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Editors of The Spectator

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SPECTATOR

Vol. IX.—No. 20.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1942

Z-800

Hot Confabs Draws Crowd To Sodality

The Sodality meeting Thursday night closed with opposing forces frantically trying to get the floor while diplomatic Father Peronteau tyrannically ignored their protests and led them in a final prayer. The question under discussion was that introduced at the preceding meeting: "Why fewer girls are becoming Sisters in 1941 and 2 than in 1935." While the fiery speakers gave forth their opinions on the subject, Father Peronteau sorted out the material presented and dispelled and corrected the many conflicting views expressed. The girls present, led by candid Becky McArdle, decidedly felt the reason did not lie in the increasing worldliness of the female of the species, as alleged by the boys. Due to the lack of time, Father closed the discussion in the heat of battle with the pertinent query as to whether the answer lay in the early age at which boys and girls in high schools are permitted to attend dances and like social functions in the present time. This question served not to pacify but rather to fuel the fire of debate. The entire group present, with few exceptions, remained to thrash out the answer with Father Peronteau. When the group finally disbanded no decision had been reached.

Quite in contrast to this unusual activity, the earlier part of the meeting ran smoothly according to schedule. The minutes were dispensed with owing to the absence of the charming secretary. Bill Haines gave an inspiring talk on Lent, the purpose of Lent, and sacrifice, while two well-known members present defiantly lit cigarettes. Following this inflammatory action, Tony Buhr set forth a few ways of keeping Lent and gave reasons why we should hear Mass daily during this season.

All's Well Today As Forum--Gavel Settle Feud

The controversy raging between the Gavel and Forum clubs (see Feb. 18 Spectator) has reached an amicable settlement, it was announced by representatives of both organizations. Forum had accused the Gavel Club of monopolizing inter-collegiate debate.

Forumites magnanimously shouldered the blame for the misunderstanding. They had believed that the Gaveleers were pre-empting the prize positions on the inter-collegiate squad. Inter-collegiate debaters pointed out to them that a notice was stationed on the college bulletin boards for a lengthy period, telling of the debate tryouts. Gaveleers further said that some members of the inter-collegiate squad were not even Gavel members.

I.R. Club Explodes Queries At U. of W.

Democracy! The Far East! After the war! were the three problems exploded at the Northwest International Relations Conference held at the University of Washington last Friday and Saturday.

Seattle College was stalwartly represented by three students chosen from the local I.R.C.

Banquets, social hours, dinner speeches, and radio broadcasts were added attractions to the intense business discussions which attracted nation-wide attention.

Reports of the Conference will be given in detail at the next meeting of the I.R.C.

LEGAL ACTION MAY "TOSS OUT" POLL RESULTS

Nearly a thousand College voters go to the polls today to select a new vice-president and several other officers for the ASSC in an election that may be declared illegal by the all-powerful Judicial Board under Chief Justice Jack Terhar.

Student Leaders To Hold Parley Thursday Night

ASSC President Raymond Mongrain will lead a panel discussion on the subject of Catholic Action at the St. Francis House of Hospitality, Thursday evening, February 26, at 8 p. m.

Also participating in the discussion are Miss Barbara Jean Dunham, Mr. William Bates, and Mr. Thomas Anderson, all three prominent in college activities and recognized student leaders. They will survey the Catholic Action situation from the point of view of the college student.

In a brief preview of his approach to the problem, Mr. Mongrain indicated that his attack will be direct and uncompromising. The tenor of his remarks was that Catholic Action must immediately become more belligerently Catholic and more dynamically active. Final appraisal: Recommended to all whose minds are not swathed in cotton to protect them from shock.

Lil' Abner Signed By Government To Sell Bonds



No First Places For S.C. Debators

Because the Spectator was unable to contact Warren Johnson, member of the debate team and Spectator reporter, whose story was not in the copy basket at the deadline time, the paper was forced to go to press minus the results of the intercollegiate debate at Linfield. Father Gilmore, S. J., moderator of the college debate team, told reporters that, while the locals had not garnered any first places, they had acquitted themselves ably.

Mystery Pledges Come Into Open

Although the news was kept a mystery for the last few weeks, the pledges for the Alpha Epsilon Delta have been announced by the president, Bill Stapleton. They include three seniors: Bob Lowden, Bud Bader and John Katona.

