

The Spectator

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## Spectator 1942-02-18

Editors of The Spectator

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## College Organizes Base Hospital As War Effort

Reverend Francis Corkery, President of Seattle College, announced last week in a special communique to the downtown press that Base Hospital No. 50, active in the last World War, has been reorganized as a Seattle College unit to be known as General Hospital No. 50. The unit has already enrolled an almost complete staff of officers including 48 physicians, 7 dentists, and 9 administrative specialists. Seattle College will start on the work of recruiting of nurses through the Red Cross Reserve at once. When the unit is complete it will have a total strength of 693, sufficient to man a one thousand bed hospital.

The organizational work on the hospital has been in progress for approximately a year, Seattle College having applied to the war department for the authority to sponsor this unit before war was actually declared. The Secretary of War formally approved the College's sponsorship on June thirteenth. Father Corkery stated that Dr. H. T. Buckner, who will direct the new unit, and Dr. Raymond Zech, whose appointment as chief, of surgical service has been recommended, were primarily responsible for the speed with which the staff has been organized. Except for seven posts which will be regular army officers, almost one hundred per cent of the required officer personnel are ready for duty in spite of the fact that the sponsoring institution is not compelled to enlist more than fifty per cent.

### FROM THE DEAN'S OFFICE

Fr. John Dougherty is visiting in the city. Father is the assistant provincial of Portland. He is a graduate of Seattle College.

\* \* \*

The Associated Students of Seattle College will enjoy a holiday on Monday, the 23rd of this month. The occasion is the birthday of George Washington, the father of our country.

\* \* \*

Would persons who witnessed the auto accident at Broadway and Madison St., Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 2 o'clock, please leave their names at the office or call SH. 5190. Ask for Mr. or Mrs. James Veleber.

## Dickering Marks Start Of Forum Gavel Feud At Recent Meeting

Snapping lobster-like at an invitation-bearing, ex-Forumite guest, outraged Forumites colored red last week when maddened by the Gavel Club's Intercollegiate Debate monopoly. Warren Johnson caused the disturbance by inviting the Forum members to participate in a debate with W. S. C., February 14.

The first sore point hit was Ed Kohls. He pounced on Johnson, charging the Gavel Club was trying to snag intercollegiate debating from the Forum. Then Dona Moberg shoved the remark at Johnson that the Gavel was attempting to become known as the senior debating society of S. C. Next, sharp-nosed Forum Moderator Joseph McMurray said in his gentle voice that intercollegiate debate was a school affair.

After being repelled by the outbreak on the debate invitation, Johnson was rattled, and in putting the invitation to the Forumites for the Gavel Mixer, worded it wrong. He asked the Forum to cooperate in the Gavel Mixer by attending it. Money grasping Forumites grabbed the idea that the Gavel wanted them to sponsor half the mixer and demanded half the proceeds from it.

Students are wondering this week whether greenie Forumites aren't green over other things—say the Gavel mixer.

## Students Protest Cutting Campus Trees By Worker

Students of S. C. banded together last week to protest in song against the removal or the decapitation of several small trees on the corner of the campus. These trees were, according to students, generally accepted as landmarks by all the citizens of Seattle who were acquainted with the College.

Father Nichols, S.J., the padre of the pastures, the protector of the perennials, ignored the gathered chorus of protesters who sang "Woodman Spare That Tree" and encouraged his little henchman, Mr. Suzuki, to go stoically on with his gruesome and strenuous work of destruction.

Despite the loss of the potential Sequoias and the accompanying dissatisfaction among the nature lovers of the College, there were some among the enrollment who believed that the destroying of the trees would be considered a blessing if any rain settled upon the campus. Those who upheld this argument produced pictures from secret files that showed the corner where the trees had so long stood to be a mudhole in the winter season.

Members of the Campus Beautiful Committee who chose to be non-committal on these two arguments did maintain that the stepping stone path to be installed where once fair nature held forth, will add to the architectural loveliness of S. C. Rumors are that downtown newspapers have been informed about this fiery trouble at Seattle College and commentary among the laity of the city commends the students on the aggressive intellectual way they handled the delicate situation.

