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Editors of The Spectator

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Seattle Colloge
Vol. 1.

Week ending March 11, 1933

No. 6.

Provincial Visits

The Reverend Father Fitzgerald, S.J., provincial of the Oregon province visited Seattle Colloge on Tuesday, March 6. In a short address to the student body, the provincial emphasized the importance of the study of Apologetics in these most uncertain days, when students of Catholic institutions, can do so much for their faith.

The provincial further pointed out that just as a small bit of leaven makes many loaves of bread palatable, even a small number of intelligent Catholic leaders, familiar with the tenets of Scholastic Philosophy, can leaven, as it were, a whole people with Christian ideals.

The provincial expressed himself, as highly satisfied with the progress of the school, and commended the untiring enthusiasm, and hard work of the faculty members in building up the Colloge.

Exams Next Week

Again those so-called Frankenstein horrors are upon us. Oh for the institution of learning that will eliminate examinations. What a blessing to the knowledge-seeking student---what a break for the athlete--the college social lion! No worries, no cares, no flunks! Also, probably no knowledge.

Seriously, though, dreams get us nowhere. The exams are here; they surround us like ghosts of past evil deeds. The inevitable quarterly oil must again burn low.

FLASH

Rumour says Soderberg may return.

Warning

Students making plans for spending the last period--or any period for that matter, away from their scheduled classes, take heed.

Dean Peronteau is laying for you with a pile of highly educational volumes that are sure to improve your mind -- but just as sure to raise your temper. Its no use to alibi either. Many have tried, but none have succeeded. Vin Gerhard will testify to that. He has two books to synopsis for the Dean before he can flit away to Southern climes.

Frosh Cut-ups

Where was the Physics class last Friday? Only 9 students showed up. Fr. Prange was gonna dismiss class, but the loyal nine shouted, "We want class!"

Why is it that Ken Quimby is late for English class every morning? We ask you!

By the way, Ken, how is the pharmacy coming along?

Every morning at about 8:40, four comely maidens attending the Immaculate Conception High School (or maybe, Grammar School), pass by the Freshman English room. After that, Drew and Casey can go ahead with their work. Tsk, tsk!





PERSONALITIES

When Michael Davitt Donohoe was born, beer sold for five cents a glass. Michael is now approximating manhood and beer sells three bottles for one dollar. Economists will detect the inexorable workings of the laws of supply and demand.

Born in Seattle, Michael, like to you, led the usual commonplace life of his first childhood until he was eleven months old. And then, wonder of wonders, Michael began to crawl! Psychiatrists called into consultation over his generally queer conduct, predicted a brilliant future for the lusty young Gael. His mother was warned to keep him away from matches, blondes, two-penny nails, brunettes, cigarettes, and waitresses.

School days brought Mike true friends, poor marks, and constant expulsions; also the gift of the Shee of Erin--a glib tongue, a fluent pen, and a lore of horse flesh--in the raw.

Mike distinguished himself in High School with his unflinching good humor, his loquacity, his scintillating wit, and his constant attendance in the ante-rooms of the principal's office.

Then Mike attained to the Fourth Estate. He became, may O.O. McIntyre have mercy on his goal, a journalist, yea, even a sports writer. To many this would have been the end. Life would have been lived, Victory's cool kiss would have quieted ambition's throbbing brow. But not so with Mike. Mike went down--and out. He became the mayor of Jantzen Beach, the playground of Portland's roses and the Pacific fleet. Honor enough for one man you may say. Well, who knows?

Michael Davitt Donohoe is a young man yet. The psychiatrists who prosided over his wear years may have been wrong. There have been waitresses.

Mike, for all the gifts the gods may have showered upon his slender back, is one of us. He is the proud son of a prouder institution. A democratic gentleman, a lover of the beautiful, a warrior in the behalf of the slightly soiled justice of these, our own days. He deserves our approbation, our esteem, even our support--when he cultivates an ear for music.

Irvin S. Cobb tells the following:

A chronic imbiber in a New England city was clinging to a lamppost one Sunday morning when a stranger came along and addressed him.

"Sir," inquires the stranger, "can you tell me where the Second Presbyterian Church is?"

"Mister," answered the weary one, "I don't even know where the first one is!"

Strangely enough we are about to tuck beneath our scholastic belts another quarter of intellectual accomplishments. This week, the lucubrations of the following week, St. Patrick's day, and the thing is over. Our mood is penitential.

The big question in the sophomore class seems to be, "Are we going to have any Epistemology in the test this quarter?"

Let us hope that Fr. Reidy is in his usual jolly mood on that fateful morning!

The Seattle College Basketball Team ended its first complete season in a blaze of glory. Towards the end of their schedule, the squad began functioning in a manner fit to gladden the heart of any coach.

Coach Logan was well satisfied with the team and predicted a championship squad next season. Of a total of 25 games but eight were lost. Which is a respectful average for any team.