Alpha Epsilon Delta is a national pre-med society. Before the organization received national recognition, it was known as the Pi Sigma Chi. It was organized in 1939 and became nationally affiliated in 1941. To belong to the organization one must have a grade average of 3 in science and 2.7 in academic courses.

ASSC Prexy Speaks On Dance

The Student body owes those loyal students who devoted so much time and energy to the Homecoming activities a vote of appreciation. As all know who were working with the various committees . . . many difficulties were met—not difficulties ordinarily met in this sort of thing; but unprecedented criticism of the plans, leadership, and finances. Those who in the past have considered themselves "loyal," have discovered their loyalties to be somewhere else, not at Seattle College.

Yet in the face of every type of unfavorable circumstance, the Homecoming chairmen, Bill Haines and Lorraine Eisen of the Openhouse and Homecoming Week; and Bill Bates and Mary Ellen Petrich of the Dance Committee, staged the most successful event in the history of the College. This is the type of loyalty that is wanted; the number of those who are willing to "knock" is already too large, but the number of those actually willing to work is much too small.

Signed:
RAY MONGRAIN,
President, ASSC.

● blockhead
● parasite prince
Informally...

The holder of Northwestern University's honorary degree of Master of Innuendo and Snappy Comeback is cocky Charlie McCarthy of radio fame. Yes, Charlie has earned a college degree, but read what the Dean of Northwestern's School of Speech said when he presented Charlie's degree to him. Stated the Dean in part: "Prince of Parasites, violent in company, churlish in behavior, acid in conversation, wooden-faced in all relationships, and thus in many respects a typical product of higher education in America."

Poisonality Plus

To his millions of fans Charlie is an insolent, downright rude, wise-cracking young man who is constantly demanding a raise in his weekly allowance. Actually, he is a forty-pound, walking, red-haired dummy with a brazen look in his eye. J. P. McEvoy, the writer, after meeting Charlie, described him as a "pleasantly poisonous personality."

Life Insurance

A Chicago bartender named Theodore Mack carved the original Charlie for thirty-five dollars. He succeeded in putting real expression into Charlie's famous wooden face, a thing which Bergen confesses he has been unable to do with McCarthy substitutes. Most of the time the real Charlie, who is insured for \$5,000, lies in a Hollywood bank vault.

Stooge

Despite all his obvious personality defects, Charlie is worth \$500,000. He has completely overshadowed his voice, quiet, amicable Edgar Bergen. Bergen, though reconciled to this, once declared rather pensively: "I wish I could win people over as quickly as Charlie does. People take to him at once and he's never at a loss for something to say." The sign on their dressing room door at the broadcasting studio gives some insight into the question of who has the upper hand in the McCarthy-Bergen team. It reads: "Charlie McCarthy and Stooge." As Charlie himself sums up their relationship: "I am Bergen's piece de resistance; translated from the French, that means bread and butter."

● funny bone tickler

Highly Seasoned Welch-Rarebit Offered For Student Delectation

With the express and somewhat selfish thought of getting a story that would throw Spectator readers into hysterical fits of laughter, two Spec reporters burrowed up through the mountain of crumpled copy paper that bulged the news room of the Seattle Post Intelligencer and found Doug Welch, our prey of the day, beating the living daylight out of a defenseless typewriter.

Knowing the wrath that can rise within the burly breast of even the most humble reporter when he is interrupted while in the midst of composing, we lurked hungrily about the big daily office waiting for Brother Welch to finish his masterpiece and, at the same, eyeing with considerable envy, for the Spectator office hasn't any, the many desks scattered aimlessly around the room.

Finally the well-padded feature writer who tickles the funny bone of the entire northwest populace when they read his stories at the breakfast table every morning, slapped his copy down with a note of "take it away men" and let his bespectacled eye wander quizzically in the direction of us, the two "we don't get paid for our work" reporters.

"Can we have a moment of your time, Mr. Welch?"

"A moment of my time? Sure step into my palatial office," he said as he settled his two hundred pounds comfortably on a battered

bench in the hall. "What can I do for you?"

