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Editors of The Spectator

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Mary Jo Beaumont Heads Court

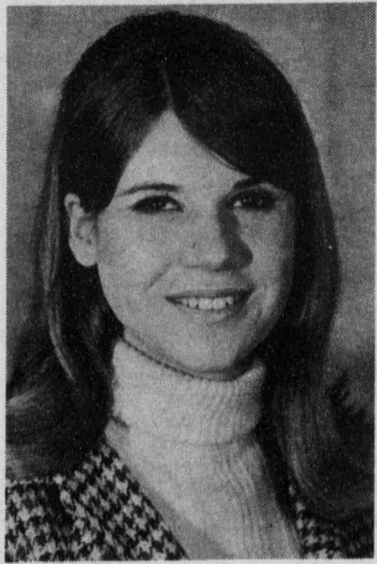
Mary Jo Beaumont, a slender blonde nursing student, is S.U. 1967 Homecoming Queen, the Homecoming Board announced late last night.

Mary Jo, 21, is a native of Seattle, although she graduated from high school in Geneva, Switzerland, where her father was employed. She has been a member of the Fashion Board for two years, is a member of Spirits, and was the Alpha Kappa Psi princess last year.

The two senior princesses on the Homecoming court will be Cathy Cane and Meg Rankin. Cathy, 21, is a French major from Los Angeles, Calif. She is a member of Gamma Pi Epsilon, the Student Academic Council, and a Silver Scroll pledge. During her sophomore year, she was a member of Spurs.

Meg is a 21-year-old English major from Saratoga, Calif. She is a member of Spirits, and has worked on the Homecoming committee and Dorm Publicity.

THE JUNIOR princesses on the court will be Barb Champoux and Gayle Tallo. Gayle, 20, is an education major from Honolulu, Hawaii. She has served as a Spur and is dorm president of Bellarmine Hall.



MARY JO BEAUMONT

She has also been chairman of the social action group of CAP and a member of the Political Union.

Barb is 21, a major in office management from Toppenish.

She is the ASSU secretary, a member of Spirits and the Ski Club. She has been Bellarmine Hall treasurer and Homecoming co-chairman. As a freshman, she was the IK princess and as a sophomore, Alpha Kappa Psi princess.

REPRESENTING the sophomores will be Dicki Donahue and Sue Sivyver. Dicki is a 19-year-old Seattle nursing major and a member of Spurs.

Sue, also 19, is from Portland, Ore. She is a Spanish major, a member of the Burgundy Bleus, Spurs, and an inter-dorm council delegate.

Freshman princesses are Lee Ann Mudd and Gail Sheppard. Lee Ann, 19, is a nursing major and a native of Great Falls, Mont. She was active in high school speech and drama, and a member of the Honor Society. She is a participant in intramural volleyball at S.U.

Gail, another nursing major, is 18 and comes to S.U. from Anchorage, Alaska. She is treasurer of Marycrest's sixth floor. In high school she was a member of the Spanish Club, the math honorary and the National Honor Society.

SEATTLE *Spectator* UNIVERSITY

XXXVI Seattle, Washington, Wednesday, November 29, 1967 No. 16

Hyatt House Scene of ASSU 'Wonderland by Night' Formal



WINTER BEARDS: Warming up for the Winter Formal are white-bearded Tom Robinson and true-bearded John Rogers. Melody Morgan asks for presents as Kathy Triesch looks on.

Fine Arts Departments To Sponsor S.U. Chorus

The music division of the S.U. fine arts department will present the Seattle University Chorus, under the direction of Carl A. Pitzer, in concert, at 8 p.m. December 1, in Pigott Auditorium.

The concert program includes: "To God All Praise and Glory" by J. S. Bach, "In The Bleak Mid-Winter" by Gustav Holst, "From All That Dwell" by H. Schutz, "Courree" by J. S. Bach, and "Glory to God in the Highest" by A. Hammer-

schmidt.

The main feature of the concert will be the "Coronation Mass" by W. A. Mozart. The Mass was written in 1779 and was intended to be used for the commemoration of an apparition of the Virgin Mary.

The Madrigal Singers will also perform four selections during the concert. The Chorus will be accompanied by John Kriebel at the organ, and Brigid Browne at the piano. Both are seniors. Admission is complimentary.

By DENISE GARETY
"Wonderland by Night" will be the theme of the ASSU winter formal 7:30 p.m.—12:30 a.m. December 7 in the Phoenix Room of the Hyatt House.