# Uninterest Rampant As Student-Body Polls Open For Voting Today

Almost as quiet and indifferently regarded as the Seattle Mayor and City Council primary election is the primary Seattle College election for the Student Body officers of Vice-President and Sergeant-at-Arms, both of which were vacated recently by Bill Berridge and Bob Mahaney who are now serving in this country's armed forces.

## Hi-Yu To Hi To Hill In Big Feet And Eat Anniversary Hike

Final plans are now underway for the gala anniversary hike of HI-YU COLE. The Y. W. C. A. camp on Bainbridge Island has been obtained for the occasion, and the menu has been planned to contain meatballs and spaghetti, salad, buns, cake, and coffee.

Mass will be celebrated over on the island, after the ferry ride originating at Colman Dock in the wee hours of the morning. The exact time will be announced on the bulletin board. The slight fee of 75 cents will be charged and it will include the day's food, ferry ride, etc. Never before has such a bargain been offered, say Hi-Yu members.

It is imperative that all interested sign up as soon as possible, so that the committee in charge can make the necessary arrangements.

## Inter-Collegiate Debaters Tilt With W. S. C. Speakers On Churchill-Roosevelt Plan

Washington State College girl-debating teams matched Seattle College in a Feb. 14 series at the Seattle College Library arguing the "Churchill-Roosevelt Eight Point Plan," the debaters met in three afternoon contests and an evening program.

Coached by W. H. Veatch, students Elna Schmitz and Patricia Boyle debated in the eight o'clock evening feature with Affirmative speakers Robert Grieve and Roscoe Balch. With low voices and clearly enunciated words both evening-speaking WSC girls presented an almost unbreakable case in the non-decision mix. Both Miss Schmitz and Miss Boyle are five-year speech majors at W. S. C.

Startling in the afternoon debate was Seattle College's Bertha Gleason. In an extemporaneous debate Bertha shredded Mother England worse than the daily papers slashed her in the Singapore upset. Talking almost spontaneously, dynamic Miss Gleason, with Roscoe Balch, denied the Velma Calvin-Kathleen Kelly affirmative.

Calvin and Kelly also stood against John Daly and whistled John Dillon but took a skilled Negative plan as opposed to their other afternoon contest. Other debate was John Read-Warren Johnson's Negative, waged against Elna Schmitz and Patricia Boyle.

Stunning to SC'rs, the debating and poise of the visiting WSC girls were easily noted by onlookers.

## Balch Gives Forth At Sodality Meet

Roscoe Balch threw the Sodality into hiccups of laughter in a graphic and witty vignette on the English Jesuit Martyrs, Feb. 5. Following the Vignette a fire-like discussion on the Spiritual Defense spread through the Sodality.

Highlighting the Sodality meet, Balch's speech locked the sixty or more sodalists in the dust-filled K. C. chambers. Depicting a group of hunted Jesuits, Gavel-er Balch said . . . the English searched the Jesuit hiding place from top to bottom and left . . . then the Jesuits came out of the walls.

The group consideration of "The Spiritual Defense Need" alarmed puritanical sodalists. The fall of convent vocations of 10% in the last few years spotlighted sodalists. The unprintable truth in most of the discussions made the whole sodality agree that . . . a more holy and supernatural life ought to produce more nuns.

## Dance An "Okayer" Says Ex-Chairman

Tipping back his chair and gazing at the distant ceiling of the Publicity Office, Chairman Bates said he hoped chairmen of the future Seattle College dances would let the success of the Homecoming Ball serve as an example.

More than 250 couples danced to the soothing rhythms of Jackie Souders' 15-piece orchestra between the intermittent speeches of "Spotlight" Bates who awarded the \$80 worth of prizes to winners so officially chosen by a judging committee consisting of Helena Brown.

With hands in pockets, Mr. Bates extended thanks to Mary Ellen Petrich, co-chairman and to other chairmen who did the jobs they were assigned.

The one prize awarded without causing student murmurings, was the flashy red convertible, with 24 hour's entertainment attached. This was won by Fred Brysen, a defense worker.

Official financial figures on the dance will appear in next week's Spectator.

Even the candidates for the respective offices seem unenthusiastic. Feminine candidate Nora Keavy who is usually outspoken in most things was quiet when confronted with questions. She expressed herself as being happy but she is in no hurry to run. Miss Keavy will merely walk. Although she would not admit it, she has done work around school. Nora is now president of the Silver Scroll, and was last year co-chairman for Commencement exercises and a secretary of her class. Moreover she is regarded as a critic of dancing.

