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## Spectator 1943-03-19

Editors of The Spectator

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## Uncle Sam's College Men

By TIM HURSON

### GRAD COMMISSIONED

Returning to the halls of S. C. this week was Lt. Larry Hoeschen. Lt. Hoeschen arrived home this week after completing officers' training at the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. The Lieutenant was a graduate of the 1941 class at the College and was an accounting major. Lt. Hoeschen will leave next week for Camp Carson, Colorado, where he will be attached to the Infantry.

### GOOD-BYE COLLEGE

Leaving next week for Fort Lewis is the first group of En-



"CORP" ODOM

listed Reserve Corps to be called in from the College. They will report April 1 to the Personnel Officer at Fort Lewis where they will receive their final orders. The group is composed of the following men: Robert Odom (corporal in charge of the group), Leo Sharkey, John Dwyer, Sid Bloomfield, Will Kneiss and Jack McDonough.

### ALL THERE TOGETHER

Word was received that Seattle College has moved in on the Lincoln, Nebraska, Air Training School. From a letter by Cadet P. McHugh, we learn that several of S. C. boys are back there with him. Among the group are Bill Tobin, who left last quarter, Ray Murphy, a Freshman who was taking pre-law, Bob Mack, who left the college last year, and Joe Manley, also an ex-student.

### NEWS FROM SOUTH

A letter from William Quinn reports that he and Joe Dahlem are at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Bill left last quarter with Joe when he was a Freshman chem student. Joe was Sports Editor of the Spec last quarter and an Engineering student. Both boys are eager to hear from their many friends here at the College.

### ALASKA-BOUND

Leaving the College this week Joe Llanos said good-bye to his friends as he embarked for Alaska where he

# SPECTATOR

Vol. X—No. 20

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1943

## Lenten Mite Boxes Near Completion For Contributions

The mite boxes, which will form the nucleus of the Lenten activities sponsored by the Alpha Sigma Nu, are rapidly nearing completion in the Engineering Building, according to Gene Voiland, chairman of the activity, and will be posted at prominent points throughout the College in the near future. The boxes, five in number, will be placed in the Chapel, the Cavern, The Bookstore, and at the bulletin boards in the Liberal Arts and Science buildings.

Money dropped into the penitential boxes will give mute testimony to forfeited cigarettes, candy, ice-cream, gum, between-meal-snacks, movies, and other forms of pecuniary pleasures formerly indulged in by our students, but suspended for the duration of the Lenten period. While not compulsory, contributions may be considered a moral responsibility on the part of Catholic students, not only because of the sacrifice involved, but also because the proceeds will be turned over to the Sheridan Jesuit Novitiate, to aid in the training of young Jesuits.

In order to keep the students posted on the proportionate increase in contributions, the returns will be computed each week and the results displayed on a huge thermometer which will hang in some conspicuous place, showing the weekly progress toward the accepted quota, which has not yet been decided.

## Music Department

Father Daniel J. Reidy, S. J., head of the music department, announces that there will be another "Music Night" sponsored by the Mu Sigma, sometime during the forthcoming month. Bernice Gaffney, program director, is interested in receiving applications from those who would be able to participate in the program. The "Music Nights" of the past have been most successful and all students are exhorted to take part in this fine student activity.

The Mu Sigma, music honorary, will initiate its new pledges during the spring quarter. Those taking a determined number of hours of music and retaining a certain grade average are eligible for membership.

will be inducted into the Army. Joe was a Freshman engineering student and participant in school affairs.

### TONY BUHR'S MESSAGE

Welcome Freshmen:

You are now entering a College at War. Your duties will be two-fold, to your country and to your school. Each in itself is a full time job, but at the same time both must be equally recognized.

Instill in yourself the spirit of S. C. and take an active part in all school activities. Remember always that one must give in order to receive. S. C. welcomes you and wishes you good luck.

Tony Buhr,  
Pres. A. S. S. C.

## Olympics Next Goal of Hikers As Overnight Trek Planned

By JOE EBERHARTER

Hikers Voiland, Burke, and Carmody have their worries on the annual spring overnight hike alleviated as they were assured today by Moderator Beasley that this event will definitely take place.

Twenty-five of the more stalwart members of the Hi-Yu Cole will make this trek next week-end, leaving Friday afternoon, and will head for internationally famous Camp Parsons.



