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Editors of The Palestra

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THE DATE IS
JANUARY 30

Palestra

COLUMBIA COMING
ON FEB. 7

VOL. III. NO. 5

SEATTLE COLLEGE, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

JANUARY, 1925



MICHAEL MONAGLE

Debating Banquet Held Last Week

On Wednesday evening, January 22 the Senior Debating Society held its semi-annual banquet in the Egyptian Room of the L. C. Smith building. To say it was successful, would be terming it mildly and the only way in which the writer can express it, is to say it was a rip-snorter. The food though considerably lacking in quantity, was nevertheless high class, and presented a fine appearance, which was pleasing to the eye and all the other organs with the exception of stomach. But as the consumption of food is not the primary object of banquets these days, the cravings of the palate were soon forgotten in the intellectual fracas that followed.

With John Courtney, that eminent and gifted personage from whose lips flew beautiful tropes and figures, acting as chairman, the after-dinner speeches were begun. Everyone present was called upon to display his mastery of the forensic art, and from the bursts of oratory which followed the introduction of the speakers, one might well conclude that the Debating Society has accomplished its purpose. Every man called upon stood on his feet and spoke his thoughts in a clear and concise manner which reflected credit upon himself and on the organization that developed his powers of oratory.

While the feature speakers were the Moderator, Mr. Dunne, S. J., and the honored guest, Mr. Semeria, S. J., who gave short snappy talks that were masterpieces, the honors of the evening were carried off by the Senators Courtney, Murphy and O'Connor, whose wonderful orations touching upon the higher and more serious phases of life, kept every-

Columbia Coming On February 7th

The Varsity will entertain Columbia on Saturday evening, February 7, in the big basketball game of the year. A victory for the Collegians in this game is worth more than any other of the season.

Last Season Columbia won the first decision 40 to 36, and lost the next two 27 to 25 and 32 to 23. The Portlanders have a veteran outfit with Murphy and Logan the big bets, and Clipper Smith sounds a warning to all opponents to watch out for his pupils.

The College varsity will play a return game in Portland on February 13.

Father Murphy Goes To San Francisco

New Prefect of Studies, Father Busch,
Takes His Place at
College

Fr. Murphy, prefect of studies for the College for the last few months, has left for the South. Continued ill health necessitated his removal from the position. After two months at the Providence Hospital no pronounced improvement was notable, and he is now in the Sunny South to recuperate his forces.

Fr. Busch, formerly a teacher, as a scholastic, at Seattle College, will take his place. Fr. Busch has not been at the College since 1920, but some of the older College students still remember him, and he will soon be at home in his old stamping grounds.

one in the state of greatest hilarity throughout the evening. Courtney seemed to be wound up, and his dramatic voice was heard bellowing forth enormous bits of diction that would have made the fathers of the English language ashamed of their vocabulary. While O'Connor moved the hearts of all there present by his fatherly advice, and his wonderful Elegy of an Old Soldier.

Following the speeches which consumed nigh on to two hours of duration, the election of officers for the ensuing half-year was begun. After much balloting and general confusion Michael Monagle, the fighting Irishman, Tom Glenn and Archie Richardson were chosen to guide the destinies of the society for the coming semester. Monagle will act in the

(Continued on page 3)

COLLEGE BEATEN BY BELLINGHAM

The College team journeyed to Bellingham over the week-end, where the young pedagogues from the State Normal defeated them in an interesting and exciting exhibition, 36 to 24.

Following the game some of the team retired to a railway station, there to await the arrival of the train, which was scheduled to arrive at 2:43 a. m. In various postures some of the party fell asleep, on occasion to awake with remarks in no way resembling blessings on the town and railway which would consign them thus to an uncomfortable bed and to such inconvenient hours.

The game was sufficient to tire most anyone. The first half saw the College start with a rush and gave promise of heralding the return of the team to the form displayed in their closing games of last season. In the early moments the Panthers pulled ahead and seemed safely under way with a 12 to 6 lead. The fast passing and floor work bewildered the rather cautious Normalers, who did not seem to be prepared for the sudden bombardment, and entered the game, from appearances at least, with the expectation of receiving a setback. Their attempts at breaking the defense of the Panthers by means of a man in the hole did not meet with a great deal of success, but following an injury to Ferrindini they drew the score to a tie a few minutes before the half. The approach of the end of this session found the ball varying between one end of the larg gym and the other. The timer's game gun started a neat shot from McKay's hands, and the College led 16 to 14 at the intermission.

On the opening of the second half the score was again knotted by a short shot underneath the basket by Wingard, the Normal forward. In the next few minutes the Vikings rang up several baskets in succession, taking advantage of the lapse suffered by the Collegians to put themselves into a comfortable lead. The College offense was broken up and, with the exception of several long shots, it never threatened during the remainder of the game. The final whistle found the Panthers tired, crippled and beaten.

A gleam of hope was gained from the game, though, through the happy showing of the Collegians in the first half. The passing and team play was the best shown by the squad this season, but when Ferrindini

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Mother's Club Starts Drive for New Members

The Seattle College Mothers' Club is approaching the first anniversary of its formation. There are still many "mothers" outside the fold, and it is the desire of the Mothers' Club to have on its roster every mother eligible.

As a proper inauguration for the second year of its existence, the club wishes an enlarged roll. Any mother of any student of Seattle College, whether the student has been at the College in the past, or is there at present, is eligible for membership in the club.

Mothers! Address your applications for admission to Mrs. J. C. O'Callaghan, 627 35th Ave. Phone East 2932.

COLLEGE NIGHT IS JANUARY 30

January thirtieth! Mark that date on your calendar, and don't forget it! For on that date we are going to stage our annual cenebration of College Night in a way it has never been celebrated before. With a goodly gathering of our Alumni, which we confidently expect to reach the 200 mark, on hand, things should be run off in big league fashion and the occasion should be one we will long remember.

College Night is our one big tradition. It has been an occasion of celebration at Seattle College since its foundation, and its celebration has always been entered into with unrestrained zeal on the part of the student body. And the enthusiasm manifested this year is well up to the standard.

A fine program is being arranged, in which every class is to take a part, and the said program is to be above criticism.

