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Editors of The Spectator

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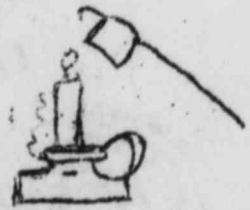
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GEZINS



INOTIUM

THE SPECTATOR

CONSUMMATUM

Seattle College

Wednesday Mar. 1, 1933

Vol. 1

No. V

SWIM FROLIC SUCCESS

Again Seattle College comes through to introduce a new and hithertofore unknown affair in the annals of the College Dept. The 'Frolic' given last Friday at the W.A.C. was according to the committee successful, both financially and socially. The free admission for women was taken advantage of and the gayly colored suits added much zest to the affair.

(Did you notice the orchestra? That according to our chairman was the 'faux pas' of the evening—nuff said.)

The lower classmen also took advantage of the opportunity to 'duck' a number of the upper classmen. We hear Howard took it eight times, and Molthan is still wondering how he ever got up from the bottom, after all the water he swallowed. Howard played safe and took tickets.

A number of tickets had to be returned due to the closing of the pool earlier than was expected, this naturally cut down considerably on the receipts of the evening.

HYPNOTISM-Plus.

Fr. McGoldricks lectures Tuesday on mental disorders and the various forms of hypnotism created quite a furor among the students of psychology. Consequently should anyone be seen within the next few days acting queerly put it down as the after effects of the lecture.

VANDALISM

Vandalism is not only a sin but a crime. It seems to be quite prevalent in the College. Intentionally? We do not think so. It has undoubtedly been done in a moment of utter forgetfulness. However it shows a lack of character, when one can allow oneself to fall into a state in which he will desecrate another's property. We refer to the desk chairs. Students have seemingly a penchant for carving another's initials on the desks, of creating fantastic designs of pencil lines, in fact some have given way to a hithertofore dormant artistic ability. May we suggest that the next time these impulses arise, to work them out on paper and not on the desks.

BOOKS

A general request is made to those who have books at home belonging to the College library. Many students after reading these books lay them aside, and unintentionally forget to return them. At present there is being a great number taken from the library, but none seem to be returning. A check up therefore is being made on all missing books, and the librarian requests that these books be returned before the end of the week.



How many times have we not marvelled at our ability to withstand the onslaughts of ennui. The decrepitude of our years finds us cold to the delights, dubious is a good word, of bridge, the dance, opera, the average novel, the average short story, the average movie, and the average mode of existence. We throw ourselves open to the charge of being queer fellows, with an unsocial attitude. For all of which we don't give the proverbial Irish tinker's damn. We've built ourselves a castle in Spain, and we're having a lot of good fun trying to live in it.

In an heroic effort to stave off the appearance of a third chin we have walked considerable distances to attend this institution of the higher learning each morning of our collegiate lives these last two years. It was our wont to walk two blocks from the straight line that geometers had informed us to be the shortest distance between any two points. We can acknowledge the truth at last. We were little better than a peeping Tom. In an old house, unpainted, undetermined as to the direction it must someday lean, they lived. They were simply a man and woman. Old if you will, But from them emanated the grandest matinal sermon. Every morning they would be there. We could see them as we passed the spotless window. She sat in a

ing rocker, knitting tiny garments. He sat, pipe in mouth, glasses on his nose tip, reading her the morning paper. An old fashioned wood heater cast grasping shadows soaking the charm of the old room. On the floor lay a great grey cat, lazily presenting his white belly to the oldest of all man's comfortors, heat. In the dark mornings of winter they would all be there. He would cast anxious glances eastward in search of sufficient light to read his paper. Then the scene was the most compelling. Age, heat, a cat, poverty perhaps, but all loved in the ruddy glow of the heater.

We don't walk that way any more. Forgive us. We seldom drag our lavender and old lace from our depository. About a month ago the sewing rocker was empty. He sat before the empty heater, an unlighted pipe in his hand. The cat was walking in the winter flower boxes. The next morning the paper still lay on the porch. The house is not for rent. The lawn is badly in need of mowing.

