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Editors of The Spectator

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SEATTLE COLLEGE *Spectator*

VOLUME XIV

82

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1947

Number 32

Spec Polls the American College Student In This Period of the Great Inflation

★
We Are Surprisingly Solvent; Half Possess Cars; A Third Save
★

As a matter of interest to SC students and ourselves, the Spec has conducted a poll of students to determine, if possible, how the American college student is able to make both ends meet during these dark days of high prices and low incomes. Strange as it may seem, the American college student, according to our poll, is solvent—in the chips you might say—considering his or her needs.

The average single student at SC has a job. In fact, 67 per cent work full or part time. Of the married students, only 61 per cent are employed, but 39 per cent of their "better halves" are also employed. The average income for single students is \$111.83 per month, while married students receive \$195.91 per month (including the added bacon that their spouses bring home).

Helping the situation for the single



Blackie Thomas puzzles over questionable questionnaire question.

students is the fact that 62 per cent do not pay rent. Married students are able to hold rent expenditures well below the 25 per cent of total income figure, which is considered to be normal for average families. The average rent paid by married students is \$35.87.

One-third of the student body is

able to save, the survey showed. Here the figures for both married and single students are remarkably similar. Thirty-four per cent of the married students are saving some money, while 33 per cent of the single students are adding to their bank accounts. The largest amount being saved by any student polled is \$80.00

per month. He (or she) is a married student.

Eighty-eight per cent of our single students have bank accounts, 82 per cent of the married collegians also have money in the bank. Remarks showed that several of these are living on their savings.

One of the surprising discoveries made was that almost half of the student body own automobiles. The breakdown showed 47 per cent of the married people on the campus are car owners, while 43 per cent of the single people have autos.

Between \$25,000 and \$30,000 will be spent by the student body on clothing this quarter. These figures include single persons and married couples (including children). There are about .8 (point eight) children per married student.

Individual incomes showed a dispersion ranging from one single student who showed an income of nothing (must be living on his savings) to a married person whose family income was \$431.00 per month. Largest income for a single person was \$405.00 per month. Ten per cent of the married couples have a joint income of over \$300.00 per month.

Single students have more to spend than married students for entertainment. Single students spend \$35.17 on miscellaneous and social expenses

while the married students pay only \$12.92 monthly for worldly pleasures.

Additional information learned from comments made on the questionnaires indicated that the situation was not as rosy for some individuals as the averaged figures would tend to indicate. One student says, "We get along fairly well, living in a housing project which is reasonable and comfortable, but I have to work five hours a day, six days a week to support my family. This causes me to sacrifice good grades for a living." Someone else stated, "Chief expense is high cost of food, which alone runs over G.I. subsistence allowance. Another remarked, "I wonder just how long our war savings will last at this rate."

A student planning two more years of college said, "I am fortunate to be able to attend college. I am not able to save money, but I don't believe that we are being deprived of anything. At present, that is."

A home-owning student stated that, "In the last seven months we have used up \$400.00 of my savings."

Some sought to add a note of humor to their questionnaires. Many urged the increase of government allotments, claiming that the present stipend was extremely inadequate.

A non-veteran student, who earns

(Continued on Page Four)

Cooles Abandon LL's; Take to Air

The songs and story of Hiya Cooles abandoned the Luxury Liners to ride the airwaves of station KING last Thursday evening. Nineteen members of the Hiking Club gave the listening audience a fifteen-minute sample of the songs and chatter of a Hiya hike.

As the program opened, the Hiya could barely be heard humming "I've Been Working on the Railroad" as the truck approached the studio. They sang "Whiffenpoofs" and "Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie" and then debarked demanding to know the scoop. Announcer Bill Marsh, himself a Cooles, explained that he wanted the Hikers to tell the radio listeners about the club. Jim Daly said, "I thought this was a strange place to stop."

Don Byington, the club president, with Hikers Bill Vague, Jim Daly, Laura Ellis and Kay Gibbons, then discussed the club. Soon Gene Voiland, "an old hiker," was called in. He revealed many facts about the early history of the club. Among other things he recalled that the cost of the first hikes was only thirty-five cents.

After the program several Cooles, mindful of the fact that hikes now cost one dollar per, demanded to know if Byington was Democrat or Republican. Byington refused to disclose this information, saying only that the inflation had taken place before his administration. As Byington ordered the Hikers back into the truck they struck up "Wilberforce" and then sang "Moonlight Bay."

Hiya choristers, who did not join the conversation but lent voices to the singing were: Cay Voiland, Leon Carria, Marjorie Malloy, Cordelia Keppinger, Jeanne Tangney, Tom Tangney, Mike Hoffman, Dorothy Klinge, Marjorie Carlisle, Jack Marilly, Rita Horan, Lewis Duvall, Jean O'Neill and George Krseak.

SUMMER ENROLLMENT 1148; BELOW EXPECTATIONS

Nationwide Trend and Lack of Finances May Be Reason, Dean Says

Financial reasons, rather than health or so-called "personal" problems, explain the slump in summer enrollment at Seattle College, the Rev. A. Barret Corrigan, dean of studies, said today.

Summer school attendances at many colleges and universities throughout the country, Father Corrigan stated, are falling short of the record enrollments predicted earlier by educators. He said that the decrease is generally traced to such causes as physical and mental exhaustion of the student, domestic responsibilities, disinterest, and the appeal of summer vacations.