The hall will be gorgeously decorated in blue and white for the occasion, and the Collegian jazz orchestra will render the air harmonious with their haunting melodies. The old noise and College spirit will be very much in evidence, and we hope that the joy and tumult of it all will bring back to the mind of the oldest alumnus fond recollections of happy hours spent at their alma mater. Following the entertainment the members of our gallant gridiron squad will be awarded the coveted sweaters, for which they worked so hard during the season just concluded. Time will then be allowed for a burst of oratory on the part of both alumni and students. Then all will retire to the commissary department for the cus-

(Continued on Page 2)

College Night Celebration Jan. 30

(Continued from Page 1)

tomary refreshments, where the old grads will have the opportunity of lingering long over the teacups, discussing bygone days.

So you see that with our program all arranged, and the student body just aching to let off its excess steam in the welcoming of their comrades of years ago, we await just one more thing to make the celebration an immense success, and that is the attendance of the Alumni.

Members of the Alumni! We ask you to put off all other business and pleasure on Jan. 30 and join us in our celebration. It is for you that College Night is observed; to closely unite you with the student body, to make their interests your interests and to make you happy in the contemplation of happy times. It happens only once a year, and surely you can give one night out of 365 to your alma mater. In past years you have disappointed us by your seeming lack of interest, but this year we are confident that you will make a comeback.

We have given you plenty of notice, we are working hard to entertain you and make your short stay at your alma mater a pleasant one. We ask but a few hours of your time and we promise to cram those few hours so full of enjoyment and happy memories that you will live old school days.

So remember the time and the place. Jan. 30 in the College auditorium. Remember, we want 200 and no less. Don't fail us: we are depending on you.

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ALUMNI NOTES

The happiest days of one's life are the days of youth. Days that had bright sides and dull sides, moments of levity and times of seriousness. But they cannot last forever. A time must come when they are no more and when all of us must venture alone into the maelstrom of public life. It is the purpose of this column to act as a quiet harbor where memories of school days can be brought to mind again and bring a smile to the loyal Alumni.

In looking over the list of those who have received degrees from Seattle College, we find twenty-five A. B. and one A. M.

"'09". Father Theodore Ryan is chancellor of the diocese of Seattle and Father John Concannon, S. J., is at the Jesuit House at Woodstock, Maryland. The last report of James Ford found him in Portland, Or.

"'10" James R. Daly, A. M., 1910, has departed from the native land and is in far-away Venezuela, where rumor has it that he has embarked on the sea of matrimony with a fair South American beauty.

"'13" Of the class of thirteen, Walter Coughlin is associated with the Coughlin Plumbing Company here in town. Hubert Mullen is the Knights of Columbus secretary at the Cushman Hospital near Tacoma. James Gill is Professor Gill of St. Leo's High School in Tacoma, and is also dramatic coach at the neighboring institution. His brother John is with Jahn & Company, a local firm.

"'14" Will O'Connell of 1914 is the well-known editor of the Catholic Northwest Progress and avowed foe of all "49ers." Claude Mullen is coach of Detroit University High School in football and basketball, and Varsity coach in baseball.

"'15" Of the six who received an A. B. in 1915, John Dougherty is at the Jesuit House in Naples, Italy. William Mayer and Theodore Kohls are located in Yakima. Joseph McKenna is a practicing attorney and Cyril Peerenboom is with a large publishing house in Michigan. John Earles is looking after the Earles lumber mill in Bellingham.

"'16" Of the "'16" men, Lester Schorn was at the latest report located in San Francisco, and Thomas Spellmire was traveling out of St. Louis. Leonard Reilly has since passed to the great beyond.

"'17" The '17 men have stayed in the vicinity of Seattle. Ray Beezer is an architect with the Belknap Glass Co. of the city. Tom Earles is with his brother in Bellingham. Roger Coughlin has been with Albers Brothers since graduation and now holds an executive position. Jimmy McAteer is with the McAteer Shipbuilding Co., and Andrew Sedlacek is with the Seattle Arctic Club, but makes his home in the nearby metropolis of Renton.

"'18 of the last A. B.'s in 1918, Robert Neilan, after a prolonged illness, died in 1920. Jimmy Hay, pres-

Orchestra Entertains At St. Vincent's Home

A most enjoyable and entertaining afternoon was the result of the visit by the Seattle College orchestra members to St. Vincent's Home on Sunday, Jan. 4. An interesting Christmas program of vocal and instrumental music made the afternoon a pleasant one for the old folks, while the evident appreciation of the Sisters and their charges, and the delightful refreshments which followed the music made the day a memorable one for the Collegians.

The program was opened with an overture by the orchestra ensemble, which was followed by a trombone solo rendition of Gounod's "Jesus of Nazareth" by Charles Bras. The orchestra then played a couple of lively marches, featuring bell solos, by Charles MacGregor, which drew hearty applause from the audience.

A violin solo by Thaddeus Parolik and a vocal solo by Jack Taylor were the outstanding numbers on the program. Parolik interpreted Kron's arrangement of "Stilly Night" with a heavenly richness and delicacy. Taylor's singing of Adam's "Noel" was a pleasant surprise, even to some of his fellow Collegians. Michael Earles, one of the most faithful of our old "grads," also played a violin solo, with his accustomed finish and technique.

Fr. Garrigan, whose every word seems to be charged with interest and humor, characteristically announced the numbers on the program. He told some of his comical stories, and had the old men and women splitting their sides at his inimitable rendition of humorous tales.

A finale number by the orchestra, and a retreat to the dining room, brought an end to a very pleasant afternoon's entertainment.

* * *

The orchestra has been the proud recipient of a very fine Richmond piano, which was given as a Christmas gift by one of the College's most generous benefactors. The donor requests that his name be withheld, but assures us that his gift is by way of a congratulatory tribute to the excellent music rendered by the orchestra on the occasion of the last College play. Members of the orchestra take this opportunity to thank their kind benefactor, and promise him that, if their gratitude can be shown by College spirit and loyalty, his liberality will be amply repaid.

ident of the student body of '18, received his LL. B. from Georgetown and is connected with the veterans' bureau in Seattle.

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The Mother's Club Is Making Drive--School Interests are Reason

On the first page there is an announcement of the drive of the Mother's Club for new members. As the brief article says it is drawing near the anniversary, the first anniversary of their organization, and it is only fitting that they celebrate this anniversary by receiving many new members in their club. During the past year they have done much for the College. Their continued and efficacious work has had much to do with the success of every one of the students' activities.

