

The Spectator

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## Spectator 1944-04-01

Editors of The Spectator

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## Uncle Sam's College Men

By JOANN O'BRIEN

Doug MacArthur, law graduate, 1901-04, writes to say things are well in hand in the South Pacific. Doug, while here at school, was active in debate circles and on the Rifle team and was president of the Senior Class.

"Mac" entered the Army in 1904, and has made quite a name for himself in military circles since then. In his letter he says, "I have enjoyed the "Spectator" ever so much for it brings the College and her activities so near to me. If I may make a suggestion — I would like to see more news of the war in the Spec for we men down here are so isolated that it's hard to get word of the world-wide strife."

Gen. Douglas MacArthur,  
Comdr., Allied Troops,  
South Pacific  
c/o War Department  
Washington, D. C.

Kit and Pat Eisenhower received news of their brother reported wounded in Africa. He is convalescing at a hospital in Algiers; and in a letter to his sisters he asked his friends to keep sending the Sunday comics to him since comics mean so much to a fighting man.

Dwight's address is:

Chief of Staff, Third Army  
c/o War Department  
Washington, D. C.

Ernie King, who attended the College from 1889 to 1901, was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal at ceremonies at Annapolis last week. This is the fourteenth time he has received that honor.

Ernie is home on a short leave but says he will try to get to Seattle to see his old friends. He especially wants to see Dr. P. McLane, who taught him all he knew about naval strategy in his freshman year. His knowledge of naval psychology was gleaned from the good Fr. McGoldrick. Ernie is lonesome and wants us to write to him. His address is

Admiral Ernest J. King  
Comdr. General Staff  
Navy Department  
Washington, D. C.

Ad Nimitz, now in the Mediterranean, writes to say that things are dull down there. Last week they dropped several bombs on a casino and disturbed the customers, but outside of that he is lonesome for news from home.

Ad wanted me to thank Dr. Mathieu for the cookies she sent him and wanted to thank the students for the Spectator and pictures of Petty girls they send him.

"Keep up the good work," says Ad, "and write to me at:

Admiral Chester J. Nimitz  
Mediterranean Theatre of  
War  
Navy Department  
Washington, D. C.

# SPECTATOR

Vol. XI—No. 23.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, ANYDAY, APRIL 1, 1944

## Mendel Club To Meet—Maybe

### Spectr Annncs Pcly Of Omtting Vwls In Cmng Rfrmatn

The Spectr hs rchd the crssrds. Wth pblshrs and pblic scrmg, th tm hs cm to do smthng. Wth cpy fldng int the Spc Offc frm Mndy tll Frdy and wth a hg stff clmrng to hv thr mtrl pblshd, we fnd it absltly ncssry to tk ths stp. Thr ws nt rm to prnt all th mtrl in the wckly edtn. Th WPB rfsd to allw us to chng to a dly ppr bcs of ppr shrtgs. We thn enlrgd th Spc to a fr pge, fv clmn ppr as you see it nw. Still cpy fldd

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### Fr. Nichols Wins Battle; Campus Converted To Gridiron

After a battle of three years standing, Fr. Raymond Nichols won out last week in his fight to turn the lower campus green into a softball practice field for the lately organized S.C. nine. Fr. Nichols has called in the scrubs from O'Dea, Prep and Broadway high schools to give the ground its preliminary hardening, so that it will be in top condition for S.C.'s spring training.

Team Captain George Mofat consented to the arrangement, though he added, "We were making plans with the Seattle Park Department to obtain the use of a convenient playground. However, since Fr. Nichols seems so eager for us to use the campus, we will give it a try during the spring season. Naturally, we will expect a few concessions for this." His comments were echoed by teammates Richard J. Walsh and Walter Aklin.

Fr. James B. McGoldrick nosed out Fr. Daniel J. Reidy in a close and embittered battle for coaching honors. Fr. McGoldrick will begin preliminary training this month, and expects to whip the team into top shape by the first of May.

Informed of his victory over his rival, Fr. McGoldrick's only comment was a cryptic "Isn't that lousy?" And sure enough, it was.