Tom Anderson who usually speaks volumes had nothing to say for the Spectator. However, his record at school speaks volumes for him. Mr. Anderson recently replaced Bill Berridge as Prefect of the Sodality and has been a dance chairman, an actor in College plays, member of Advisory Board, as well as belonging to Inter-Collegiate Knights.

Dave Read, naturally quiet, is not stepping out of character in regard to this race. Although outstanding as a shining light in chemistry when one can't answer lab text questions, and remembered as chairman of the basket drive at Christmas, Dave leads rather a quiet and retired life.

Manuel Vera, of course, has no opposition and so has little need to make much-ado about the election. Manuel haunts the Publicity Office and was scheduled for the important job of photographer for the Aegis before its publication was cancelled.

The primary elections for the offices mentioned and likewise the Advisory Board are to be held today. The final election will be held Friday, February 20.

## Brock Given Title "College Sweetheart" At Friday Mixer

Ruth Brock was feted at the Lucky Friday Mixer as Campus Sweetheart of S. C., Friday, February 13 at K. C. Hall. To the smooth music of the Star Lighters, lovely Miss Brock danced in the most picturesque setting that S. C. has seen since the early days before the draft. Considered by Gavelers as better than the Homecoming Dance for grads and music, this unique mixer was barren of the usual herd of pouting stags that have spoiled past mixers, said dance attenders.

With a nine-piece orchestra, Congas, smooth waltzes, and torrid swing were the variety given out by the Star Lighters. Booked as a full band the Star Lighters is considered the best in high class university circles. The Chinese drummer boy was liked in particular by the crowd. The rendition—"My Mama Done 'Tole Me"—was greeted as the snappiest piece at the affair. The crowd was actually singing it.

- extra-curricular
- tear jerk

**Informally...**

By Mary Ellen Beyer  
Years ago, no college year was complete without two or three subtle, practical jokes planned and carried out on a big scale. College pranks still exist, of course, but students today have to be definitely on the clever side to rival the brain-children of the students of yesteryear.

**Strict Ham**  
Ten years ago Republican leaders throughout the country received letters from two editors of Cornell University's daily paper inviting them to a dinner which was to be held in memory of "Hugo N. Fry, the founder of the Republican Party in New York State." Replying to the invitation, Secretary of Labor Davis stated: "It is a pleasure to testify to the career of that sturdy patriot who first planted the ideals of our party in this region of the country." Telegraphed Vice-President Curtis: "I congratulate the Republicans on paying this respect to the memory of Hugo N. Fry, and wish you a most successful occasion."

After dozens of these greetings, the Cornell editors pointed out the similar phonetic resemblance between Hugo N. Frye and "You Go and Fry."

**Tax With Point**  
A group of Dartmouth men are responsible for this practical joke, invented to side-track the people of Hanover, New Hampshire, who had passed a resolution to levy a poll tax on Dartmouth students. One night representatives of the college student body descended upon the local town meeting in such numbers that the townspeople were greatly outnumbered. The Dartmouth gang then spent the evening passing such wild laws that Hanover had to appeal to the state legislature to annul them. Needless to say, Hanover forgot her plan to tax the students.

Columbia University produced, not many years ago, a character named O'Grady Sezz. One afternoon O'Grady was waiting for an interview with Professor Brander Matthews in the latter's outside office. To pass the time, O'Grady autographed scores of the professor's copies of books by great English writers. A sample of O'Grady's autographing is this one inscribed in a copy of *Don Juan*: "To my friend Brander—without whose help this book could not have been written. Affectionately, Lord Byron." Rare book collectors were quick to put in their bid for these autographed books after the professor's death.

College students whose term papers are soon due might try this ingenious O'Grady trick. On the day his philosophy term paper was to be turned in, O'Grady, who hadn't even started it, bound several sheets of blank paper together and burst out crying as he handed it to the prof. "It isn't my best work," he choked, as he tore it to pieces. Deeply impressed, the professor made his grade "A" for the quarter.

**Editorial**

Eight broken and battered bodies have been funerealed out of the boisterous atmosphere of the College Cavern since the start of the school year, and not one murderer has offered to pay the funeral bill of the murderee.

