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Editors of The Spectator

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UNCLE SAM'S COLLEGE MEN

by Tom Pettinger

From the Philippines comes word of Ed Kohls of the 96th Division of the U. S. Infantry. In his letter Ed gives a few headlines about himself: "Front lines 50-odd days with enough action to last a lifetime. It's not an aid to a long life when you sweat out a machine-gun for four hours, or wake up in the morning to the tune of falling mortar shells and sniper fire. A few really close ones, like the time our squad was pinned down in an open field and one of the fellows got a bullet-hole through his collar."

"We saw the Jap fleet offshore during the battle of the Philippine sea — remember when the President asked for prayers for the invaders of Leyte? But the island is quiet now and instead of perimeter defenses, we have guard posts; instead of fox-holes we live in tents; and thru the medium of one good gasoline generator we have electric lights. So we're not fairing badly at present."

Before going over-seas Ed had "a year's service in the states, most of the time being spent in no one place. But I started out at Ft. Benning, Georgia; then went up to Madison, Wisconsin — and finally ended up in the Infantry at Camp Medford, Oregon, in the 96th Division. I'm still in it, too, and I feel very much alive."

In closing Ed said: "Oh yes — and should any of the guys and gals remember this G. I. well enough to write, you might tip them off that I'll do my best to answer all letters." Ed's address is:

Sgt. Edward R. Kohls
A. S. N. 39466507
"C" Co. 381 Inf.—AFO 96
C O Postmaster
San Francisco, California

★

In a far cry from France to Seattle, Timberwolf Mickey McDonough sends word that he is back



Pfc. JOHN D. (Mickey) McDONOUGH

on his feet again after the leg injury he received in combat last November. Mickey, in the 104th (Timberwolf) Infantry Division, was flown from the front lines to an English hospital where he has been under treatment for the past three months. Commenting on the trip, he said, "My first airplane ride, and what happens? They keep me flat on my back, so I can't see a thing."

Also in McDonough's division is Leo Sharkey, who was hurt in truck convoy moving up to the front in northern Belgium last fall.

While in the hospital in Eng-

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Vizetelli Opens Clinical Teaching Course March 5

The United States Public Health Service will sponsor an in-service, intensive course on the Principles of Supervision and Clinical Teaching in Hospitals through the Seattle College School of Nursing, Rev. Harold O. Small, S. J., Dean of Studies, announced today. The course, which is designed for teachers, superintendents, head nurses and graduate nurses, will begin on March 5 at Providence Hospital and will last approximately three weeks. Miss Nazleh Vizetelli, Director of the School of Nursing at the College, will conduct the classes. She has already given the course at hospitals in Everett, Bellingham, and Vancouver, and, after finishing it at Providence, she will give it again at Columbus Hospital and at other hospitals in Washington and neighboring states.

Need for the course, according to Father Small, has arisen from the present call for nurse educators and especially for those who have participated in clinical work and are capable of passing on their related knowledge and the skills of the profession. With the great number of nurses in the armed services and the growing demand for more nurses by the U. S. government, the class is extremely timely, he added. The course will be offered without fees for those who will continue in this work for the duration of the war.

Miss Vizetelli recently completed special work at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C., in preparation for these instructions in supervision and clinical teaching in hospitals.

Boyce Begins Advertising Campaign

This week the Spectator issued a call for potential advertising executives. Seriously undermanned, the advertising staff is in need of workers to promote increased advertising in the school paper.

Advertising Manager Eileen Boyce stated, "The development of the Spectator necessitates additional help on the advertising staff. An increase of advertisements could eventually mean an increase in the size of the Spectator." All students can aid in securing advertising by patronizing advertising and mentioning the name of the College with their purchase.

Seven College Men New Members Of Knights of Columbus

Seven Seattle College men were among the candidates initiated into the Knights of Columbus last Sunday afternoon at the K. of C. hall. Those received were Ed Cloud, George Flood, Jack Goebels, Tom Kane, Dan Kennedy, Pat Martin, and Tom Maguire. This brings the number of present S. C. men belonging to this organization to more than twenty.

Dr. Paul McLane, who is chancellor of the Knights, says that although the number of Knights has increased steadily, it has not surpassed that of pre-war times when sixty college candidates were received in one class. In estimating the total number of S. C. students and alumni belonging to the K. of C., Dr. McLane stated that well over one hundred students have entered the ranks of the Knights while attending Seattle College during recent years.

Passage of Time Marked in Change Of Time-Marking Machinery

By Bill Mullen

"Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade of that which once was great is passed away."
—Wordsworth.

Since the days when "Meet me under the clock" was a by-word at Seattle College, this man-made measure of the passage of time has come to symbolize the diligence, the continuity, and the steadily progressive spirit of S. C. Though the map of the world may change by the hour, still S. C.'s clock ticks on.