The formal will begin with dinner at 7:30, followed by dancing to the music of the Dave Porter Orchestra from 9:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Bids are on sale for \$12.50 today, tomorrow, Friday and next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday 11 a.m.—to 2 p.m. in the Chief and 6-8 p.m. in Campion.

The junior class is in charge of the dance, with Vice-President Tom Robinson acting as central chairman. Assisting Robinson are junior class president, Tom Hughes; junior class secretary, Kathy Triesch; and Melody Morgan.

Those wishing to rent tuxedos may be fitted from 7-to-9 p.m. today, tomorrow and next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in Campion. Rentals will be from Nudelman's, Brocklind's and Winter's Tuxedo Shops.

The winner of the Miss Merry Christmas contest will be announced and crowned at the dance.

Miss Christmas

One of a bevy of campus beauties will become Miss Merry Christmas at the ASSU Winter Formal Dec. 7, ushering in the holiday season at S.U.

Vying for the frosty title in coming weeks will be Mary Adamski, Kathy Elsner, Gail Harris, Jean Hentgen, Cynthia Lam, Kathleen Moriarity, Patty Mullen, Lee Ann Mudd, Petie Peters, Sue Sivyver, Cindy Shively, Jody Sullivan, Barbara Swan, Rita Thomas, Julie Webb, Kas Welch and Susan Zienke.

Students may vote (with money!) from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. in the dorms and the Chieftain every day until Dec. 5. Proceeds will go to S.U. graduate Dr. Pat Smith for her hospital in Vietnam.

Expert to Speak On Russian Jews

Emanuel Litvinoff, one of the foremost authorities on Jews in the Soviet Union, will speak in the library auditorium tomorrow at 11 a.m.

Litvinoff is editor of "Jews in Eastern Europe" a quarterly journal published in London. He directs the Contemporary Jewish Library in London, and is a poet and writer.

Born in London in 1915 of Russian immigrant parents, he served as a major in the British army in North Africa during World War II. It was during those years that he published his first poems.

Up until 1956, when he visited Moscow and became interested

in the situation of the Soviet Jews, he was devoting all his time to writing novels. The shock of this unexpected encounter with a problem of profound emotional significance to the Jewish people caused him to become "fully committed to the task of awakening public opinion to the tragedy of the Soviet Jews."

Mr. Litvinoff continues to be a leading critic and is a frequent contributor to the "Manchester Guardian," and appears frequently on the BBC "Third Programme." His books include "The Lost Europeans," a novel, a two books of poems, "A Crown for Cain," and "The Untried Soldier."

Father McNulty Ends 23 Years at University



AFTER 23 YEARS: Fr. Edmund McNulty, S.J., was surprised with a going away party Monday in the office of the Very Rev. John A. Fitterer, S.J., president of S.U.

By SUE JANIS

After 23 years, Fr. Edmund McNulty, S.J., vice president for government relations, has left the university he helped build.

Fr. McNulty will go to Portland, Ore., to devote full time to his duties as Oregon Province Treasurer, a position he has held for the past several years. (The Oregon Province is a regional division of the Society of Jesus, encompassing the old Oregon territory and Alaska.)

A BUSINESS manager, treasurer and vice president of finance of S.U., Fr. McNulty was personally responsible for much of the University's surging post-war growth. In 1942, when he came to what was then Seattle College, the Old Science building, the L.A. building, and the Old Engineering building (later razed) constituted the entire campus.

Additions during Fr. McNulty's terms of office included the Bannan and Pigott buildings, the engineering building, Xavier, Bellarmine, Campion and Marycrest halls, and the Lemieux Library.

In 1942, he started the School of Engineering here. He taught that subject for the next two years, and then went to the University of Minnesota for two more years of study.

RETURNING in 1946, Fr. McNulty assumed the position of Dean of Engineering. He held this position for the next eight years.

In 1953 he became the University's business manager. To this was added the title of treasurer in 1959.

Three years later he was

named vice president of finance and on July 1, 1967, he became vice president for government relations.

A reception was held for Fr. McNulty Monday afternoon in the President's office.

"My heart is in Seattle University," Fr. McNulty said on taking leave, "and I wish it all success. I feel confident that it will grow into a fine university of distinction."

A Phi O to Draw Blood Friday

A Phi O members will be out this week asking students and faculty to come and bleed for them. The annual campus Blood Drive gets under way Friday at 9 a.m.

From that time until 4:30 p.m., blood can be donated at Xavier hall for the Seattle University Student-Faculty Blood Pool, which provides blood at no cost to students of faculty or their relatives who may require transfusion.

Dan O'Donnell, chairman of the drive, said Monday that a particularly good turnout is needed this year, because the supply of blood in the pool has been depleted.

