



THE CRESCENT

VOLUME XLI

NEWBERG, OREGON, NOVEMBER 19, 1929

NUMBER 4

PERRY D. MACY GIVES LYCEUM LECTURE

Local Color Adds Greatly to Historical Talk

The first lecture number of the Lyceum course was given on the evening of November 14. Professor Macy of the College faculty gave an interesting and entirely delightful lecture on the "Highlights of Oregon History."

The pioneers who discovered and settled the Northwest—once called Oregon—included many types of people. There had been a process of selection, however, and they were willing to accept the hardships that were mixed with the romance and adventure of discovering new lands and founding new homes.

Mr. Macy divided his subject according to the interests which brought people to the Oregon country. They were:

Exploration—1774-1811.

Furtrade—1811-1834.

Missionary—1834-1842.

Home seeking—1842 on.

And in the background there were always the spectres of political and romantic interests.

A brief review of the geography of Oregon included the two islands at the northeast and southwest, the formation of the Cascades, the Columbia River, and the Coast Range; some of the early animals and the Indian tribes.

Spain and England were both interested in the discovery and possession of additional territory. In 1774 a Spanish explorer sailed beyond the Oregon coast, and later another Spaniard named Deception Bay and Cape Disappointment after failing to find the Columbia River. Captain Cook attempted to find the northwest passage for England. At an early date it was realized that furs procured easily in Oregon sold well in China, and that Chinese goods in turn sold well in England. So the fur trade grew and helped increase exploration. Captain Gray of England discovered the Columbia River, naming it after his ship. Some of his men, while exploring the country, named Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier and Puget Sound.

President Jefferson of the U. S. became interested in the new country for the purposes of making friends with the Indians, advancing fur trade, and lessening the chances of England and France for possession. He appointed Meriwether Lewis to lead a party of explorers into this region. Lewis and his assistant, Clark, after much opposition from Aaron Burr and the English and French ambassadors, reached the Columbia in 1805 and spent the winter there. Several little known but very interesting incidents of this winter's hardships were told. A few years later John Jacob Astor organized the American Fur Company with a branch in the Northwest and founded a post at Astoria. This post was closed when the war of 1812 started; the territory was taken by England and not returned to the U. S. It was occupied by the countries jointly until settled in 1846 in favor of the U. S.

Then Mr. Macy read the part of Henry's Journal of 1814 which described the

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STIRRING DRAMA PLAYED BY GERMAN CAST

Adolf Fassnacht Is Real Star as the Christ

Oh, Ye People,
What today you will behold
Will be to you a great experience—
Treasure it; keep it within your hearts;
It will be to you a remembrance
until your last day.

Such were the closing words of the prologue that opened the evening showing of that "Play Sublime" in the Portland Auditorium last Friday night.

Over one hundred years ago a member of the Fassnacht family assumed the responsibility for the role of Christ in the Freiburg Passion Play. Adolf Fassnacht today plays the sacred role which tradition has assigned to the eldest member of the family. Under his able leadership the large company of German players is traveling over America and giving to the public this greatest of all religious plays or pageants.

The production is so stupendous that a description of it would be impossible. It must be seen to be appreciated.

The play opens with the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem amid the rejoicing of the multitude and the disapproval of the Pharisees. These High Priests and Scribes hold council with Caiaphas as to how they can bring Jesus into their power.

Jesus returns again with His disciples to Jerusalem. He weeps at the sight of the sinful city. Two disciples are sent to prepare the Passover lamb. Judas is tempted by the Priests and Tradesmen to betray Jesus. Jesus partakes of the Last Supper with his disciples and then goes into the garden to pray. He is betrayed by Judas and taken in hand by the mob. The various trials and the persecution follows, and Jesus is condemned to die. The trip to the hill of Golgotha and the incidents which took place are wonderfully portrayed.

The crucifixion, burial and glorious resurrection are entirely beyond description. The lighting effects and the music contribute immensely in making this great pageant the most famous in the world.

The fact that all the speaking, with the exception of the prologue, is in the German language, does not detract in the least from the enjoyment of the production.

At least once in everyone's life there comes something which deeply impresses him and which can never be forgot-

(Continued on page two)

SWISS NAVY MAKES WHOOPIE WHILE ON SHORE LEAVE

Sailors of the Swiss Navy were on "ship leave" last Monday evening. True to the character of a sailor, each one found a girl in the "port" of Newberg and gathered at the home of Morris Silver, one of the members.

Those who attended were: Burton Frost, Pauline Crew, Archie Yergen, Phyllis Thorne, Eldon Newberry, Winona Jette, Carl Sandoz, Mary Sue Binford, Morris Silver and Ethel Newberry.

The ten young people spent an exceptionally pleasant evening playing games and trying to keep out of mischief.

COUNTY ENDEAVORERS HOLD CONVENTION

Paul Brown and James Henderson Head Program

On Friday evening, the 8th, the Christian Endeavorers of Yamhill County met at the McMinnville Christian Church for their Fourteenth Annual Convention. The theme was "Carry On," and Paul Brown, Pacific Coast Secretary, gave the opening address on "Our Covenant: We Will See This Thing Through."

Saturday morning there were, the presentation of the Crusade Chart, a Peace talk, several conferences, and the annual business session. There were committee conferences Saturday afternoon, and a banquet in the evening, followed by the Budget Raising session, and another address by Paul Brown.

Sunday afternoon James Henderson, State President, told the session about the 1930 State Convention to be held at Coos Bay. The C. E. prayer meeting, installation of officers and an address by Paul Brown closed the convention.