Thus it was with pangs of real regret that students witnessed this week the replacement of the motor in the registrar's office clock with a new motor and bell system of a 1945 vintage. With all advantages of the substitution duly indicated, S. C. bows in humble acquiescence to the dictates of Progress, but not without a heartfelt sorrow at the transiency of all worldly things.

It is rumored that the new installation will necessitate a student's arrival for class earlier by minutes than in former quarters, since it is guaranteed neither to lose nor to gain so much as a split

second's time. Thus, instead of the peacetime salute, "Meet me under the clock," students will greet each other with "Synchronize your watches, and get ready to jump."

Miss Ruth Brand, registrar, in her weekly press conference, has been quoted as saying, "Our bell system works like an efficiency expert. Its sharp, strangely bell-like ring will awaken students precisely on the hour, thus enabling them to leave class approximately a minute earlier. Now, with an enrollment of 890 students, at three classes per day, close to 2670 minutes, or 44 and a half manhours will be saved, which time might well be used to further the war effort."

The presentation of a plaque with the inscribed names of the workmen who installed the new clock-motor is being tentatively planned as a freshman project, Miss Brand hinted.

All science students are urged to examine the intricate workings of the motor, which will be on display inside the clock, on the office wall for the remainder of this week and all of next.

S. O. S. Keynotes Frosh Skating Spree--March 9

Decision was reached this week on the time and place of the Frosh skating party. It will be held at the Ridge Roller Rink on Friday, March 9, from 7:30 to 10:30.

An enthusiastic committee, under the direction of Phyllis Gilmer and Chuck Schuler, will begin its sale of tickets today. To boost ticket sales it was decided to let each ticket serve as a chance to win the door prize, a carton of cigarettes.

Said Joe Blaschka and Mercedes Siderius, chairmen of the publicity committee, "Since this is one of the few Lenten activities, we hope to have a good turnout. The entertainment committee is working on a novelty act. Remember S. O. S."

Art Appreciation Offered In New Courses

In preparation for the opening of the spring quarter on March 21, class registration will be held from February 21 to March 17.

Added to the regular curriculum will be classes in appreciation of the various styles of art taught by Dr. Mae Mathieu and the legal aspects of the family taught by Mr. I. Zarbell.

The recently published bulletin of information contains the names of the advisors of the various major subjects and departments. All students are especially urged to secure the signature of the advisor in their field on class cards before completion of registration. All freshmen and sophomore students who have not as yet chosen a major should seek the advice of the Registrar. In the absence of Father Small and Father McNulty, sociology students will consult Father Peronteau and engineers, Father Gaffney. Students preparing for education should consult Father McGoldrick.

Pictures Featured In 1945 Yearbook, Editors Disclose

Prominence is given to the fact that this year's edition of the Senior Yearbook, will surpass those of previous years in bulk because of its enlargement to thirty-two pages. Not only seniors, but the entire student body will be represented, and the yearbook sales staff is conducting a forceful sales campaign to see that a copy is in the hands of every student. Special arrangements have been made to extend the deadline for sales to March twenty-fourth, for the convenience of nurses.

The Yearbook is a manifestation of the spirit of Seattle College. A great part of the book is re-

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THE WEEK IN PREVIEW:

Friday, March 2	Spec meeting, 12:10
Tuesday, March 6	Reading Club, 12:10 Veteran Club, 7:30 Colonial House
Wednesday, March 7	St. Patrick's Mixer Committee meeting, 12:10 Mendel Club, 8:00
Thursday, March 8	Silver Scroll Banquet, 6:30 Holly Hedge Tea Room
Friday, March 9	Frosh Skating Spree, 7:30-10:30

Gamma Sigma Alpha Submits Constitution

Official Status To Be Obtained When Accepted

The final draft of the Gamma Sigma Alpha constitution is being completed this week and will be submitted to College authorities for approval next Monday, Jeanne Tangney, president, disclosed today. With the acceptance of the constitution, the organization will attain to the official status of a publications honorary. Jeanne pointed out that the group has functioned unofficially in the past as a journalism honorary, but has never been officially recognized since the College does not have a Journalism Department.

Revision of the constitution, which was begun in the Fall Quarter, has been held up by the difficulty in obtaining accurate statistics and history of the honorary. Now that all the facts have been gathered, the organization will announce its pledges for spring quarter as soon as its constitution has been approved. These pledges will be chosen on a basis of activity points gained in working on the staffs of the Spectator and Publicity Department.

Founded in '40

According to records unearthed recently by Dona Moberg, secretary, Gamma Sig was organized in the spring quarter of 1940, and adopted its present pin in the fall quarter of 1941. Pledges accepted in 1941 were Bill Berridge, Larry McDonnell, Bettie Kumhera, and Ed "Doc" Sweitzer. Charter members of the honorary are Abner DeFelice, B. J. Dunham, Joe Eberharter, Bill Kelly, Gregor MacGregor, Bill Pettinger, Margaret Scheubert, Jack Terhar, Mary Williams, and Harold Young. Honorary charter members are Tom Donohoe, John Murphy, Maurice O'Brien and Rev. Charles Keenan, S.J., who is now managing editor of America, national Catholic weekly and former moderator of the Spectator.