According to the Seattle College dean, the greatest deficit in summer registration at the college is evidenced in the Freshmen and Sophomore classes, now numbering only

one-third of the regular underclass enrollment. This fact, he believes, is attributable to the financial insecurity facing the average college student. The majority of first and second year students have not as yet established financial reserves and therefore are obliged to work during the summer months to insure the rest of their education.

Enrollment statistics for Seattle College reveal that a total of 1148 full and part time students are attending summer quarter classes which began June 16. Although the number represents the largest summer attendance in the history of the college, it fell short of the record enrollment predicted earlier by college officials.

Veterans predominate on the campus since 56 per cent of the enrollment is registered under the G.I. bill. Veterans also make up 80 per cent of

the male attendance. Women students number 397, of which 42 are vets.

The tabulation further reveals that the Sophomore class is the largest group and that there are more students in the 26-year age group than in any other age category among both men and women students. The greatest percentage of summer scholars are majoring in nursing, pre-medicine and economics. Over 100 teachers, including nuns, priests and brothers, are numbered in the total registration.

The Summer quarter was recently made an integral part of the scholastic year in order that students, especially veterans, could accelerate their education. However, only one-half the veteran enrollment returned for summer classes. College officials believe that the extra term will be discontinued if the present findings prevail next summer.

ENLARGED ORCHESTRA IS PLANNED BY FR. REIDY

New Studios and Little Theatre Speed Growth of Music Department

Expanding plans, in keeping with their new quarters, are being laid by the Music Department, Father Daniel Reidy, department moderator, told a Spectator reporter.

A complete orchestra will replace the string orchestra of last year. It will be formed during the Fall quarter. In an effort to find the most convenient time for the students, rehearsals have been tentatively scheduled for the hour between 12 and 1 o'clock, five days a week. The final size and musical scope of the orchestra will not be decided upon until the amount of available talent has been determined. Membership in the orchestra will be open to all interested students.

The Music Department will occupy a space 36 feet by 67 feet 2 inches in the new building and will claim an entrance and exit of its own on East Marion street. Six sound-proofed practice rooms will be built. The moderator of the department will have his office there and there will be four sound-proof studios for the members of the music faculty.

There will be a special storage room for the orchestral instruments and a general storage room for other departmental equipment.

The best thing about the new building, Father Reidy noted, is that "I can now save my strength by not walking up all those stairs."

Another feature of the new location will be the Little Theatre. Although built mainly as a practice

stage, it will seat approximately 100 persons, according to latest estimates. Prime users of the Little Theatre will be the Light Opera Guild, which will be saved the great headaches of former years—that of finding a permanent practice place. It is also expected that the Music Nights, the talent seeking or "Amateur Night" programs, sponsored by Mu Sigma, musical honorary, will henceforth be held in the Little Theatre.

The Seattle College Pep Band has been entirely placed under the supervision of the Athletic Department. It is felt that this will allow great coordination of sports promotional activity.

Completion of the new building and the new Music Department quarters is promised for September.

ASSC Plans High School Leadership Conference; Robel

In a statement released this week by Student President Steve Robel, partial plans for student body functions for the coming year were outlined. It was pointed out by Mr. Robel that these constitute a framework from which many and varied student body activities will arise.

Plans are being studied for a statewide Parochial High School Student Presidents Conference which will be held at Seattle College. The purpose of this conference would be to better unite the Catholic high schools of the northwest, and it would be patterned after that which is held annually at the University of Washington for public schools of the state.

A student committee is hard at work on plans for the annual Homecoming Week, which promised to be one of the highlights of the next year. It is hoped that the Gonzaga-Seattle College basketball game will be held during this week. As a climax to an extremely busy week for Seattle Collegians, the Civic Auditorium has been reserved for a gala ball, which will honor alumni of the college.

Intercollegiate Knights and Silver Scroll members are formulating plans for a bigger and better Freshman Week. They, too, have reserved the Civic Auditorium for a huge mixer as a climax to the week.

In his release Mr. Robel pointed out that many other plans are being considered, and that further information will be published as it becomes known.

SPECTATOR

The Spectator, the official publication of the Associated Students of Seattle College, will be published every other Wednesday during Summer quarter.

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The End of the Great Exodus

(Ye Gods, Another Editorial)

We met Joe Cocaine in the hall the other day.

"Joe!" we exclaimed in amazement, "what are you doing here?"

"Well," he said, "I read some of those things that Razen wrote about me in the Spec last year, and I kinda feel I oughta brush up on the old education a little. I can't make head or tail out of 'em."

"You," I said, gritting my teeth, "are not the only one."

"No kiddin'?" He looked a little relieved. "I thought I was slippin'."

"Only your G's, Joe," we whispered kindly, "but welcome to old SC and its hallowed halls."

"They look more like hollow halls to me," he said, "where are those 1148 students that the papers are talking about?"

"The hour," I replied, "is 12 o'clock. The students have just completed the Great Exodus. They will not return until 8 tomorrow."

"Great Exodus?" He looked a little puzzled.

"The Great Exodus," I hastened to explain, "occurs at SC each day between the hours of 11 and 12 in the morning. It is then that the class day ends and, since the students have nothing to keep them on the campus, they go home."

"What do you mean, nothing to keep them on the campus? Aren't those lounges for the students? Clubrooms, an athletic field, that sort of thing?"

"Joe," I said, blushing a little, "we don't have room on the campus for that sort of thing yet. The SC campus is small and we are having all we can do to squeeze enough buildings into it to accommodate the necessary class rooms. We have to limp along without some real necessities in order to have a school at all. But you have come here at an opportune time. Next year, I think, you will see the end of an epoch. That is, the end of the Epoch of the Great Exodus."