The song services were ably led by Adrian Sias. The closing Covenant Hours conducted by Paul Brown were outstanding features of the sessions.

Although only a few Newberg Endeavorers stayed for the entire convention a large group were present at the Sunday afternoon and evening sessions. All the delegates returned to their societies with new plans, enthusiastic over the prospect of a more unified and successful C. E. organization in Yamhill County.

DORM RESIDENTS VISIT CANYON

Can you connect the following: Young people, a bonfire, mustard, songs, buns, ukelele, wieners, flashlights, stories, etc.? If the light hasn't begun to dawn, ask any of the young people in the dormitories how they like to use flashlights to find a good place for a hot and cheery bonfire on a Saturday evening. Those of the dormitories who hadn't gone home over the weekend spent Saturday evening, November 2, in the canyon around the bonfire telling stories, singing songs, listening to readings given by Marguerite and Dorene Heacock, eating roasted wieners and buns. They were indeed very sorry that Miss Binford lost her "only companion" and that she did not find "him," or "she" or "it" on "Link."

Community Fair

at

Legion Hall

November 21-22-23

Thursday evening program by
City Schools

Friday evening program by
Newberg Band

Saturday evening program by
Pacific College

WELCOME!

MUSIC DEPARTMENT PRESENTS PUPILS

First Public Recital Is Enjoyed By Audience

The first public recital of the Hulls' music pupils was given on the evening of November 4. The interesting program included piano, violin, and vocal numbers by both old and new students. The program in full follows:

Piano duets—
Folk Song.....
Birthday.....
Gene Rogers and Mrs. Hull
Song, "Entreaty".....Kanter
Della Hanville
Piano solos—
Pussy Wants a Corner.....
Rain Drops.....
Bruce Rogers
Song, "Sylvia".....Speaks
Veldon Diment
Piano solo, "Soldier's Song".....
Margaret Weesner
Song, "Little Moon".....Klemm
La Verne Hutchens
Piano solo, "Rondo".....
Robert Nordyke
Song, "The Holy City".....Adams
Tom Howard
Violin solo, "Menuet".....Beethoven
Aris Sherwood
Song, "Old Refrain".....Kreisler
Ralph Moore
Piano solo, "Witches Revel".....
Marjory Lewis
Songs—
"Er ist gekommen".....Franz
"Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen".....
"Invictus".....Huhn
Kenneth Crabtree
Piano solos—
"Complaint".....Korestchenko
"Music Box".....Liadow
Wenona Wendt

INTERCLASS VOLLEY BALL IS CENTER OF INTEREST

The senior class of Pacific College fully established claim to the interclass volley ball games for both men and women. The junior class men have the honor of sharing the victory with the senior men and the Fourth Year girls share the glory won by the senior girls. The junior-senior men's volley ball team defeated both the freshman and the sophomore-fourth year men's team in straight games which were packed with plenty of thrills, Friday, Nov. 15.

The first contest was played between the freshmen and the senior teams. The older men won both games quite handily although the freshmen made a threat in the second game. After winning the first game from the sophomore-fourth year the seniors ran up an early 8-0 lead in the second game due to some lightning serves from the person of Elmore Jackson. The losing side finally settled down to work and tied the score at 13-13 when Link Wirt duplicated the stunt of the curly-haired senior. The "dignified" called time out, calmed themselves and returned to win the championship in three more plays, putting the side out and scoring the remaining points on successive serves. The winning team was composed of

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WISPS OF FOG

The fog was thick this morning,
And the frost was white and cold;
Each blade of grass was wearing frills;
The trees and wires their stories told.
Yet above the fog the skies were blue,
The sun was shining
And the clouds were few.

White, curling wisps of shifting fog had been blowing about the streets all day, and now as the mills released their human machines a dense, grey blanket settled over the city. To the men who had just, unwillingly, earned a day's wages, it was a wall of depressing evil. But to the eager youth who had, all day, been creating empires by building tractors the fog was the mood of the passing moment in which he saw only lights and rifts.

I am willing to admit that the passing moment has been with us a rather long time lately. We've done a great deal of grumbling about it, too. What I'm really wondering is what we have been seeing in the fog. Are we the "human machines," grinding for our diplomas, or are we the eager youths fitting ourselves to create empires?

When you start to school in the morning do you see an evil wall, or lights and rifts? If you don't think there is inspiration in fog, go around to the front of Wood-Mar Hall in the morning and look at that little holly tree in a frosted holiday dress, or the lace on the tennis backstop.

Look for the rifts in the fog and the lights that are shining out, and don't let the fog hide your dream of creating empires.

J. D. S.

PERRY D. MACY GIVES LYCEUM LECTURE

(Continued from page one)

country near the present site of Newberg. He also told of the places near here connected with McLaughlin, Jason Lee and Ewing Young. He concluded by saying that we should continue the spirit of our pioneer forefathers and be ready to pioneer for the future.

The outstanding features of the lecture were the clear and forceful manner of presentation and the stories of local interest. The college can justly be proud of the fact that it has on its faculty a man so intimately acquainted with the history of his state.

INTERCLASS VOLLEY BALL IS CENTER OF INTEREST

(Continued from page one)

Huntington, Cole, Diment, Post, Jackson and Neiland.

The games scheduled for Monday, Nov. 18, were played too late for this issue of the Crescent but as this article is being written the games arranged for that day are: Sophomore-Fourth Year vs. Freshmen and Junior-Senior vs. Pacific College faculty. A tentative date of Wednesday is placed for the annual clash between the Gold P club and the faculty. This latter game ought to be packed with plenty of thrills, for the Gold P boys have never defeated the faculty at this game, but ought to spill the dope bucket this afternoon.