The success of the things in which her boy is interested is something that is close to every mother's heart, and by joining in the activities of the year old organization the Mothers who have not as yet come into the ranks can aid in the accomplishments of their sons.

Then we beg of all the mothers who read the announcement to get in touch with Mrs. O'Callaghan, the president of the club, and become one of its active members. In the past "The Palestra" has not said much of the Mother's Club. Not because it did not wish to, but because the Mothers work quietly, though surely, and none of the boys were willing to write authoritatively of their doings. But now we have our opportunity to do our little bit.

Therefore, students, call to the attention of your mothers this drive of the most active organization interested in the school. There will be no rest in its efforts until every mother who has, or has had a son at Seattle College, is enrolled.

DEBATING BANQUET

(Continued from page 1)

dignified and stately office of president, replacing the eminent John Courtney, while Glenn and Richardson will become vice-president and secretary, respectively. And last but not least, George Stuntz, that man of directing genius and high ideals, was, as a token of the esteem in which his fellow senators regard him, chosen to fill that all important office of sergeant-at-arms. That office was formerly filled by Fat Martin, and Stunaz will have considerable trouble filling the chair as well as that gentleman did. Then following the usual "I thank you" of the newly elected officers the meeting came to a joyous conclusion, and all made their way to their respective abodes to partake of food.

BELLINGHAM WINS HARD GAME

(Continued from page 1.)

wrenched his ankle, this smooth combination was broken up and the Vikings took their cue for a determined spurt which gained for them a victory in their first scheduled game.

With both Ferrindini and Tom Duffy injured, the College presented a rather poor front. Despite his injury, Duffy filled in at guard when Doyle was pressed into service as center due to the injury of Captain Ferrindini. But the offense lacked the class shown in the first half.

Iles, the big center of the winners, on account of his size and his accuracy underneath the basket, was the main cog in the Bellingham machine, while Duke at guard was also very much in evidence.

The lineups:

Bellingham	Pos.	College
Wingard	F	McKay
Matheny	F	Glenn
Iles	C	Ferrindini
Bond	G	Doyle
Wilder	G	O'Connor

Substitutions: Bellingham—Leach for Wingard; Prig for Matheny; Van Eaton for Prig; Heckle for Iles; Pakusich for Bond; Wilder for Duke. College—Carmody for Glenn; Doyle for Ferrindini; Dugy for Doyle.

The Annual Is On Its Way—First Articles Are In

The first steps have been taken in the producing of the 1925 "Echo." Some of the articles are already in, and many of the others have already been given out to their future composers. The pictures of the football and basketball teams were taken last week, and these will be forwarded to the engravers without delay.

It is the aim of the staff to make this the best book the College has ever produced. But in order to make this ambition realizable it is necessary for all those who are called upon to co-operate to do their part willingly.

The main part for every student is, of course, to subscribe. Subscriptions will be turned in to Jay Montgomery. The sooner the better, also the sooner you subscribe, the less pressed you will be for funds at the end of the year, when expenses mount up very easily.

Subscribe now, and be safe. Don't wait until the last moment and find out that you are broke.

Juniors Continue Their Brilliant Work On Basketball Floor

Winning five out of their first eight starts, the Seattle College Juniors have stamped themselves as a team that will uphold in a very creditable manner the College standard of basketball in any game. Every quintet that they have tangled with so far has been of equal and even superior rating, so that the Juniors' record is therefore a very imposing one. Three aggregations, Washington Park Meteors, the M. E. Scorpions and the Broadway Athletic Club, held a great edge in weight and experience over the Junior five, but each time the Collegians acquitted themselves in a highly capable fashion, even defeating the Meteors and staging an exceptionally fine battle with the other two.

Before reviewing the games, it might be appropriate to mention the two Juniors whose work was greatly responsible for the early success of the team. These men are "Tony" Hein and "Bob" Carmody, who are now sporting the royal blue and white of the Varsity. Everyone who has seen the work of these two knows and admires their popular ability and aggressiveness, and is justifiably proud of their promotion. Up from the ranks of the midgets have stepped "Alec" Cain and "Chuck" MacGregor into their places. These two lightweights will do their share in the future contests of the Juniors. Alex, in fact, is already displaying his clever work in the lineup.

The Juniors' first tussle, against the South Park Intermediates, was an easy victory, Carmody and Haughian scoring several times, while the Intermediates vainly sought the basket from the center of the floor.

The next tilt with the Washington Park aggregation proved the hardest fought game of the whole schedule to date, but the Juniors showed their true worth and captured the victory in the last quarter. Up to that time, a scant 2-point lead was the best either team could grasp. Beezer, the Juniors' stocky guard, was the star of the game, his clever and aggressive checking play halting the opponents' rushes many times.

A large and husky band of colored hoop stars, with an even greater band of dusky supporters, from the M. E. Church, invaded the College gym soon after, and defeated the Juniors after an evening of hectic battle. Fourteen fouls were made by the black Scorpions throughout the game, and their tactics almost lost the game for them. Montgomery, Beezer, Hein and Carmody all converted the majority of their free shots, the latter alone caging 6 out of 8.

The sons of Ham on the sidelines lent their encouragement in a very spontaneous, interesting and vociferous manner all evening. The Juniors might have conquered on a larger floor, for they managed to hold a small lead until the third quarter. Brown and Hill for the Scorpions and

Carmody for the Juniors were the outstanding stars.

The Broadway Sophomores were then met and were defeated 7-6 in a close checking affair on the Pine Street gym. Several fouls were called, the Sophomores making all but 2 of their points by free shots, while the Juniors almost lost the tilt by converting but one out of nine free attempts. Booth played a fine floor game for the winners.

The Juniors were defeated the following night by Tim Rice and the Broadway Athletic Club, 36-22. This rising star (6 feet plus) was just about the whole show for the Broadway athletes, garnering somewhere near 20 points, although the Brown brothers and Wolgemuth sagged the net for many long shots. Rice's companions were big, too, and the Juniors' new forward combination, Cain and MacGregor, found the going decidedly rough. Cain, nevertheless, led the Juniors with 10 points. The game was much closer than the score indicates, and was tied several times up to the last quarter.