This is just a round about way of telling the S. C. student body that carelessness and plain "tomfoolery" have been responsible for needless destruction of the chairs and tables in the lunchroom.

It must certainly be termed an act of a high school minded group, this "rowdy-dow" at the tables, and it is up to other patrons eating at the cafeteria to see to it that these high school collegians begin to grow up.

★ **feature** ★

- epitaph
- stabbed by sharp tax
- arid aristotle aired

editor • b. j. dunham

art editor • betty kumhero

associate editor • mary ellen beyer

• heroine  
**thumbnail sketch of Christ's courageous**

The world, in every age, has produced heroes and heroines whose deeds are recorded in the golden pages of history. The Church, too, has her heroes and heroines. We call them Saints. The Church bids us to look upon them as models in the path of virtue.

Each day in the year has been dedicated to a certain Saint or to a certain group of Saints. Today, we celebrate the feastday of St. Catherine de Ricci.

Catherine de Ricci was born at Florence in 1522. She became a nun in 1536. For two years she suffered from a serious illness. But, she bore her suffering with great patience and joy for the sake of Christ. After her recovery which seemed miraculous, she labored hard to advance in the penitential life and spirit proper to her way of life. She fasted two or three days a week on bread and water, and chastised her body with cords and with sharp iron chains which she wore next to her skin. The reputation of her extraordinary sanctity drew her many visits from a great number of bishops, princes, and cardinals — among others, of Cervini, Alexander of Medicis, and Aldobrandini. All three were afterwards raised to St. Peter's chair, under the names of Marcellus II., Clement VIII., and Leo XI. She became an inspiration to many prelates and she even appeared to St. Philip Neri and his disciple, Galtoni, in vision, and to five other witnesses. She died on the Feast of the Purification of our Lady, February 2, 1589, the sixty-seventh year of her life. She was beatified by Clement XIII, in 1732, and canonized by Benedict XIV, in

(Continued on Page 4.)

- spring, tra la
- plagiarism?

**student observer**

By BILL MOFFAT

Spring is here. Please don't get the wrong idea, dear reader, let me not stress the point of Spring too firmly. What I mean to say is that Spring is almost here. If you still think my statement too sizzling, I will pour cooling water on the proposition and say a season of the year is at hand.

This beautiful season, when all hearts turn to nature, truly expresses love for living, and vice-versa. Birds chirp, flowers bloom, the sun shimmers on the sea at eventide. Or what I mean to say, this might be a beautiful season (if I may be so bold as to call it beauty — Wordsworth might think I am stealing one of his lines). The sun might shine, yet it may rain, or even snow, or even hail or freeze. The flowers may bloom, but then again I'm not quite sure. Now don't let me stress the point "quite sure" too much. I might be sure, but yet I'm not quite certain.

In the beautiful or dull season, or time of year when all hearts

turn to nature (as Wordsworth Claims), (or was it Wordsworth? I am not quite certain that he worshipped nature) (yet it might have been Wordsworth, and due to some flaw in History, someone else might have written the nature poems) (what I mean to say is I'm not quite certain than any nature poems have been written. They may have been, but then I'm not sure) the natural thing for nature is to turn also to all hearts.

In the coming season (if it is coming) let us enjoy it, or if you would rather, not enjoy it. Re-

(Continued on Page 4)

**Here Lies Joe, Who Didn't Let Books Interfere With Education**

By JIM O'BRIEN

Joe has never made the headlines. He's never been hoisted on his fellows' shoulders and cheered as the "one man" of a one-man team. The plaudits of vast audiences have never reached his ears. He didn't quite "burn up" his old alma mater, but he had fun making as much smoke as he could. Joe fought (not always too well) the good (?) fight. But he's been in the game of life all the time, even though he's come off with more scars than medals.



We've had a hard time collecting all the fragments of Joe. They are strewn over a large world, which includes much, much more than the school building.

**Man At Work**

Joe has fought a few big fights, not big to the man who puts out a few millions in income-tax or the man who has the entire world pounding at his door because he made a better rat-trap than his neighbor. Joe was one of the million and one part-time workers. But he stuck to his job during the four years. It would have been easier not to go to school at all. It would be more fun to see the world and some of the things inside of it, or a lot more comfortable to just "loaf."