### Tentative Plans Announced For Biennial Event—Speaker to Spout Something

The regular weekly meeting of the Mendel Club will undoubtedly be held tonight at 8:00 in the Science Building. It is expected that a guest speaker will be presented, who will probably speak on a pertinent subject. Refreshments may be served after the meeting.

Further information was somewhat indefinite.

### "Tired Of War" --- Assc Settles World Peace

A mild break from the monotony of school routine resulted today when Miss Joann O'Brien announced to the student body that Seattle College has completed negotiations for a separate peace with the Axis. With the exception of a skit presented by the Little Alley Art Players, the announcement was the outstanding feature of the student body meeting.

Miss O'Brien gave no particular reason for the action. Pressed for information, she explained, "I felt we had been at war long enough. It was beginning to bore me."

Official sources near the Capital disclosed that the President has been informed of the move, but his reaction was described as "dubious."

Falla, however, registered surprise.

## Dean's Message

At the opening of the new quarter I would like to take advantage of the opportunity to throw a few light beams on the grading system now in effect. This exposition is intended to smooth the way for new students and to remove the last vestiges of bewilderment from those who simply could not understand their marks for the Winter Quarter.

The marking system consists of A, B, C, D, E. These letters are all taken from the alphabet. This expedient has caused not a few unhealthy attitudes. Some have gone so far as to say that such a method demands too much of college students in the stress of war. The charge is only true in part. Statistics show that more than 37 per cent of college students are capable of going farther down the alphabet than E, war or no war. The real difficulty lies rather in the interpretation of these scholastic symbols. Take A for instance. To say that it means "excellent" is to speak loosely. Such conduct manifests a very careless spirit. I firmly trust that I shall not be forced to return to this unpleasant topic.

Of B I cannot speak with such precision. B used to be good; it is so no longer. Henceforth, therefore, a student desiring a B (not good) shall be judged inferior. On the other hand C is now good. C formerly was fair. It is not fair at the present time. Is that clear? Good! If, then, a B is not good and a C is not fair, no student should be satisfied with a B and no professor should give a C. This leaves D and E as the only grades that a fairminded professor would consider good. Here, to my confusion, there is clearly some obscurity as the clarification which caused the original confusion plainly states that C is good and D is fair.

.....Summarizing for the sake of clarity, A is as explained above. B has a tendency to be relative and waver. I say this with full knowledge of relatives who go further and collapse. They are known as benders. We are not responsible for relatives. C is not fair. (I said that before.) D and E are the result not the cause of confusion. Are there any questions?

One last word on your attitude towards study; take it easy!

## Hearst Speaks At Annual Publicity Banquet

## Intercollegiate Knights Work For Completion of L.A. Bldg.

The Georgian Room of the Olympic Hotel will be taken over by the Seattle College Publicity Department when the staff holds its annual banquet tomorrow night celebrating its third year of survival. Guest speaker for the gala occasion will be Mr. William

(Continued on Page 4)

Rallying around acting group-leader Tom Pettinger, the remaining Knights of the Wigwam, consisting of Jerry Thalle, pledged themselves to the job of completing the unfinished part of the L. A. building. Though the job was to be done in strict secrecy, the news was wrung from the reluctant lips of Pettinger when he was cornered while borrowing a nail from the Engineers' Building. Upon being questioned, Pettinger refused to disclose any of the details other than to give the blueprint plans, the daily schedule of work, and autographed pictures of the workers.

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# SPECTATOR • FEATURES

## the reel unwinding

BY STAN RAVIN

**The Cast:** Lone Ranger, Tonto, beautiful horses, sheriff, Spike Short, the gang, and a bunch of Indians.

**The Story:** A mob of westerners or mid-westerners or somebodies play around on a broiled desert or hot canyon or someplace. The climax comes as the Lone Ranger (who wears a black mask over his face) finishes the long career of Spike Short and his cattle rustlers.

**The Technicalities:** It seems as-if color director, Nat Kalmusky, must have had a winning battle with his wife and shown it in the picture. The coloring schemes are second only to a Louvre masterpiece. The colors are as harmonious as the garb of Carmen Miranda. The fighting scenes were wonderful; the shooting superb. Indeed, the heroism of the Lone Ranger and Tonto was so beautifully handled that the audience cried and cried.

