but don't worry, Mother, I will stay until June and hope to have Dad here then to lead chapel and Mother to catch me when I faint when I get my diploma.

I was going to room with a Freshman. You know Dad all that big talk about helping the new fellows to get a start, but Commodore and I decided to room together again this last year because he is going to enlist in the Aviation Corps up in Canada after June. His Dad took him up there on a trip this summer and he is full of it. One armed and onelegged aviators who have done their bit "over there" are up in Canada training our men—but then you have read about it. I want to write you a letter soon Dad, about enlisting. We have talked this over before, but I have promised to graduate and I will. Beyond June I

will not make any promises, except that I will not get married. Talk about trained men—I wonder what I am being trained for? A few days ago I caught a cat and a hen for the girls to use in a stunt the Y. W. C. A. had over in Music Hall. Friday I looted another cat-coop for Cy, the aforesaid specimen of the feline species taking a trip up to lab in a flour sack. Maybe the government could use me as official hencatcher of catcatcher.

Storgaard came down from American Lake—said he saw twenty thousand men drilling on the field at once up there—enough to make your blood tingle, eh? Adams was down for the joint reception the other night. He is in Army Y. M. work over at Vancouver.

Quite a few old folks that I used to tell you about have been here. Charles Scott rolled into the gallery the other morning and a few days later Mabel Lewis. Mabel said, "There is an awful emptiness here without Professor Boughton," and Scott said something to the same effect.

Dr. Varney preached a fine sermon at church two Sundays ago. Mother, I wish you could have heard it. He outlines his sermons and follows his outline—just like Prof. Wallace used to. I think I will have him in the spring in Public Speaking.

Stag came off in the "gym" as usual. Roughest time I ever saw in "Mac." More fresh Freshmen here this year than there ever has been since Commodore and I arrived four years ago. Commodore gets chicken hearted over hurting a Freshman—says he recalls the days when he thought he was going to reform McMinnville College but

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FOR THE BEST! WHAT?

Hair cut and shave in the city, students go to

Maloney's Shaving Parlors

I remember some of my experiences so vividly that I like to see how it feels to whack a Freshman like John Mason whacked me for the first time. Howard Hanscom was down for the Stag. John Mason couldn't get off, I guess, because he is usually on hand when he can possibly make it.

We have been talking about some theories of evolution in Education class for a few days. I can't understand how some folks can get so high and mighty that they are anxious to disclaim all relationship to their monkey ancestors. It must hurt the apes and apesses pretty much to have their progeny get so important—"scorning the base degree by which they did ascend." I suppose they weep and wail, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child."

Max Nayberger, a new Freshman has a new car, just like ours. He steered it just like Vera for awhile but he can beat Dad, now. He took me to Newberg one day last week—we nearly decided to enroll at Pacific down there but we came back. I wish I could go through France as fast as we went through some of those little towns down the line. Nearly caught another cat and a couple of chickens. And I am just learning to catch "J'ai ete aime" in French. I certainly have not inherited any monkey skill in languages from my monkey ancestors.

Commodore and I are already working on subjects for our Senior theses. Commodore is writing something about the war. I can't tell yet just what I am writing about. I have a lot to write about but I find it hard to decide upon a name.

I am coming home for Thanksgiving. Vera has always wanted me to bring Commodore home with me and this

year he can come. This summer when I was out at Tulip's I bargained with a fellow for a turkey so leave the turkey for me to look after. I will write to him. He always comes into town early so you will be sure to have it in time.

Please see that Snaggs has his new license in time, will you, Dad, I really forgot to pay that old fellow who holds out at the Court House. He ought to be in the Pound himself. And if Vera takes Snaggs to a football game she had better hitch him up. Anybody is always ready to steal a good dog. I got the best present for Snaggs the other day you ever saw—a blanket in my frat colors with the pin embroidered up at the top. Say, Snaggs will think he is the best fed and dressed dog in town when he gets dogged up in that blanket. Then Commodore and I will take him to the Thanksgiving game ourselves. Commodore likes a good dog just as well as I do.

It is getting late. One of the fellows next door asked me if I was going to pound here all night, so I think I had better stop before my landlady pounds on the ceiling with her slipper.

Don't get any silly ideas in your head about Commodore, Vera. He hasn't much time for high school kids. He has a sister in high school himself.

Thanks for the package, Mother. You always remember, don't you?

Your affectionate son,

Harrison.

The Review is glad to welcome Harrison back to its columns. We are sure our readers will be delighted with His Letter Home.