The less said about the next game, the better. Suffice to say, Georgetown Boys' Club sank enough long shots from the middle of the floor, while the Juniors were inactive, to defeat them 25-13.

The College's arch-rivals, St. Leo's of Tacoma, were unable to compete with the superior ability of the Juniors and fell, 24-17. Montgomery and Cain provided the scores, and Beezer and Berard the guarding for the victors. A last-quarter rally by St. Leo's made the score much more presentable than it seemed it would be at first.

Another sophomore team, the West Seattle five, fell 19-16 in a well-played and exciting game. The Sophomores led 6-4 at quarter and increased this lead to 11-7 at half time. Then the Juniors sprang into action and at the end of the third quarter held a 5-point lead that could only be cut down 2 notches during the final period. Montgomery played a brilliant game and was easily the star of the matinee. Brandt and Busche performed well for the losers.

The whole schedule to date follows: Seattle College Juniors 20, South Park Intermediates 12; Juniors 28, Washington Park Meteors 19; Juniors 36, M. E. Scorpions 26; Juniors 7, Broadway Sophomores 6; Juniors 22, Broadway Athletic Club 36; Juniors 13, Georgetown Boys' Club 25; Juniors 24, St. Leo's 17; Juniors 19, West Seattle Sophomores 16.

The long-haired guard, as a Portland writer named McKay, is back in harness again. But now, on account of the shortage of forwards, he has been moved up to his former position.

* * *

Notice Bob Carmody's name on the first team roster? His rise reads like one of Alber's best sellers. Forward on the midget team, then the Juniors, and then the first team. And all in one year. Nice going, Bob.

— Hear Ye —
OLD GRADS AND STUDENTS
KOLLEGE KNIGHT
JANUARY 30
"The Annual Get-Together"
FUN — FROLIC — FOOD

The Palestra

A Monthly Devoted to the Interests of the
Students of Seattle College

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A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION Although the year 1925 is now well under way, the new school term does not begin until February; so it will not be at all amiss to speak here of New Year's resolutions. The first half of our school year now about to be concluded, can be termed successful in every way. Our studies have been consistently up to the high standard always maintained by the College. In athletics we have done much better than even the most rabid supporters suspected us of being capable of. Our only dramatic effort met with tremendous success, as is evidenced by the many requests we have had to stage it again. All our organizations and societies can report unparalleled achievements, and consequently we can term the first half of our scholastic year eminently successful in every sense of the word.

But let us not forget that we have another term ahead of us, just as important, if not more so, than the one just past. Five more months in which to write the history of our Alma Mater. How will it read? Will it be an account of glorious deeds well done, or will it tell of dismal failure? That rests entirely with ourselves.

Let us resolve now to eliminate the "failure" from our vocabulary and in its place write "Success." We have set a terrific pace during our first term, but how many of us cannot do more, or at least continue that pace? Let us resolve today to make the second semester even more brilliant than the first has been; so that when the end of our school year rolls around we can once more have the satisfaction of looking back upon work well done. Make that your New Year's resolution and Seattle College will continue to advance as it has in the past, with each year being greater than the one preceding.

TO THE ALUMNI Members of the Alumni, we take this opportunity to request your presence at our Annual celebration of College Night, to be held on the evening of January 30, in the College auditorium. We are striving with might and main to make it an evening you will long remember. We want you to return to your Alma Mater and spend once more a few hours in the happy contemplation of the days gone by.

College Night is one of our few traditions, and words cannot tell what it means to the student

DO WE WANT A PAPER?

There has been more and more trouble in the last few months in obtaining sufficient advertisements to produce the Palestra. The difficulty has not arisen so much from the lack of companies willing to advertise, as from the lack of individuals willing to go out and obtain their ads. The present issue of the Palestra was long delayed on account of the inertia of the classes in this respect, and for a time there was serious thought of reducing the size of the paper to four pages.

However, it was judged that such a course would be a serious reflection on the spirit of the present student-body of the College; and it would have been. For nearly three years now the paper has been produced with eight pages, and in other years it not only made expenses, but a considerable amount above.

The trouble lies with the student-body itself. The class representatives, the men who have charge of the class advertising activities, complain that there is no response to their urging to go out and secure ads. And in the records of the manager it is a noticeable fact that all ads are being obtained by the few.

The paper belongs to the school, represents the school, and there is no reason why the bulk of the student-body should not participate in its production. It narrows down to this:—if you want a school paper, see to it that it is able to support itself. Make it a personal matter. Do not consider the student-body as some sort of a thing which has no connection with you. The student body is composed of individuals, of whom you are one. When the student-body is wanting you are wanting.

The tendency is to blame the few who do all the work. But, remember this, if the paper is late this time, or has been late in the past, it is because of those who take no interest in it except to wonder why "they" don't get it out on time.

"They" would get it out on time, and "They" would do many things that many wonder are not done, if only the many would get into line, and act as members of the student-body, instead of as its critics.

It is to be sincerely desired that no repetition of this "call to arms" will be necessary; and that the present student-body will see to it that the paper is carried on in the same high class way in which it was carried on in the past.

body. It is one night in the year in which we can see the happy faces of our alumni,—that mythical train of the past, gathered together once more at their Alma Mater, enjoying again the company of old pals and joyfully repeating old scenes. That is what College Night has always meant to us. But in the last few years, due to the small number of old grades present, our efforts and our fondest hopes have been blighted.

But this year, due to the close co-operation we have received from our Alumni in all our activities, we hope to see the largest attendance that our annual celebration has ever known. So, in order that we will not be once more disappointed in our anticipations, we not only extend this invitation to each and every one of you, but we ask that you take it upon yourselves as a duty to make the 1925 celebration of College Night a triumphant success. You can do that by being present at the celebration on the evening of January 30.

VERBUM SAT Much has been said in the past about loyalty to our athletic teams.

SAPIENTI We have turned out in numbers at all the big games, giving moral support by our presence, to the wearers of the blue and white. By our rooting we have cheered them on to victory. But are we really loyal? It is easy to cheer for a winner, but the real test comes when our team is behind. Then is the time that the true character of a school's loyalty is most evident. When the players are out there giving their best—a best that proves insufficient—when the breaks are going against them and when they most need the encouragement of the student body,—then may the student body either rise honorably to the occasion or else add the stigma of disgrace to the sting of defeat.