**The Direction:** Director Bob Floyd should go to Europe for advanced study.

**The Opinion:** The addition of gazelles, prima donnas, and Helen Traubel has added much to the original horse opera. The picture has great mood and timing. The mob scenes are directed in the talented manner known alone to old time movie flickers. All the principals are unusually

fitted for their parts. **The Lone Ranger**, who had previously shown little promise in musicals, shows great ability as a dramatic actor. The tanned Tonto seems very comfortable before the camera. One is aware of the light shining from his lustrous eyes. The atmosphere is genuine. Spike Short offers a few delicious comedy bits, and his talents hold up any of the few weak lines that could possibly be found in the Spaloney Bros. movie-making chain. "Hi Ho Silver" is definitely sterling.

**Will S. C. Students like It:** The artistically inclined will be overjoyed; the dramatically inclined will appreciate the greatness of the actors' true dramatic quality and therefore applaud. Some students may not like it but their disappointment will not be violent.

Grade A-plus.

## VIEW POINT and COUNTERPOINT

BY R. W. J.

"Maresy Doats," America's contribution to great music, has, at last, provided the intellectual classes of the American public with a song for all ages, for it stands beside the truly great works of Shostakovich as characteristic of the best in modern music. The words alone, superb in their suggestion of mastication and deglutition, strike into the inner being of the listener and fill him with an overwhelming longing. But when we couple the glorious phrases of the song with the beautifully haunting strains of the exquisite melody, we have the absolutely perfect combination for which artists and geniuses have been striving for centuries. Beethoven, Brahms, Bach and Cole Porter must indeed hang their heads in deepest humility when "Maresy Doats" resounds in the ether. I believe that there is only one comparison that can be drawn to show the masterful excellence of this American song, and this comparison is between the stupendous dramatic power of Ethel Barrymore, so much like music, and the colossal dramatic expression of our own dear "Maresy Doats." I wish to extend my most sincere congratulations to the songwriter responsible for this modern masterpiece, for his work is like a meteor brushing past the common stars in the firmament.

However, anyone who really wishes to get the most from this song should hear it sung by that splendid young baritone, Frank Sinatra. Young Sinatra's tones are rich and full; his diction is impeccable; his expression is magnificent. A student of music can ask no more than that he hear this rising star of the best musical circles. I wish to extend my heartfelt appreciation to Mr. Sinatra for his contribution to mankind's attempt to elevate music to the levels of an art.

### LINES ON THE MODERATOR

This is wonderful! excellent! cute!

Throw it away.

## this week's student observer

### ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Seattle, Washington, Wednesday.—Today I visited Seattle College where a young boy or girl, Dean Small, S.J., tells me, can earn a degree in only four years' time. Men and women must work diligently, however, and only the strong can survive. Irishmen, English, and Americans from Montana are today being educated successfully, and their lives seemed like those written about our own early scholars.

The faculty at Seattle College gave me a most interesting book written by Mr. W. J. Raulsh, one of the students, who



Linoleum cut by Stanford Rabin.

is a friend of our guide, Mr. T. Anderson. He made the ink and dressed the skin for the cover of this very unusual and beautiful book.

Mr. Anderson also drove us around the Liberal Arts Building where the library and Spectator suite stand, and he pointed out the acres of rolling lawn which will not pop up but must grow from the earth.

At one o'clock we were taken to the college cafeteria. Here we went directly to dinner with the enrolled students. The boy next to me came from Kiska, Alaska, and I have promised to tell his parents how he is when I get there. Then there was a girl from Oregon, a boy from the Philippines and one from Minnesota. I had a chance to talk to a number of girls and some of the boys brought out for a dance by the Associated Women Students. Later we went to a Mendel Club meeting which I am sure took their minds from their school work. I was exhilarated when it was over.

Then we went to the college library where again there were very many students. This is evidently a popular spot. It is a tribute to the work done by the Ignorance Control Movement (I. C. M.) of the learned members of the college faculty. Finally, we went back to the college cafeteria and spent an hour or more talking on the advantages of travel and culture.