Donating blood is a painless operation which takes about ten minutes. An additional half hour or so is required for the donor to regain full strength. Trained attendants from the King County Blood Bank will be in charge and refreshments will be served donors.

Sign-up sheets will be placed in the Chieftain and in all dorms.

Editorial

Standing Off

Those who take definite stands should abide by them. The administration in its actions regarding Dr. Ronald Rousseve has not tested its stand for sound reasons, we believe.

Dr. Rousseve was accused of violating University statutes on academic freedom, of contradicting Catholic faith and morals in an opinion article; his article was condemned as a threat to the faith of the students and a black mark on the University image.

ROUSSEVE has admitted that the sexual subject treated in his article would be handled with the same slant in a classroom situation. His conscience would compel him to do so.

The collective conscience of the administration did not force its members to a forthright action after branding Rousseve as a foe of university principles. The logical and fearless administrative action would have been to fire Rousseve on legal and statutory grounds.

Instead the administration exercised the right of prior censorship to suppress Rousseve's article and, in a politic move, sought legal advice.

OFFICIAL, non-committal letters are sent to Rousseve by the administration. The latest one asks Rousseve to follow the present statutes or to leave the University because of a conflict between his conscience and the statutes.

Rousseve indicated his dissatisfaction with those statutes in a rider to his contract last year. The administration failed to answer those reservations until after it took decisive action on Rousseve's article.

Rather than diving boldly into a sea of controversy as it should have, considering its protestations at the serious violations of Rousseve, the administration is treading water. And it hopes that Rousseve's rights drown quietly.

CAMPUS FORUM

Catholic Sheep?

To the editor:
I would like to confront only one aspect of the controversy over academic freedom. Fr. Kauffer defined that freedom as a "freedom for," connoting a responsibility toward, the "Truth." And thus the old argument runs—spoken in a thousand tongues, piously accepted through generations in many Catholic and non-Catholic societies alike—that if one has "the Truth," then he shall be made free, and as a consequent, dissent need not be tolerated in an institution embodying that "Truth."

Indeed, it becomes the sacred duty of the custodians of "the Truth" to protect it from the encroachments of heresy, of creeping "ism's." Catholicism is the embodiment of "Truth", and Seattle University, as a Catholic institution, is the transmitter of that "Truth" and the bestower of true "freedom." And so the argument goes. But what atrocities have been performed in the name of freedom, in the name of truth!

I have no serious objections to Fr. Kauffer's definition of freedom, but only in his application of it. What right under this definition does any institution have, what right, for that matter, does any individual have of imposing his beliefs, of giving them official sanction under the guise of "Truth," if they have not been brought within the body of dogma? Therein lies the rub, for rare is the attempt to separate from the body of Catholic thought that which is divine truth and

that which is human fabrication. But perhaps it's for the better, since well we might see this mammoth of 2000 years of human speculation and adaptation shrink before our very eyes. Pity the poor "sheep" who would be thrown out among the wolves to suffer the indignity of having to do their own fighting, their own thinking. And pity the Church and the Catholic university which have hid for so long behind the aura of infallibility.

But as long as Seattle University can produce administrators with the political persuasiveness to balance off opposing lines of thought, as long as it can rely upon the complacency of middle age to overcome the idealism of youth, and as long as it can protect the young and impressionable minds from the distorted world outside our cave, as long as it can continue to do all this, it will continue to remain "free" within the bounds of Fr. Kauffer's application of that concept.

James R. Rhodes

Useless Diatribe

To the editor:
The discussion on academic freedom can only be described at best as a rally and at worst as a farce. If dispassionate reason is the mark of learning, then I fear we have far to go before any effective learning can be done on this campus. Partisanship was so evident as to obscure effective dialogue, and grandstanding on the part of faculty and students alike so blatant that the critically-minded student must have left the auditorium with a profound disillusionment.

The ground rules for the evening were grossly violated from the first moment when Dr. Rousseve, with full knowledge of the six minute time limit per speech, proceeded to harangue the sympathetic crowd with a concatenation of cliches unparalleled since the last freshman paper I read.

With a generous sprinkling of such phrases as "thought control," "heresy-hunting," and the "right thinking student" and with such incompetently drafted definitions as to render the whole evening a useless endeavor, he verbalized his "gut" philosophy for twenty-eight minutes.

For some reason never stated or even implied, he enjoyed the right to insult the integrity of the panel and the students with his diatribes, as well as the right to withdraw at his conclusion under the rubric that he could not participate in such a gathering in which he was participating.