Seattle Collegians, have you been loyal to your teams? Here are some facts which should cause us to blush, but which should also make us resolve not to let them happen again in the future: At the Thanksgiving Day football game with Columbia, in the first quarter when the

Panthers were making an early display of power a large impassioned rooting section, filled the air with cries of "Come on, College! Fight 'em, Fight 'em, team!" In the third quarter, when the struggling Collegians were being overcome by the superior skill of the Oregonians, the stands were sadly silent. Many of those who a short half-hour before had been so enthusiastic with a victory in sight, now walked up and down the sidelines criticising friend and foe alike. The officials were booed whenever they penalized the College.

On another and more recent occasion these small-town tactics again cropped up. In the first scheduled basketball game of the season, the Panthers met one of the strongest teams in the city, the Washington Freshmen, and were defeated. The gallery was filled almost entirely with Seattle College students. Twice during the game the referee, a very capable one, was forced to suppress their noisy manifestations of displeasure while visiting players attempted free throws. Nor was the referee the only mark for the jests and jeers of the crowd. The College players themselves, trying their hardest all the time, were forced to listen to cries of "bring on the scrubs." The coaches work hard to build up the spirit, the morale of the team, but their efforts are in vain when the players are derided by their fellow students. The incidents above mentioned are the exceptions rather than the rule, and the unsportsmanlike practice may be checked while yet in the bud. The offenders are few and probably do not realize the seriousness of their actions and the effect it might have on our reputation with outsiders. A little care in the future is about all that is needed. VERBUM SAT SAPIENTI.

The Big
ANNUAL MEETING
is on
January 30

OMAR'S OASIS



OMAR'S OASIS

"Now we will begin the New Year by starting class right away," warbles the absent-minded professor with a kind look in his eyes.

* * *

Prof: "What is a paradox?"
Class Dumb Bell: "Two wharves."

* * *

Here lies the remains of a radio fan,
Now mourned by his many relations;
He went to a powder mill, smoking his pipe,
And was picked up by twenty-two stations.

Williams Purple Cow.

* * *

We deeply sympathize with the absent-minded professor who cleaned the cat's teeth one night, and then kicked himself out the back door.

* * *

Doctor: "Congratulations, Governor; you're the father of triplets."
Governor: "I demand a recount."

* * *

Step Aside, Cal.

Three seniors stood on the railroad track,
A train was coming fast;
The train got off the railroad track
And let the seniors pass.

* * *

The average train of thought carries no freight.

* * *

Doity Boity Moiphy,
He coitainly was a boid;
He lived on toity-second street,
Right next to toity-toid.
He read the New Yoik Joinal,
He read the New Yoik Woild,
And all the goils liked Boity,
'Cause Boity's hair was oiled.

* * *

Papa: "Did you vin de race, Abie?"
Abie: "Yes, py chust a nose, pap."
Papa: "Oi yoi, mine poy! Vat a victory!"

* * *

An optimistic hobo is one who sings cheerfully to himself, "Let the Rest of The World Go Buy," while holding a "mulligan can" over a wood fire.

* * *

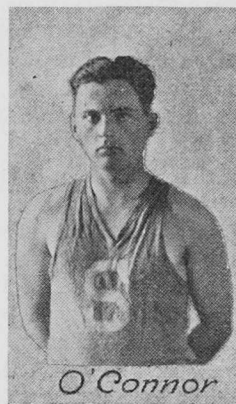
Alumni Please Note

Saint Peter stood at the pearly gates,
The candidates crowded aroun';
Said one, "Now when I was in college—"
And Saint Peter smacked him down.
—Pen State Froth.

* * *

When "Simon called Peter" who got the pot?

My! By! But it is a great honor to belong to our august Debating Society. Just imagine, you can get ham, a part of a spud and tuna cocktail with ice cream and coffee all for a paltry one dollar and a quarter. Besides, you get to hear John Courtney burst forth from the bud of everyday speech to the myriad bloom of after-dinner verbosity.



John Murphy and your humble servant (above) made their maiden orations as members of the Debating Society. We hope to spea koften—at the next banquet.

* * *

Courtney, the silver-tongued Caesar, cracked the ancient wheeze concerning the process of straining coffee through an old sock. Monahan ups and points out that there's no grounds for such wit.

* * *

A speaker seeing us smoke cigars,
Remarked we're getting old.
'Tis not us who ancient are,
But the cigars, I'm told.

* * *

Since a few of our members (Debating Society) howled down the ham, and confounded the cocktails, which were served us by woman waitresses at the eating orgy now gone by, we will suggest a menu (food index) for those feeds to come:

Cocktails

(57 Varieties)

Mystery Salad

Slice of Ham and Extra Spud, with Green Grass

Shellac and Ice Cream

Coffee

(Extra)

Matches

A Toast

"Stand and hold your glasses,
To S. C., our proudest boast!"
And Courtenee he says, says he,
"The kick is in the toast."

* * *

Congratulations are coming to Mr. B. X. Monahan for the splendid speech he favored the food fans with at the banquet the other night. Come again, "Berneh."

BE THERE

on

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:-: :-:

LITERARY GLEANINGS

:-: :-:

HAWTHORNE'S
"DAVID SWAN"

A Critique

By HARRY M. JAHN, H. S. '26

Before an ambitious student of American literature may call his knowledge of book lore complete, he must at some time or other have read the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne. No doubt one of this author's most interesting narratives, and one that ranks among the highest in literary merit, is the fantasy, "David Swan," one of the famous Twice Told Tales. The unique excellence of this little sketch lies in the fact that every word used in it is to be found in the vocabulary of the average high school student, and that every word is fitted exactly for the use to which the author puts it.

The story deals with numerous events which come near to affecting the life of David Swan, yet pass off without casting as much as a shadow over him. Had David known all the vicissitudes of his fortune, his life would have been too full of hope and fear, of exultation or disappointment, to afford him a single hour of serenity.

We have no interest in David until we find him as a young man of twenty years on the high road to Boston. He has been walking since early morning and the scorching noonday sun is beating down on him unmercifully. Perceiving a tuft of maple trees in the distance, he hurries on, determined to stop and rest in the shade of this grove until the arrival of the stage. After drinking from a gurgling spring which bubbled forth near the middle of the grove, he lies down and soon falls asleep.