It was well after nine when I got to bed, and I had to take off the next morning with my guide, Mr. T. Anderson, at 10:30. It was a wonderful visit at Seattle College resting amid many streets giving a view of the city below and above. As I was leaving, I was taken briefly for a visit to the college chemistry laboratory. This is a charming and interesting part of the building worthy of the asphyxiated students who once worked there. The other parts of the building through which we passed were interesting with some lovely steps and glass windows. Many people walk in the halls lined with beautiful pictures and statues. We spent the afternoon in the physiology laboratory which is charming in every way.

## Vignettes

**Pat Wilson** — dignified young student well known for her learned discussions on first and last principles of archeological research.

**Joann O'Brien** — shy and demure.

**Manuel Vera**—bashful bibliophile at last overcoming his anti-social tendencies.

**Cobb, Smith, and Sullivan**— liberal arts majors; one for all and all for culture.

**Benny Glover**—outstanding for his brilliant and spontaneous rendition of Bach's Fugue for the clavichord.

**June Peterson** — engineering major who just hates poetry, especially free verse.

**Chuck McHugh** — tall, dark and handsome!

**Dorothy Collier** — never known to have asked a question in a class; as a matter of fact, no one has ever heard her speak!

**Dick Walsh**—S. C.'s gay, glamorous hepcat.

**Fred Dore** — contemplative philosopher meting out his words of wisdom, each one a pearl.

**Cae Hall** — is there anyone who can force her to smile?  
**Barbara Cordes** — lifeless as usual.

**Ed Read**—boisterous and rowdy; has already been ejected from four classes for his impudent remarks.

**Betsy Heeley**—gets to school so early that she has to wait for the dean to come to open the door.

**Eileen Ryan** — gentle little creature unable to assert herself.

**Tom Anderson** — perfectly content with things just as they are!

Fog is like a dirty shirt hanging on the neighbor's line.

The snow falling from a sunny sky

is like dandruff falling from a bald head.

The sun dipping into the Pacific

is a fried egg about to fall into The soup.

—Jane Peterkin.

## Hi Yu Whoopie

When thirty-two red-faced sons of Hi-Yu Coolee poured into Colman Dock last Sunday morning, they discovered to their consternation that the ferry to Bremerton was already two minutes on its way. The news did not upset the hikers long however, because they hadn't intended taking the ferry to Bremerton anyway. It would have been a mere waste of time, since their chosen destination lay due east. And after all, what has Bremerton got that S.C. hasn't got? Well, yes, but the war won't last forever, and besides, we've got **Weiner** and **Byrne**.

So it was that 29 shaggy Coolees (**Pat Wilson**, **Joan O'Neill** and **Barbara Ann Ryan** decided that as long as they were that far, they'd go on to Bremerton after all) filed out of Colman Dock, scrambled over the ramp, and began the tortuous ascent up First Hill to the lofty heights of Seattle College, known more familiarly as Joe Prep's Paradise, or Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking.

The hike was begun at the foot of 2nd Avenue in a heavy drizzle, which turned into rain as the summit was approached. The first 500 feet were covered in good time, falling as they did early in the hike while most members of the party were in good condition, i.e., still breathing. Within a half hour however, enthusiasm was beginning to show a definite slack. Slack was later identified as belonging to a missing Boeing worker, and was returned to the WLB for questioning.

Other items picked up in the course of conversation, were—

**Bob Parker**, swapping end points with other freshmen.

**Eileen Ryan**, herringboning up and down First Hill, in a new pair of laminated huarachas.

**Roland Leadon**, squinting his eyes to the size of saucers.

**Ed Read**, teaching jitterbugging to a group of ambitious ickies.

**Bob Truckey**, trying in vain to start a conversation with some female, any female.

**Tom "Gabby" Pettinger**, walking on his hands to attract attention again.

**Bill Fenton**, ("the siren"), looking demure in soft pastels.

**Archie Fields**, abandoning his red lid for a new spring straw.

**Buck Vera**, turning down an invitation to sing "Pistol Packing Mama." He hates the song.

**Bill Vague**, carrying his shoes in an attempt to get the squeak out of his right foot.

**Dick Read**, giving away his lunch—all of it.

## THIRD PAGE

### Fight Song Published

It has become the privilege of the Spectator to publish the new and never-before-printed Seattle College fight song, chosen for its sentiment, rhythm, and originality from among a score of songs submitted. Words should be committed to memory by school-spirited students. (Students should be committed to an institution by public-spirited citizens. See you in Steilacoom.)