There were minor troubles at school besides the fact that he enraged the school office-help when he filled out the space for his parent's name with: Mamma and Papa. To make the first class in the morning was a perennial thorn — he always needed a little more sleep. There was trouble to make the other classes too — friends, committee work, special plans for the week-end. It's hard to do all that business in the few minutes between classes.

**Modest Flop**

Joe had epic tussles with the subject-matter of most of his

(Continued on Page 4)

**Bates Says . .**

- no puddle-jumper
- simone legree

Well, the Homecoming Ball is a thing of the past. As far as could be determined from my rather strained vantage point, the more than two hundred and fifty couples enjoyed themselves. The band, Messers (and I spelt that the way I wanted to) Brinck and Mitchell to the contrary, was well-received. Jackie Souders has a personality that is unequalled in this writer's experience. The Civic Auditorium encompassed the dancing couples and for once in S. C. history, every dancer had enough room to try his favorite steps. The chairmen take little credit; we can all say to the many many pre-dance scoffers that S. C. is no longer a puddle-jump school. We're in the big time, kids. Now let's take it up from there.

**THERE ARE**, I'm sorry to say, still tickets and money out for the Homecoming Ball. You who have the money have no right to it. Hand it in at once. There is a convenient student body meeting coming up!

**Journalistic slavery** has been called a thing of the past. Not so. We have, e'en within the portals of our own little clam-bake known to the multitudes as the Spectator, a feminine journalistic Simon Legree. And brethren, if you have ever known a feminine slave-driver you have come in contact with the ultima thule of brutality. As a comparatively independent writer writing on a comparatively independent paper, I falsely assumed that the naming of this weekly balderdash would be left up to me. Speaking for Myself, I thought, was a nice name. Informal, independent, and catchy.

The aforementioned Miss Legree has spoken otherwise. One week, as is my wont, I opened the paper to my column (always my first act on receiving a new issue) and saw, not SFM but Bates Says! Gad, what a shaking experience. Here was my name in bold 24 point print. I frankly don't like it. I told the slavedriver. Smirkingly she pushed me aside and moved on to her next victim, a barebacked young man waiting for his regular bi-weekly whipping. I protested; she demanded; I then screamed, first in spiritual agony, then in physical pain as she sadistically cracked me neatly between the eyes with her cat-o-nine tails—the lead-filled butt of it.

I don't like the name of my column. There, I said it again!

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# DRAMA | CLUBS | MUSIC

☆ ☆ ☆ Editor—Marjorie Staples ☆ ☆ ☆

Rose Burke

## \* Series of Shrewd Reflections

Katherine Cornell achieved far beyond the expected in her portrayal of the title role in the Henrie Bernstien play, *Rose Burke*, which was presented in Seattle, Wednesday through Saturday of last week. The play was written especially for her and she was the play. The story itself was shallow, a series of continued scenes, each scene opening with shrewd reflection on the state of the world gratuitously tossed in—which did little to enhance it. Miss Cornell and the well selected supporting cast took advantage of the many clever lines and gave a very fine performance.

Philip Merivale aptly portrayed the seemingly strong, austere statesman who in reality was a picture of weakness and loneliness. Jean-Pierre Aumont played his own native French role as no one else could have done. He, by the way, is being sought after by Hollywood and will undoubtedly be a great success. The others in the cast—Doris Ddley, Catherine Doucet in her Billy-Burke-type part and the rest—all did their best to make it complete.

There were lots of good things in *Rose Burke*, the best of them being Miss Cornell.

Good

## \* Well Received

Lights were dimmed; the strains of our National Anthem poured forth to fill the huge auditorium and signal the opening of the fifth annual concert of the Broadway-Edison Evening School the program comprised the Orchestra. The first half of works of Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert. The Haydn Symphony No. 12 in B flat major but the usual flowing, graceful movement of Haydn seemed to have been sacrificed for precision of notes and of tempo.

Following a short intermission, several selections taken from the opera *Martha* were offered and received with a much better ovation than previously shown by the audience. Gradually, the nervous tension so evident in the first half of the program had been broken down and now, perfect coordination was established between the conductor and each vital section of the orchestra. They moved with him and as a result, rendered the last four numbers outwardly perfect. The artistry of Strauss, and a refreshing picture of the Vienna of old were combined in *The Emperor Waltz*. *The Barber of Seville*, which closed the program, was faultless. It built up the amateur standing of the orchestra.