But in the meanwhile the world about him moves on. A wealthy old couple stop in the grove while their carriage is being repaired. On perceiving the boy in his peaceful sleep they envy him and admire his open countenance. While they are thinking of adopting David, the servant announces that the carriage is ready and they are forced to drive on. Just then a pretty young maiden comes skipping along and perceiving a large bee approaching perilously near our hero, she whisks it away with her handkerchief and passes on. Had David made her acquaintance, he would in all probability have become her father's clerk in the nearby village store. The girl is hardly out of sight when two thieves passing along the road notice the boy, and are about to kill him for the valuables possibly in his possession, when they are unnerved by the entrance of a boy upon the scene. Shortly after, David awakens and hails the stage, all unconscious of the scenes that had transpired near him in the last hour.

The appropriate choice of words and the happy union of noun and adjective in this little fantasy are remarkable. The style is easy, never strained and never excessively ornamental. Hawthorne's sincerity and simplicity are winning, and his love of the imaginative, of the improbable (Continued on page 8.)

A Trip to the Ocean

By RAYMOND YOUNG, H. S. '25

True as the old song goes, "We're going to Mera tonight," we lined up at the ferry dock. Soon we were slowly leaving Elliott Bay and Seattle, bound for Bremerton. The huge boat slid silently by the green banks and around rocky capes and reefs. Rugged magnolias spread their twisted limbs over the water's edge, and groves of pink and white rhododendrons, Washington's native flower, could be seen in the close recesses of the shore. A patch of rare orchids hanging from their green stalks near the bank's edge resembled the burnished spears of a host of white-cloaked knights in an enchanted forest. The grave, gaunt pines were reflected in the crystalline waters and the evening sun fell in a path of gold, shaking and shimmering like a fretful flame, from the watery wastes to the rippling shallows of the shore, where myriads of fiery tongues were feebly flickering as the west's last embers, burning into ashes, slowly turned to a denser gray. A lone rabbit watched our passing and then scampered away into the thick undergrowth—away from the presence of man; and the occasional whistle of a quail resounded from the silent forest.

It was at dusk when we arrived at Bremerton and were on our way to that paradise of Nature—Hood Canal. We then boarded a small ferry at Seabeck and crossed the moonlit waters of the canal. Only the steady pounding of the gas engine betrayed the presence of civilization. The hoary moon shone on the rippled surface like drifting flakes of starlight. The glimmering lamps of the village could be discerned through the mist which hung in opaque shrouds about the shore. After arriving at Brinnon we proceeded about a mile above the town to a small auto camp on the shores of a sparkling stream, where we camped for the night. A thin piece of canvas was our only roof, and an open tent revealed the grandeur of the heavens that night. All of God's creation was asleep. The moon was hidden behind the hooded clouds which, like friars, told their beads in drops of rain and pattered their doleful prayers on the sides of our tent.

We broke camp the following morning with the ocean as our destination. Gazing with awe as we passed through Nature's wonderland, we viewed the thundering cataracts and

the tumbling cascades of the Quilcene River as its icy waters rushed in turbid torrents to the sea; and we raised our eyes above us where the serried peaks of the Olympics rose to the hoary heights of the western horizon.

Bustling little towns like Sequim and Port Townsend were left behind as we headed north, and before old Sol reached mid-heaven we were in Port Angeles, a lively city of maritime interests. From Port Angeles we turned westward, around the blue waters of Lake Crescent and Sutherland, across yawning chasms, over steep hills and through dense forests till we reached the Quillayute River as it neared the ocean. Late in the afternoon we reached Mera, which consisted of nothing but a hotel and a postoffice.

It was the trail's end, but no ocean was to be seen. The next morning several natives enlightened us. They told us that the ocean was about a mile down the river at La Push, and that a small launch would take us to our destination. A narrow trail formerly was used to reach the beach, but one of the most terrible storms in the history of the continent uprooted even the largest trees and completely destroyed the dense forest in a path fifty miles long and two miles wide, completely destroying the path. This region is now known as the "Olympic Storm Zone."

On the way to La Push we were stranded in the low tide, and after rocking the boat for over an hour we finally freed her. As we rounded the bend into the mouth of the river, a half hundred fishing boats stretched across the river greeted us. We left the boat at the Indian village of twenty or so frame dwellings, an old mission chapel—perhaps half a century old—a store and postoffice.

The most impressive sight to witness while at La Push is to see the little Indian fishing boats ride the huge breakers into the sea, bobbing up and down in the swelling liquid mass of ocean. These little craft, we were told, go as far as fifty miles out into the salmon runs. Another impressive scene is the reef of large rocks stretching far out into the ocean, several of which are fair-sized islands with small forests of pine growing on each. On one of these rocks the people of La Push gathered to save themselves from the fury of the Neah Bay tribe. The invading savages could not ascent the precipitous sides of the rocks amid the hail of stones and arrows. Several days of futile effort proved too much and the belligerent neighbors left the warpath for home.

"Prince of Wales," as he called himself, described the battle to us as it was told to him by his mother, one of the children who found shelter from the missiles of war behind the walls of this rock. The

LITERARY GLEANINGS

"Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profoundly religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education." Daniel Webster.

* * *

Caoutchouc—A Deadly Disease

"One may hope, in spite of the metaphorists, to avoid the breath of the deadly upas tree; one may by great good fortune succeed in blackening the eye of a basilisk; one might even dodge the attentions of Cerberus and Argus, but no man alive or dead can escape the gaze of the Rubberer.

"There are many, of course, who go their ways, making money, without turning to the right or left, but there is a tribe abroad wonderfully composed, like the Martians, solely of eyes and means of locomotion.

"These devotees of curiosity swarm, like flies, in a moment in a struggling and breathless circle about the scene of an unusual occurrence. If a workman opens a manhole, if a street car runs over a man from North Tarrytown, if a little boy drops an egg on his way home from the grocery, if a casual house or two drops into the subway, if a lady loses a nickel through a hole in the lisle thread, if the police drag a telephone and a racing chart forth from an Ibsen Society reading-room, if Senator Depew or Mr. Chuck Connors walks out to take the air—if any of these incidents or accidents takes place—you will see the mad, irresistible rush of the "rubber" tribe to the spot.