POTLUCK SUPPER DRAWS DORMITORY INMATES

At the usual dinner hour one night recently the girls dorm was quiet and practically, if not entirely, deserted. Why? The Friends church met in the basement of the church Wednesday evening, November 6, and enjoyed together a potluck supper in honor of our new pastor, Clayton Brown and family. The residents of the dormitories participated in the evening's enjoyment and occupied quite a large part of one of the long tables. The meal was excellent and the assembled crowd did it justice. Following the meal there was held the regular monthly business meeting of the church.

PASTOR SPEAKS ON EDUCATION

Clayton S. Brown, pastor of the Friends church, spoke in chapel Nov. 15, 1929. He stated that education is that which lifts a person from ignorance to the higher learning. Education means leading out. Education is the process of a truly expanding soul and should not be for money gain alone. The training that we obtain from college life is what counts. Thus the purpose of education is the pursuit of truth. Science is thinking God's thoughts after Him. It is discovery, not invention. Any true education will surely lead us to the feet of God.

STIRRING DRAMA PLAYED BY GERMAN CAST

(Continued from page one)

ten. So it is with this great play. Having seen it, one can never forget its beauty, and a new appreciation is aroused in one for the people who so carefully represent these scenes from the life of our Savior, Jesus Christ.

The college students who attended the play last Friday night were: Della Hanville, Mabel Kendall, Pauline Crew, Marion DeVine and Ralph Choate.

A SONG OF GRATITUDE

Lord, you have been good to me,
Year long, life long—
I would sing the clearest, high,
Glad thanksgiving song.

I would sing a hymn of praise
For the glory of the days,
For the years that I have spent,
Years of joy and deep content.
Lord, you have been good, so good—
My heart bursts with gratitude—

Lord, you have been good to me,
I would praise you ceaselessly,
Through the prayers that I pray,
Through the words that I say,
Through the things that I do—
I would have them honor you.

Lord, you have been good to me,
Year long, life long—
Help me find the clear, high words
For my grateful song.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

WHERE, WHEN, WHY

Over the Armistice weekend the dormitories were a place of quiet and calmness most of the time, for there were so many away. Elizabeth Hadley, Elmore Jackson and Lynn Hampton went to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. conference at Newport; Elva Votaw attended the Christian Endeavor convention at McMinnville; and Oren Winslow spent the weekend in Corvallis. Those left in the dormitories were Miss Binford, Gervina Street, Marian Coffee, Lela Jones, Lillian Barnes, Bertha Walton, Russell Millett, Ralph Choate, George Donnell, Lincoln Wirt, Henry Davenport. The rest of the dorm residents went to their homes.

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QUAKER SPORTS

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Volley ball now. Basketball later. Let's get ready for both. Under the new name of Prune Pickers we ought to be able to shake off all opposition and come up on top. A team, writing for a basketball game, said to us, "such advanced teams as yours." Graduation might just as well apply to basketball as anything else!

The writer always thought so, and now there is no doubt about it! The backfield of the Quaker soccer team is superior to the forward line. I am sure I speak the voice of the whole forward line when I say that we want to congratulate you, Immovable Objects, for the way in which you met and stopped us, Irresistible Forces, to the tune of 1-0. It has been an inspiration and a joy forever to feel the protecting force of the defense men behind us throughout each game. Congratulations!

What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object?

The women's volley champions for 1929-30 are the Senior-Fourth Year team. This team defeated the Sophomore outfit in two straight games and then, after a short rest, returned to the gym floor and downed the Freshman team in what went to a three-game match—the second tiff going to the Greenies. The tournament took place in the P. C. gym, Thursday, Nov. 7.

Because of lack of material, the winners were obliged to borrow two of the Frosh girls to fill in the required six for a team. Every game was packed with thrills, several games being uncomfortably close. Ben Huntington tooted the whistle and Link Wirt tried to keep the scores in order.

PRUNE PICKERS EXCELL IN FINAL GAME

Pacific College "shin-digged" its way to a second victory over the University of Oregon in a soccer game played on the Eugene field Friday, Nov. 8. This time the score was closer, with a final count of 2-1.

Fred Harle, in spite of having a small bone in his leg broken (as has since been revealed), pelted the ball home for score one with a good solid kick that placed the ball squarely between two fullbacks who were in the skirmish and later between the posts clear out of reach of the elongated Webfoot goalie. This first break in the regular routine

of the game came in the second quarter, after considerable dilly-dallying around on the part of both teams. The score remained unchanged until the early part of the fourth quarter. The Prune Pickers, enjoying a refreshed spirit, imbibed by a telegram received after the third quarter, rushed the ball to the Oregon end of the field. Cole, Prune center forward, found himself and the ball all alone, the goalie had fallen and finally reached the earth and was submerged under a deluge of entangling Prune-Picking alliances, so he carefully pushed the ball through for score two.

The Quakers now decided to gather in the prunes they had picked and announce the sale to the world but they were too tired to hold the Oregon team and for the first time this year the ball passed Huntington and the score stood as it did when the game ended a minute and a half later, 2-1.

This is the last game for the local team this year. With only two men graduating a very successful season is anticipated again next year. The Prune Pickers have only been defeated once in the three years they have been playing soccer.

TENTION!

There are six rungs left vacated on the men's tennis ladder. Who wants them? See Ralph Choate for places on this ladder. All men are eligible providing you can defeat the man who holds the twelfth position. Rules governing the ladder are posted by the ladder which may be found at the entrance to the playing floor in the gymnasium.