"Look over there, Joe. That building, which is just about finished now, is our new gymnasium. We feel that the new gym will speed the beginning of the end of the Great Exodus. It is there that student spirit will reach its height next year, when the Chieftain basketball team takes to the warpath. SC has never been strong on tradition. It's top new a school for that. But tradition is one of the things that holds a school together, brings alumni back year after year, and makes college life so much fun to live and to look back upon in later years."

"We are going to start to build our traditions right there in our new gym. Plans of all sorts have been brought forward to add color to our athletic events and the social life of the students."

"Our athletic teams go under the name 'Chieftains', and so our traditions are going to be built on those of the American Indians. We are going to add a couple of Indian war chants to our repertoire of school songs, and also a real rousing fight song, if we can. We even plan to 'scalp' the opposition. Each time we win an important game we are going to hang a pseudo scalp on the wall with the name of the defeated team and the score painted over it. A feather with the loser's colors will be in the scalplock. Our first Scalp Game will be the first one that we win on our own floor. Our pep band will have tom-toms to help keep our rooting section at fever pitch. Indian costumes and blankets will be in order for the cheer leaders, band and the rooting section. Indian decorations will be added to the gym from time to time, starting with the official team emblem which will be an Indian chief in full war dress. Do you draw, Joe?"

"Yeah," he said, "but I don't have my rod with me."

"No. I mean with a pencil or a brush. We are looking for people who can draw. We want an Indian emblem with real class. We've had the dickens of a time to find anyone at the college who can and will submit a Chieftain drawing for us. It's mostly because of the Great Exodus. There's hardly anyone here after 12 o'clock to help with any student undertaking."

"Yeah," he said, "I see what you mean. But don't count on me. I can't draw."

"That's just what I mean," I said under my breath. "Well, besides the athletic events, the gym will add to campus life in other ways. Student democracy will flourish these each month at our ASSC meetings. It will be the scene of many of our dances this fall and for the rest of the year, too, for that matter. And last but by far not the least, will be the athletic facilities there for both men and women students to enjoy, with all sorts of possibilities for intramural sports and the like."

"It sounds great," said Joe Cocaine. "Sure beats life on the San Francisco waterfront. Think I'll sign up for next Fall, and besides, I want to see that Razen character. Maybe she can explain those stories to me."

"I doubt it," I said, "but you can ask her."

"Kind Lady"

A Review

By ROSCOE BALCH

"I'll never trust another person as long as I live," said a girl, leaving the Showboat Theatre after seeing "Kind Lady." It was a tribute to the play, not a slam.

"Kind Lady," a good show, now playing its last week at the Showboat, is commonly termed, for want of a better cliché, a "psychological thriller." It should be said in defense of cliché makers, that the play is a Chodorov adaption of a story by the late Sir Hugh Walpole, a good writer, whose staff fails to fit the stock clichés with the proper patness. In other words, the terror on the stage is more than technique and formula pressing on the various phobias, which have been classified, catalogued, and annotated so industriously by certified pontificating psychologists during the recent psychobunko boom.

It deals with Mary Herries and what befell her. She is, refreshingly, not nuts. She is a spinster, an art collector, retiring and gentle hearted. However, she sees few people. Her few close friends live in other cities and travel a good deal. It is remarkably easy for her to drop out of sight and notice.

The other main character is Henry Abbot, not unattractive, intelligent, artistic, even sensitive, but self stripped of all ethical principles, and so possessing a certain advantage over honest men. He has a deformed soul. You would not think that this could be more horrible than wasted flesh, or clutching fingers at a white throat. You would be wrong.

It is so probable, so everyday—it is the helplessness of Mary Herries that gets you. It is as if the language only went one way from him to her. There is no communication back, nothing that can be said to him, or to his motley crew, of moral grotesques. They are simply blind, deaf, dumb to the moral position of Mary Herries, while she is held prisoner in her own house for ten years; the house allegedly closed, and she gone on an extended visit abroad, then left in charge.

Of course, there is terror, half unconscious but continuing, for them too. Suppose that through some slip-up, she should be left unwatched and should contact someone on the outside. Suppose Abbot should not be able, once, to convince the person that 'Aunt Mary' WAS a harmless old lunatic. Suppose the normal order, complete with prosecutions, should reassert itself.

But, digressing, suppose that the power of normality were suddenly stayed, that the strength of the community were transferred to the state, and that it were ethically deformed. Suppose that Henry Abbot and his crew of moral grotesques had us a prisoner in our own land. Suppose the language only went one way. Suppose they were blind and dumb to the moral position of the citizen. Some of us are already, in part, morally deformed, blind to the humanity of some group—the Jews—the Negroes—you pays your money.

However, "Kind Lady" is set in modern England where normality prevails. And so there is the terrible suspense. Will someone, some relative, bond salesman or bank clerk hear and believe Mary Herries? Will the whole nightmare collapse, when the everyday course of things knocks at the door.

The Showboat performance is thoroughly good enough to carry you with it and catch you right into the story. Particularly notable in a good cast is Joanne Turner in the part of the scrub woman, Mrs. Edwards. If you see it, she will probably haunt your dreams, unpleasantly. This week-end is the last chance.



Leave Me To Heaven---

By GENE BISMUTI

Every night, yes, every night that I ride home on the bus from seeing my girl it seems to me that I am ignored. I am as unsocial as a B.O. ad-model.