Present officers of Gamma Sigma Alpha, besides Jeanne and Dona, are June Peterson, vice-president; Pat Eisen, treasurer; and Richard Walsh, sergeant-at-arms.

Horan Searching For Sweet Potato Player

"Has the art of playing a sweet potato or a harmonica gone out of existence?" queried Rita Horan plaintively in an exclusive interview with a Spectator reporter recently.

Rita, who is planning and emceeing the coming Music Night

(Continued on page 4)

SPECTATOR « FEATURES »



Yesterday I was taking a slight siesta between the pages of the Greek drama of Oedipus, in the original Greek, when I was suddenly jerked from my resting place and unceremoniously dumped on the shelf. Now, as a self-respecting book worm, I've been thrown out of lesser volumes, but this was the first time I've been thrown out of good old Oedie.

Having been recently ejected from "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," "War and Peace," to say nothing of a lot of musty old poetry books that no one ever wanted to read before, I decided to see what was the cause of this menacing state of affairs. I slid between the pages of "Ten Easy Lessons in Architecture," and was carried out to the Reading Room for my first glimpse of the outer world since last March when I went to sleep in a back issue of Collier's and woke up practically crushed by a slide rule. What I saw has completely quenched my spirit. I am now a broken bookworm.

My name is Baldwin, and I am probably the dean of all the bookworms in the Seattle College library. As a very young larvae I was brought into the old S. C. Library in a shining copy of the Aeneid. The Library was then housed in the first floor of the Science Bldg., the place I hear spoken of as the "Cavern" now. In its peace and quiet I teathed on Horace and Virgil and soon grew strong enough to eat my way into the modern literature section. It was a happy, healthy life, and I soon learned the few books to stay away from. Even those were seldom really troublesome, being used only at certain intervals during the quarter.

Then there was the time that some College men surprised us one night and turned every book in the library around and upside down. They were very orderly about it and didn't drop any of us on the floor, but whole families were broken up and confused for a week. I mentioned it to the assistant librarian, but was informed that we couldn't be half as broken up as the librarian. We didn't get any rest for a month after that, but the incident was even written up in Time Magazine so we felt a little better about it.

The only other event of note in the following years was our mass exodus from the cool depths of the old building and subsequent settlement in the shining steel stacks of the new building. After the books were arranged we got back to normal living. The change brought a few modern conveniences, but it did not alter our leisurely way of life. Whole months would pass between the covers of one volume; life was secure. Juvenile delinquency and social problems became almost nil among our bookworm colony in this modern Utopia.

Then last Fall a subtle change took place. Little read books came into demand and were renewed time and again. Whole families were finally forced to move to quieter sections and formed a pitiful little refugee quarter in the reference section. Winter brought an even more calamitous turn of events. Even the reference books were now rushed to the reading room leaving hundreds of unhappy bookworms homeless. I slyly moved my family into a book of high school orations, but my heart grew heavy as I watched my friends grow greyer and thinner with the constant strain.

Having digested several sociology books by Burgess and Waller, I knew that the cause of this family disintegration must be found before anything could be done to remedy the situation. And so, as I said in the beginning, I bravely sallied forth to the reading room. Then it was that I saw all the old traditions of the College had been surrendered for the mere absorption of knowledge. Over seventy-seven students were massed around the mahogany tables where before only eight or nine had dared to tread. Then I knew that only by direct appeal to the student body could our sad plight be relieved.

So I beseech the fair and democratic students of S. C. to survey the plight of their friend and neighbor the bookworm. Here is truly the proving ground for sociological principles and Christian charity. The bookworm must be allowed the right to live and rear his children in reasonable comfort. This can be done only by discontinuing the use of the library. All books must be returned at once. **Damn the encyclopedias, full speed ahead!**

by Dona Gene Moberg

Small Talk

by Marie and Anita

We like . . .

Gerry Awe; potato chips; the Andrew sisters; synopses

We anticipate . . .

the senior yearbook; having a knife handy when we can't work the pencil sharpener; term papers

We don't like . . .

falling asleep over night prayers; fur coats over slacks; Spam

We'll remember . . .

caricatures; hillbilly songs; Joannie O'Neill; "Going My Way"

Mojave Maiden

I saw an Indian mummy in a case,

With stones of turquoise still within its ears—

The daughter of a long forgotten race

Which vanished in the dust and mould of years.

What dread disease, what accident befell

This chieftain's child and stole her life away?

What death destroyed them all? No legends tell

Nor yet does any trace remain today.

The earthen floor where this cliff girl is laid

Was once where children played and warriors walked;

The secrets of that ancient race decayed

Within those dried and crumbling lips are locked.

The wind-swept cliffs of sandstone, smooth and high,

Are silent now, but for the eagle's cry.