#### SEATTLE COLLEGE FIGHT SONG

(Tune: Old MacDonald Had a Farm)

#### I.

Dear old S. C., we're for you.

Yes we are; rah rah!

Dear old S. C., die or do:

Your likes we never saw.

With a hail, hail here, and a cheer cheer there,  
Here a hail, there a cheer, everywhere a bald alumni,  
Dear old S. C., we're for you; S. C.! S. C.! Rah!

#### II.

Same tune (unless you can think of a better one).

Dear old S. C., we're for you.

Yes we are; rah rah!

Dear old S. C., die or do.

We've got you in our craw.

With a huzza huzza here, and a roten boten there,  
Here a huzza, there a roten, everywhere a lousy  
freshman,

Dear old S. C., we're for you; S. C.! S. C.! Rah!

#### III.

(Tune: Same as second verse.) (Also same as first verse.) (Second verse and first verse have same tune.) (Also the third verse.)

Dear old S. C., we're for you.

Yes, we are. Rah rah!

Dear old S. C., die or do.

You've been a tender ma.

We will back you to the finish, and for you we'll eat  
our spinach.

Here a finish, there some spinach, everywhere a Vic-  
tory Garden.

Dear old S. C., we're for you. S. C.! S. C.! Rah!

### Spectator Discovers Species

Last Wednesday at exactly 24.5 minutes after 12, your inquiring Spectator reporter stumbled across the typical Seattle College male, in fact one might say "across the Seattle College male." Your i.r. (inquiring reporter) uses the word "stumbled" since that is exactly what it did, the male emerging at the time from the rock wall holding up the Science Building. At first sight of this creature, your i.r. screamed and rushed for the steps, then, in the interests of science, returned cautiously to see whether this was some form of animal life, or flora, or fauna. Since both flora and fauna had already left for work your i.r. decided to take the wriggling object

up to the Spectator office for classification in the animal kingdom.

There the male is finding new interest in life and is taking courage for another try at S.C.'s coeducational life. He has already made himself useful holding cigarette butts until the owner returns and dusting out the copy box daily. At present he is sleeping in an old soup bowl on top of the business file. Anyone interested in viewing the male at work or play may do so by filing her request with the i.r., climbing the four flights of stairs to the Spec Office, and promising to work one day a week in either the Spec or the Publicity Office.

### Pres. Announces Tentative Plans For No Ski Trips

Of interest to ski fans is the announcement issued this week by Ski Club president, Bob Romano, in an official disclosure of future plans.

Said Prexy Romano, "The Ski Club has decided that that there will be no ski trip this week-end. The particular site to which the club will not journey has not been decided on definitely as yet, although several likely places are under consideration."

He added that a check on weather conditions in the mountains has been made with the meteorological bureau, the weather bureau, the AAA, the National Geographic Society, and the Ellensburg WCTU.

Among popular ski spots under consideration for staying away from are Snoqualmie Pass, Mt. Baker National Park, Paradise, Stevens Pass and the University Golf Links. An informal vote taken among members of the club showed Stevens to be the most popular with many students, who explained, "Stevens is so ideal and convenient for student groups, we will be certain not to meet many of our friends there who don't go either."

Other students, whose gas allotment will not permit long-distance travel, held out for the golf links, arguing that such a destination will not be so far to stay away from, and therefore will be more in keeping with OPA regulations.

In condoning the plans, Fr. Wharton, moderator, stated, "Students not interested in going skiing should watch the bulletin board for details as to where to avoid being at no specified time. Each student will not be expected to bring his own lunch, and no arrangements for transportation will be made by each student individually. Otherwise confusion may result."

### Murmurings In Mauve

#### By Puck

The most sensational upset of the current season saw the amazonian contingent from College Hall coming from behind and conquering the favorite Bordeaux Bottleneckers to capture the 1944 Musical Chair Championship. The contest, held in the "Sports Arena" last week-end, was a sellout with 2000 blood-thirsty spectators, jammed to the rafters, screeching wildly as the teams vied for the coveted title.