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Money's Worth or Money Back

COLLEGE CORNER

TO KEEP YOU IN TOUCH WITH NEIGHBORS OF THE COLLEGE WORLD
RAY BUERMANN, Editor

Our Aim

The "bread and butter" aim is more or less the aim of the individual upon graduation from the primary schools and is an important aim to keep in mind throughout the entire course of study pursued, but this should not be the primary aim during the course of study pursued in the secondary schools and colleges. The moral, socially efficient, well-developed man who can do one thing well, is the man for whom the world is asking today. More than ever before in the history of the world will there be the demand for the trained thinker and the man whose education is broad enough to enable him to give himself to the work of reconstruction in some branch, after the war. TODAY is the time to get prepared for this work and the colleges and universities of this country are ready to do all within their power to prepare the American manhood and

womanhood for this task.

It is easy enough to say *go*, but a much harder proposition to answer the question, *where*. In fact the answer to this question is wholly in the hands of the individual himself. He must live his own life, receive praise for his success and blame for his failures.

It is our aim in this column to present matters of real import to the student who desires to carry his education beyond the colleges into the universities and graduate schools, by taking one school at a time and giving what we consider to be the important fields of training of that institution, as well as to present any interesting news from other institutions with which we are in touch. If any one of our readers has any particular institution in mind and would like to get information concerning any phase of the institution's work, we would be glad to look into the matter and if possible give a satisfactory answer.

Y.M.C.A. Notes

October 17th the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. held a joint meeting in order that we might hear Mr. Plummer (the Hoover man) one of the many men touring the United States in the interest of the Food Conservation Program. He came with a message that got right down beneath our skins and we realized, as never before, our part in the great National Food Program. Statistics appalling in their magnitude, were given to us and we left the room a group of thoughtful, loyal Americans resolving that as far as we were able, we would not be guilty of wasting anything at our tables. Mr. Plummer put the matter up to us in such a way that his talk was not a speech but more like a father checking up his extravagant children and we all felt how deeply this matter of waste had gripped him.

October 24th. WHAT THEN? That is a question we often ask ourselves and that was the question Ralph Doud asked us. When you get up in the morning and scurry around and dress WHAT THEN? Ralph answered the question by saying "Then the morning watch and prayer with the Master." Why the Bible study in the morning, isn't night just as good? Some wise man has said, "When we get up in the morning and read our Bible we go to our work prepared to do battle with anything that stands in the way of success. When we read our Bible at night, we go to bed." **Keep the Morning Watch.** It will give you a power in life you can ill afford to miss. Then the Bible class leaders for the fall were announced. Carey Bishop, "Cy" Richards, Roger Elder, Andrew Wakeman, Art Steele and Carlton Lathrop. **Get into the Bible Class and grow.** We are planning to divide the town into sections with a study group in each. Find out where your section will meet and let's enjoy our Bible study together. The practical interpretation of "Prayer and Pep" is **The Morning Watch.**

GERMAN CLUB

In the first meeting of the German club the real Old Mac spirit was demonstrated. Our purpose is not to aid our enemy in any way whatsoever, but rather we meet with the desire of keeping our German vocabularies flexible and our social abilities active. We strive to know better the German language and literature while we are enjoying ourselves by listening to and giving stories, poems, songs, instrumental productions and joining together in lively games.

If you have had two years or more work in German you are eligible to membership in our society. Our meetings are held in Music Hall on every other Tuesday evening, alternating with the Wireless Club.

If you have the required knowledge of German we shall be very glad to welcome you into our membership. next Tuesday evening at 7:30.

The officers for this year are Emma Buermann, president; Raymond Briggs, vice-president; Twilo Sims, secretary-treasurer. —Are-Jay-Bee.

I. O. M. NOTES

Last Friday evening, October 19, we met at Prof. Coe's. Every member was present and though we were not large in numbers we passed a happy and an enjoyable hour. Some of the boys from Co. A were with us and we were glad to exchange experiences with them.

Several plans for the year were discussed and a beginning for a good year made.

We are glad to announce Prof. Geo. R. Varney as a new I. O. M. We know he will be a great aid in the carrying out of our plans for the best year we have ever had as a fraternity.

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STUDENT VOLUNTEERS ACTIVE

The Student Volunteer Band has been an active organization this year; so far we have had two meetings which have been a help to those who were there. Last week we were greatly pleased in having Miss Ida Grisham, who has been state missionary of Idaho, relate some of her experiences, her talk was rich in expression of true service and we all felt encouraged by it.