Voiland, Burke, Carmody, Crosby, and Stockdale can stop worrying. It's all settled! Final details for the spring hike were revealed today.

Parsons, the dream of every boy of scouting age, has been offered as the base for mountain forays by Mr. T. B. Hunt, of the Seattle Area Council of Boy Scouts, to members of the College club.

"Situated on Hood's Canal, with the whole of the Olympic Range in its back yard, Parsons will easily be the high point of the hiking season," said prexy Mayer today.

Hikers will be housed in such sections of the huge camp as the "Dungeness" section, "Mariner" section, "Ranger," "Copper City," "Mt. Olympus," and "Mt. Constance."

Though the camp is large enough to house ten times the

number going, transportation and supply problems made the officers of the club limit the number going to twenty-five.

"Early registration is necessary", urges Gene Voiland, "because plans must be completed by the middle of next week."

A special meeting of the Advisory Board will be held today, Friday, at 12:30 P.M. in Room 118 of the Liberal Arts Building. Bob Parent, John Paul Read, Jim Bischel, Mary Ellen McKillop and Dick Read will be sworn in as members of the Board.

## Test to be Given for Applicants to V-12 Training

The Bureau of Naval Personnel of the United States Navy has arranged with civilian agencies to administer the qualifying test for the Navy College training Program, known as the V-12 program.

The purpose of the V-12 program is to produce Naval Officers. High school seniors, high school graduates, and college students who appear to have potentialities for ultimate selection as officers will be chosen for college training. The plan contemplates that this college training will be carried on while the men are on active duty, in uniform, receiving pay, and under general military discipline.

The test used for the preliminary selection of the men who are to be given this college training will be administered in high schools and colleges throughout the U.S. between the hours of 9:00 and 11:00, on Friday, April 2, 1943, only the following groups are eligible:

(a) High school and preparatory school graduates who will have attained their 17th but not their 20th birthdays by July 1, 1943, regardless of whether they are now attending college.

(b) High school and preparatory school seniors who will be graduated by July 1, 1943, provided they will have attained their 17th but not their 20th birthdays by that date.

(c) Students who will have attained their 17th but not their 20th birthdays by July 1, 1943, who do not hold certificates of graduation from a secondary school but who are now continuing their education in an accredited college or University.

FURTHERMORE TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR SELECTION EACH APPLICANT MUST:

(a) be a male citizen of the United States.

(b) Be morally and Physically qualified for this program, including a minimum uncorrected visual acuity of 18/20 for each eye.

(c) Be unmarried, and agree to remain unmarried until commissioned, unless sooner released by the Navy Department.

(d) Evidence potential officer qualifications, including appearance and scholarship records.

MEN NOW ENLISTED IN ANY BRANCH OF THE ARMED SERVICES INCLUDING V-1, V-5, V-7 RESERVES ON INACTIVE STATUS ARE NOT ELIGIBLE TO TAKE THIS TEST.

The test will be given on April 2, 1943 at Seattle College. For particulars see Rev. Vincent Conway, Seattle College.



# SPECTATOR FEATURES

## Kay McHugh Listens In

After a hair raising and dramatic rush for late papers, problems, experiments and gyp notes, College life has settled down to a comparatively simple routine of Spring Quarter classes in the Cavern, Park, and neighborhood showhouses. . . . Looking over last Quarter's accomplishments in the scientific field, seems as if **Jim Bichsel's** trigonometry class, has done him no good—there's one triangle he just can't seem to solve . . . Among other interesting talents, **Jim Ritch** can jitterbug (any clue?) . . . I have come to the definite conclusion that the Cavern is the only place to really study Soc.—how about that, **Betty Le Brasseur**? Just because you take P. E., **Bob McIver**, is no reason to take it out on **Pat Eisen**. The poor girl has been going about with a lame leg ever since she danced with you. Those hikes really show the true character of the males at Seattle College. Take for instance, **Mike Veith** in his commando training—going after his objective, and what's more, getting it . . . or **Dick Read** with that melodramatic voice stirring the literary minds of less energetic individuals with a dramatic rendition of Who killed Cock Robin? . . . and then we have **John Powers** with a great pitching arm—he makes a good pack horse too (remember that on the next hike, girls) . . . not to mention **Bud Farrell** and his athletic ability on the dance floor, do you get credits for it Bud?; the real sport is yet to come—have you ever played cards with **Lou De Latour**—really, it's an education in itself . . . Seen about, **George Beytebiere** getting lost in Chem class, along with the rest of the poor students who try to tackle it Spring Quarter . . . **Phil Beglin** is the man to see about anything in particular, and can be found diligently hovering over a Calculus problem any afternoon in the famed S. C. Library, during Spring Quarter, too . . . The circulation department is just the place, **Jack Jorgenson**—you can lick anything there . . . It's really a pleasure to sit and listen to **Father Gaffney** conduct a class, worth taking math. for it (how about a recount on the Trig. grade, Father?) . . . **Fred Foss**, the sweetheart of the Freshmen Women, what would we do if it weren't for that happy and gracious smile of his . . . And where did **Jim Wilson** spring from? . . . **Ronnie Hamel** of Engineering Inc. is planning on going into the business of solving the Seattle Transit System problems, he