Well, nobody looks at me at all, passes me by without apparently seeing me, just don't sit down next to me on the bus. Pretty girls, old women, even drunks go by.

But tonight, tonight is a different night. My girl played a prank on me, my true-love did, when she decided her new perfume would do wonders for my dandruff and she promptly proceeded to douse me with that very odif--odiff--smelly concoction known to the fair ones as 'Indiscrete.'

I smelled—to put it sweetly; my presence could be sniffed for yards, nay rods away. The dandruff did not disappear. I felt somewhat sheepish as I stepped out on the sidewalk that night. You remember about B. Mussolini—I guess I felt like he did when people began looking at him suspiciously.

I got on the bus as inconspicuously as possible and got in the rear seat in the corner next to a wide open window. At least, I thought, no one would sit next to me. At last, adversity would escape unvarnished.

Each passenger, however, that climbed those stupid steps of that bus quickly found his way to me. Men, the same ones who did not come close otherwise, surrounded me. Women the same ones who wouldn't even look at me, stared. On top of that the bus lost its trolley several times and lingered long enough for the whole bus to be flooded with the smell from my hair.

I wonder how they got the smell out of the bus. It would not come out of my hair for a week. It is not only Indiscrete it is also impervious. It stinks.

COLLEGE BEAT

A New Column

By BILL MARSH

A lady of our acquaintance was a little suspicious about the age of one of the reporters with whom she was better acquainted. He had never mentioned the subject and what she had heard was both flattering and untrue. She decided to check and see exactly what the situation was. She picked up the telephone and called the College. "Seattle College," said a pleasant female voice. "Could you give me the birth date of —?" "Just a minute," said the voice. Rita Horan looked up at the reporter. "Forget about the Spec mail for a minute. Some girl wants to know your birth date." He reached over and took the phone. "September 25, 1925," he said. There was a minute of absolute silence punctuated with a gasp. The conversation then went something like this: "Oh, that is unfair. What are you doing there? And don't tell me that was YOUR secretary. You should be in the Cave, not on the telephone. I'm not going to give you anything for your birthday. I won't. I only wanted to know your age and . . ." Here she stopped rather suddenly and he returned the telephone to Miss Horan who inquired if that was all the information the young lady desired and hung up.

Father Soreghan found that he has a very intellectual and sophisticated . . . well sophisticated . . . class. He asked if the students knew the sacraments of the dead. "Baptism," cried one. "Extreme Unction," exclaimed another. Harry Sites, the usual normally quiet student in the back of the room, spoke up. "Matrimony," he said.

A new place, where you are known, Wood's at Second and Seneca. Bill Moeller plays the songs you want on the Hammond organ. Anne Jeannette quietly fills the background for Wood's special club sandwich. Wood's is open to 1:30 for the semi-late crowd. It is a little too modern but has one huge booth and all booths fit four comfortably. Shrubbery grows inside the cafe. Take it easy on the coffee and read the right hand side of the menu rather carefully. The only real atmosphere besides modernistic indifference is Bill Moeller's handling of the Hammond. Just give the waitress your choice and Bill will play it.

FOR THE BIG DATE try the Cloud Room of the Camlin Hotel. It is downtown near the Paramount Theatre. The Cloud Room is on top of the hotel and has a view that sweeps from Alki to Queen Anne, framing the Olympics. The tables are placed in the windows. To be sure of getting a seat with a view, or of getting a seat, make reservations by telephoning the Camlin Hotel. The food is cooked in an open-to-the-public kitchen. Just sit at the table and watch your steaks turn brown. We can recommend the minced sirloin. It is charcoal cooked and palatable. A good meal and reasonable, considering the atmosphere and business expenses.

INEXPENSIVE ENTERTAINMENT can be found at Lincoln Park in West Seattle. The park is near the Fauntleroy Ferry dock. Plenty of lawns, tennis courts and boat races every Sunday afternoon. Although the park sticks into the Sound do not try swimming there, the water is dirty. Colman Pool, in the park, has slightly warmed sea water and music. Open until 9:00. The pool ranges from three to twelve feet in depth and plenty of room for a crowd. No blankets, towels, cigarettes, etc., may be taken on deck. Rent a suit if you want. No beach fires may be built but there are plenty of stoves and hot dog stands. Spend a day here once in a while, it is worth a try.

THURSDAY EVENINGS can be enlivened by listening to Seattle College on the air, 8:15, station KING at 1090 on your dial. The college, its students, their spirit, and the news of the college fill fifteen minutes of air time. Roscoe Balch, student director, brings the college into your six-tube set. It is OUR college and OUR friends, on the air, Thursday nights.

A DOLLAR will bring you high entertainment and scenery for an entire day by signing up with Hiya Coolee, the college hiking club. Just bring lunch, wear your old clothes and boots, and the fun-loving Hiya will join you in song and hikes. Boys and gals welcome, singly or in pairs.

SPEC SPORTS COPEs

By VAL FOUBERT

FROM SEA LEVEL TO SKI LEVEL

Or hadn't you noticed that sports reign supreme throughout the entire year in this state of states? We're not trying to solicit an endowment from the Chamber of Commerce, but it is rather interesting to note that you can golf, sail, horseback, hike, and motor all year round in these parts. Spectator sports abound here, too, with racing this summer at Longacres, the Rainiers beginning to climb in the baseball bracket, and the ever-present sailboat and motorboat races to watch. We also lay claim to being a mecca for fishers and hunters the year 'round. Where is this California, anyhow!