Well, between the two of us Doug Welch finally found out that we wanted him to be funny so the Spectator readers would laugh at our column.

"Well, it's tthis way . . ." and from the tone of his voice we gathered that Mr. Welch was all tired out from being funny for money and that it would be practically impossible for him to be funny for free until maybe tomorrow after he had had a little rest.

"But speaking of college," said Welch, and nobody was, "if I had my college days to live over again, I'd try to stay awake in classes."

This, we figured, was a terrific statement coming from anyone, even Mr. Welch, because anybody knows how hard it is to be lively through a lecture.

"People ought to read a lot more than they do," he mused. "They

(Continued on Page 4)

● brain-sprain

College Quizz Kids Offered Free Fags

How'ja like five packs of cigarettes free for nothing? That's what the Spectator is offering to the brain-truster who turns in the best list of answers to the following quiz. All students, except members of the Spectator staff and their families, are eligible for the competition. Entries may be submitted from Wednesday noon to Friday noon. Just fill out a sheet with your answers, drop it into the box under the Bulletin Board in the Liberal Arts Building, and wait for the results.

In the event of duplication, the nod will go to the entry opened first.

1—In what state is each of the following colleges and universities: Amherst, Dartmouth, Drake, Stanford, Centre?

2—What valuable picture, stolen from the Louvre in 1911, was returned two years later?

3—What Greek physicist, while in his bath, cried "Eureka" upon discovering a means of testing the amount of alloy in King Hiero's crown?

4—What university president edited a set of books containing a comprehensive group of the world's masterpieces in the fields of art, science, literature, etc?

5—Who, when told that the poor in France had no bread, is reputed to have said: "Let them eat cake?"

6—What Cardinal, famous during the World War, died in 1926?

7—What was the Brook Farm experiment?

8—What was the last name of "Oom Paul" of Boer War fame?

9—Who planned the layout of the city of Washington?

10—What furnishes the motive power to ships going through the locks of the Panama Canal?

In Trenton, New Jersey, three state supreme court judges ruled that according to a local zoning code a back yard is a yard in back of a house. TIME.

Now for the \$25 question.

★ feature ★

● from whose bourne . . .

Flaming Wings Over Libya Spell Obit For RIP Writer

By A. O.

Had it not been for the words of a female would-be reporter (one of those girls who use their eyes solely to bat at susceptible males with palpitating pulses), I never would have known about Tom Reynolds.

She came tripping in to the Spectator office—there's no other way to get in unless you arrive first—picked herself up, deposited a slip of paper on the desk, and tripped out—there's no other way out, either.

As her slightly revolting perfume and Jim Baird followed her down the hall, I glanced down at the paper. It was a no-story slip. It read: "I've looked all through the exchange papers from other schools, and I can't find anything for a feature story."

I was turning back to the typewriter when my eye was attracted by those papers and I stopped. I also wondered. That pile contained at least 500 papers with an average of five pages per paper. 2500 pages written by college people all over the United States and Canada, and this little bit of fluff said they contained nothing of interest.

It was a temptation I couldn't resist. I plunged my hand into the center of the bundle and brought out a four-page, slick-paper sheet flaunting the banner of a British Columbia college. And that's how it happened, by sheer chance, that I met Tom Reynolds, of St. Joseph's College, and his obituary column.

Methodically I fished out the rest of the papers from that Canadian school, and arranged them in chronological order. With that kind of arrangement and with scarcely a line of explanation, they imprisoned for a moment the war and Tom Reynolds in the Spectator office.

Tom had evidently been assigned that column with the melancholy black band around it. A sprinkling of such columns has recently been dampening the pages of American school papers, but they have been standard equipment in Canadian college sheets for several months. It can't have been the most palatable assignment in the world, and Tom probably beefed a bit, but he stuck doggedly to it. Tom, you see, had guts. And beside that doggedness and that black border, the trivial little boy-meets-girl column paled and hardened into brittleness.

Day after day Tom had forced himself to write:

"Condolences are extended to the parents of Peter Woodmont, shot down in flames over Calais, September 27. May his soul rest in peace."

"Heartfelt sympathies of the faculty and students are offered to the parents of Anthony Bradford-Smith III, lost in action somewhere in the Atlantic. May his soul rest in peace."