Laughing, lovable Mary McCoy finally came into her own. For three years she worked her fingers to the bone, beat her brains out and gave her heart and soul to Seattle College. In her freshman and sophomore years she wrote for the Spectator and the Aegis — she chairmanned a tea — sang in the Glee Club — and was on numerous committees.

In Mary's Junior year she chairmanned the Cotton Ball, the Junior Prom, the Spring Informal and was Princess for Homecoming. This is when Mary McCoy got her just due. This is the end of the Cinderella story of that charming Irish lass, Mary McCoy.

This, too, could happen to you if you work as hard and as consistently for the College as has Mary McCoy. Miss McCoy was elected President of the Associated Women Students of Seattle College—the highest honor that could be earned by a woman at College.

Right on the heels of this, came Mary's pledging to Silver Scroll, her election as secretary of the Senior Class, her nomination to Who's Who in Catholic Universities and her appointment to chairman of the Frosh Tea, Mothers' Tea, activities Week, Frosh Fixer, A.W.S.S.C. Tolo and the Silver Scroll's Sadie Hawkin's Dance. Then our by now famous Miss McCoy was again elected Homecoming Princess.

Ad advice to the uninitiated, Prexy McCoy suggests — "Get in your student organizations and become active. Don't cat and you'll make numerous friends."

So says Mary McCoy — successful College Student and Senior-or-the-week.

## BARRAGE BALLOONS

Black dolphins limned against the sunrise  
Flat, opaque, still-life,  
Shapely rents in the Divine canvas  
Like fish cut from orange peel afloat in marmalade.

can really stack them high . . . These restrictions are killing me, but if you want the real uncensored stories see **John Krueger** or **Bob Herber**—they can really tell them . . .

Seen about our halls are the bodies of what were once called students. Now they are derelicts drifting to and fro with the tide. Many wander about with a seemingly blank look about their faces but on second thought it seems that they wander about with a purpose. One does stop and wonder why and for what reason their endless milling about the school. Upon consultation with countless doctors, psychiatrists, and other learned doctors who deal with mental disorders, we have come to the conclusion that

"SPRING IS HERE"

## SPECTATOR FEATURES

- Adelaide Fox, Editor
- Ted Mitchell
- Joann O'Brien
- Jane Bechtold
- Earl Beitey
- Kay McHugh

## REVIEWS AND PREVIEWS

By TED MITCHELL

There is a magic name in the world of the concert stage. It has the power of attracting people from the warmth and comfort of their cozy homes to the dimness of a theater where they sit and beat their hands together for hours at a time. The name is Robeson. The person who wears this name is the one whom the late Alexander Wollcott, who was always quick to discover and denounce a charlatan, called the greatest man he ever knew.

Scholar, linguist, artist, Paul Robeson stands head and shoulders, physically and figuratively above the crowd around him, and whenever he sings there is a crowd. Even when, as in his concert last week, the strain of travel and work has roughened his voice, he has only to mention that he is going to sing "Old Man River" to receive an ovation. Then when he sings it, the ovation grows until it becomes a mighty torrent of praise justly due to a great artist.