Seattle College students participating in the concert and who are also members of the Seattle College Orchestra are Marjorie Staples, Wade Peterson and Dave Reed.

Bischoff

## \* Symphonic Radio Appeal

Over fifty percent of the large network radio programs are given over to music, exclusive of those spoken programs in which music is an indispensable background. Music's radio appeal, as indicated by the time devoted to the tonal art in its various forms, is nearly 500 percent greater than that of any other subject. Perhaps you did not know that the radio in your home conveys to you through the various broadcasting companies an average of over one symphony a day throughout the year.

Fifty years ago, the young musician in America felt himself fortunate if he could hear one fine symphony concert a year. It is now, however, the privilege of every musical young person to have right in the home, merely by turning the radio dial, advantages impossible only a few years ago.

The remarkable thing about radio is the splendid amount of time which the broadcasting companies in America give to the finer programs and to education. Even the detestable jazz programs of a few years back have been modified and we make a wide distinction between the modern glorified jazz, such as heard from the orchestras of Andre Kostelanetz, Guy Lombardo, and Fred Waring, which thrills with the ingenuity and virtuosity of the players, and the boiler-factory pandemonium jazz in which two or three players ignorantly and impudently feel that they are heaven-sent and many, therefore, improvise by any old kind of tune upon an orchestral background with the thought that the louder, higher, and harsher the rumpus, the more satisfactory the results. If, therefore, you

Grads

## \* Alumnitems

**In the Army:**  
Bill Pettinger is in Spokane. The first week, he had little to do, but soon our boy Pett will be toting a gun like a regular soldier. From Fort Riley, Kansas comes the news that Bill Berridge is in the cavalry. So far, however, he has walked miles and the nearest he got to a horse was to groom it.

**At the Dance:**  
1. Fritz Sexton, leading his wife Dorothy Robinson Sexton around the dance floor.  
2. When awards were given out Monie Peabody Smith got a prize for being the most loyal grad and Bill Kelly and Betty McKanna were chosen as the cutest couple.  
3. Ad Smith, a former prexy, escorted our own Betty Kumhera...  
4. Bob Hiltbrand and Barney Storey attracted attention by yelling Spanish phrases at the Rumba Dances.  
5. Chuck Kruse called Queen Ruth long-distance from Kentucky to congratulate her.

Mitchell

## \* Union Pick-Up

Now it can be told. At last we can say what we think of the music at the otherwise successful Homecoming dance without fear of reprisal from Willie Bates. It would never have done to have said anything that might have kept even one person away; but now, things are changed.

We consider the evening's musical background as the technically inadequate offerings of a group of pick-up musicians sent down by the union hall when the Boeing worker-leader got the job solely through his name.

At this we can imagine Bates turning a cadaverous yellow and emitting a series of short beeps like an air horn "But everybody had a good time," he will complain. Very true, Bill, and largely through your own efforts. BUT, no band that has not played together can play the smooth, mellow, dance music that would have made the dance so much better. Brother Bill, that music was rotten corn. You could have done much better with any of the young bands around the city.

\* \* \*  
The divine Cornell was at the Metropolitan last weekend. The play *Rose Burke*, was written especially for Miss Cornell by Henri Bernstein. On the whole, the performance was rather disappointing. The story had to do with the usual boy meets girl angle of the Hollywood type with a few new twists. Cornell, herself, impressed us as a rather affected person who could do with a little more simplicity and sincerity. But nobody really knows what Cornell should or should not do except her two midget daschunds.

Hike

## \* Annual Outing

Great plans are being made by the members of the hiking club for their anniversary hike, according to Don Nelson, president of Hiyu Cole. The destination of the hike will be announced next week when final plans for thos special annual outing are completed. The date is definitely set for February 22.

Special committees were

Brinck

## \* Cavern Juke-Box

Throughout last week we ran a P. A. system to advertise the homecoming ball. As you know, the bulk of the broadcasting was music in the form of popular records. During the week we were asked the same question by students innumerable times. The question is, 'Why doesn't the school have a juke-box in the Cavern? Possessing an inquisitive nature, we set forth to find the answer. We found the answer in Mr. Bill Bates. It seems Bill tried to put a nickelodeon in the "Cavern," but to date has not had a go ahead signal from the faculty.