On days when the fighting had been more intense, the obituary column grew longer until its spirit pervaded the whole paper, exposing the forced gaiety of the other columns as a determined whistling in the dark. My own lips were too dry for whistling. I may have needed a coke or a cup of coffee, but I don't think so.

I should have been prepared for what happened, but I wasn't. There must be a flaw in my veneer of literary sophistication. I flipped over the next paper in the stack and stared at it incredulously. Tom wasn't there. The obit column still spread its mantle of gloom, but Tom's by-line wasn't on it. Somebody named Andrew Blair had it now. The reason was not hard to find; over on the left-hand column Tom and a pair of RCAF wings stared fixedly back at me. Tom, it seems, had been a civilian pilot—he hadn't told me that, but I don't think he meant to deceive—and the long arm of war had plucked him from St. Joseph's and set him down to write his obituaries with the machine-guns of a Spitfire.

The paper ran the customary we'll-miss-you-Tom, he's-a-sterling-character paragraphs that may indicate either glib, shallow journalism or sentiment too deep for expression. I prefer to think that for Tom it was sentiment.

Andy Blair proved equal to the task he had inherited; the column still plugged doggedly along. And Tom never really sank completely out of sight. A word here, a phrase there maintained a rather tenuous connection between Tom and St. Joseph's. And finally he came back with a rush.

This time his poetic wings were not clipped by those black borders. Tom was in Libya, and in an article passed by the RCAF censors, he described with naked and graphic simplicity just what it was like upstairs there when the air was thick with hurtling, snarling planes. He turned you heart into a chunk of lead somewhere inside you. He made you feel the blackness and dizziness of a power dive, when the wings groaned and the struts howled a wild, mad requiem. He made you listen as the bullets buzzed by like a swarm of angry bees. With deft, quick strokes he painted a picture of bestiality and demonic fury. He took the glory out of war. But he left something far finer in its place. Something intangible and indescribable; something worth fighting for. Not even Andy Blair's black box could mar the effect of that inspired bit of prose. I suppose that's why the censors passed it.

Even I was prepared for what happened next. I flicked through the St. Joseph's papers until I came to the edition released a few days after the German General Rommel had turned like a maddened gorilla and swiped with both paws at his British pursuers. There was Andy Blair, youthful and defiant, jutting out his chin from under an overseas cap. There was the customary we'll-miss-you-Andy paragraph. The column had been passed on to Frank Graham.

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Chit-Chat from Here'n There

To provide atmosphere for the study of Sixteenth Century Drama, the Marquette University Speech School converted their building into an Elizabethan coffee shoppe. Let's stroll over and swap nifties with Will Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

Students at the University of Minnesota have undertaken to publish a classified and numbered list of the jokes used by their instructors. Hereafter when a teacher feels the urge to be witty, he need only announce the number of the gag and pause while the student looks it up.

St. Joseph's College (Philadelphia) boasts that its students are four times better informed than students of other colleges. Statistics show, they claim, that students of St. Joseph's read 23 books a year, while students of other colleges read six.

Students at Xavier U have organized a Traditionists Club to study great pre-Reformation literature. Requisite: you have to know how to read. Such a fantastic requirement!

St. Joseph's College (Connecticut this time, not Phila.) students have challenged any three members of their faculty to a debate on any one of the following topics:

1—Resolved: that students at St. Joseph's College should be allowed three cuts a term.

2—Resolved: that social activities should take precedence over intellectual activities.

3—Resolved: that students lead a harder life than professors.

The enterprising Brown U students have organized a book-return system. If you have a library book fall due on the day you can't pry yourself out of bed, give them a buzz and they'll return it for you—for a price less than the library fine would be.

Marquette U (Milwaukee) students publish a student directory containing the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of all enrolled there. It greatly facilitates, they say, registration, the work of clubs and committees, invitations to the graduates, and—obviously—romance.

The average student at Harvard must fork over \$1295 to cover all his expenses for one year.

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DRAMA | CLUBS | MUSIC

Editor—Marjorie Staples

Kate

Man

Mu Sigma

No, No!