Robeson sang the announced program, among which were difficult selections of Bach and Mendelsohn, with skill and with feeling. Then, with a hush over the audience, he would go on to encore with such popular favorites as "Water Boy," and "Ezekial Saw the Wheel." In this latter the little gray accompanist, Lawrence Brown, delighted everyone by turning

his head to the audience and adding his falsetto in a sort of counter-point doubletalk to Robeson's magnificent bass.

It is hard to describe, with pallid, noiseless words the power and beauty of the voice of Paul Robeson. It has flexibility, singing with equal ease excerpts from "Boris Goudonov" and "I Still Suits Me" from Show Boat. It has tenderness in lullabies and sternness in Russian marching songs. It has despair in the lament of a German political prisoner and hope in beautiful spirituals. It is a wonderful thing, backed up by the force of the man's personality, which reaches out and covers listeners with whatever it happens to be telling of.

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Bonds

ASK THE W.A.A.C.

"COMPANY HALT. FALL OUT FIVE MINUTES."

"THANK GOODNESS FOR A PAUSE."

"AND AN ICE-COLD COCA-COLA."

"I'VE BEEN LONGING FOR THIS MOMENT."

"A W.A.A.C. does a double job. In doing her own job, she releases a man for combat service. In a way ice-cold Coke is like that, too. Not only quenches thirst but brings energizing refreshment, too. And on top of that it offers the taste you don't find this side of Coca-Cola, itself. How about a 'Coke date', now?"

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SEATTLE, WASH.



# SPEC... SPORTS

—By GENE BROWN

## BEASLEY SAYS

Gonzaga H. S. Star With Rainiers

John Pressley is the name and he may have plenty to say about who plays first for Seattle. He finished Gonzaga High last June with an enviable athletic record, placing on the All-City team in his last two years in two sports—at end in football and at first base in baseball. Swifthy, six-footer, 200 pounder—he resembles Fred Hutchinson. Ambition to be a ball-player. Would rather play than eat and does considerable of both. His Dad is his coach

and adviser. Big John is a southpaw in the field, clever with the mitt and a mighty fine target. Hits from the right side of the plate. Gets lots of power but definitely not a long fly hitter. Rifles 'em through the infield or between the outfielders. Trifle slow on the hoof but has compensating qualities.

Basketball is a sport where the smaller colleges get a break. Of eight teams invited to Madison Square Garden, the Bluejays of little Creighton were seeded No. 1. The Omaha school has always been noted for its excellent teams. Joining also in this tournament are teams from Fordham, St. John's and Manhattan. Going to be a lot of prayerful huddles. Same thing is true of the Eastern playoffs where Georgetown U. and De Paul make up half the entries.

## "I LOVE TO RIDE A FERRY, IF --"

As club officer charged with the duty of buying a group ticket for the Suquamish expedition, I arrived at Colman Dock at 7:30 to find only **Jane** and **Dick Bechtold**. Not much of a crowd, considering that more than sixty had signed for the outing, but we still had fifteen minutes. Ten minutes elapsed and perhaps twenty more arrived. In the meantime I had some conversation, and words, with the ticket seller. Been years since we had cleared from Coleman and he was a bit hazy on our rates. I held out for half his lowest offer. He glared at me above his glasses.

"What are the members of the group, school-children?" I was just about to come up with a big one, when the lady ticket collector, standing behind me, saved me by answering, "Yes, they are a nice crowd of children averaging about 15 years."

By that time it was 8:40. "All aboard for Suquamish! Last call for Suquamish!" I heard a gasp. Turning around I saw Cay Mayer and brother Bud in the last stages of exhaustion. They had sprinted from Providence Hospital. Willing hands carried them

aboard. A shriek down the long wharf. The W. Seattle gang checking in—and then out. Up ran Bud Farrell, badly spent. "Hold everything. The ramp from First Avenue is filled with the gang!"

From the rear came the mate, "Ferry leaving for Suquamish. Here we go." From the ticket seller came a roar, "How many shall I make out this ticket for?"

How should I know? From all direction there poured Hiyus—the Bordeauxites in a state of collapse staggered the last twenty yards after running from 7th Ave. When they filed through the gate, I checked with the ticket collector and then asked for a ticket to cover 52 passengers. While soupuss filled out the form, five more Hiyus arrived. I suggested he might change the 52 to 57. A Gildersleeven roar rent the air. Here Miss Collector put in her oar, suggesting five half-fare round trips be purchased. "Are you still here? Who is buying these tickets anyhow? I'll thank you to attend to the collecting and let me do the selling!"