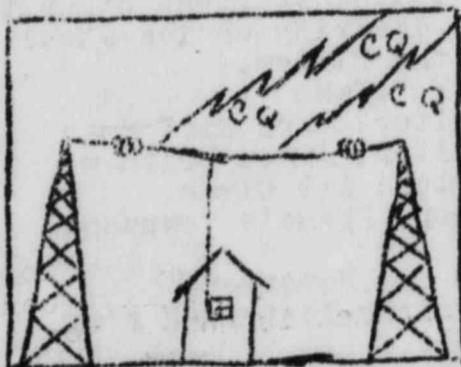
We have one thing to deplore, however, and that is the obviously pathetic number of students that witnessed the games. This is naturally discouraging to the members of the squad. They are doing something for the school and it is no more than fair that the students should back them up;---and yet, there seems to be very little interest on the part of a previously enthusiastic student body.

Now, more than ever, we have the example of the prominent part which athletics play in the upkeep and popularity of a school. The College that has no athletics has few students. We should like to see this institution, of which we are the pioneers, grow to that degree where, in a few years, we might look back with pride! We should like to look back and remember that we, through our co-operation, helped to make it what it is. That we, through our active interest in athletics, helped to found a school of which we may well be proud.

We cannot back the team now. Their season is over. But we CAN back other activities, with always that one object in mind--- "An ever-growing institution."

Thought for today----"School"

Are we to have another "splurge" at the W.A.C. club this year?



The Constitution of the Radio Club as adopted by the membership at the meeting of February 10, was submitted by the Board of Control to the school authorities last week, and met with their unqualified approval. Students interested may obtain copies of the constitution from the Treasurer.

Application for a license for the club station was mailed on February 13, along with certified copies of the constitution and authorization of the trustee, W.F. Jahn, to apply in the name of the club. From three to six weeks must elapse before notification of the granting or refusal of the license can be expected. Patience, men!

John Gois and Juan Aquino made application for membership in the Club last week, and were accepted by the Board of Control. Upon payment of the first months dues, they will become regular members of the Club. New members should see Earl Sifferman, Club Vice President, for assignment to code instructors.

Ed Stevens (W7BB), technical advisor to the Club, announces his association this week with General Radio Inc., in their new store on first Avenue. Ed will have charge of the C-W department in the new store, while the phone department will be under the supervision of Ernest VanHorn (W7IA).

The Spectator is published once a week by the Associated Students of Seattle College. Persons other than students desiring copies should address the Editor.

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Casey-Freeley-Lecture-Harley

New Editor

With this edition, the Spectator comes out for the first time under its new editor, W.F. Jahn. As a result of demands by many students, changes have been made in the make-up of the paper. Certain departments hitherto incorporated in the paper have been deleted; others have been added. It is the idea of the the new editor to make the Spectator more the paper of the students themselves, than it has been in the past. To aid in doing this, editors in each class, have, or will be appointed, to write up the doings of the class, and to stir up interest in College activities.

For the past two issues there has been nothing in the paper devoted to the Freshman Class. In the future we hope to have a regular column of Freshman activities.

Real estate man (trying to sell a home to John Hoeschen): "And furthermore, this house hasn't a flaw in it!"

John: "Good gosh, what do you walk on?"

We hear that Martin has a "drag" with Fr. Nichols----- John has two book reports to hand in this quarter.

~~THE NEW AND OLD SPECTATOR~~ Y
Quimby flirting with another waitress.....Boyle with a cookie duster....Halpin trying to give "lizzie" the run around.....Jacobson talking in his sleep in Apologetics. Forrest at the Junior Catholic Dance..... Daubenspeck falling off his "yacht" into Lake Union.....Finn on Magnolia Bluff again with his S.P...McGinley at the State's Burlesque..... Gallagher driving to Everett with Howard Sylvester's girl.....Owens making another batch (two weeks boys)....Harvey and a gal under an umbrella in Coon Hollow.....

Drew in bed with a cold Saturday Sunday, and Monday.....Coleman gets a loge seat in Fr. Reidy's class for the same price....This staff member would like to know if its true Allan Steele's name is "Shine".....Jim Casey

Lenten Resolutions

Molthan--To do his own French.

Shea--To drive slower.

Harrington--To wear somber sox.

Malone--To read his English every day.

Genest--To keep all dates as they should be kept.

Sylvester--To really have the boys up. Oh! Oh!

Martin--To PLEASE let his hair grow.

Robinson--To be "good to Mac".
(The tests are coming around, Carl.)

In the midst of these first warm days of balmy spring, the crack of the bat against the well-known horsehide is heard echoing from all parts, while the eager eyes of those baseball addicts light up with a fanatical gleam and the corners of the dark hallways resound with their eager whispers, we, of Seattle College, are looking forward to a yet mythical baseball team.