A FEW DROPS OF SCOTCH

Have you heard of the Scotchman who—
—would give a thousand dollars to be a millionaire?
—went crazy because he bought a score card at a ball game and neither side scored?
—stood on the street corner with two slices of bread in his hand, waiting for the traffic jam?
—talked through his nose to keep from wearing out his false teeth?
—went coccoo trying to shoot off a cannon a little bit at a time?
—took his girl to a restaurant because he had always heard that it is the woman who always pays?
—asked the floorwalker in a five-and-10-cent store where the furniture department was?
—cured his seasickness by swallowing a quarter?
—wrote a farewell note and went to a neighbor's house to turn on the gas?
—works his cross-word puzzles up and down because he doesn't want to come across?
—gave his friend two homing pigeons as a birthday present?
—wouldn't play baseball because he was told it would loosen up his muscles?
—hoarded all his toys for his second childhood?

Coach (to team): "Remember that football develops individuality, initiative and leadership. Now go in there and do exactly as I tell you."

SIDELINE COMMENTS

Pacific Northwest Intercollegiate Soccer Champs—Hail!

Once again the soccer season is past. Once again our record for a year has been written. Still we are the champs. Do we like that?
y como—

The U. of O. game was a dandy. A reputation was at stake and the fellows surely did some neat ball playing.

The Prune Pickers started out pretty slow, but still fast enough to keep U. of O. from threatening very much.

Ben didn't eat grapes, but he didn't have to work very hard during the game. The score that was made wasn't his fault. It was just one of those things that happen.

The long ride to Eugene made the team stiff. They overran, missed kicks and did all sorts of funny things that first quarter.

In the second spasm the gang woke up. Frank began to show that old skill with his clod-mashers and the others began to get going.

That fullback line did some neat work several times. It must be a comfortable feeling to the team to know that if the ball gets behind one line it will be well handled by the next line of defense.

George jarred loose with some of his mighty kicks during the game. Right when they were needed, too.

We liked Jackson's playing during the second half. He should be a good man for next year's champ team.

Link demonstrated his sprinting ability and gave us a small track meet at times when racing after the ball against the tanned Webfoot track man, Allen.

After the first score was made, the Pickers picked up and a real ball game followed.

That telegram made a new team of the fellows. Thanks, girls, you don't realize just how much something like that helps in a game.

Now, just among you, me and the editorial pen, any fellow that can play two games of soccer with a cracked shinbone and play real soccer every minute, has a plentiful supply of what might be called intestinal fortitude. Harle, here's more power to you.

Hey, Bob, get ready to jump! BOO! You don't scare worth a cent, Bob. And furthermore—you can play soccer!

One of the local girls who watched the game took some movies of it. And believe you me, things were moving in the last half.

This could go on far into the night, but I think I have filled enough space for once.

Team, here's looking at you! You have played a great season. You have deserved and won praise, you have brought honor to your Alma Mater. May your sons be champion soccer players unto the third and fourth generation.

I must soon refill my pen and begin on basketball comments. Men, why not make this year a championship year in basketball, too? We are backing you. Let's go!

Looking forward to basketball season. Spectator.

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OH!

A young college lad once produced a piece of literature which went something like this:

Some may call it the carpet green,
And others the verdant mat;
But all of us know it lies in the den,
Where Levi hangs his hat.

This brings home the idea of a new indoor sport to Academy Seniors. Perhaps they will not be called upon to indulge in it, but, if they should be, it would make them miss Principal Mather.

It is also very sad to think of the departed study hall, Athena, Club El Regodeo, and young men's lunch club. Yet college life has its compensations—among them being Room 14.

Ervin Diment: "I just bought a pair of balloon tires."

Mary Sue: "Oh, I didn't know you had a balloon."

Psychology Student: "How long could I live without brains?"

Prof. Conover: "Time alone will tell."

Owen Winslow: "I have a cuckoo clock in my room."

Elmore Jackson: "Mine doesn't keep good time, either."

Samson: "My strength lies in my hair."

Delilah: "Why don't you wash it?"

"Winnie! There's someone after you!" came the warning during a prune battle at Silver's orchard.

"Oh, I knew that."

George Donnell: "Mother, have I been a good boy?"

G. D.'s Mamma: "Yas, darling."

George: "And do you trust me, mother?"

G.'s Ma: "Yes, sweetheart."

George: "Well, why do you keep hiding the jam?"

Miss Binford (to dry goods clerk): "Are these colors fast?"

Clerk: "Oh, my, yes! You ought to see them when they begin to run."

Oren (in the shower room): "Is that water warm?"

John Henry: "It ought to be; it's been running for an hour."

Link: "You say you dropped your watch in the Willamette. Does it still run?"

Ralph: "Certainly. Did you ever hear of a river being stopped by a watch?"

Sandoz: "I can't get my locker shut."

Coach: "Take your shoes out."

Frank: "I'm not going to use the car today."

Mr. Cole: "What's wrong with it?"

Hans Nieland: "No, mother, I didn't lose my front teeth; I have them in my pocket."

"Do you know the difference between taxis and trolleys?"

"No."

"Good; we'll take a trolley."

Yvonne: "I've just come from the beauty parlor."

Ardeth: "I suppose it was closed."

Prof. Perisho: "There are only two students in this class who made passing grades on the quiz."

Don L.: "Who's the other one?"

JUDGING SOUP BY EAR AN ART

"I hear you like soup," remarked the newcomer as he joined his friend at lunch.