With that he shoved the group ticket toward me. My (Continued on Page 4)

## 5<sup>th</sup> Column

Zack found this poem on the floor at the Casey Gym. Take it for what it's worth.

Sports are something of the past

As anyone can see.

The trouble is we have no men—

Well, two—or maybe three.

One asks how this thing can be solved

What's there for me to do—

Join in with Uncle Sam, my friend,

Stay with it—see it through.

And when at last the war is won

We'll have our sports again,

But now we must give all we've got,

As U. S. Fighting Men.

It is reported that Bambi Bichsel, one of the talented members of the boxing team has other problems on his mind besides throwing punches or taking them as the case may be. But it is not Zack's place to tell tales out of school. (Watch your step, Jim).

## ★ IN THE COAST GUARD ★

they say:

"SACK DRILL" —for take a nap

"FISH" —for torpedo

"FOUR-O" —for very good, or tops

"CAMEL" —for the favorite cigarette with men in the Coast Guard

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

## FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Coast Guard, Army, Navy, and the Marines, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Canteens and Post Exchanges.)

## THE ZONE

—where cigarettes are judged

The "Y-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "Y-ZONE" to a "Y." Prove it for yourself!

FOR  
RICH FLAVOR  
AND EXTRA  
MILDNESS,  
CAMELS ARE  
FOUR-O!

# Camel

COSTLIER TOBACCOS





## SPECTATOR

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## EDITORIAL

If the war should end tomorrow, we would be immersed in the same mad maelstrom that we were in 1919. After 13 months of fighting together, the United Nations are not yet United, except for a few joint commands as Eisenhower's in Africa.

Peace plans are still roseate pipe-dreams even though Congress has a committee in Washington, plotting a wondrous new world.

The sage of Emporia, William Allen White, at 75 years of age, hit the problem with a between-the-nose punch last week when he said, "It is silly to say that the New Dealers run this war show. Its run largely by absentee owners of amalgamated industrial wealth . . . for the most part decent, patriotic Americans, giving to the American people superb service. If you touch them in nine relations of life out of 10 they are kindly, courteous Christian gentlemen. But in the 10th relation they are mad, ruthless, determined to come out of this war victors for their own stockholders . . . which is not surprising."

With such men at the actual helm here and other countries, stockholders will have their dividends, and the people (who make up the armies and pay the bills) will have their wars every 25 years. If Mr. Wallace, Eden and the other drafters of the post-war world would take into account such men, their worlds would take on a more bread-and-butter aspect. If our great school system would educate the tenth part of these men, which to us is the most important part, we would not be afflicted with such devastating, protracted wars.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Xavier Club, composed of Seattle women interested in aiding the Novitiate at Sheridan, donated the sox won in the raffle last week. They had this to say about the Colleges' support of the Novitiate.

Seattle, Washington,  
 March 13th, 1943.

Associated Students of Seattle College,  
 Seattle, Washington.

## Dear Students:

The Xavier Club is deeply grateful for the splendid assistance given us in our recent drive for funds for the Novitiate at Sheridan, Oregon.

Your successful efforts to aid us financially added substantially to our sum on hand and your kindly cooperation has given us new courage and determination to carry on.

Many of the Brothers at Sheridan are former Seattle College students and when they learn that you contributed so generously toward the purchase of their new linens many a fervent prayer will be said for you, their former classmates.

Please accept our most sincere thanks.

Yours very truly,  
 The Xavier Club  
 Mae S. Brandmeir, Secretary.

Whimsical Tale:  
Hiyus Rate

(Continued from Page 3)

heart hit my boots. In the rush I hadn't collected a cent from any of the crowd and was two dollars shy of the required amount. (All aboard! Suquamish boat leaving! All aboard!) Well, that was one satisfaction — the Hiyus were all aboard and I faced the prospect of being held hostage for their unpaid fare. Racing footsteps snapped me from my trance. They belonged to Bill McCoy, Mary E. McKillop and Frank Crosby. With shaking fingers I borrowed from them three dollars, grabbed my ticket and hit the deck the same moment as the gangplank. An hour's trip over the tranquil waters of the Sound was not too much to restore my frazzled nerves to their usual state. I had paid dearly for our party rates.