ZALE IS DETHRONED

A new champion took over the middleweight reins the other night when Rocky "The Rock" Graziano hit Tony Zale with everything but the water bucket to gain a technical knockout in the sixth round, reversing the order of the last encounter when Zale rose from the resin to lay Rocky out. We are ready to hail the new champion, a game and resourceful mitman who won the elusive crown the hard way, although we share the opinion of many who wait that the fight was stopped too soon. Zale himself stated in his dressing room after the fight that he was in better shape than he was in the previous battle, when he came back from near oblivion to hand Rocky a beating. It is quite clear that the recent unfortunate tragedy of Jimmy Doyle, who died after being kayoed by Ray Robinson, has permeated the boxing world with a new feeling of responsibility about stopping fights before someone else gets a permanent knock-out. It should be pointed out, however, that Doyle was in poor physical condition, having been the victim of a concussion in an earlier fight, and should never have entered the ring, while Zale was in perfect shape and can absorb punishment enough for ten ordinary fighters. There was less than one minute to go in the round when the fight was halted.

Zale's managers are taking advantage of the rematch stipulation in their contract, which means that still another donnybrook is in the books for the near future. We will be waiting with bated breath to see if "The Rock" will get chipped next time.

CINDERS ARE FLYING

After a few years involuntary lull, the boys have their running pants on again, and leading the parade are a couple of Negro boys who are almost daily making people forget the name of Jesse Owens. Two world's records fell by the wayside recently in Salt Lake City: Illinois' Herb McKinley ran the quarter-mile in :46.2, and Baldwin-Wallace's Harrison Dillard clipped off the 220-yard low hurdles in :22.3. Each was two-tenths of a second better than the old world's record.

A-DOBY'S NEW HACIENDA

Negro Jackie Robinson has won out over race prejudice and big league pitching. He is hitting .312 and has stolen more bases than any other player in the National League. Brooklyn may be subject to a lot of cracks (i.e. "dem bums"), but no one will deny that the Dodgers led the way in breaking through baseball's racial barrier. Now many major league clubs are scouting for top-flight Negro talent (which has been around all the time). First Negro to play in the American League is a sensational rookie named Larry Doby, who joined the Cleveland Indians after leading a minor league with a batting figure of .458, and cracking out the most homers. Doby was flabbergasted to learn he had been signed by the Indians; wouldn't believe it until they asked him if he wanted to fly or ride the train. "I'm excited enough as it is," he replied, "let's take the train just this once." Last week Doby was making opposing pitchers grunt, sweat and swear. Hurray for our side and more power to another fine baseball player.

Cooles "Hike" to Discovery Bay in Luxury Liners

On July 13, the shores of Discovery Bay were littered with a new sort of flotsam and jetsam as sixty-nine Hiyu Cooles spent Sunday rowing, eating and swimming at the Jesuit Fathers' villa there.

Breaking with precedent the Cooles left SC at 8:00 A.M. sharp, exactly as scheduled. Ten Hiyus, allowing themselves ten or fifteen minutes grace, were left behind, stunned and aghast at this breach of protocol. These unfortunates, among them Jerry Gray, Lois Fulford, Delores Henderson, Jane Hogan and Maryalice Schneider, were forced to dicker with John Powers for transportation to Edmonds, where the rest of the throng were boarding the ferry for Port Townsend.

There Cooles transferred back to the wheeled vehicles. The M.M. and the Fathers' truck took the hikers to within three miles of the villa where most of them were dislodged to walk the rest of the way.

On arriving at Discovery Bay, fast walkers found that though the coffee was almost ready, drinking water was not to be had. Parched Cooles endured in stoic silence until fresh water could be rushed from Port Townsend, whence Leon Caria had been dispatched on the mercy mission.

Wood split by the axe of Ed Beasley himself kept a fire roaring under the coffee, which was served (at the fashionable hour) on the terrace. After lunch most of the crowd went down to the beach to swim, wade and row—or even relax.

Cooles acclaimed the Fathers' picturesque villa filled with objets d'art, including a panoramic water color by the Rev. Adolph Bischoff, S.J., formerly of the SC faculty, which was strategically placed beside the cook-stove to inspire the chefs. Father Peter Halpin's mastodon tooth, the gift of an Alaskan missionary, occupied a prominent place in another room, competing for attention with beautifully mounted birds, crossed rapiers and a stuffed moosehead with brooding eyes.

Returning Hiyus caught the 6:00 p.m. ferry from Port Townsend and took advantage of a balmy evening to harmonize the old Coolee songs on the vessel's top deck. Adding their voices were ye olde Hiyus, Rosemary Woods (formerly Rosemary Linstrom), Bill Mullen from law school at Santa Clara, Barrett Johnston, recently discharged from the Navy, and Monica Roller, who is leaving soon to interne in dietetics at Mills College in California.

Beasley Says

By ED BEASLEY

Casting about for some explanation of the Rainiers' success against Portland last week, we came across a little item in the Oregonian which said that the Rainiers viewed the marathon series with a good deal of unhappiness. The result of the Rainier rancor was that the Beavers were badly mauled in a series which included five double bills, four of them after dark. It is doubtless true that a light juggling of the schedule might have brought some of these games to Seattle. It is a fact that the original Decoration Day doubleheader was washed out when the games were transferred from the afternoon to the evening—out of deference to the dog races. If the P.C.L. is serious in its bid for a major league status it should be able to meet such competition. These night doubleheaders are bush league at best. Such a bill on the Fourth of July in S.F. provoked a number of small riots.