It was a shabby arrangement which must lead one to conclude that the professed issue of the evening was simply a cloak to allow Dr. Rousseve a platform upon which to speak, but yet situated so high as to be immune from criticism. If that is an example of academic freedom, I do not want any part of it; learning seems to me far too precious.

Moreover, the situation must have been embarrassing for both Dr. Downes who found his presence really superfluous if his intention was to "sit in" for Dr. Rousseve, and for Mr. Brown who was compelled to abandon his prepared statement because Dr. Rousseve pre-empted so much of the panel's allotted time.

Nor can great praise be extended to the evening's chairman who allowed the discussion and questioning period to degenerate into an irresponsible attack on the philosophy department, an attack accompanied with such evident rudeness that one had to remind himself that this was a University forum and not a Chataqua camp meeting.

Let us hope that above all, we all now understand Dr. Rousseve's clear intention and can dismiss his shrill rhetoric as an impediment to solving those real problems which were mentioned but never given a real chance for gestation, both because they were couched in platitudes by

most of the panelists as well as being stifled by Dr. Rousseve's unprofessional attacks upon the majesty of the University, the honesty of the administration, and most especially, the intelligence of the students.

Martin F. Larrey
Assistant Professor
of History

disputes regarding editorial disregard of on-campus events in favor of off-campus events. Shades of Rube Goldberg!

Theodore S. Chihara
Department of
Mathematics

Join Majority?

To the editor:
In response to your editorial "Panel Seeks Answer" (Spectator, Nov. 22), may I call your attention to two documents: "The Idea of a Catholic University," read largely into the panel discussion by Dr. Downes, and uttered July 23, 1967, under auspices of the International Federation of Catholic Universities; and "The Objectives of a Jesuit University," uttered May 15, 1967, by the full college of 28 presidents of Jesuit colleges and universities in the United States.

Each of these two documents directs and affirms the same goals as your editorial. Each sustains the view that no Catholic university may prevent the inquiry and challenge which characterize free scholarship. Each is signed by considerably more than the "Catholic University presidents who, in the glow of rhetoric . . ." to whom you attribute, apparently, the extent of Catholic university liberality in the United States.

The question posed by the panel, it seems to me in reflection, is whether this University wishes to join the majority of the major universities, the American Bishops, and the body of the great Society of Jesus, in affirming these values openly and fully and fairly. Are we, then, to fish or trim bait?

Albert B. Mann
Department of History

The Spectator

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EDITOR: Pat Curran

Clumsy Cover-up

To the editor:
The report of the first meeting of the Publications Board (Spectator, Nov. 22) indicates rather clearly that this committee is going to be a meaningless bit of window dressing.

The reported interpretation of "Item Four" of the publication policy statement stands as one of the neatest examples of doublethink since "1984." We are now promised a new statement which will be a clarification of Item Four.

I WOULD suggest that no clarification is needed. Having interpreted "individuals or groups within the University community" to mean "executive or legislative branches of student government," Fr. Cronin has amply demonstrated the nimble footed ability to provide convenient ad-hoc interpretations of Item Four as needed.

In answer to a Faculty Senate request that the full Publications Board review the decision to refuse to publish Dr. Rousseve's article, it was replied that it would be poor policy to honor requests from a third party but a request from Dr. Rousseve himself would be considered.

NOW WE are told that review of the case is not within the jurisdiction of the Board. Is it too much to expect that a forthright statement to this effect could have been made at the outset?

While I deplore the censorship that this amounts to, I would prefer an open admission that it exists to the clumsy attempt to suggest it does not by the establishment of an elaborate machinery with no substantial function.

The administration claims and will exercise the legal right of censorship of student publications. The Publications Board will consider such weighty matters as

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Deane Simpson
Proprietor

Andrew Carnegie speaks to business majors:

“ Wouldn't it be fun to make a lot of money, bank it, and then use your bank books to start a library? ”

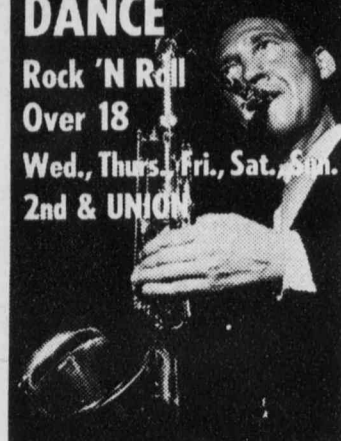


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Autumn Fragments

THE DREAM

By ELISE BRODHEAD

Sarah Golrman reached a leaden arm over to the end-table next to her bed and pressed the ringing alarm button back into a position of silence. She turned over and kissed her husband on the cheek, saying softly, "Joe, darling, it's time to get up."