It was a peaceful Sunday morning; the skies were azure, water smooth as glass. The tranquil harbor lay basking in early morning sunshine, unaware that just beyond the horizon lay impending disaster . . . that day the invaders came.

Pearl Harbor, you say? No, Suquamish; and not Hirohito, bent on conquest, but Hiyu Cole, bent on pleasure, turning his hardy brood loose on the scenic hills and woodlands that surround the villages of Suquamish and Indianola. The hikers put in a full twelve hour day last Sunday, leaving on the 7:45 ferry from Seattle, and returning on the 7:40 boat from Suquamish Sunday evening.

Our Random-Observation Post reports the following:

**Phil Nelson** leading a party cross-country, "as the crow flies." Said party discovering why the crow flies—anything's better than wading knee-deep in mud.

**George Kursak** unexpectedly joining Davy Jones. They claimed the boat was too jerky, but why blame it all on George?

**Bertha Gleason** and **Ruth Butler** going down for the third time, boat et al.

**Lou DeLateur** and **Bill McCoy** sending solid rhythm with boogie beat.

**Phil Beglin** paying off for evil habits to the tune of one dollar.

**Bertha Gleason** and **Jim Bichsel** feeding baseballs to the fishes.

**Frank Crosby** feeding Gleason and Bichsel to same.

**Jim Daly** stepping the light fantastic (no comma) in his stocking feet, "while visions of ration books danced in his head."

**Jim Ritch** cutting a rug, pulverizing it, and turning it in for scrap, all in the process of one intricate jitterbug routine.

**Barret Johnson** busily

## DO YOU DIG IT?

Submitted by Lig Mayhew,  
 Kent State University



SEND US YOUR SLANG AND GET \$10 IF WE USE IT

Address: College Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers.

squeezing blood out of a turnip, if such metaphor be permissible, present company excepted.

**Mary Ellen McKillop** and **Margaret Egan** trying desperately to "keep away" from **Bill Mayer** and **Jim Wilson**. It's a game you play with a rubber ball.

**Margie Kleisath** setting dancers swaying, with **Ron Hamel** on the skins, assisted by rhythmic fellow-hikers, making a hot time in the old town hall tonight.

**Bob McIver** nearly provoking an outbreak of the Indian Wars, by making a local boy backstop for a flying bat. (Bat was of conventional type and does not refer to any persons living or dead.)

**Hank Cary** making himself utterly indispensable in the backfield.

**Barbara Maguire** looking casual-ty, in a new fall limp. **Mike Veith** pleading "Honest I didn't mean to hurt you. I only meant to scare you a little."

**Betty Jean Bischoff**, **Dick Bechtold**, and **John Powers** in there pitching every minute.

**Jeanette Benson** staggering "gamely" to the outfield, victim of a wild ball.

**Marguerite Sullivan** and **Pat Eisen** leading a twisting chain of humanity in the savage rhythm of La Conga a la Hiyu, with **Bob McIver** and **Jim Wilson** drumming up trade.

**Bud Farrell**, **Ed Kohls**, **Jim Ritch**, and **Jack Farrell** doing the distance from Broadway and Madison to Marion and

Alaskan Way in 7 minutes flat . . . (Incidentally they didn't look too sharp all day.)

**Kay McHugh** literally lowering herself to the level of the Coast Guard, and returning with several GI grapefruit.

It was remarked the grapefruit probably had a little squirt left in it. Grapefruit last seen in possession of a determined-looking group of girls headed by **Jane Bechtold**, **Margaret Slessman** and the **Jacobsen sisters**. Squirt as yet unaccounted for.

## Senior Year Book

Ted Mitchell, editor of the Senior Year Book, reports that there are still many Seniors who have not as yet had their pictures taken. All who have failed to comply will be left out of an important Senior activity. This is the last notice concerning pictures as the books are to be sent to press this week.

Activity lists must be handed in at the Book Store today. If any Senior does not do so, nothing but the name of the individual will appear in the issue.

Any Senior making the payment of \$1.00 to Bob Parent, is entitled to a year book. After all the seniors have been accommodated, any underclassman who wishes may buy a copy.

By TED MITCHELL  
 BUY BONDS