Sue Jean Wootan

DOT'S JOTS



Things are getting sadder and sadder. It has come to the point that Eileen Ryan was seen washing dishes for a cup of coffee in the cavern.

The best we can offer is A for Effort to Bill Mullen, who still doesn't know why, if a bottle and a cork cost \$1.05, and the bottle costs a dollar more than the cork, the cork wouldn't cost five cents. **It isn't the heat that's getting Bill; it's the humility.**

Speaking of Bunsen burners . . . then there was Jean Lind who holds a test tube in her good right hand and sticks her finger in the flame.

Rita Horan explains her lack of ball catching technique on the Anniversary Hike, "Well, the trouble really is, I'm right handed and the mitt is left handed."

Jean Butzerin to home-coming Ed Craig, "Come on down to the lab and see the combustion I can make." Replied Craig, "Alas, I have lived too long."

Regards Ed Weiner's and Manuel "Irish" Vera's discussion on Tibbett . . . We're inclined to agree. We never did any swooning over Sinatra but we like classics to be classics and swing to be swing. Lawrence is definitely messing with Mr. In-Between.

CINEMANALYSIS

Superlatives are cheap in Hollywood, and regrettably, too. For occasionally there comes a picture worthy of the adjectives too often and too readily used in connection with other cinematic endeavors. *Keys of the Kingdom*, starring Gregory Peck as Father Francis Chisholm, is one such picture.

Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin, the story portrays the life of a Catholic priest from early boyhood to old age. Told in flash-back style, it gives an account of his decision in the choice of his vocation, his failures as a priest in Scotland because of his rather unconventional manner, his subsequent journey into China to establish the mission of St. Andrew against almost insurmountable difficulties, his miserable setbacks and inspiring successes, and his final return to his homeland as an old man. Woven into the story are characters such as the kindly understanding old Bishop McNabb (Edmund Gwenn) and the confirmed atheist, Willie (Thomas Mitchell), Fr. Francis' best friend.

The one defect (a hang-over from the book) lies in the priest's apparent nonchalance in converting people to Christianity. From the artistic standpoint, the film rises far above the ordinary fare and becomes a thing of unexcelled merit. The direction, photography, and continuity are excellent examples of Hollywood craftsmanship at its best. To the entire cast, which includes such notables as Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, James Gleason, Sara Allgood, Rose Stradner, and Roddy McDowall, go top acting honors.

As a change from giddy, zany comedies of gossamer consistency, and unattractive depressing war pictures, *Keys of the Kingdom* ranks as one of the best pictures of the year. —By Joan Jacobson.

CURRENT COPY

Do the veterans really feel as though Seattle College has been ignoring them? Do they feel that they have seen the seamy side of life and are now being ostracized for being serious?

Since that question was raised by an article in a recent *Post Intelligencer*, the entire student body has been wondering . . . just how do the veterans feel? Were they represented fairly in the publication of Miss Anne Stewart's interview with S. C.'s returned ex-service men? The general consensus of opinion among the group is that they were not.

First of all, they realize that it would be a shortsighted mistake to judge all veterans on equal bases. Certainly the re-adjustment of a nineteen-year-old to civilian life will be vastly different from that of a thirty-year old. Other factors such as age of induction, length of actual combat duty, and pre-service occupations figure prominently in the question. It seems natural, for example, to expect the older veterans (and there are going to be quite a few of them) to be more intent upon their education than the usual run of the college group. Why not? Why expect them to plunge into the dances and hikes and skating parties with the same vim and vigor as the younger students? For them college simply connotes a single thing. If this "seriousness" is their own choice, they

know they have no right to feel that they are "being left out of affairs."

Certainly the veterans have shared in the general school spirit of tightening up on the academic aspects. Most students have begun to realize and are acting on the realization that school work is not all extra-curricular activity. Upon first returning to college life, however, all such social events may seem slightly trivial, but after months of serious work, this is the normal reaction. Until they become adjusted, they should realize that no one factor alone goes to make up a college — it is not all books nor all play but a combination of many things. Each student may glean what parts he desires, but it is essential that the whole be there for those who wish it.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

We were cutting sedge together one day, Diarmid swinging the scythe while I bound the stiff blades together which would later be used for thatching the cottage roof. He was singing loud enough to rattle the trees on top of Croagh Patrick. All of a sudden he stopped and I looked up to see him standing there, wearing the oddest look and pointing to his open mouth. The strength was all gone out of him and I had to help him into the boat and row him back across the lake.

My mother met us in the door and together we put the poor lad to bed, and there he lay, pale and weak. "Arrah, the fairees are after ye, Diarmid," said my mother. Though he could get up and walk about, all that day and the next he ate nothing and spoke no word. So at last we fetched Bridget, the witch, who knew the ways of the Little People. Down I went to her house by the lake and she came with me ready enough. She led Diarmid out to the lake. There she turned him round, muttered her spells and threw a shilling out into the water. Then she told him to wash . . . "Now," she said, "He'll get his voice back on Thursday, but a fairy is after him and you must keep watch on Wednesday night. At twelve o'clock he'll try to go out of the cottage. You must not let him go."