"A few more minutes," he mumbled from under the covers he had pulled to his head.

"Just take all day," she teased, "but if the Gestapo come looking for you here . . ."

"All right, all right," he said, cutting her short.

He sat up in bed and rubbed his hands over his tired eyes. He had been up very late marking papers for his chemistry class and the long hours of work showed in the black circles that shadowed each eye.

Sarah finished dressing and went to the windows to let the fresh sunlight stream into their bedroom. Her husband thought how young and beautiful she looked, despite the worry that had begun the day the yellow armbands had been issued. Joseph Goldman's arms circled his wife's tiny waist from behind, and he kissed her.

"It's a joy waking to you every morning, Sarah," he breathed.

"Joe, please," she said, "such a way for a man married seventeen years to be acting. If for a moment you'd let me go, I could get Rachel up and start your breakfast."

She hugged him lightly and walked across the hall to their daughter's room. Opening the door, she found Rachel dressed and perched upon the window seat, watching the sunlight creep across the land of Katowice.

"Good morning, my dreamer," her mother

said. "And what do you have planned for today?"

Rachel was not in school, as the children of Jews were not allowed to attend classes with Germans — "Those Jews will contaminate our great educational system," so stated the "Beloved" Fuehrer.

"Theo and I are picnicking on the ridge today," the fifteen-year-old, so full of life and love, proudly announced.

Theo Reichman was eighteen years old and the son of Johann Reichman, a widower and ex-professor of history. Mr. Reichman hated Hitler and had resigned his post before the SS relieved him of it. Unlike Johann, Joseph Goldman had been among the few Jews to retain a position of prominence, for he had meekly accepted the Leader of the German People.

"Come, dear, and help me in the kitchen," her mother said.

Breakfast went faster than usual, so Joseph Goldman found a little time to leisurely sip the weak coffee ration in his cup. Morning chatter centered around Rachel's picnic with Theo. The conversation lulled a moment and in the distance a low, rumbling noise, like muted claps of thunder, could be heard echoing in the small valley. The family ignored the sounds. Joseph scanned the notes he had prepared for class, while Rachel and her mother began to clear the table. Rachel carried a few dishes over to the sideboard and carefully set them down. She looked out of the window to see a long line of German trucks and cars wind its way down the road toward the valley.

"Father, come here and look," the girl cried.

FRAGMENTS is a literary magazine published by the Seattle University Writer's Club and the Department of English. Its pages are open to the entire university and its purpose is to encourage and give expression to creative writing. Manuscripts should be submitted to the FRAGMENTS office, third floor, Xaxier Hall. Manuscripts should be signed and bear return address.

Editorial Staff, Autumn issue: Peggy Bougaard, Jo Crawford, Ray Panko, Carolyn Wright, Robert Cumbow. Moderator: Kenneth D. Mac Lean.

Mr. Goldman got up and crushed his cigarette out in a nearby ashtray. For several minutes the family stared at the Nazi procession. The cars stopped when they were well into the valley and the trucks were spaced in a wide circle behind them.

"Nothing to worry about; probably setting up a training camp or a storage compound," he said. "It's getting late. I'd better leave for class."

Goldman picked up his briefcase, kissed his wife and daughter goodbye, and left the house. He walked down the familiar cobbled streets and felt the warmth of the sun's rays fall upon him. Summer was coming to the war year 1941 (Continued on page 4)

JO CRAWFORD:

The Holding

Come red bikinied six-year-old:
Do come and clutch my shivering hand,
So that you may think
I, who quake in these brittle
Sandals, am holding you
Up from the cooling seaweed soup,
When it is really your doing—
The holding.

JO CRAWFORD:

Germinal

Never beneath eternity before
Lingered such miniscule
Tranquilizers:

A languid child
Grasps a disintegrated
Apple seed; then plugs
It into the autumn earth,
Secretly willing dream blossoms
To sprout black—
Like his blush,
His hands,
His seed,—
And still smell good.

JO CRAWFORD:

On First Looking Into a Cactus

Grotesque, their move-
Less forms;
Transparent as a day is thin:
"Fifty-two musical conductors
To five square feet,"
The cactus caption read.

"Their zowie flowers are zowie
When they flower," sang a cowboy.

So I ran up and
Rapped sunburned knuckles
On a green-tree—
Peep out a furry face?
Never.
Nor whistling
Nor swaying.

No respectable wind
Would work in Tucson.

JO CRAWFORD:

Gape-Caper

There is a photograph
Sewn to a burlap wall,
Staring down through me
With such nailing
Eyeholes.