#### Bordeaux Leads

Bordeaux took a 5-3 lead immediately in the three opening bars of "Back Beat Boogie" when Marg Eberle and Pat Travers collided and were unable to continue. Awe and Paradis, both from Bordeaux, went down in short fashion during the next two choruses to tie the score. Peg Allen and Cleo Francis, wearing high-heeled pumps (no shoe stamps) couldn't manage to stay for the next two measures and hit the dirt. The score stood 3-1 in favor of Bordeaux. With only Diana Castner left for the Amazons it looked as if the Bottleneckers would walk away with the trophy. But then she did it. Requesting her favorite number "Her Father Was Only a Welder So She Had to Get on at Time and a Half" played in barrelhouse tempo, the Colonel's daughter set a terrific pace to swiftly cut down Moyle and Cooper. The score sat deadlocked at 1-1.

#### 83 Bars

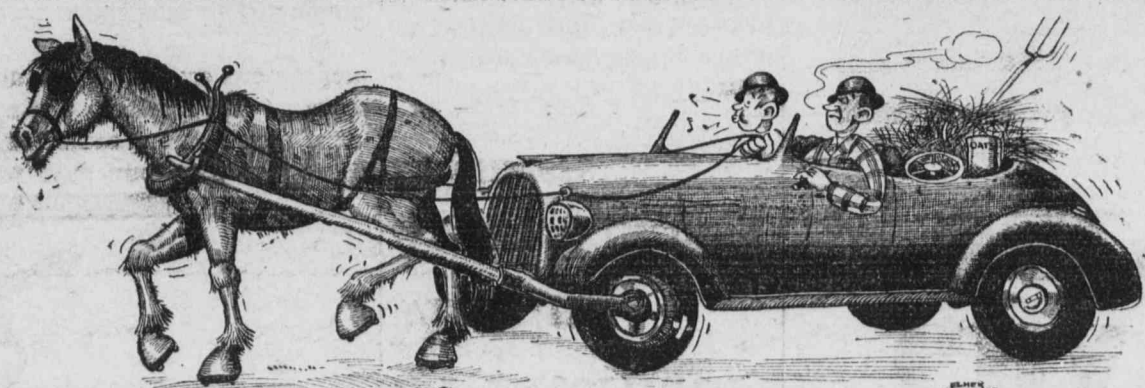
After a much-needed intermission the finalists squared off to the tune of "Bounce Me Brother With a Solid Four" played by Bianigmo Glover-sky, outstanding jazzization. Eighty-three bars were played before the music stopped (swoon) and Margaret "Gunboat" Slagle stubbed her corn on Castner's big toe. Pandemonium broke loose when Diana, exhausted, toppled into the lone chair to end the game.

Referee Jan Barnhard, a whistle tooter from Wenatchee, declared the game the closest at which she had ever officiated and that it was exceptionally clean, even though Slagle wore loggers' spiked boots.

#### Presentation

Immediately following, the Dean presented the prize, a package of Corn Plasters and an old stamp 17, to the winner. He commended the players highly on their efforts, and in his address declared that he hoped that this would become an annual affair if the highly successful turnout meant anything.

The proceeds were donated to the IK flagpole fund.



"No arrangements for transportation will be made by each student individually—"

did not comment. Thalle was in the corner, already hard at work. Pettinger, in his own capacity as floor layer, immediately joined him.

left-handed buck saw, "for use Days from which protruded a finger," "he is so experienced er, "because," explained Pettinger, "because," explained Pettinger, in the intricate job of plaster-

The work will be more or less equally divided between the two Knights, with Pettinger assuming temporary role of carpenter, electrician, linoleum layer, painter, lock-

(Continued from Page One)

It is expected that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt will arrive on the Madison bus at 2:30 for the latter half of the conference. While visiting at S.C., Mrs. Roosevelt will address the Associated Women Students on "Woman's Place in the Home" or "The Restrictions on War Time Travel."

Conway presiding as chairman. This thing in the effort. It is expected that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt will arrive on the Madison bus at 2:30 for the latter half of the conference. While visiting at S.C., Mrs. Roosevelt will address the Associated Women Students on "Woman's Place in the Home" or "The Restrictions on War Time Travel."