We can't blame the fans too much. Their bedtime had long since passed. As they watched the leisurely progress of a game in which neither play-



Bill Fenton, assistant coach, who is at present directing the destinies of the Chieftains in the absence of Coach Len Yandle.

HIYUS PLAN TREK TO PRATT LAKE JULY 27

On Sunday, July 27, the SC hiking club, Hiyu Coolee, will take the six-mile trail over the ridge to Pratt Lake, there to lunch and swim and rest for the homeward trek. The Pratt Lake hike will be the fifth of six summer jaunts to determine eligibility for the Coolee's annual summer overnight trip August 15-17.

The Hiyu vehicles will leave the Liberal Arts Building at 8:30 A.M. Sunday. Fee for the trip is one dollar, payable Sunday, and lunch should be brought along. Veteran Cooles advise wearing boots for the trek, as the lake trail, though not difficult, is long.

SC Softball Players Individual Records

BATTING RECORDS

Player—	G	AB	R	H	Aver.	RBI	2B	3B	H	E
Don Goebel, c.....	17	46	11	14	.304	10			1	6
*George Miller, c.....	3	5		1	.200	2				
*Andre Charvet, p.....	5	6	2	1	.166	1				
Ray O'Leary, p.....	15	37	3	7	.189	4				5
Len Yandle, p.....	3	10	4	3	.300	1				
Lloyd Reed, 1b.....	15	48	4	12	.250	9	1		1	4
John McLavey, 2b.....	14	37	9	9	.243	3	1		2	
Jim Jasperse, ss.....	16	43	7	8	.186	2			1	
Joe Dahlem, 3b.....	15	51	10	19	.375	10	1		1	
Rudy Moeckel.....	11	32	11	9	.281	6	1	2	2	3
Jim Farrell.....	12	28	4	4	.143	3	1			
*Gene Brown.....	14	39	11	12	.307	7			6	
*Charles McWeeny.....	3	5	1		.000				4	
Tom Weiler, lf.....	14	22	11	6	.272	2			2	
Tom Tague, cf.....	18	42	12	11	.261	4	3		1	
Bill Fenton, rf.....	10	15	1	4	.266	2			1	
*George Flood.....	11	31	8	8	.258	8	1		1	1
Ed Beasley.....	1	3			.000					
*Irregular player.										

PITCHING RECORDS

Pitcher—	G	W	L	SO	W	IP
Ray O'Leary.....	14	8	4	26	58	86 2-3
Len Yandle.....	3	3		8	9	21
Andre Charvet.....	4	1	2	6	7	18 1-3
Joe Dahlem.....	0	0	0	2	4	4
Bill Fenton.....	0	0	0	2	2	1 2-3

CHIEFS WIN SOFTBALL OPENER; DOWN GAY NINETIES TEAM 5-3

Gain First Round Victory Despite Injuries

Seattle College's hard-hitting softball team marked up their first win in the city-wide championship playoffs last Wednesday, July 16, when they downed the Gay Nineties squad by a 5 to 3 score.

It was Ray O'Leary chalking up another win, the Chieftain tosser holding the Gay Nineties team to seven hits as his mates hit eight off Anderson to run up the five-run total.

Although the game was closely contested all the way, due in a large part to the splendid hitting efforts of Bob O'Brien of the Nineties, who lashed out a single, a double and a home run in three times at bat, and was robbed of at least a three-bagger later on by Weiler's sensational running catch in right field for the Chiefs.

The scoring was opened early by the College crew. Tague reached first as the opening batter in the game when hit by a pitched ball, then was forced at second by Jasperse. Dahlem was safe at first on an infield error, then joined Jasperse in another SC special—a double steal—which paid off when Fenton grounded out, Jasperse scoring and later Flood singled to right to score Dahlem.

Two more runs were added by the Chieftains in the fifth, when Reed cracked out a single with two men on base and the final run was tallied by Tague on a Nineties error.

Credit for saving the day goes to John McLavey, agile College second-sacker, who dove into the dirt to come up with a would-be single as

three base runners started the "merry-go-round" for the Nineties.

George Flood, playing his farewell game for Seattle College, since he leaves soon for Marine training at Quantico, Virginia, made his last game one to remember as he gained two hits and played flawless defensive ball in the outfield. Flood's throwing arm is generally regarded as tops in league play.

Injuries and other factors causing the loss of players have beset the Chieftain team at an unfortunate time, since they are in the midst of tournament play. Besides the loss of Flood, the services of Gene Brown, Rudy Moeckel and big Ed Beasley (who should stay away from handball courts) are no longer available. Coach Len Yandle is expected to return this week, however, to bolster up the College's one-man pitching staff.

Former SC athletes apparently lose none of their ability, incidentally; Crosby of the Gay Nineties team, a former yell king at SC, was in our hair all day, reaching first consistently.

The Chieftains were to tackle their second round opponent last night, identity unknown and, barring a schedule conflict, will face the University of Washington softballers on Thursday evening, July 24, at 6 P.M. on Graves field, in the second of a two-out-of-three series. The Huskies will be out to avenge their first game loss, while the Chieftains hope to make a third encounter unnecessary by slapping the Washington club with another defeat.

Score of last week's playoff game:

	R	H	E
SEATTLE COLLEGE.....	5	8	1
Gay Nineties Tavern.....	3	7	4
Batteries: O'Leary and Goebel; Anderson and Rampton.			