* Practices Daily

One of the best liked programs on the air today is the Kate Smith program which features the lovely songstress Kate Smith. It is a very curious and almost unbelievable fact that Kate has not had one vocal lesson. She practices daily, but never under a teacher.

Kate's program is enjoyed by everyone. She not only sings popular music for the swing-minded moderns, but also memory songs for our seniors. Since America entered the war, Kate never goes off the air without paying some tribute to all the men in the service of their country. She also has well-known guest stars on her weekly program who usually present a little skit. Her generous and loyal feeling for her country creeps into every broadcast with little speeches between the various numbers of her well-beloved hour every Friday night.

Kate Smith also has a daytime program. This is a different type of program entirely. She gives the news of interesting happenings of days in previous years.

Radio can well call this wonderful, patriotic woman their best-beloved star. For a really enjoyable hour, tune in the Kate Smith Hour every Friday night, 9:00 o'clock.

Wife

* or Wheelbarrow?

Behold, the time is close at hand. The day which we have long been waiting is near! At last, after all these years of ignorance, we will finally discover which is the more useful on a farm, a wheelbarrow or — you guessed it, a wife. That is the topic chosen for debate at the next meeting of the Forum Club. Upholding the affirmative will be Manuel Vera and Ed Read, while pleading the case for womanhood stand Becky McArdle and Dona Moberg, (who, by the bye, want it known that they are participating to display their forensic ability only, and not necessarily because they wish to become rural housewives.)

Realizing its position as leading frosh-soph organization of Seattle College, Forum has undertaken to make every student of the College aware of the fact. This debate, reopening the vital and, until now, moot question as to the respective merits of women and wheelbarrows, is just a sample of the interesting topics discussed at every Forum session. Every student is invited to attend. The time: Wednesday the 25th, at 8:00. The place: Room 32, the Science Building.

The question— Resolved: That a wheelbarrow is more useful on a farm than a woman..

* Thurbers, "The Male Animal

This Wednesday, the Repertory Playhouse chalks up another scoop to its credit when it opens with one of Broadway's funniest and most refreshing late comedy successes, **The Male Animal**. The **Male Animal** was written by James Thurber, who brings all the uproarious delight of his limp New Yorker cartoons to the stage, and Elliott Nugent, who played the leading role on Broadway.

Time said, "James Thurber has carried his War between the Sexes to the stage. A hit which captivates by its impish tongue." John Anderson, noted drama critic, commented. "The Thurber-Nugent universe is a dizzing and endlessly funny world in which the human race is never let off anything. I laughed and I laughed!" "The **Male Animal** dismissed you from the theatre in a spirit of dazed hilarity," praised the **New York Times**.

The **Male Animal** is a geometrical madhouse of dual triangles and a meek college professor who turns into a fighting demon. Don Hiatt, Betty Hall, Frank Kinkaid, Walter Gyger, Albert Ottenheimer, John Glen, Mona Williams, and Jerry Mathis are prominently cast in the new Civic Theatre production. The **Male Animal**, directed by Florence Bean James, with settings by Virginia Miller, is scheduled to play for several weeks at The Playhouse, East 41st and University Way.

Books

* Acquisitions

Presented to Father McGoldrick by Dr. Frederick E. Bolton and now being sorted and organized in the library is a very valuable collection of some fifty books and five-hundred odd periodicals on education taken in all its various phases. Dry, perhaps, to some, this collection, while "not complete files by any means, but very worthwhile," consists of from thirty-five to forty different titles and publications. They should prove invaluable in the field of research for all English majors, teachers, and major in education.

Recent acquisitions to the Seattle College Library include two interesting fiction books: **The Land of Spices**, by Kate O'Brien and **The Man Who Got Even With God**, by M. Raymond. This latter fascinating book is the story of a cowpuncher turned monk, and is classified as a best seller in the Catholic Book Log.

We Have Been Friends Together is Raissa Maritain's biography of her great philosopher husband, Jacques Maritain. If you are looking for something different, try this book. Along history lines are the two equally picturesque books titled **Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres**, a story of medievalism and old feudal castles by Henry Adams, and **The Story of American Catholicism** by Theodore Maynard. Several books on sociology, for the particular benefit of Father Christof's students, also have been added. **General Anthropology** by Franz Boas, **Population Problems** by W. S. Thompson, **Population Problems** by E. B. Reuter, and **Twilight of Parenthood** by Enid Charles.