"The importance of the event does not count. They gaze with equal interest at a chorus girl or at a man painting a liver pill sign. They will form a deep cordon around a man with a clubfoot as they will around a balked automobile. They have the furor rubberendi. They are optical gluttons, feasting and fattening on the misfortunes of their fellow beings. They gloat and pore and glare and squint and stare with their fishy eyes like goggle-eyed perch at the hook baited with calamity."—O. Henry.

"prince" then introduced us to his father, the "Duke of York," who is chief of the Sequim tribe in Hood's Canal.

After listening to many other thrilling tales, we bought two fat king salmon, caught "fifty miles out," and prepared them for dinner.

Another day passed and we broke camp, passing through the same scenery into the land of civilization and home.

SPORTS



PAUL IS CHOSEN FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

When the football men were gathered around the festive board, John Paul was elected captain of the 1925 football team.

John has been a regular for the past three years. The first year he spent on the line and was an ordinary player, but when he was shifted into the fullback job by Mr. Maginiss, S. J., John came into his own. There are few lines in this city which have not felt the thud of John's battering ram shoulders, and there are fewer ends who have been able to stop him when he took it into his head to tear around them.

As proof of the team's sagacity in choosing Paul as their leader the writer would like to repeat a little happening of the season.

One night in practice Paul hurt his elbow so badly that it pained him even to touch it. Four days later, though he could hardly bend it enough to carry a ball, John took his position against the Normal and played the whole game through. Each moment of it must have been an agony to him, but John was playing for his Alma Mater.

That's the kind of a man our new captain is. Here's to him, and may he be as successful in his guidance as he is in his playing.

COLLEGE TO MEET CHENEY NORMAL

Cheney Normal school will play the Collegians at the local K. of C. gym Friday afternoon, January 30, at 3:30. The Eastern Washington pedagogues are on a coast trip and are scheduled to tackle Ellensburg on Thursday and Bellingham on Friday.

The College will have stiff opposition for this game. as the Normalites have beaten Spokane College, Ellensburg and only lost to Washington State College by a 30-27 score. They are undoubtedly the strongest of the Normal School teams, but everyone

COLLEGE DEFEATS AGATHON CLUB

By GRANVILLE EGAN

On Friday the 16th, the Panthers hung up their first victory of the season, taking the Agathon Club down the line to the tune of 42 to 18.

The game was a revelation to the students, for only a week before, the Panthers looked like a bunch of grammar school boys gathered together for the occasion, and today they looked, and were, a real College team.

Things were slow on starting, but once the Panthers got under way, the Agathonians might just as well have been over in Agathon, for all the heed the boys paid to them. Shot after shot swished through the basket with disconcerting frequency (at least to the noble clubmen).

Glenn occupied the limelight, the firelight, the spotlight, and all the other incandescents. Never before did he play a better floor game. And as a result the Panthers uncorked a passing barrage that completely bewildered the unsuspecting Agathonians.

For the losers Joe Savage and Tom Duffy shared the calcium. The pivoting Joe rang the counter for 10 well earned points, and the long-armed Duffer kept the College score from touching the century mark.

The refereeing as the best that has been seen on the K. C. floor for some time.

The lineups:

Agathons	Pos.	College
Savage	F	Carmody
Lynch	F	Glenn
Gunther	C	Ferrandini (c)
Rock (c)	G	Doyle
Duffy	G	McLaughlin

Substitutions — College: O'Connor for McLaughlin; Hein for Glenn.

Referee—G. Egan.

from player to fan knows that the Cheney boys will have to step in order to win.

The College lineup has not been announced, but the following men are on the first squad: Capt. Ferrandini, center; Glenn, Carmody, A. Duffy and Hein, forwards, with O'Connor, McKay, Doyle, McLaughlin and T. Duffy guards.

As yet nothing is known of the Cheney lineup.

As the College Night celebration will start at 8 o'clock, the game has been scheduled for the afternoon at 3:30. The admission price will be 25 cents, both general and for students.

Collegians Lose to U. Frosh 35 to 18

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 14, the College basketekers entertained the University of Washington Freshmen in the first game of the regular schedule. But it so happened that the Panthers were suffering from a severe attack of that terrible disease known as Walleyetis. Some of their shots struck the innocent spectators in the balcony, others caromed of the backboard and into the surrounding territory, but few—yes, few indeed—were those that found repose in the basket. In the meantime the Varsity yearlings found the baskets very much in the way of their shots, and when the final whistle blew they were leading by a score of 35 to 18. Needless to say, the Frosh were awarded the decision.

The floor work and passing of both teams was all that could be desired, and had the game been decided on team play it would have been interesting indeed. Don Day and Eddie Hagist, stars of last year's High School champions, were easily the best men on the floor, their passing and shooting being of the highest order. In fact, the whole Frosh team played a snappy brand of ball, and had the Panthers been up to their usual form it might have been a game worth going miles to see. They were not, however; so that's that.

For the College, Capt. Ferrandini, Norman McKay and Tom Duffy were the only ones who showed flashes of form. Ferrandini played his usual brilliant floor game, and with the aid of McKay, who escaped the eye infection, succeeded in running the score up to respectable figures. While Tommy Duffy, playing his first game since his return to his alma mater, gave a sterling exhibition of guard play. Earl Doyle and Tom Glenn, while they played their usual dashing brand of basketball, were unable to find the hoop, and when those two babies aren't doing that little thing, the score is invariably small.

However, in their first real test the team showed up very well. They passed and played the five-man defense with that sureness and precision that has characterized every team turned out by Seattle College since the day our present coach, Mr. Dunne, S. J., took over the reins.

And with a little better luck in the basket shooting department, plus a few changes, we will once more have a real basketball team that will take up the work of meeting and defeating all opponents right where that wonderful team of last year left off. We have lost many of the stars of that squad of last year, it is true, and the task of molding together a team of that caliber once more is indeed a difficult one. But we have all the confidence in the world in the ability



All hail to Capt. Ferrandini. Ralph is the worthy skipper of the good ship Panther between Dec. 1 and March 15. After the last-named date he will hand the destinies of the staunch craft over to Capt. John L. Murphy.

Ralph is as good a center as can be found in the city today (the writer has seen none better), and to say that his captaincy is the popular choice would be putting it mild.