Local Prep Stars Swell Chieftain '47 Casaba Roster

Last week the doors of the Athletic Department office swung loud and often, as many leading players from last year's crop of high school basketball leaders "passed in review." It was with pleasure that we noted many of the boys being forced to stoop low in order to clear the door casing.

Looking over the roster of those who have already signed to attend Seattle College next year, I was struck not only by the number of names but also by the diversified representation the names afforded. Blue and Gold from West Seattle, Big "R's", Pirates from Highline, Fighting Irish from O'Dea, Panthers from Seattle Prep, Grizzlies from Queen Anne, Pasco's best, and many other illustrious schools dominated the roster.

These towering lads are but a few of the entire group of prospective basketball greats who are expected to fill the new gymnasium this autumn.

Although the new gym will offer an unfamiliar floor to many of the players turning out, and this will be Coach Yandle's first Seattle College basketball team, it is expected that these factors will not weigh very heavily on our prospects for a rootin', tootin', shootin' cage squad this fall.

Fr. Dunne, Historian, Gives Glimpse of South America; Enjoys Seattle

★

Rev. Peter Dunne, S.J., member of the University of San Francisco faculty, who has joined the Seattle College History Department for the summer quarter, forsakes the California Chamber of Commerce to say that he likes it here in Seattle. As he puts it, "the climate and verdure of the city and its surroundings delight me."

Father Dunne has been chairman of the Department of History at the University of San Francisco for the past seventeen years. When asked his opinion of Seattle College as compared to U.S.F., he answered without hesitation.

"My opinion," he said, "is favorable to Seattle College, because of the spirit of progress, the enthusiasm for growth and the confidence in the future found here, as well as the actual expansion seen in the Engineering Department, veterans housing, and the new gym."

"U.S.F. is older and does not have this vigor of youth. While U.S.F. is also expanding and has its vets' facilities, S.C. seems to be moving more rapidly."

Having traveled extensively in both Mexico and South America, he has written a book about his travels, entitled "A Padre Visits South America." Father Dunne was asked to say something about the lands south of the border for the benefit of "Spec" readers. "Tell them to read the book," was the padre's emphatic order. (His book can be found in the stacks of the Seattle College library). However, he did venture a few remarks on the subject.

One thing of interest to him, which he noticed all over South America, was the good effect of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy. Father does not take part in party politics, therefore, his observations are completely non-partisan, but he could not help observing that definite, concrete signs of better understanding between South America and the U.S. had resulted from President Roosevelt's plan. This was in 1943 and 1944.

Free libraries are to be found all over South America and also Mexico. In every important town or community center there is a library and frequently organized lectures on points



FR. PETER DUNNE, S.J.

of interest in North America are held. Social events are planned by these centers and U.S. movies and radio programs are presented to aid the people to a better knowledge and understanding of the huge sister nation up north.

While in Montevideo, Uruguay, Fr. Dunne visited the free library there. It was cozy and well heated, which is a rarity in Latin American countries. The library was well stocked and contained many books on North America.

This free library service has expanded as far as Paraguay. Fr. Dunne tells of a lay brother whom he had met while in Paraguay. The lay brother had seen several U.S. movies and he thought that the United States was a wonderful country. "Father," he said, "you have no poor at all in your country." Fr. Dunne explained that there is actually a tremendous contrast between the number of paupers in the South American countries and the number found in the average U.S. community.

During his stay in Seattle this summer, Fr. Dunne is completing the last chapter of his latest book entitled, "Jesuit Missions in Lower California." He has written several other books on the Jesuit missions in California and Mexico. Two of these books, "Pioneer Black Robes on the West Coast" and "Pioneer Jesuits in Northern Mexico", have been published. They follow a series which was begun by Father Jerome V. Jacobson of Loyola University in Chicago.

SPECTATOR POLL

(Continued from Page One)

\$65 a month and who pays nothing for board and room, remarked, "With good econ. I get along without government help. Why can't the vet?"

Some complimented the financial acumen of their "better halves". One married student said, "Thanks to the excellent management of my wife, we just about break even."

The poll represents about 10 per cent of the student body which is a dependable sample. The answers to the questionnaires in general showed a great deal of conscientious thought, one student even supplying a balance sheet of his income and expenses. The Spec wishes to thank those who cooperated by filling out their questionnaires properly. From time to time the Spec will conduct other polls on subjects that will be of general interest.

SC Grieved by Death of Chapman

The untimely death, three weeks ago, of Mr. Laurence Chapman, a member of the sports staff of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer is deeply regretted by the Seattle College Athletic Department and the student body.

Mr. Chapman was a great friend of Seattle College athletics and intracity football. His loss will be keenly felt by all who knew him.

ANNUAL PICNIC SUNDAY, AUG. 3

A gala day of swimming, boating, horseback riding, tennis, baseball, horseshoes or golf and highlighted by a twilight dance is in store for Seattle collegians and their guests next Sunday, August 3.

The event: the annual Seattle College summer picnic. The place, as yet undecided upon, will provide plenty of entertainment for all. Details will be made public shortly, by means of the old reliable bulletin board. Transportation will be provided.

Said Steve Robel, ASSC president, "I don't think there is a person alive who wouldn't like to take part in at least one of the many activities that we have planned for this picnic." He pointed out that picnickers must bring their own lunch, but that refreshments will also be furnished.

The Luxury Liners will leave the campus at 9:00 A.M. Sunday, Aug. 3. Everyone wishing to ride on them should make proper reservations by attaching his name to the appropriate list on the bulletin board.