"Sounds good, doesn't it?" responded the other from the depths of a bowl.

"There is no sweeter sound to my caloused ear," went on the first speaker.

"You have such wonderful liquid tones, too. Can you play 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

"I Hear You Calling Me' is my best effort," said the witness for the defense. "I furnish the high notes—you get the air outside."

"You said a mouthful," was the rejoinder. "But it would be better for music lovers if you ate your soup in a flat."

Both speakers were steady patrons of the "Dirty Spoon Lunch" found in most cities and towns. They belonged to the same lodge because both blew on their soup to cool it. The second speaker had a distinct advantage over the other; he had a mustache which he utilized as a strainer. He followed the other's example by ordering bean "zup" and ensuing duet visibly moved the other patrons.

The art of drinking soup as practiced in certain "beaneries" has reached a high stage of perfection. Observation reveals four principal methods of downing soup in a hash house, namely:

1. Inhaling
2. Gargling
3. Sipping
4. Guzzling

These methods, however, apply only to clear varieties; thickened soups are in a class by themselves and require handling by "soup-eriors." There are two ways to determine the quality of soup. The first is by taste, but the second and more practical is by hearing it. Experiment in any public eating house. Observe the person near you. If he is making his soup disappear with an exhilarating sound, order some of the same kind; but if his soup appears to be silently elusive—if he merely flirts with it—try something else.

SAYINGS OF THE TIMES

Aviation will trim Elijah.—Assistant Secretary of War Davidson.

Even the most shiny nose could wait until church service is over.—Rev. Stewart Bernays.

Instead of having compartments for smokers, railroads should label some "Talkers."—Dean Inge.

My word is law. I am Mussolini.—Premier Mussolini.

The liquor generation should be allowed to die in silence.—Henry Ford.

There is no pleasure in doing evil.—Lady Astor.

Americans suffer more from an inferiority complex than any other people.—Prof. Alfred Adler, psychologist-discoverer of that complex.

The Kellogg pact has brought forward an ideal of high international morality.—King Albert of Belgium.

Once the world knows your address you are doomed.—Sir James Irvine.

We do not believe in a strikeless America.—President Green of the Federation of Labor.

Talking films are the last gasp of a dying industry.—Channing Pollock, playwright.

What good are expensive negligees if nobody sees them.—Rex Beach, author.

Why not reach for a Bible instead of a sweet—or a smoke?—Rev. Russell M. Brougher.

The alarm clock as an institution should be abolished.—Dr. Jesse F. Williams.

Visit my office with some good Scotch and I'll fill the office with dry members of Congress who will bring it up.—Rep. F. H. LaGuardia of N. Y.

Europe is at least two years late in the manner of playing jazz.—Meyer Davis, orchestra leader.

We plan to print the next Crescent on tissue paper so everybody can see through the jokes.

WANDERINGS

A careful investigation has proved that Archie Yergen stands highest of any of the Fourth Years in all of his classes.

As a soccer player, Carl Sandoz doesn't make a good prune picker; he's much too active. And by the way, who ever saw a prune picker who used his feet more than his hands.

If a polo shirt is any indication of a polo expert, several Fourth Years might be described as passionate polo players.

Please do not think that the Fourth Years have developed the habit of talking to themselves—if translated, you would find the conversation to be composed of quotations from Chaucer or Shakespeare.

Ask Eldon Newberry how the bump on his head may be made to coincide with the fact that one of the blinds in the dungeon was missing from its place for a few days.

It is strange to relate, but also stranger to experience, the plight of Burton Frost, whose tongue recently became all cut up about something or other. Although it doesn't mean much to me, it has been said that La Verne Hutchens came very near being all broken up about the matter.

BOYHOOD'S TRIALS

If he goes with girls, he's a shiek;
If he doesn't go with girls, he's slow;
If he speaks to everybody, he's fresh;
If he doesn't, he's a snob;
If he's interested just in sports, he's dumb;

If he doesn't play on teams, he's a weakling;

So what must a modern boy do to meet the approval of everyone?

Mr. Gulley: "Which are you going to run—the mile or the two mile?"

Ambitious Runner: "I don't know. I can tell you better at the end of the mile."

We plan to print the next Crescent on tissue paper so everybody can see through the jokes.

FOR BRAINY PEOPLE ONLY

How much does Toledo, O.?
How much does Harrisburg, Pa.?
How many eggs did New Orleans La.?
Whose grass did Springfield, Mo.?
What made Chicago, Ill.?
You can call Minneapolis, Minn.,
So why not Annapolis, Ann?
If you can't figure these out, why
We'll bet Topeka, Kan.

LET ME DREAM AMONG THE HILLS

When the grass is green and growing,
Near the brook that's swiftly flowing,
While the cooling breeze is blowing,
Let me dream among the hills.

When the wood-hen starts her drumming

For the worm that dreads her coming;

While the bees are busy humming,
Let me dream among the hills.

When the shadows northward turning
Where the Northern Lights are burning
Fill the heart with vacant yearning,
Let me dream among the hills.

When the swans are southward speeding

Where eternal summer's leading,
Hear, oh hear my earnest pleading,
Let me dream among the hills.

—Clyde Mitchell, Ozone, Tenn.

NOT SO DUMB

The dull boy in the class unexpectedly distinguished himself in a recent examination when, in replying to the question, "How and where was slavery introduced into America?" he wrote:

"No women had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London Co. sent over a shipload of girls. The planters gladly married them and slavery was introduced in America."

A Scottish farmer was elected to the local school board. In preparation for his new duties, he visited the village school to test the intelligence of the pupils, and asked this question:

"Now, boys, can any of you tell me what nothing is?"