Why I keep it
Where he's gone
Is why a fetus first
Then fawn—is why I
God I was in love with
Let us say, John Doe.

The gloss-gray mouth
Snapped "purge,"
And liked it I yelled
"Purge your shadowed chin
But not on me again!"

. . . Then, why
It hangs inside
My soul, scratching
Away what I was told
Of love.

the gay viennese

by bob cumbow

it was late afternoon and i was sitting in my apartment sipping a cool drink—just sitting and sipping — when the gay viennese dropped by. he was in the habit of dropping by from time to time. it was never unexpected, and always unannounced.

good morning, tom, said the gay viennese cheerfully in his cracked voice.

it is not morning, i said then; it is late afternoon.

excuse me, he replied, i had lost track. good afternoon, then, tom, he said.

good afternoon, gay viennese, i replied. would you like a drink.

not just now thank you, he said, but probably later.

this was not unusual. he rarely accepted my first offer of a drink, and he just as rarely began drinking as soon as he arrived.

well, then, please sit down, i said taking his coat. he sat, and so did i after i had put his coat in the closet. for several moments we sat in silence, just looking at each other. he often did this, and i was never loath to oblige him, for, if you really want to know. i find people immensely interesting.

what are you doing these days, i asked him finally.

as if he had been waiting for me to ask, he announced, i am writing a symphony.

ah, i exclaimed. i am glad to hear it. and i was glad to hear it, too. i am always glad to hear of musical efforts being made in this modern age of artistic starvation. music is the

highest of the arts, anyway, as i see it. i immediately envisioned what sort of a symphony my old friend would probably produce.

i can imagine it now, i said, to be a terribly modern thing, based on all your favorites. stravinsky, shostakovich, prokofiev. what is the theme of your symphony, i asked.

the theme of my symphony, tom, is reversal. you see, i am not writing a modern symphony. my symphony is to be classical.

well, i said, not understanding, anything which is great is classical, and if you write a great symphony, then it will undoubtedly be considered classical some day . . .

no, no, you dont understand, tom. i mean strictly classical. in the sense of haydn and mozart. i intend to structure and style my symphony as they did theirs, and i will use no techniques unknown to them. it will be strictly classical.

wont that be anachronistic, i asked.

i hope so, he replied.

you want it to be, i asked, bewildered. you deliberately want to write an outdated piece of music.

i hope that it shall cease to be outdated, tom. thats rather a silly hope, i must say. classicism went out with the eighteenth century, and i doubt seriously if you have any chance of resurrecting it.

nevertheless i am writing a classical symphony.

anticipating a long session this time, i asked him, may i get you a drink. yes, he replied, but

i wouldnt advise it tom; for you know when im drunk im very docile, and im in no mood to have you talk me out of writing my symphony.

who said i wanted to talk you out of it, i demanded, defensively. besides, i added, one drink wont make you drunk—or docile.

i know your tactics very well, tom. because of your youth you consider yourself my guardian, and every time i come up with a hare-brained scheme like this you consider it your duty to discourage me, so you get me drunk so i cant reason, then talk me out of it. this time —no.

well, i said, if you yourself—and indeed whose self are you but your own—if you yourself realize that this idea is, as you say, quote hare-brained, why do you insist upon trying it at all.

see, there you go already, he said to me. but i shall write my symphony simply because i have already started on it, and if a task is once begun, never leave it till its done.

that rhymes, doesnt it, i asked him.

yes, tom, it does, he told me. does that make me a poet.

that makes you whatever you wish to call yourself, i said. right now you seem to wish to call yourself a composer.

a classical composer, he corrected, with emphasis.

a classical composer, i submitted. i handed him a drink i had been making, which he did not refuse, despite what he had said earlier. then i settled back down in my chair.

tell me, gay viennese, i asked formally, why (Continued on page 5)

Dream cont'd.

(Continued from page 3)

in this Silesian town, but the war Joseph Goldman had been experiencing within himself had lasted much longer than the two years the "Madman" had been killing and destroying in an attempt to gain world control.

Joseph Goldman had bent his will to Hitler's out of fear. Fear had become a habit of living for himself, his family, and his people. And this habit had kept his family and himself alive—temporarily. He knew of the misery and suffering other Jews endured in the concentration camps through his friend, Adolf Bachmeyer. Bachmeyer was an official of the German State in Katowice and was also a staunch supporter of Hitler, externally. Inwardly he was as afraid as Goldman, his friend of many years. Bachmeyer had no disciplinary problems in his city, so the Gestapo and SS rarely visited.