Two Engagements For This Week

Things looked brighter on the 3.3 front last week as two Seattle College couples announced their engagements.

Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Gunderson, 6613 Fauntleroy Avenue, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Jeanette, to Mr. Robert L. Applegate, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Applegate, 505 East Denny.

Both Jeanette and Bob attended Seattle College this past year. Plans for the forthcoming wedding will be announced at a later date.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Schmidt, 1901 Crescent drive, recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Jacqueline, to Eugene J. Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Brown of 1406 East Roy street.

Jackie will be remembered as one of last year's yell queens. Gene was president of Mu Sigma. No date has been set for the wedding.

LATE NEWS FLASH Terminal Leave Pay May Be Cashed Soon

According to late news report, Congress has passed a bill to make negotiable the terminal leave bonds which have been issued since the passage of the bill authorizing terminal leave pay for discharged military enlisted personnel.

At the time that this article is being written, the bill lacks the presidential signature which is necessary to make it a law. However, no delay is expected regarding this detail. The law will enable veterans to convert their terminal leave bonds into cash at banks after the first of September.

An additional rise in subsistence pay is also on the Congressional agenda. This new bill, which is now before the Senate, will provide \$75 a month for single veterans and \$105 for married men.



The Music Box

By VAL FOUBERT

(Ed. Note: The author of this article played with Glenn Miller's band in the European Theatre of Operations.)

Last week the results of the ninth annual *Billboard* college poll were announced, bringing the news that the top sweet band of the year was Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller orchestra. Yes, even though the eminent Glenn has personally been absent from the bandstand ever since that unfortunate flight over the English Channel in 1944, his spirit lives on in his music, and college students, at least, still go for the Miller touch in a big way.

What is it about this band that catapulted it overnight into the nation's top orchestra not so long ago and brought it back again this year to the No. 1 spot? Since the writer has personal knowledge of much of the "success story" behind Glenn Miller, let's look "behind the scenes" for a moment and reminisce about the highlights of the story.

First of all, full credit for the original ideas which went into the make-up of the band must be given to Glenn Miller himself. Long ago, when he was still blowing trombone in Benny Goodman's band, Glenn had his own fond dreams and hopes for THE band—a band which would have something new and different, something with depth and contrast, a playing style which would sweep the country. Perhaps it is a tribute to Glenn's own ability as a musician and conscientiousness about music as a whole that he hit upon four part harmony as the key to his new band. For many years, you see, the standard dance band instrumentation had been three, occasionally four, saxophones, three trumpets, three trombones and a regular rhythm section. Glenn proposed to add an additional instrument to each section, giving the band a four-horn trumpet section, four-horn trombone section, and five reeds, backed by a full rhythm section. With this instrumentation and the resulting four-part harmony instead of three, he felt he would have a band with great depth and fullness of tone. Careful attention was paid to the reed section, for in it was to be entrusted the trademark of the Miller band. This section was originally composed of a soprano saxophone, a baritone saxophone, two tenor saxophones and one alto saxophone, with the baritone sax playing section lead. It was the soprano sax which gave the reed section the high pitch which characterized the Miller reed voicing, not clarinets, as generally believed, although clarinets were used in duet and trio style within the reed section to add beautiful effects. The effective use of clarinets is particularly noticeable in the Miller recording "Sunrise Serenade," which was recently re-recorded by the new Beneke band.

Regarding the band as a whole, Glenn in the very beginning laid great stress upon two points: (1) dynamics; (2) section and ensemble blend. He felt that the dance bands of the day were not paying much attention to dynamics, which amounts only to holding down the volume or

bringing it up, as the arrangement demands. Good dynamics control is just as important in dance music as in classical music, Glenn felt, since modern music PLAYED CORRECTLY is as difficult, in many cases more difficult, than classical music. Glenn insisted that his arrangers write with feeling for contrast and he made his musicians play with contrast. In "Adios" you will hear possibly the best dynamics control and tonal effects ever achieved in modern dance music.

Many people have remarked that they noticed the absence of ace solo instrumentalists in the formation of the Miller band. There was a valid reason for this. Glenn was interested in organizing his band to play as a unit, his sections as sections, and had no use for loud soloists.

A musician in his band had to possess the ability to blend with his fellow musicians, rather than the ability to stand up and raise the roof for thirty-two bars. It is quite true, however, that out of the Miller lineup have come many fine individual instrumentalists including Tex Beneke, Jimmy Priddy, Bob Chester, Chubby Jackson, Buck Clayton, Mel Powell and many others. All were fine section men first, soloists last.

When Glenn added violins to his Army Air Forces band, many Miller adherents remarked peevishly that this made the band too "commercial", that it no longer would play jazz. Well, jazz is a broad term anyway, and by this time nearly everyone has come around to share the opinion that strings are a definite asset to the orchestra. The plan for the post-war band which Glenn developed included violins and has been followed by Tex Beneke. One of the outstanding examples of the adaptability of violins to the band is evident in the recent "Meadowland" (Russian Red Cavalry March), cut by the Beneke outfit.

Today the Miller dream is carried on as Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller band continue to thrill thousands of listeners, and Jimmy Priddy carries two trombones—one his own, the other Glenn's—ready to hand it over to a bespectacled chap with a cheery grin who had a way of saying "Make it mellow, fellows." This is the memory of Glenn Miller, commemorated every day in the music of men who play on, still making the Miller dream a reality, listening perhaps as they play to a voice which says softly, whisperingly, "Make it mellow for me..."

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