After a moment of silence, a small boy in the back seat arose and said: "It's what ye gave me the other day for holdin' yer hoss."

"Buck up. What's the matter?"

"A chiropractor owed me fifty dollars and I let him take it out in trade."

Epicure: "I'll have French-fries with pork chops, and I'll have the pork chops lean."

Waiter: "Yes, sir. Which way?"

Milo: "Is she entertaining?"

Loquacious: "I'll say. I talked to her all evening and she didn't interrupt me once."

John: "I keep thinking that tomorrow is Wednesday."

George: "Tomorrow is Wednesday."

John: "I know it; that's why I keep thinking it is."

Dorothy: "You have to drink a quart of milk a day? Why?"

Ralph: "To keep it from getting sour."

"My Scotch uncle sent me his picture last week."

"How was it—a good picture?"

"Don't know; haven't had it developed yet."

"We have a table that goes back to Louis XIV."

"That's nothing! We have a phonograph that goes back to Kienle's the fifteenth."

Rodney: "Dora, will you marry me? I've saved enough money so that we can live at the rate of \$5000 a year."

Dora: "For how long?"

Rod: "Oh, about two months."

Mr. Gulley: "Which are you going to run—the mile or the two mile?"

Ambitious Runner: "I don't know. I can tell you better at the end of the mile."

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HOMER G. MOORE

OH, YEAH!

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Ethel with a black wig—
 Fire-Chief with a weak will—
 Pauline without a date—
 Link slipping quietly through the front door—
 Don needing stilts to reach the door-knob—
 Frank badly in need of company—
 Generva hating a street—
 Lynn not in a hurry—
 LaVerne wearing her freshman cap—
 Elva without a giggle—
 George preferring blondes—
 Archie studying campestry—
 Miss Binford adopting orphans for company—
 Bissett flirting with the girls?

THE THINKER

He sat so silently
 Frowning at his book,
 And oh! the clever interest
 That centered in that look.

He scarcely knew when I approached,
 And was certainly not pleased
 When, without regard for student rules,
 The girl beside him sneezed.

For this boy was "the thinker,"
 The student grave and bold
 Who, rather than talk in Room 14
 Would have suffered in the cold.

(Editor's Note—More or less affectionately, if not sincerely, dedicated to Marion DeVine.—J. D. S.)

SAFETY VALVE

If it were possible, I would like to dedicate this paragraph to the memory of one certain unscrupulous, misguided, and over-zealous letter club member whose extreme ambition lately caused a Fourth Year to hurriedly search the recesses of his mind in an effort to recall a recent criminal action, which, because it was not criminal, even to the Gold P club, only helped to prove the above mentioned member to be as described.

One of the most outstanding and entirely appropriate remarks ever uttered in the Physics laboratory, recently burst forth under the stress of extreme emotion—"Oh, ain't we got friction!"

Some members of the same group, while watching the strokes of a pendulum, found time to originate the following bit of humor: A Scotchman who had built a chicken coop finally decided, after a great amount of mental strain, that he would not paint the building, but would stain it instead, in order to bring out the grain.

S'MORE SONGS

The hypochondriac song—"That's My Weakness Now."

The pawnbrokers' song—"Ve'll Lent Cha!" (Valentia).

The Scotch song—"The Best Things in Life Are Free."

The quarrel song—"She Said and I Said!"

The cheese song—"I Miss My Swiss."

The astronomer's song—"My Lucky Star!"

The suspender song—"It All Depends on You!"

The floorwalker's song—"Sleep, Baby, Sleep!"

The saccharin song—"Ain't Shee Sweet?"

The Ohio song—"Ohio the merrio."

The gambler's song—"Let Me Call You Sweetheart!"

The baby beef song—"Someday Veal Meat Again!"

The bad aim song—"Oh How I Miss You Tonight!"

HOOVER HALL ARISES

Our stage is set. Ten loud musical, terrifying snores prevail upon the placid, foggy atmosphere. Nothing happens. Still nothing happens. And still nothing hap—whoops,—a thunderous tinkle peals forth, shattering asunder all the accustomed serenity. The rising bell is still announcing the sly approach of another day—Oh, heck,—another day. Darn that bell, must be Generva ringing it! Why doesn't that Jackson guy shut off his alarm clock—just 'cause he wants to get over to breakfast and see the waitresses is no sign everyone else does! Now he's trying to play a tune on his two-bit clock. Strains of "Oh How I Hate—" Bang! It bounces off a door and all is peaceful. Intermission 12 minutes. The dead are still dead.

Hark! Music—No, it's only Link accompanying that nicker victrola bursting forth with "Am I Blue?" We wish you were. Seven more clocks are smothered. Alarm clocks may come, alarm clocks may go, but that blamed phonograph goes on forever! Tinkle, tinkle—"Goodnight—is that the ten-minute bell? For gosh sakes it's 10 minutes early! Wait'll I get to breakfast, I'll raise Sam Hill!" "Yeah? You and who el—" Hallelujah! Hall, Hall, the— Aw, ya might know old Winslow would open his mouth. Clump! Clump! Fire Hydrant clambors down stairs yelling bloody murder about the lack of warmth while he takes a cold shower.