But lately he had been kept from his evening conversations with his comrades, Goldman and Reichman. He sat up late at night conferring with Gestapo agents sent from Berlin, who were working out the final details to a plan involving the use of Bachmeyer's city. Joseph and Johann knew of the plan, though they could not bring themselves to believe it.

But seeing the German trucks entering the valley that morning had prompted Goldman's belief in it. The first stages of the Gestapo's plan were being carried out.

AUSCHWITZ WAS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

The last few steps of Joseph's walk were executed mechanically. He stopped outside the open classroom door, adjusted the yellow armband and walked in, determined that habits could be broken.

At the same moment Rachel and Theo were climbing to the top of the ridge overlooking the valley. Later they ate their lunch and watched the German convoy unload its supplies. Each day for the next week they made their way to the ridge and watched while the center of the valley was turned into a pile of rubble. Over the next year and well into the winter of '42, the rubble emerged as a large building with tall, black smokestacks.

Theo knew what this building was, for his father had confided the purpose of its erection to him. He accompanied his father to the Goldman home and listened to Joseph, Johann and Adolf discuss the import the building was to have. Mr. Goldman and Bachmeyer were of the opinion that any hopes of reducing it to the rubble it had once been were hopeless. Johann and Theo were of a different opinion, for they had recruited men from the city and formed them into a small underground, each pledging himself to the destruction of the death center at the possible loss of his own life.

CAROLYNE WRIGHT:**Shell-Stalking on an Evening Beach**

The wind leans its arm
against my shoulders;
beach fleas sprinkle
like rain in the sand before me.

In tide pools,
water shimmers away from rocks
like beating cilia.
But shore-stranded seaweed
rolls, thick and ominous,
on a weighted swell.

Snuffing the rotted-plant salt,
the dog tracks madly, but
I pick and choose my way
with care, between wave-hurled logs.

ROBERT C. CUMBOW:**To J. M.****On the Death of Vernon Watkins**

To end in this great man
(Or great because so ended?):
Mourned by Scorned by
Us insensitive to death, not
So touched as perhaps you,
With reason.

A man goes And those
Who knew him weep
Weep still. And you
Who spoke with him of afternoons
Are stunned, tombed, stiffened in gray light,
While we, who saw him once delighting
In his zest agreeing he was great
Are only little moved by
His last move.

Glad we saw him once, we only move
To other men and leave
Him and his mourners lost to us:
The crypt of our insensate Life Goes On.

"Johann, it's impossible," cried Joseph. But Johann would not listen. He and Theo left.

"You really don't think they'd be foolish enough to try something like that, do you, Joseph?"

"I really don't know . . . I don't think so. Johann knows the odds are terribly against him but you really can't blame him for the attempt. What does he have left except death in that thing when they get the gas circulating? Dying now or a year from now makes no difference to him or to me."

"You realize, of course, Joseph, you're speaking the words of treason?" Adolf said jokingly.

"To hell with treason and with Hitler," said Goldman. It felt good saying the words he had wanted so long to say but could not. "It takes longer to break a habit than acquire one," he mused.

The next day word reached Joseph that Johann and Theo had been arrested, along with several others who had "plotted treasonous action against the Reich." They were taken quietly during the night to the death center they had so desperately wanted to destroy.

"The bastard, that stupid, scared little bastard betrayed us," Joseph screamed when he heard. Bachmeyer had found the habit of fear harder to break than Johann, Theo and Joseph had.

There was a knock at the door and before Sarah was able to answer it, two German agents had kicked it in and announced their arrest.

"I should have known," Joseph said out loud. Sarah clung to his side.

"Come on," the guards yelled.

"Just let me get our coats," Sarah pleaded; a guard nodded a yes, motioning with the tip of his rifle that she had better hurry. She ran upstairs and began to write a note to Rachel, who had spent the night at a friend's. "Your father and I have been taken in for questioning and will be home for supper. In case there should be a delay of some sort, stay with Mrs. Jacobson. We both love you." Mrs. Goldman, being as frail as the only child she had born, took their heaviest coats, for she knew there would be a long delay. She left the note on Rachel's bed and ran downstairs to join her husband.

Rachel came home to the note and in an attempt to trust her mother's words decided it would be better not to worry, too much. She sat down to a snack of dried milk and apples. Upon finishing, she set the three familiar places at the table for supper and busied herself in the kitchen for the next hour.

It had been dark for a long time when she realized her parents weren't coming home that night or any other night. She cried while her mind echoed the words, "We both love you," from the hurriedly scratched note.