Well, that was fine, so on Wednesday night after Diarmid and my mother went to bed, I sat by the fire with the watch on the

floor in front of me. While I sat waiting and wondering the cat scared the wits out of me by falling out of the loft and bringing a sheaf of oats with him. The closer it came to midnight the more nervous I got. Just as Bridget had said, when the hands went together, out came Diarmid with eyes wide. I ran to the door and stood with my back to it, trembling. He stopped, put his hand on my shoulder, and began to pull me insistently. "Oh, Mamo," I cried, "Yaddy! he's going to them!"

At that, the gleam died out of Diarmid's face and he dropped his hand. Realizing where he was, he leaped for the bed and covered his face.

That night I scarcely slept and was glad when daylight came. Not so Diarmid. He woke up and came into the kitchen as I was boiling water. I looked at him anxiously but he only smiled and said, "And have a cup of tea for me, Alonna?"

—By Ann Carney.

Hiyu Coolee Presides Over Suquamish Hike

Hiyu Climaxes Six Years With Gala Anniversary Hike

"The day at Suquamish was, without reservation, a great success." With due apologies for the originator of this remark, with whose modest opinion we heartily agree,— it is a lousy pun, Hiyu Coolee summarizes the activities of the Sixth Anniversary hike to the little Indian village of Suquamish-on-the-Sound. One hundred fourteen hungry students, among whom were several hikers, checked in at the Town Hall throughout the course of the day, to take part in the wide variety of activities which virtually threw themselves at the feet of the prospective participants.

Gathering at Colman Dock at the unwholesome hour of 7:30 a. m., the thundering horde took over the ferry to Indianola (no, we said it right) where Mass was celebrated at the makeshift altar in the local meeting house. As the trek to Suquamish commenced, John Denning, Hiyu's Frigid Midget, appeared in boy scout shorts and kerchief, to blaze the obscure trail. Remarked coastguardsman Chuck Quirk, "If I had gams like his, I'd wear short pants too."

Whiling away the time until chow call, the hundred-odd, trail worn hikers relaxed on the dance floor, on the benches, around the blistering heating stove, and over the surrounding landscape. With five baseballs in the crowd, sportsmen found themselves frustrated by the deficiency of a baseball bat. As a gesture of hospitality, the local residents were prevailed upon to donate one to the cause. As a gesture of gratitude, the Hiyus replied in kind: They broke the baseball bat. This done, the energetic youngsters turned their talents to less destructive diversions—like Drop the Hankerchief.

After the chow line had dwindled and disappeared, and the same

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Hall on The Hill

"They're lovely! They're engaged! They live at Bordeaux!" has become the motto of the girls in the hall on the hill. In fact they've narrowed it down to one room which seems to have an aura of romance glowing over it. First Phyllis Regimbal of Room 8 revealed her engagement in January to Don Axley of the U. S. Navy. Now her roommate, Rose Clara Lewis, is wearing a sparkler on third finger, left hand, from Jack Lange, also of the Navy. It is rumored that Room 8 will go to the highest bidder next quarter.

Following the Sarazin-Bordeaux basketbrawl, the Bordeaux Bulldogs trotted over to the Hall for a romp and refreshments after defending the fair name of the establishment to the bitter last whistle. Band-aids and mercurochrome were distributed freely to the scarred battlers with such happy results that the Bulldogs are now growling for another hoop contest.

Spring fever has inspired poets and melody makers alike, and the Bordeaux beauties have now come forth with the lilting strains of a new theme song. Almost any morning you'll hear the girls from the Hall chanting with one accord.

"Breathes there a girl with soul so dead,
Who never to herself has said,
"To blazes with school, I'll stay in bed."



Hi Coolee reigns, as initiates shine. Outgoing president Barrett Johnston graces the haughty figure of Hiyu, as Marge Lyons and Barbara Ann Ryan, veteran hikers, and Eileen Fleischmann and Mary Rae Baird, prospective members, look on.

Bordeaux Demands Replay Of Thrilling House Game

Sarazin Hall drove to victory over Bordeaux Hall last Tuesday night with a thrilling 72-68 win in a hotly contested game at the K. C. Hall. The varsity squad was evenly divided with five players to each hall.

There was a large college crowd present with both halls supplying nearly 100 per cent attendance.

The game was probably the roughest and most bitterly fought contest of the entire basketball season. Tempers frequently flared and a game of fisticuffs nearly developed, but the civil war has calmed down by now and the college is once more a haven of rest.

The game officially started with the introduction of the players by the referees, Buck Vera, Bernie Siefner, and George Mead.

The game started off slowly with Bordeaux Bulldogs rocking into high gear chiefly through the deadly corner shots of "Igor" Martin.