"Mornin', gentlemen and Hank—" Elmore shrieks as he thrusts his head under the cold water faucet, to shake off the sweet dreams—of whom? Hey-y, Hank, you're crazy! You think you—" "Shut up, George, you aren't due out of bed for 5 minutes yet, besides, you're the crazy guy." Here comes Hans waddling down the hall. "m-m-M-M-m-m," as he takes a big draught from the hot water spout. "Hey, will you guys lay off shoving my elbow; can't you see what I'm trying to do?" "Looks like you've been washing your neck with a razor, Mills." Here comes old Russ all covered with oil from somewhere. "Hey, you sap, I'm washing in water, not oil!" yells Oren. Two minutes to go, going. Thump—another—Bump! as Larimer's big toe hits the floor. We hope he won't take it into his head to roll out of bed some night, especially because Hank sleeps below him, and you know how we hate to mop up grease spots where our roommates used to be. Too bad, Bert! Look Out—here comes Bowman with Larimer trying to run him interference and hold up his pants at the same time.

Smack!—and four heads bump as they all try to get in the wash bowl at the same time. Bang! Crash—goes the front door as a single file of half dressed sleepyheads rush madly outdoors and down the frosty walk and trip each other and slip in the grass. "Tinkle—hey—tinkle—" is heard. A few light footbeats, and—"What bell was that, fellas?" Don yawns, talking to himself. Now we know why so many freshmen forget their bonnets. Hey-y-y, George! You're crazy, cause—"

MY COUNTRY

From a Car Window
 Processional mountains and prairies and woods
 And rivers that laugh as they run,
 Adventurous autos with mud-spattered hoods,
 The maize growing tall in the sun.
 And cows under apple trees, pleasantly cool,
 And villages, hamlets and farms;
 And thousands of children going to school
 With their joggerflies under their arms.
 —Arthur Guiterman.

Cop: "Don't you know that the King bans speeding?"
 Swede Hanson: "Ja? Vell, I ban speeding myself!"

HOOZ HOO

Burton Frost spent last Friday evening in Eugene visiting friends.

Oren Winslow spent the weekend visiting Howard Toft, an Idaho man, at Oregon State College.

Winnie Woodward accompanied Mr. and Mrs. McGuire and Dennis to Forest Grove last Sunday afternoon where they visited friends.

Henry Davenport and Hans Neiland visited the U. of O. soccer game at the Kappa Sigma house Saturday.

Students outside of the dormitory who attended the Christian Endeavor conference at McMinnville included Burton Frost, Mary Sue Binford, La Verne Hutchens, Veldon Diment, Arloene Davey, Doyle Green, Winnifred Woodward, Eldon Newberry and Ethel Newberry.

A number of Pacific College students attended the Newberg-Tigard football game Armistice Day.

The Y. M.-Y. W. conference held at Newport over the weekend was attended by two representatives from each organization. Those who went are Arloene Davey, Elizabeth Hadley, Linn Hampton and Elmore Jackson.

Lillian Barnes and Bertha Walton were the dinner guests of Mary Sue Binford last Saturday noon.

Grace Mason spent Armistice Day in Portland.

NOVEMBER PRAYER

I like to watch the leaves that dance
 Upon November trees;
 I like to hear the way they laugh
 Their answer to the breeze.
 I like the gallant gowns they wear,
 Of gold and scarlet made—
 I even like the way they fall,
 So crisp—so unafraid!

They lend my soul a little prayer,
 They make me, softly, say:
 "When autumn comes into my life,
 Let me be brave and gay . . .
 God, give me grace to laugh and dance,
 As to the branch I cling,
 And let me wear a vivid dress,
 And dream of youth—and spring."
 —Margaret C. Sangster.

PRE-EMINENT

His name led all of the rest in primary school.

Also in grammar school.
 Likewise in high school and university,
 the telephone directory and the city directory.

It was Aagison—Aaron Andrew Aagison.

REEL TRAGEDY

In the dusk, the face of the woman appeared pale and wrinkled and old. She walked falteringly, slowly. Not a soul came to her aid, although two or three glanced at her with pitying eyes. For the last time, she arose and began her journey forward, stopping at intervals and looking into the dark with peering, searching eyes.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of her despair, she gave up and took a back seat.

The only usher at the community movie theater was out.

MY WAY OF FISHING

I've cut a papaw fishing pole,
 I've dug a can of bait;
 I have hook and line and the day is fine
 So I won't be home till late.
 They may not bite, but 'twill be all right,
 I might not pull if they did
 For I may lie on the grassy bank,
 My face from the sun rays hid.
 Some anglers may scorn this way of mine,
 But they can do as they wish;
 I'd rather lie about the bank then lie about the fish.

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Y. W. C. A.

November 6

"How Religion Has Helped Me" was the general topic for Y. W. on November 6, in charge of the Freshman girls. Elizabeth Ott was leader.

The subject was presented in several short talks: Helen George, "How religion has helped me in high school life;" La Verne Hutchens, "In the Freshman year at college;" Esther Gulley, "As a college Senior;" and Miss Sutton, "As a teacher."

All the worthwhile things in life belong to Christianity, love, sympathy, joy. It is a goal to which we are striving throughout our life, especially in our school life, where we can help others as well as ourselves.

November 12

Marcia Seeber, national student secretary for the Seabeck division of the Y. W. C. A., spoke to the Y. W. and Y. M. on November 12.

She first told about the student Christian movement that is going on throughout the world. The purpose of the Christian associations is to help students to better understand themselves, their neighbors, and their God. They should also be forces to establish a greater understanding between nations. They help us to come into a new and vital relationship with our God, as we can do not only in private devotions, but as we walk and talk and live with other people. The Y. M. and Y. W. also help some of the dreams we have had about life to come true, and to have these dreams shared with other people's dreams.

Miss Seeber closed by reading a poem, "I am a Dream in the Soul of Youth."