RADIO

A temporary receiver has been installed in the Radio Club Room for the reception of short wave transmissions. Junk boxes were ransacked, and ash cans raided for sufficient parts for a small wave receiver. It doesn't look like much we will admit—but how it does perform. After it had screeched its natal squawk to the detriment of Hooshon's ears, it was christened the 'Signal Belcher'.

The constitution of the Club was submitted to the school authorities last week, and met with their unqualified approval. Students interested may obtain copies of the constitution from the Treas.



PERSONALITIES

Note-

(The Editor was intimidated with the results that none of this could be cut)

Chap: 1. We have a dandy recipe. Take five strong rays of California sunshine, four drops of good German blood, an infectious smile, lots of sifted nerve, a dash of Orange Curacao, the affection of any amount of women, and, lo, we have Vincent Gorhard.

Vincent is a nice boy. And he is already twenty-two years an inhabitant of Earth. Would you have thought it possible? We mean of course that nice boys at this advanced age are some what anomolous in this year of grace, -1933.

Born in Portland, he migrated at an early age to Oakland, Calif. At a tender age he heard a Native Son apologising for the unusual weather. The virus had entered his system. All his life he was to have a child like faith in the existence of beauty in California.

Vincent attended the Sacred Heart grammar school in Oakland. Then on to St. Mary's. This was an unfortunate move. Add to the insidiousness of Califor-inanity the polishing touches of St. Mary's. Reader, we weep with you.

Chap: 2

St. Mary's, ah, ah, ah, ah. He came, he saw, he went. Vincent, (or if you prefer-Vinc). Slip Madigan was dramatic coach at this time. Gettysburg you remember had just been glorified by Earl Carroll in his stirring unveiling of the dregs of a bath-tub. Vincent set his heart on a bath tub of dregs. Her name was love. That's all. To

take up from where the light man left off. Vinc played the feminine lord in all the high school plays. Or we can say the same thing another way and simply say that he was the champion tennis player of the school. As editor of the Phi Chi annual Vinc left St. Mary's to go to Europe. He also left the C.C. or St. Mary's High School or someone, a debt of \$800.00. The school changed its motto to 'Vin or Lose', life is like that.

Chap: 3

We haven't much space or we would tell you about Vinc in Europe. All we suggest is that he takes those post-cards away from our Freshmen. He did everything unusually well in Europe. Yes; and everyone. We recommend to your leisure moments his masterly article that appeared four times in an equal number of Police Gazettes, darn it we meant Bellyhoo: 'Twilight of Art or 3 a.m. in Monmartre with Sound. (The identity of Sound has never been discovered).

Chap: 4

Like wild fire the news spread. The campus took on new life Gorhard was back at St. Mary's. And in Collogo too. He had escaped the clutches of the French Suretc, to matriculate at dear old St. Mary's. He became head of this, he chairmaned that. He was playing his true role at last. He was an executor. It was only after he left that it was discovered by the treasury department that he should have been the executed. Women were hysterical. Strong men snivelled in each others arms. He had done it again. The Freshmen dance was in the hole to the tune of \$300.00. So again we have the second hogira of Ali Gorhard. He followed his bed and board to Seattle. St. Mary's wired: "Vinc come back. All is forgiven". Vinc outwitted them. There were no treaties of extradition between the two states because.....Fill in that

Whispers

Editor V. Gerhard
 Asst. Ed. J. Molthan
 Asst. Ed. W. Jahn
 Art Ed. F. Townsend
 Bus Mgr. C. Robinson

Reporters

Olmer-Hurley-Malono-Casoy

Casoy is going Wheeler and Woolsey his next suit will be a dress. The boys ribbing Mr. McLane on his new suit...Howard feeling texture--hum, sack cloth.... The psycho class would like Fr. Roidy to explain 'Floozing'. At last we have ferreted it out. Howard sold his newspaper corners for a small fortune...Notice the diamond ring on the petite finger of 'our president's' left 'paw' / (What no leaves)

Personalities*

space and we will send you a beautiful pinto pony.