Continuing to build up their lead, Bordeaux walked off the floor at half-time with a comfortable 31-15.

Evidently fireworks exploded in the Sarzin dressing room because the boys were a fighting new club in the last half.

With Marty Groseclose and Tom Tague doing some fast, aggressive ball hawking and the "beef trust,"

Fenton, Twohy, and Truckey, the Sarazin Sizzlers really sizzled, knotting the score and finally forging into the lead late in the third quarter. From here on in it was a real Donnybrook. The lead changed hands several times as Bill Conroy and Vince Beuzer led a belated Bordeaux bombardment on the Sarazin hoop.

Once again the Sarazin gang, working the backboards to perfection, jumped into a 10 pt. lead and then slowed things up as they coasted in.

Public demand for a continuation of the series have been heavy and at this point the business men are negotiators for a return game.

Sarazin Beats Bordeaux

Sarazin		Bordeaux	
Fg.	Ft.	Pf.	Tp.
Groseclose, f	6	4	5
Tague, f	1	1	4
Truckey, c	8	2	2
Fenton, g	12	2	3
Twohy, g	4	1	4
Totals	31	10	18
Bordeaux		Sarazin	
Fg.	Ft.	Pf.	Tp.
Martin, f	10	3	20
Conroy, f	8	3	19
Kane, c	2	1	3
Flood, g	2	1	4
Beuzer, g	8	3	19
Totals	30	8	15

INDIVIDUAL SCORING RECORDS

For 1944-45 Basketball Season

	APG	G	FG	FT	FTM	PF	TP
Bill Conroy	6.7	29	88	28	31	54	194
Bill Fenton	9.3	26	109	24	24	54	242
Marty Groseclose	9.5	11	47	11	14	11	105
Bob Truckey	10.8	22	108	22	39	42	238
Vince Beuzer	8.7	26	96	35	34	58	227
Frank Martin	1.4	23	13	6	8	31	32
Roman Miller	2.3	22	21	8	11	24	50
Tom Kane	1.7	19	15	3	3	6	33
Tom Tague	1.0	26	11	4	6	19	26
Bob Crowley		6	3	4	2	3	5
George Flood		8	3			3	6
Edmund Twohy			8			8	
Bernie Siefner			1				
Tom Tangney			4				

Key to Symbols:

APG—Average per game
G—Game
FG—Field Goals

FT—Free throw
FTM—Free throw missed
PF—Personal fouls
TP—Total points

Behind The Backboard

According to one set of statistics, Sarazin conquered Bordeaux, 72-61, Tuesday night on the K. C. floor. Yet, when the individual players' points were totaled at the end of the game, somehow the score read 68-68. Of course, Bill Fenton's unbiased article on the game gives a slightly different version. Bill Conroy, captain of the Bulldogs, and the Bordeaux girls dispute the game and ask for a return match. Hm! 72 to 68; I wonder where those other four points came from.

SHORT SHOTS

Bill Conroy, the squad agrees, had the best average this year of shots made out of shots attempted.

Fenton's noted Uncle Elmer has already filed candidacy for mascot on next year's basketball team. If you don't believe it, ask Bill.

In the season past, the Chieftains have lost five games by one basket; they have won only a single contest by one point. Well, the next best thing to winning a game is to make the winning team look good.

ALL STARS

As a final gesture of the season, the Chieftains chose an all-star opponent list. As the team couldn't agree on a first five out of ten nominees, the boss-man came through with a starting line-up.

All ten were chosen from college and service opponents on the basis of their showing against the College.

It may be noted that Stickney was a unanimous choice at center. Hofmeister, F. . . . Coast Guard Beebe, F. . . . Sand Point Naval Hosp. Stickney, C. Seattle Pacific Henwood, G. Gonzaga Nash, G. Sand Point Naval Hosp. The other five nominees were Barrish (Sand Point VR5), Sutton, (Smith Cove Naval Base), Treadwell (Gonzaga), Kilborn (Fort Lawton), McGuin (U. S. S. Pocatello).

It is the consensus of opinion of the players that as a whole the service teams they faced were stronger than the college clubs. This is undoubtedly due to the broader choice of talent that is available to the services. Almost all service teams the Chieftains encountered this year were made up of more experienced high school and university stars than could be found on the college fives.

ORCHIDS: * * * * * Joan O'Neill and Colleen Floyd for their loyal and thorough work as Chieftain admissionaries, behind the swinging doors. It is said that whatever the final score, the finances never took a loss;

to the Bordeaux belles, for their intensive interest in rehabilitation. Exhibit A: the party put on for the Chieftain squad after Tuesday's civil war.

Lettermen who will probably pound the maple for S. C. again next season are Bill Conroy, Bill Fenton, and Frank Martin. Bob Truckey and Tom Tague are possibilities.

Marty Groseclose, Tom Kane, and Vince Beuzer on the other hand are three dependables who statistics show will be firing them for Uncle Sam next year. And what can be more reliable than statistics? Except of course, Uncle Sam.