Three irresistible books, recent gifts to the library, are: a biography, **Erasmus of Rotterdam** by Stefen Zweig; a history, and the of Greece by Will Durant; and the not to be overlooked **The Failure of a Mission**, Sir N. Henderson's own record as the last English Ambassador to Germany of the drama and actual happenings in and around Munich.

Lastly, to those students aspiring to the art of writing, seek the new quarterly, **The Rock**, issued at Mt. Angel's College for young writers.

Lucy

* To Be Married



Miss Lucy Savage

Lucy Savage, former Seattle College student, prominent in the Drama Guild, last week announced at a charming valentine party, her engagement to Johnny Tobin, also a former Seattle College student. No plans for the wedding have been made.

Friends

* Honor Bride

In honor of Mrs. Margaret Barnes Treglown, former Seattle College student, married last December 22, a Bridal Shower will be given at the home of Mrs. Jack Treglown, Thursday, February 26, at eight o'clock. A group of her college friends and Mrs. Leonard, Dean of Women, will be present.

STAFF

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Frances McGuire, Mary Ellen Petrich, Pat Cramer, Kay McArdle, Tom Anderson, & Don Nelson	Clubs

* March Invitation

The quarter, which ends in March, will see Mu Sigma with the not unpleasant task of initiating several deserving new members into its ranks. Students who have 2.7 grade averages in all music courses, and who have also shown active interest in the music department will be taken into the music honorary.

Mu Sigma activities have been limited so far to four Music Nights whose varied programs of classical, semi-classical and popular music have kept spectators laughing and applauding throughout these four evenings of music and fun.

Latest activity of the club is an inquiring into the type of pin to be adopted. A committee headed by Bill Power will make its report at the meeting held Friday, February 13, at 12:30.

Spring

* Coeds & Cotton

With the coming of clear, sunny days our feminine attention has been given to new shades, styles, and fabrics.

Spring, this year, has been dedicated to the lovers of the pastel colors. The lovely soft shades that were so cherished in sweaters this winter, have painted the theme for coats, suits, and dresses — both formal and informal. Compliments are many for the coats of pink, blue, and gold.

Uncle Sam has priority on the silk that has been used in previous years for the gay prints, so young moderns this year will wear cotton. And believe it or not, this includes afternoon and evening clothes as well as play togs. The colors are either bright or soft and the printed patterns are very gay.

To get to the bottom of things, we want our shoes to match. Black, brown, and white are always there but shoppers this season are looking for the pretty colors that harmonize.

Tripe

* Says McArdle

Surely, if as a critic, one passes musical judgment upon the new crop of songs inspired by the U. S. entry into the war, one does not brand himself as unpatriotic. Fortified with this thought, one can frankly say that the quality of such times aims disgustingly low at public appreciation. Sincere lovers of jazz music will do well to shy away from such tripe as: **You're a Sap Mr. Jap, We Did It Before, Remember Pearl Harbor, Goodby Mama I'm Off to Yokohama, Dear Mom, Let's Put the Ax to the Axis.**

* Cries Mitchell

We sit at the typewriter with a ragged, tattered clipping in one hand and a morphine filled hypodermic in the other. The clipping is one of Miss Rosemary Bischoff's article in last week's **Spectator**. The hypo is to quiet our nerves which start doing one, two, three, kick along our bones at the mere thought of some of the more glaring inaccuracies in Rosie's tirade.

We take vehement exception to one or two points in the article. First, there is the application of the adjectives ingenious and versatile to the orchestras and leadership of Fred Waring, Andre Kostelanetz, and, especially, Guy Lombardo. How anyone can grant any merit to the instigator of the "thwee iddie fiddies" is more than our feeble intellect can fathom. Lombardo's music is consistently smelly. With a lack of feeling, he plays his whinnying, wavering tone for the edification of those who don't know any better. We feel that he is an A-1 example of those bands which enjoy continued popularity because no one takes the trouble to complain.