The Band will meet every week this year at 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoons at the college. Anyone who is interested is welcome. While the members of the band proper, are Student volunteers for Foreign Missionary service there are several others who always meet with us. Our study book for the year is "World Missions and World Peace." This is a splendid book and we are very anxious for all to come who are interested.

E. E. K.

Write to the boys in camp!

MISS HELEN CRISSMAN SPEAKS TO GIRLS

Last Friday evening, under the auspices of the "World Wide Guild," a number of girls met at the Baptist church for an informal reception in honor of Miss Crissman.

"The World Wide Guild" song was sung by Miss Naomi Davis, after which Miss Mae Hansard introduced Miss Crissman. Miss Crissman told of the work being done by "Worth While Girls." She spoke of the need for this work in a convincing and impressive manner.

After this dainty refreshments were served by girls dressed in costumes to represent some of the people among whom mission work is being carried on.

Write to the boys in camp!

Many former Mac boys who are now serving Uncle Sam spent Sunday the 18th here, saying good-bye to their many friends.

REMEMBER

JONES GROCERY

The Students Friend is Located
On B Street

It's "OVERCOAT" Time

Why go shivering around? Get one now and get the full season's wear out of it. See the new models. *Trench Coats—Balmacaans*—and the more conservative styles. **\$12.50, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$22.50, \$25**

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PREPARATIONS SPEEDED FOR SNAPPY SEASON

Manager Art Steele has started the season in the right way. Last Wednesday he called for volunteers to help put the pavilion floor in first class shape before the season's grind begins. A goodly number of real basket ball enthusiasts went to work and in less than one hour all the seats had been cleared away, the rooting-section arranged on the west side of the building and the floor thoroughly swept.

But Art didn't stop there. The next evening the paint pots were in evidence and as a result the boundary lines are well marked. Two new baskets are up, everything is ready for the fray. Art possesses that splendid faculty of thoroughness and believes in doing things right.

This week the interclass games will begin. If the new boys show the same spirit in their play that was shown in the clean up it will keep the old men hustling for a place on their class team. It is rumored that the Freshmen have several men of High School experience who are anxiously awaiting the sound of the whistle. It is expected that between thirty and forty men will report for practice this week. That is the spirit that will win. A good beginning means a strong finish.

Pacific College, Pacific University, Philomoth, Willamette and Chemawa, all expect to turn out fast teams. "Old Mac" will have to work hard to maintain her reputation. "Where there is a will there is a way," and every "Mac" man is willing.

Art Steele has not forgotten that a good coach is an essential part of a winning team. He has the promise of one of the best valley coaches and with such promising prospects, McMinnville will make her rivals travel.

B. E. L.

PI BETA THETA

Miss Neola Carlson proved herself to be a very clever and capable hostess when she entertained the Pi Beta Theta girls at her home last Friday evening. The presence of almost every member attending college this fall helped to make the evening one of the most enjoyable of those held this year. Mrs. Elder was also a Pi Beta Theta girl and during the evening added her share to the fun.

After a short business meeting Miss Kennedy read a letter from one of the "far away ones" who still finds time to think of Old Mac college in spite of the pressing duties of a country school 'mam.'

The climax of the evening was reached when the generous hearted hostess surprised her guests by presenting each famished girl with a monstrous slice of watermelon. When the girls had sufficiently recovered from the shock they one and all voted the fourth meeting of Pi Beta Theta this year a genuine success.

Sherman and Leonard Cox have been visiting among our students. They expect to enter some branch of military service.

He was about to propose, but before doing so he wished to make sure she was a competent girl. So he asked her:

"Can you wash dishes?"
"Yes," she said sweetly. "Can you wipe them?"—Record.

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**CLASS OF '18 RENEWS
GOOD FELLOWSHIP**

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 2)
slang is wrong for college students, but I thought you would understand that better than dignified professorial language.

Next came a March "Blow-out," by Esther Smith and Martha Lathrop. I guess I'll have to put the April "New Crush and Results," the "May Day" and the June "Buying Gifts for 'Mac'" all together, so as to save room. "Andy" Wakeman did the crushing, and the results you can imagine. Alice Christenson, Lily Christensen and Ruth Hunter were assisted at the May Day function by Bishop Carey—my program said—and Elder Roger. Anyway, it was some May Day and the fair queen was crowned right royally. Notice the alliteration. I've been trying to use that part of speech ever since I started, but I couldn't find a place before. It came in right royally, didn't it? Then Ray Bueermann showed how the seniors—I mean the Seniors—buy their gift for "Mac."