These then are the poisoning influences with which we must cope. The Spectator has revealed them; the students must take it from there. Your school is endangered; your honor is at stake. What are you going to do about it?

But wait! For these two do not complete the ring of outlaw leaders at large in the school. There is yet another—a man, whose identity will be easily recognized when we describe his rebellious nature and arrogant disposition, which have on occasion warranted his being thrown bodily out of class. He has been known to uproot whole beds of the school's petunias in a fit of rage over an unsolved calculus problem, and he admittedly makes a hobby of pitching rocks at the heads of defenseless infants sleeping in their buggies. Indeed, fellow students, you have identified him well; your man is Barrett Johnston, rebel, rabble-rouser, revolutionist.

As an institution of higher education, Seattle College must be ready to rise to the occasion. And when that duty concerns the preservation of the very foundations and traditions on which our school is built, we say it is time to act! We are ready to rise to the occasion. And when that duty concerns the preservation of the very foundations and traditions on which our school is built, we say it is time to act!

The Seattle College Library Of Internat'l Meeting Agents Watching Engineers

As we see them. In the past we have found the duty generally pleasant. But when an unpleasant duty confronts us, exact from her students a high standard of work, work requiring close concentration in mind and body. The ability to do this is a mark of true college calibre. Yet there are subversive elements rampant in S. C., working to undermine the morale of our students, attacking the established patterns of conduct, and attempting to collapse the entire structure of Christian college education. With growing alarm we see our men and women being drawn from their habits of study and effort, turning their backs on text books, cutting classes, hastily preparing lessons. Who has set the precedent for such revolutionary action?

You have seen them yourselves, idling away mornings in the Cavern over a pack of weeds, a pot of java, and a sizzling game of gin rummy; setting a bad example to students by defacing their textbooks, shooting spitwads at professors, refusing to answer questions, and inducing other students to skip classes with them; you have seen them flaunt their ignorance before the school by their uncouth grammar, their slang-riddled vocabulary, and their slovenly response in class. Yes, men and women of S. C., we point accusingly at Anita and Marie.

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Library Scene Of Internat'l Meeting Agents Watching Engineers

my ask and offer so much that I find it necessary to blaze a trail through every mine. (For the information of new hikers, Miss Tryn explained the blizzing a trail means to burn one's way in.) In order to this our growing demands, we have found it necessary to make this change.

The new play is expected, "The Nightingale," to also do much to enlighten the Spectator and its readers, and entering the circulation. In fact we now even have readers as far north and west as Sdr Wly and will also address the group on the "Importance of College Publicity During Wartime."

(Continued from Page One)

Mr. Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information and Chairman of the Banquet to the Director of Publicity, who has had wide experience in the publicity line, according to the Director of Publicity, "The Nightingale," to also do much to enlighten the Spectator and its readers, and entering the circulation. In fact we now even have readers as far north and west as Sdr Wly and will also address the group on the "Importance of College Publicity During Wartime."

expects to receive the Congressional records in the effort. It is expected that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt will arrive on the Madison bus at 2:30 for the latter half of the conference. While visiting at S.C., Mrs. Roosevelt will address the Associated Women Students on "Woman's Place in the Home" or "The Restrictions on War Time Travel."

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As an institution of higher education, Seattle College must be ready to rise to the occasion. And when that duty concerns the preservation of the very foundations and traditions on which our school is built, we say it is time to act! We are ready to rise to the occasion. And when that duty concerns the preservation of the very foundations and traditions on which our school is built, we say it is time to act!

The Seattle College Library Of Internat'l Meeting Agents Watching Engineers

As we see them. In the past we have found the duty generally pleasant. But when an unpleasant duty confronts us, exact from her students a high standard of work, work requiring close concentration in mind and body. The ability to do this is a mark of true college calibre. Yet there are subversive elements rampant in S. C., working to undermine the morale of our students, attacking the established patterns of conduct, and attempting to collapse the entire structure of Christian college education. With growing alarm we see our men and women being drawn from their habits of study and effort, turning their backs on text books, cutting classes, hastily preparing lessons. Who has set the precedent for such revolutionary action?