With softball season rolling around, the boys will leave the maple courts and head for the local ball field to turn out with the rest of S. C. for the College softball team.

As the seasons go, so goes S. U. And in closing, may we fervently add, amen.

Hoop Squad Closes Season

Seattle College's basketball season comes to an official close with publication of the yearly statistics recently compiled.

The Chieftains rolled up 1158 points in 29 games for an average of 39.93 for each contest.

As expected, it was the first five who paced the club in the scoring parade with Bill Fenton, Bob Truckey, and Vince Beuzer soaring into the "200 Club." Meanwhile, Bill Conroy and Marty Groseclose were close behind.

Vince Beuzer walked off with top ratings as a foul shot artist and also as the bad boy of the team, topping his club in personal fouls.

Basket of Bouquets

Best game of the year . Ft. Lawton
Best shot of the year . Bill Conroy's shot from mid-floor in the dying minutes of S.P.C. game.

Best points of the year . . . Bill Fenton's 13 points in the first half of Whitworth game.

"The Red Hot Team" . . . Gonzaga The Best Team Encountered Naval Hospital

Worst game of the year . 3 and 0 Club's 33-32 victory over S. C.

Best known number of the year Bob Truckey's famous "18"

Most points of the year . Bill Fenton's 22 points in Seattle Flyers' game.

Fastest man of the year . . Bill Conroy.

Best shooter of the year . . . Bill Fenton.

The bad boy of the year . . . Vince Beuzer.

Best player of the year . . Starting Five.

Best dribbler of the year . . Vince Beuzer.

Best gift of the year Marty Groseclose, Xmas present to Father Carmody.

Beautiful hunk of man Bob Truckey.

Best side shot Me
—Frank Martin

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LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK

Ordinarily, we don't follow up an editorial with another on the same theme; but the stand we took in these columns last week on the position the Moral Law should hold in the secular world has aroused enough controversial comment to warrant, we believe, a restatement of our position.

Two major objections were brought before us to challenge our implied statement that the Catholic cannot successfully crusade for Catholic doctrine unless he meets his opponents with fundamental Catholic philosophy. Objection I: You can't convince the socialist or the Communist or the atheist with arguments from the Moral Law, when they don't even recognize the Moral Law. Objection II: Those groups for whom arguments from the Moral Law carries any appeal present no real problem; their importance is negligible.

In regard to the first, we will say merely this: **Granted, war cannot be waged where there is no common ground between foes. We cannot throw our proofs at the proponents of false ideologies and expect them to lap them up. But if we can't convince them by Catholic doctrine, we can at least show them that Catholic doctrine convinces us. Carrying the moral law into the so-called secular field is not a mere crusade of verbs and nouns and adjectives; it is as well a crusade of action, of example, of principles stated and applied. Practicing what we preach is a powerful persuader. If they don't believe in what we offer, at least they will have to admit we've got something to show. We don't believe in what they hold, either, but we can't but help admire their zeal.**

Notice that we don't say arguments from secular viewpoints are wrong; on the contrary, they are oftentimes quite correct. But we do say that they can also be very weak and inadequate unless backed up by something fundamental. Superficials shift and oscillate; essentials never change. And when you start pursuing essentials in human relationships, you eventually get back to the Moral Law.

The second objection ties in with the first to a certain extent. More deadly than the organized anti-Christ ideologies at large today, more insidious in its advance, more subtle in its attack, and more lethal in its consequences is the growing prevalence of Indifferentism. Where ideologies fire their followers with zeal, indifferentism burns out interest, incentive, moral principle. It makes no open attack on fundamental values; its weapons are neglect and disregard. That's the first thing we have to combat, indifferentism among those who profess to recognize the Moral Law. **Of negligible importance? We challenge that statement!** If our major problem today is to combat atheistic ideologies, then let's look to our own resources before we take the field. Chances are there's a lot more Communism among Communists than there is Christianity among Christians. And fifth columnists can do more harm than mortar shells.

The Catholic Church is a militant organization, and we Catholics are the militia. When we act in the capacity of scientists, we are free to use scientific data; when we act in the capacity of sociologists, we do well to use social principles; and when we act in the capacity of Catholics, we have an obligation to present the Catholic point of view. We don't claim the ywill accept our teaching, but the least we can do is let them have a look at it.

Veterans Discuss Military Life At Second Dinner

At a meeting of the Dinner Committee headed by Remi Muiyllaert, assisted by Ellsworth Turple and Bernie Costello, final plans for the forthcoming veterans meeting were drawn up. This meeting is to be held at the Colonial Dinner House on Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30 P. M.

Following the dinner, the formal meeting will be held and will consist in discussion of current legislation affecting the veterans. All members planning to attend the dinner are requested to contact the Chairman Remi Muiyllaert, on or before Monday, March 5.