Therefore, we of this column wish to enter a plea for a nickelodeon in the Cavern. Think of how swell it would be to hear all the best recordings during floats and while eating.

**What We Think**  
Ted Mitchell and I sent up a cry of anguish to each other at the Homecoming Ball. We were disgusted with Jackie Souder's feeble attempts to produce music. Confidentially it was a half-way pick-up band that played for the ball. This is in no way a slam at Bill Bates for Souders assured Bill that his was not a pick-up band. However, Jackie should have picked up a men who could have at least played the instruments they held in their hands. Outside of Art Bardune, the piano player, who can really play excellently, the band was a decided detriment to an otherwise swell dance. Therefore, we take advantage of this fact to say to Bill . . . "Bill, the next time, let someone who knows music help in the selection of a band; just because a man says he will play only sweet music, don't let that fool you. Sweet music is the hardest kind to play together. Otherwise thanks for a really great dance, Bill. You have set the precedent for Seattle College. In coming years we hope others will be able to plan a dance and make as great a success of it as you have done!"  
appointed this week to take care of the plans for this super outing.  
Many students have shown their enthusiastic interest for this coming event, and are ready to make it extremely successful.

### Requiescat In Pace To Joe

(Continued from Page 2)

classes. What he liked the best and knew the most of, took all his time. What he abhorred and knew the least of seldom say anything of Joe. He was a whizz at his sciences until they got too involved. Joe was a modest flop at English, the languages, and abstract studies. But somehow or other at the end of four years he added up every fraction of a credit and amassed enough to pass shakily through the commencement exercises.

There were difficulties with what the catalogue termed extra-curricular activities. Many of them, for one thing, were not too active. While he was trying to inject some vigor into his science clubs, others complained of his apathy towards music, sports and a colossal tiddly-winks tournament. In the end the science department was furthered by his efforts; not so much for the work he had done, but that he'd come with a warm interest.

Joe wasn't without worries about crossed-dates, unsold tickets and tickets sold with no money to pay for them.

#### Keeping Faith

There's a bigger victory that belongs to Joe. He won a fight that has nothing to do with college, except that more collegians probably lose that struggle than those without the higher education. That was the fight with himself. He kept honor with himself and God. Joe was no budding saint.

He had troubles with two-thirds of the things in the "Wine, Women and Song," slogan, (and he did have a fair ear for song.). But Joe wasn't so bad. He thought of the things he might have been — a gangster, bank-robber or a murderer, an unscrupulous politician or a crooked bookie. He might have been these instead of an occasional tilter of slot-machines or a man in a life-and-death hurry when the stop-sign has a red face. Joe didn't apply the knife to his friends' throats, even if more honor or cash would come his way from their blood. Yes, Joe won the biggest fight. Through it all, he kept faith with God and himself.

### Student Observer

(Continued from Page 2)

turn to nature, or what I mean is you might return to nature; that is, if you might believe in nature, if there is such a thing. I'm not quite certain of the word "thing", so if this point is uncertain, I will write an article next week explaining it. Yet let me not be too certain on the point, for I may write an article or I may write a review. Perhaps on Webster's Unabridged Dictionary — that ought to explain a few things. Yet I'm not sure. That is, I'm not sure I'm sure. But then again, neither am I sure that I'm not sure. It's all very confusing.

### Thumbnail Sketch

(Continued from Page 2)

1746. Her festival is celebrated on the 13th day of February.

Our Saints of the week, from Saturday the 14th to the 19th, are: St. Valentine, Priest and Martyr and St. Maro, Abbot; SS. Faustinus and Jovita, Martyrs and St. Sigfrid, Bishop. Apostle of Sweden; St. Juliana, St. Onisimus, Disciple of t. Paul, S. Elias, Jeremy, Isaias, Samuel, and Daniel, with other holy Martyrs at Caesarea, in Palestine; St. Flavian, Martyr, Archbishop of Constantinople, St. Conrad, St. Barbatus, Bishop of Benevento.

Next Wednesday, we will take a little glimpse on the life of the Saint of that day.

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### Inches Into Journals

Publicity-minded J. William Bates today released official figures on the amount of publicity his department has had placed in the downtown newspapers. There have been 650 column inches, enough to fill four pages of a single edition. And 60 inches of photos—enough to cover 1/2 page of a city paper.

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