You have seen them yourselves, idling away mornings in the Cavern over a pack of weeds, a pot of java, and a sizzling game of gin rummy; setting a bad example to students by defacing their textbooks, shooting spitwads at professors, refusing to answer questions, and inducing other students to skip classes with them; you have seen them flaunt their ignorance before the school by their uncouth grammar, their slang-riddled vocabulary, and their slovenly response in class. Yes, men and women of S. C., we point accusingly at Anita and Marie.

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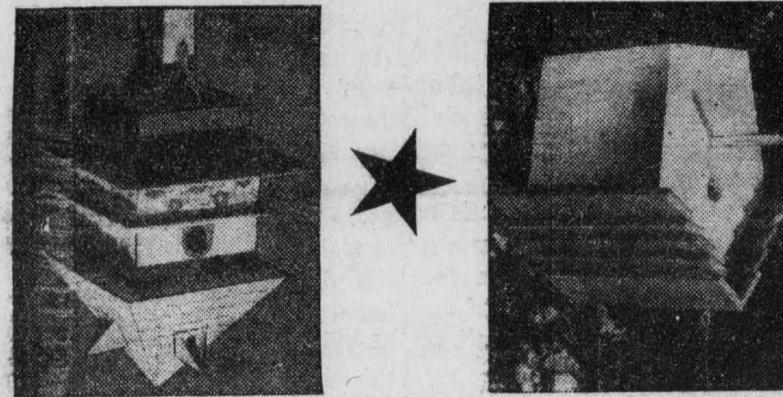
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Library Scene Of Internat'l Meeting Agents Watching Engineers

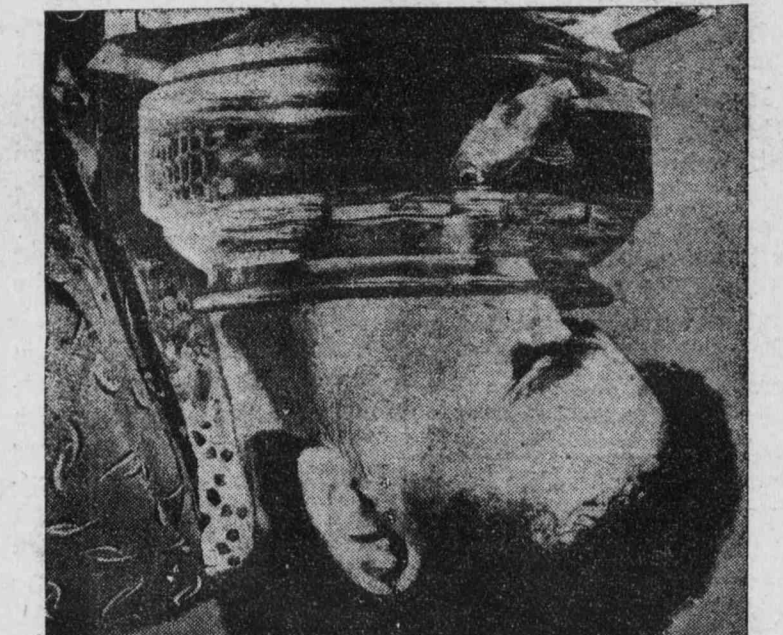
Alert student registers appreciation of Fr. Peron's wit, in Soc. 5, 8:00.



Dean announces opening of new men's dormitories, expected to accommodate majority of registered male students.



Drinking fountain goes dry; students find substitute to maintain dripping chin tradition.



**ROTTA GRAVURE SECTION**

**EDITORIALS**



The Spectator are the official eyes and ears of Seattle College. It reports the news, it registers the reaction, it reflects the tone of the school. In the carrying out of these functions it has, we feel, a serious obligation to the student body.

It has been our policy to report conditions in the school as we see them. In the past we have found the duty generally pleasant. But when an unpleasant duty confronts us, exact from her students a high standard of work, work requiring close concentration in mind and body. The ability to do this is a mark of true college calibre. Yet there are subversive elements rampant in S. C., working to undermine the morale of our students, attacking the established patterns of conduct, and attempting to collapse the entire structure of Christian college education. With growing alarm we see our men and women being drawn from their habits of study and effort, turning their backs on text books, cutting classes, hastily preparing lessons. Who has set the precedent for such revolutionary action?

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