Usually when the season is over and the team settles down to the business of electing a next year's leader, there is much discussion and speculation as to whom the choice will fall on. But such was not the way in the case of Ralph Ignatius Ferrandini. He was the unanimous choice of the whole squad. A tribute in itself.

As to his playing abilities, Deenie was not outjumped consistently by any man that had the misfortune to play against him. Few centers outscored him, this despite the fact that he was operated on during the last season and at no time had his full strength. That, gentle reader, is a record to brag about, but "Speed" never indulges in that pastime.

So, taken all in all, one must admit that our basketball team is blest with as capable a leader as ever graced the oak-wood floor.

of our coach. For to turn out a losing team is not in his line at all.

Frosh	Pos.	College
Geehan	F	Carmody
James	F	Glenn
Day	C	Ferrandini
Shultz	G	Doyle
Hagist	G	Duffy

Substitutions: Frosh—Slingsby for Geehan; Brix for Day; Nelson for Shultz.

Compliments
of a
Friend

SPORT SPOTLIGHT

What is wrong with the team? That is the question that flies across the campus this month. Some diagnoses would have it that a few of the members are afflicted with a chronic case of puellaities, others that the material isn't what it might be. However, the wise ones are merely sitting back and waiting for the form and machine-like precision that the College teams are noted for.

* * *

The Frosh game was a tough one to lose. It seemed that every time a Panther shot hit the basket, it bounced right out again.

* * *

The Agathon game gave the sport followers an idea of the potential power of the Panther passing attack. Time and time again the Collegians took the ball from under their own basket and by sensational passing worked it down the floor for the w. k. 2 points.

* * *

Two sure signs of the approach of spring: Birds flying back from the South; Mose Mullally telling about the triple he hit three years ago. Mose claims it was the longest triple that was ever hit on Hiawatha Playfield. Last year's captain would also have it remembered that four years ago he hit a single, double and a triple, all in one game.

* * *

Seattle College is going to have some real opposition on the diamond this year. Coach Graves of the University of Washington has signified his willingness to meet the scrappy Panthers. We will force Bellingham Normal to bow twice in defeat. Manager Stuntz has not decided about the University Yearlings yet, but it is expected that we will tangle with them a couple of times.

* * *

Old Man Hard Luck is camping right on our trail. Here we had a Bellingham Normal victory all tucked in the win bag when Capt. Ferrindini and Tom Duffy had to be taken out. O well, things are bound to break our way sometime, but it is tire-some waiting.

* * *

The Duffy family returned en masse to Alma Mater last week, said return being the best piece of news the basketball team has heard in some time.

* * *

"Dizzy" Doyle, the demon forward, is being renovated and completely made over into a high-class running guard. Doyle and his eagle eye will cause a good deal of trouble to the opposition in his new position.

* * *

Never in the history of the College have we had such a squad of sharpshooters on the basketball roll call. Capt. Ferrandini, Norm McKay, Tom Glenn, Dizzy Doyle, Bob Carmody, Art Duffy, Ed. O'Connor (the trick shot artist), Tom Duffy, Tony Hein. If that array isn't enough to send fear into the hearts of our rivals, why, we give up.

Tom Duffy, he of the long arms and the deadly eye, sustained a very severe injury to his knee in the game with the Freshmen. However, if you look over the lineup for the Bellingham game, you'll find his name inscribed therein. That, in the parlance of sports, is what is known as "guts."

Football Banquet Held on December 18

On Tuesday, Dec. 18, the Varsity football squad held their annual feed. Only, this feed turned out to be a real banquet, served at the L. C. Smith Building Cafe. At the hour set the husky youths arrived, all intent on making up for lost time by means of oyster cocktails and chicken a la king.

After the dishes had been cleared away, the customary after-dinner orations were delivered by a large number of the athletes.

The chairman first called on Mr. Dunne, who replied in a stirring speech, stressing the fact of loyalty as shown by the 1924 grid team. Mr. Dunne had since the beginning of the season helped coach the team, and knew whereof he spoke.

Coach Reagan, with all the tact and skill of an after-dinner speaker, claimed the attention of the crowd as the next speaker. Mr. Reagan praised the men who had served under him and expressed the desire that the next season's team may go through the year without a defeat.

Capt. Mike Monagle in his characteristic style told his teammates that he was proud to have been associated with them, and while the season was not a success as far as points went, still in character building and good sportsmanship it could not be duplicated.

Tom Glenn, next on the program, praised the worthy captain to the skies, telling how it was through Mike's effort alone that the College achieved a football team during 1924.

Votes were then taken for captain, and the result found John Paul, the handsome, dashing fullback, with the gold braid on his arm. Paul was unavoidably absent and his companions missed the opportunity to hear the silver-tongued John. He promises to do his best, however, on College Night.

All the men who were entitled to letters for the first time, in their turn said the customary few words, but it is rumored that Bernie Monahan carried off the prize for the shortest and most effective speech.

The banquet closed, everyone filled not only with the earth's choicest products, but with hopes of a record-breaking squad for next year.

MANCA'S CAFE

108 Columbia Street
Between 1st and 2nd

DAVID SWAN

(Continued from page 6.)


and of the supernatural raise him from the commonplace and lift him to a level all his own.

"David Swan," like many other sketches which have come down to us from the pen of Nathaniel Hawthorne, gives us an insight into the character of this great American author. The air of mystery and fantasy brings us back to his old gray home in Massachusetts, where the author spent so many sad and lonely years in quiet and seclusion. His knowledge of human nature displayed in his pictures of New England life, however, shows him to be a keen observer, despite his love of solitude and his gloomy Puritanism.

Hawthorne was a man of lively imagination and a lover of romance. He had a power of telling a tale, strangely interesting, novel, varied and full of fancy. His stories often enter deep down into the soul of man and bear a profound moral, which may be easily found by those who take the trouble to seek for it. His Puritanism forces him to treat man in his relation to judgment day, and to introduce the recording angel and a superintending Providence watching over man's actions.

May we not consider ourselves fortunate in these days when God is forgotten and when man is never thought of as a moral unit, that we have as our author one who, though in an exaggerated way, still clearly and forcibly brings out these immortal truths? May the lessons we have drawn from Hawthorne's "David Swan" be learned more and more

by the soulless and material people of today, and may his influence prove a stimulating tonic to the Godless world in which we live!

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