The other two groups are, we suppose, ingenious and versatile. But they also represent a type of music which has grown almost entirely out that which was called 'boiler-factory pandemonium jazz.' Kostelantz and Warring can only be described by the term commercial. Which in the language of the cats means those musicians who play for the effect on the audience and for the money they make, not because they have any sincere interest in what they are doing or because there is any worth in their efforts. Indeed, most of the orchestras heard today must be grouped in this category. The only place nowadays where one can hear the real thing, that fine music which we call solid, is in the back of barrooms during occasional jam sessions and on the records of such bands as Duke Ellington and Lunceford, who are big enough and good enough to play one of the most difficult of all styles.

The other fault we find with the article is that the author shows a strange inclination to criticize jazz without having taken the time to study it to gain the necessary background for speaking with authority. We devoutly believe that the little heard but original music of America today is something which is fine and good. We believe that it will last. We believe that it is the result of the troubles and emotions of a people and that when the votes are tabulated a few hundred years hence it will rank along with the music of nineteenth century Europe in beauty and popularity.

Debate

* Auto Insurance

February 25, there will be a debate on: resolved, that the Federal Government Adopt a Policy of Compulsory Automobile Insurance. The affirmative consists of Napoleon Rousseau and John Reed. The Negative, John Epps and Bill Moffat.

More About Welch

(Continued from Page 2)

ought to read all the papers in their city so they can get all the slants on the news," offered the writer . . . and he didn't say a thing about the funny papers.

Mr. Welch lit a beautiful, beautiful cigarette, one like we had given up for Lent, and continued with his advice to college students whom he claims he cannot advise because he isn't an authority on much of anything, least of all college students. "Practically all my important men I interview say that they got where they are at because they studied just a little bit harder than the next fellow."

This statement nearly made us give up our chosen vocation because we wanted to get ahead too, but gracious sakes, NOT by studying.

"I write a little bit for magazines," said the roly, poly reporter, "and it takes up most of my time."

We laughed up our sleeves at that "little bit," because we knew darned well that the editors of Colliers and Saturday Evening Post were jumping quite regularly with joy as the Welch manuscripts guffawed the entire reading clientele of both of these weeklies.

"No, I'm sorry boys," said Mr. Welch, "I guess I just can't spare the time to tell you anything today, but I do appreciate the flattery."

"Thank you sir," we said, and hanging our heads in disappointment we shuffled out of the office. Too bad, too bad," mourned our

Flaming Wings on One-Way Passage

(Continued from Page 2)

I let my glance slide down to that black-bordered column and read: "Heartfelt sympathies of the faculty and students of St. Joseph's College are extended to the parents of Tom Reynolds, shot down in flames over Libya, January 30. May his soul rest in peace."

I watched that twisting, smoking plane sky-writing its own obituary against the war-filled skies of Africa. As it sank, hissing, beneath the waters of the gulf of Sidra, I thought of Andy Blair on that next convoy, and no-story slips, and earthbound reporters who "measure out their lives in coffee-spoons" in the Cavern.

pal, Joey, whom we met later down in the atmospheric Rathskeller. "All he told you was how to be a success by working in college. Ain't it a shame . . . and the three of us, we cried in our beer.

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Catholic Laymen Start Active Social Action Organization

The more observant member of Seattle College's student body may recently have noticed floating about various issues of a fiery little newspaper known as "Social Action." Social Action is an independent publication circulated monthly by the Resurgists, a very active Catholic laymen's organization. The publishers of the paper have taken upon themselves a threefold task in an attempt to voice the principles upon which the new Christian social order must be founded, to report and interpret events in the light of these principles, and to act as a voice for socially-conscious Christians and lay-action groups in the

Northwest. In carrying out this purpose, "Social Action" endeavors to concern itself not only with Christian principles of Charity and justice in social, economic, and political fields, but also to keep before its readers "The basis of justice in the very nature of man and the basis of Charity in the love of Christ." "Social Action" is dedicated to the policy that a system must be built up in America wherein humanity exceeds profits in importance.

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WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

• The name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—

She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records of the men who learned to

fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "They're milder in every way."



DON'T LET THOSE EYES and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes, brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.



AND WHEN she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's strictly regulation with her.



YES, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's strictly Camels, too—the flier's favorite. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means Camels."

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• "EXTRA MILD," says Instructor Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room at the right.

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