Chap: 5

Into Seattle College stalked Fate. She was impersonated by Vincent Horhard. He had come to put S.C. on a paying basis. He remained to break the hearts of Seattle's finest women. Endowed with a magnificent appetite he soon had their fathers' purse strings groaning. Purse strings do that in our time. Vincent distinguished himself by his ability to chisel in on our women, his unfeeling affirmative reply to invitations to stay for dinner, his consistency in the matter of grades, - a good strong E. Incidentally he is Editor of this sheet. Perhaps his most outstanding social accomplishment is his ability to tell intriguing bed time stories to children. Children and mothers love Vincent. He sings a good second tenor.

We hear Genest ditched his date the night of the swim frolic. Tisk. Tisk. Soon a dozen stags looking for pickups at the W.A.C. last Friday. Fr. Roidy:--We had that last year Harold, but don't let that stop you. Sylvester wasn't at class Friday, no doubt he was looking for a yellow swim suit. Harrington and Shore believe they have the answer to 'Free Will'. We see Freeley furnished most of the women Friday night. (What a man) We reiterate--How the children go for 'James'. We hear McClaire is that way about a certain petite blonde he met Frid. Genest found apologising for his neglect. We were mightily attracted to Boyle's 'Blonde Venus'. Freeley the Colloge stand by. (Good ole Freeley). Harrington seen sporting a new pair of 'gun boats' with exploding blue sox. Townsend goes chivalrous:--"Women's place is in the home."

L'Envoy

If you mugs have tears, prepare to dry them. Vinc is going back to California. St. Mary's is out of debt again, so Vinc is going to look into that. Our gain is St. Mary's loss. As we watch the long arm of the Gael reach out for its own, we'll regret a good gollow. With all his faults Vinc can take it. If nothing else he leaves behind him a flock of offies.

 We leave you with Countee Cullen's latest poem.

Birth is a crime,
 All men commit.
 Life gives them time
 To atone for it.
 Death ends the rhyme
 As the price for it.

STAFF

Editor V Gerhard
Ass Ed J Molthan
Ass Ed W Jahn
Art Ed F Townsend
Bus Mgr C Robinson

Reporters

Olmer-Hurley-Malone-Casoy.



MIRRORS OF 1933 (Anonymous)

FROSH

Harold Daubenspeck says that Fr. Nichols reminds him of the 'old Maestro'.
We hear Jim Casoy likes the beauties of Queen Anne Hill----
'Mory' Maher seen trying to teach Drew how to ski.
Mullaney wondering when he will catch up to his History home work.
We hear Owens has moved again.
(Come on up fellows)
Jimmie Finn seen going into Fort Lawton on a Friday night--and not alone either.
We hear Trembreuill is that way about a certain Brunette.
Boyle seen escorting a member of the fair sex. (Who is she Frank)
We would like to know who the girl is that Gallagher always calls when he is in the office from 10-11 every day.
Corrigan seen with Chevallo.
Ward Harvey going into the Wash. Athletic Club.
Casoy staggng it at a free dance.
Cainby telling the boys the advantage of being small.
Lecture and Mc Claire still 'bumming tobacco for their pipes.
We hear Maher and Mullaney are seriously thinking of buying the Brianen.

This book following close upon the heels of the 'Washington Merry-go Round', attempts to catch some of the popular appeal of that opus, but falls far short in the attempt. The author is of course, anonymous, and like most anonymous authors, has some bone to pick with the nation in general. His attitude is that of one who has searched the world for an honest man and has found it wanting. He declares that Al Smith has gone 'high hat' and describes him as a man who has turned his eyes from the Bronx to Wall Street. And Hoover, according to the author, never turned his eye toward the Bronx, but was born with his gaze fixed on Wall Street, and seemed to like the view. The Author is evidently not wanting in courage for he even goes so far as to criticize Huey Long, which is practically the same as slapping the face of a tiger. Perhaps the author's daring lies in his anonymity. At any rate, the writer seems to be a Republican who failed to secure a position from this administration. Thus because he feels slighted he is forced to rail against the Republicans. And because of party affiliations he obviously could find nothing good in the Democratic party. Hence apposed to everything, he sets himself up as a party of one, and ignores the rest of creation.