Y. M. C. A.

Frank Cole led a very interesting discussion in Y. M. on Wednesday, November 6, relating to the uplifting or degenerating effects of various forms of pleasure. The types of pleasure discussed were: gambling, athletics, dancing, movies. The degenerating effects of gambling were: wasted time, energy and money, and dishonesty. The uplifting element was a development of keenness of mind.

Athletics: degenerating—overtaxation of muscles. Uplifting—physical development.

Dancing: degenerating—late hours, wrong association, and social evils. Uplifting—exercise, poise and courtesy.

Movies: degenerating—wasted money, late hours, waste of time, and lack of educational value in most movies. Uplifting—educational value.

LOST DIGNITY

A century ago the college student was looked up to; fifty years later he was admired; twenty-five years ago he was respected; today he is tolerated. . . .

College students today are no longer the "thinking minority." With the democratization of education we find everyone going to college. And when everyone goes to an "education factory," the law of averages insures that there will be a high quota of undesirable.

Too many children are using the American college as a most convenient and very satisfactory means of prolonging childhood. Instead of accepting new responsibilities upon entering, we find them postponing the assumption of burdens. Rather than helping to broaden their view, college now narrows it; their minds and experiences are concentrated upon the little cage in which they dash furiously but futilely round and round. It would not be so bad if these Peter Pans did not destroy the morale of the select group which since the year one has questioned and probed the realms of nature, philosophy, politics, literature, history, and the sciences.

CHAPEL TALKS

November 7

Three witches sat in a circle around the brewing caldron. While repeating their mystic words, Professor Gulley approached and sought to know what the results of the Friday's soccer game would be. In low, deep voices they replied: "The team will be successful and win; but beware lest you have too much confidence. Remember we are backing you. You will win at the game at Eugene."

We wonder after all if the prophecies of witches are not true.

PRESIDENT GIVES PEACE TALK

President Pennington gave an Armistice Day talk, November 13. The main theme of his speech was, "Is war going to destroy Christian civilization or is Christian Civilization going to destroy war?" He spoke of the idea, "Why not forget war instead of continually bringing it to mind by commemorating its close in Armistice Day and by erecting monuments to its heroes. The arguments given by people who are opposed to peace are the following:

1. Human nature can't be changed. There are two answers to give to refute that argument—"Taint so" and "What if it is?" Point of view can be changed.

2. The peace propaganda is impractical. If peace is impractical then war must be practical, with 10,000,000 young men killed, 10,000,000 injured and later dying, 20,000,000 women and children mercilessly butchered, beside the money cost of \$268,500,000,000; more than the total wealth of the U. S. before the war. So war must be practical if they say peace isn't.

3. The world isn't ready for peace. Did Christ wait until the world was ready for Him? Lead! Don't follow! If the world isn't ready for peace, make it ready.

4. God has definitely prophesied war until the end of time. Isn't it somewhat probable that prophecies are misunderstood? Others have been misinterpreted, why not this one. If the conditions are changed the prophecy will change. Take for example—It was prophesied that Ninevah should be destroyed definitely. The conditions changed and Ninevah was saved.

All of the objections can be refuted by good sound arguments and insight.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

RECOUNTS EXPERIENCE

Marion DeVine gave an exceedingly interesting travelogue in Student Chapel November 14. He told of his experiences during the summer riding on freight cars. His travels were varied and colorful and it was hinted that his companions and he succeeded in living quite well on breakfasts and sleeping a few hours in some cramped position, draped over the railing of a boxcar, or curled up on a few sacks in a corner of the boxcar. Several times during the summer he lost his way and was carried by the wrong train to unknown places. But finally he arrived home where he could take 5 or 6 baths and sleep to his hearts content. Everyone enjoyed listening to his experiences.

itics, literature, history, and the sciences.

Perhaps the college is making a mistake in letting down the bars and in swinging wide the campus gate, allowing a force to enter within which will gradually eat away and tear down its standards. Undoubtedly there are two sides to the question, but there are many who are questioning democracy in education. At all events the college has descended or revolved, as you prefer, from the patrician to the plebeian. —The Drake Delphic.

WHY THE ALUMNI RETURN

When Roger Babson, the statistical college professor, attends a Class Day, he probably carries home with him an impression like the following:

25 per cent of the visiting alumni are there because they are doing well in business and want to tell about it.

20 per cent who are not doing so well had new summer suits to wear and no better place to wear them.

15 per cent wanted to get drunk with old classmates whom they wouldn't cross the street to see on the other 364 days of the year.

10 per cent are ex-athletes visiting the scene of their former triumphs.

Another 10 per cent had no sales resistance to the follow-up letters from the alumni secretary.

8 per cent are insincere sentimentalists who (1) wish they were in college again—for about five minutes; (2) want to feel sorry for the graduating class.

6 per cent are still in the bond business and must keep up acquaintances.

3 per cent had nothing better to do and wanted to tell their stenographers they were "going up to college for the day."

2 per cent are professional alumni waiting to bully the president.

1 per cent have a real respect for their alma mater as a seat of learning. —C. B. W. G., in "Life."

SIMILES OF 1929

As unmanageable as a skirt in a rumble seat.

As set in his ways as pennies in a gum machine.

When the landscape fades like butter at a July picnic.

As poor a memory for faces as a man in the front row at the Winter Garden.

As dry as a Washington cop watching diplomatic liquor roll by.

As happy as an old maid being held for ransom.

As scarce as welcome mats on Scotch thresholds.

As infrequent as the Chicago gangster who dies of old age.

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