Oh, but the "eats." I think that ought to be spelled with a capital, or the whole word printed big some-way. Pumpkin pie with whipped cream! Um-m! Um-mm! Cocoa with whipped cream. No, they came last, you simpleton, but such "last" things are always first in a boy's appetite. Baked beans, broiled steak, sandwiches, rolls, and—and—what's that

stuff they have on the side? No, not dessert. Well, I don't remember, but it was oranges and apples and other good stuff all chopped up fine a-n-d WHIPPED CREAM on top. And there was two helpings for every fellow and every girl. That ought to be "were" two helpings, but that's the way I always talk when I get my appetite ahead of my grammar.

Then we sat around the camp fire and told stories and sang songs and cracked jokes and recited pieces and then fell into that silence that always betokens sweet fellowship. Then the auto man came and spoiled it all. The final cup of cocoa was drunk; the fire, tired from its romping, put to bed, a silent good night whispered to the drowsy Yamhill, and the journey back to Prosy Life begun, but begun and ended with the universal feeling that another tie had knit us closer together, a tie which the lengthening years will not break nor decrepit memory forget.

—CHAPERON

KAPPA ALPHA PHI

Fraternity met with Mary Stewart two weeks ago. Election of officers for the first semester was held. After a business and social meeting adjournment followed without the usual refreshments, wartime economy and food conservation programs forbidding them.

The next meeting was with Frankie Hornbeck and Ada Gillett at the Fink House. Helen Anderson entertained the fraternity, offering a varied program of songs, reading, and dramatic interpretation.

A boy walked into a merchant's office the other day in search of a situation. After being put through a catechism by the merchant, he was asked, "Well, my lad, what is your motto?"

"Same as yours, sir," he replied; "same as you have on your door—'Push.'"

He was engaged.—Exchange.

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**CLASS OF '20 HAS MERRY TIME
ON YAMHILL**

**Sophomore Spirit—Who can
Beat It?**

Talk about pep, talk about spirit, if there is any thing to do the Sophs can do it! Who said Hooverize! Ask the Sophomores, they will tell you how.

Over dusty road and pastures green the jolly bunch of Sophomores could be seen as they plodded their merry way to the banks of the Yamhill river. Here awaited gallant oarsmen with a romantic old skow, which carried them all safely across.

A huge bonfire waited and soon the air was filled with old familiar tunes from the ukelele and guitar.

An impromptu and original program was quickly planned and the men's quartet gave the first selection followed by an encore. The girls presented a very clever play, where a modern couple reviewed ancient couples from "Rip and his wife to Minnehaha and Hiawatha." A reading and song in Spanish by Albaledejo received the heartiest applause. After the girls quartet sang "Here is to the Sophomores" every one was greatly surprised to find that several of the "frosh" and even a professor or two had come with them.

Somewhere it was whispered that the Sophomores would not have "eats." So? What a joke on some one! True, they did not use their dues—but "eats!" Oh! those "eats!" Professor and Mrs. Van Osdel led the line past boxes of apples, piles of sandwiches, doughnuts, cookies and—pies! Yes, they had grapes, too!—It hardly seemed that the place could be much brighter, but if you could have seen the reflection in the fire from their faces!

Yes, from each pair of sparkling,

dancing eyes you would have had a glimpse of the Sophomore Spirit!

Each Sophomore had done his share and there is nothing like the spirit of giving.

But do not think that all was frivolity and fun for the Sophomores are "deep thinkers." The class was glad to have Professor and Mrs. Van Osdel with them and especially so because it was the Professor's birthday.

Raymond Briggs as toastmaster introduced Frankie Hornbeck, who expressed the wishes of the class to Prof. Van Osdel. Prof. Van Osdel responded in his usual helpful way and left with the class the ideal to "score" in every measure for they are the class of XX. The president, Ben Larson, brought before them the significance of the colors, gold and purple, blue and white, and last of all, the good old green. May the pansy be their flower and their thoughts be pure and true. The toast master closed with thoughts for the future. Each member felt that he had received help and each strengthened his resolve to be truer to Old Mac and the class of 1920.

Y. W. C. A.

Were you at Y. W. last week? Wasn't it simply grand the way those girls who had been to Seabeck told us about their two weeks there? Sixty-six girls heard and received inspirations from these talks. Our meeting yesterday was led by the Bible study committee. We have already organized a class called the "Friendship Circle" and are soon to have a Bible study class.

Next week our meeting is to be led by Neola Carlson on the subject "What We Can Do." Every girl is welcome.