Since this new legislation is of great consequence to the members, prexy Herb Hoover stressed the importance of every member's presence at this meeting.

Skiers Make Unofficial Jaunt to Stevens

An unofficial trip to Stevens Pass last week-end provided fifteen members of the Ski Club with three days of successful skiing. The S. C. skiers reported that ten inches of new snow on the Pass and an abundance of sunshine on Sunday made the jaunt highly enjoyable.

Clarence Allison, Ski Club president, announced this week that future official ski trips are improbable for the remainder of this season on account of the new O. D. T. regulations. "The club will not disband, however," he added, "and everything will be done to keep the group active."

Richardson Addresses Pre-Legalites

Mr. Archie J. Richardson of the University of Washington law school was the guest speaker at the last meeting of the Pre-Legal Club, honorary for aspiring barristers. Mr. Richardson, formerly an F. B. I. agent and a teacher of Criminology at Seattle College, emphasized the value of a law degree, and the opportunities afforded young attorneys, illustrating his talk with examples and anecdotes from his own experiences. At the present time Mr. Richardson is attending the University of Washington, where he is pursuing his studies in the legal profession.

Following Mr. Richardson's talk, a brief business meeting was held, during which Bill Mullen reported on the U. of W. law school. Committees were named to give similar reports on other law schools of the nation in subsequent meetings.

The informal initiation of members of the club will take place this month, at which time the club plaque will be unveiled. According to prexy Fred Dore club pins will be presented at the next student body meeting.

Hiyu Cooe

(Continued from page 3)
 could be said of the chow, **Leon Carria** and **Jean Marie Peerenboom** were installed as officers to guide Hiyu Coolee through its seventh year of existence. The initiation, conducted by **Joan O'Neill** and **Colleen Floyd**, took over the remainder of the afternoon.

Among important personages present on the hike were first club prexy **Tony Daigle**, charter members **Dorothy Darling Evans**, **Vi Crane**, and **Biff Fallon**, second woman president of the club, **Cay Mayer**, and veteran of the initial hike, **Fr. James B. McGoldrick**.

One might guess the day was at least one to be remembered, on overhearing remarks:

Tony Daigle, USN: The faces have changed, but the spirit is just the same.

Dot Darling: Imagine Bud Roe playing "Go In and Out the Window."

Joan O'Neill: Stand back to back and heel to heel; now sit down without changing position.

Ed Beasley: It was sprint the deck or walk the plank.

Bernie Costello: There's a trick to this schottische business, but I've really got it now.

Betty McDevitt: We charge by the hour.

Rosemary McDonald: If you'd open your mouth, you wouldn't get so wet!

Mary Harrington: Let's see, September; that's seven months off, isn't it?

Barrett Johnston: So I looked him in the eye, and said, "No, I haven't got the camera with me."

Fr. McGoldrick: Anything more would be sheer nonsense.

Yearbook

(Continued from page 1)
 served for pictures of the students, and they are urged by the editors to submit interesting snapshots.

Music Night

(Continued from page 1)
 which is sponsored by Mu Sigma, music organization, on March 13, has asked the student body for help in locating musicians.

An all Irish program is being planned, featuring the Men's Quartet and a bevy of Irish beauties singing the songs of Old Erin.

"The only missing link in the program is the instrumental portion and help will be appreciated in locating a player," she added.

Disa and Data

by Margie Latta

A popular complaint of men in the Service who come in contact with college students of today seems to be that the college man of yesterday has given way to the college boy of today. The atmosphere of our colleges, they say, smacks of glorified high schools. So, as is our wont, we took a student poll.

Scroll Pledges Prepare For Initiation

The final date has been set for the formal banquet and initiation of Silver Scroll pledges, it was disclosed by Eileen Ryan, chairman of the affair. The dinner will be held at the Holly Hedge Dining Room in the Broadway district at 6:30 on the evening of March 8, and will be attended by active and inactive members of Silver Scroll. The presentation of official club pins to the pledges will highlight the dinner program. Entertainment will be drawn from the "voluntary contributions" of the new members, stated Dona Gene Moberg, chairman of the informal initiation.

Reservations must be placed before the deadline, March 5, according to Jeanne Tangney, who is in charge of invitations. She remarked that Silver Scroll members are making the event really exclusive, since even the invitations were printed by veteran member, Mary McCoy. "After the hard work the pledges did for the Sadie Hawkins Tolo, they deserve the finest we can offer them," concluded Eileen Ryan, president of the group.

Silver Scroll is a local women's honorary with a limited active membership of fifteen. The new members who will be formally initiated at the banquet include Barbara Ryan, Pat Eisen, June Peterson, Pat Bodvin, and Anita and Marie Yourglich.

Service Men

(Continued from page 1)
 land, McDonough was visited by his brother, Sgt. Frank McDonough, who reported that Mickey was well enough to leave the hospital for an afternoon and assist him in making "quite a dent in England's beer supply." Frank is now in France, with the 264th Infantry Division.

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