Rachel took hold of herself and noted the

time. 8:30. Jews weren't allowed on the streets now but the best thing to do would be to pack the few things she'd need to take to Mrs. Jacobson's. The packing took no time at all. She felt exhausted, not so much from the lifting, pulling and folding but from the pace at which her mind had been working.

She fell into bed and closed her eyes while trying to blot out the day's memories. She cursed the Nazis, Hitler, and her people. . .

And the dream began . . . She woke up as if caught in a horrible nightmare. She got out of bed, crossed the room and pulled back the frayed curtains over the windows. Sunlight filled the room and as she sat on the window seat, a terrible sense of loss filled her. The memories of yesterday filled her head and she began to cry. She glanced up at the sun, spilling its rays over the bleak countryside, dotted only by the foreboding smokestacks that loomed in the distance. She dressed, picked up her things and went downstairs. There was a knock on the door and she opened it to a tall man in a Nazi uniform.

"Rachel Goldman?" She nodded. "I'm taking you to be reunited with your parents." The officer took her arm in a firm grip and led her to an awaiting car. Fifteen minutes later it stopped in front of the building she had watched grow into maturity. The officer led her to a ramp where many people were milling about. German guards with machine guns carefully surveyed their prisoners.

Rachel peered through the crowds trying to locate her parents but could not find them in the mass of forms around her. The line edged closer to a man at a desk who seemed to be sectioning it into two groups. Rachel nudged the man in front of her and said, "What's he doing?"

"He's holding the power of life and death over you, that's what. If you're shoved to the left, you'll be sent to a work camp somewhere in Germany. If you're lucky enough to be shoved to the right, you'll, well, look at those fools up there."

Rachel glanced up and saw her whole world swinging from a rope—her mother, father, and Theo. She belched forth a scream and the butt-end of a rifle came crashing down upon her head. . .

She woke up as if caught in a horrible nightmare. She got out of bed, crossed the room and pulled the frayed curtains over the windows. Sunlight filled the room and as she sat on the window seat, a terrible sense of loss filled her. The memories of yesterday filled her head and she began to cry. She glanced up at the sun, spilling its rays over the bleak countryside, dotted only by the foreboding smokestacks that loomed in the distance. . .

CAROLYNE WRIGHT:**Coming to Know My Brother**

I took for granted
the gray cocoon outside my window
until spring awakened it.
A new butterfly swelled out,
moist,
fluttering shapelessly
until the wings stiffened.
Trying its strength,
it arose,
brushing through branches
toward
the limitless
sun.

ROBERT C. CUMBOW:**Connections in Lou's**

Pounding I
Am emptied in a brief
Vainglorious fantasy
Moment.
Who is she
Who has me
Thus undone?
A flat figure
Silver-screened
To her personal glory
And my undoing
She
Taunting moves, writhes;
I do not know her
Name yet
See her
All.

She is mine
For a drop
In the slot
(A clicking
Whirr her
Only music)
She sells
Herself.

A moment bought
A moment paid for is

CAROLYNE WRIGHT:

The sound of your sleeping breath
is a thin gray arc in the night.
Below this place, cars
roll through the arcs like
Juggernauts.
Tires make curdled shrieks;
something collapses, sick, inside me.

(You lie there, your profile
disturbing, like a stone above water.)

A broken tire has been turned over here
and scattered farther than the arc
of the breathing night.

I must search for the pieces in collapsing dark.

A moment lost:
Long in coming
Finally
Finished.
For a dime.

Later, a few doors down
The street I watch
Puppies in the petstore window.
This costs nothing—.

But it recalls
A reality
From long-suppressed dream pages:
A time when drunk I
Went to bed dizzy-careless
Dreaming; I awoke
To throbbing head and stinging
Eyes. Walking to the bus-
Stop I saw
Another dog hit by a car.

The spreading pool
Moved toward my bloodshot
Horrified eyes flooded
Euphoria from my aching head.

WARREN MILLER:

The country which I crossed
 On some yesterday is lost
 Like the front yard peach tree stump
 Stands like an epigram to jump,
 A hurdle to my memories
 Of fine and easy August nights.

Eyes stretched over the old window frame,
 Back turned on the kitchen door, I came
 Back to see old What's-his-name,
 Who
 Watered his front lawn the same time
 Every evening in

Those summer months of exposure.
 "All is changed, changed utterly," says Yeats
 And I felt gray in the stars above
 And Blake beneath us all.
 "A terrible beauty is born,"
 Borne by old neighbors, the multitude
 Which will not share
 The significance—
 Old Mr. What's-his-name
 Fell
 Off a bar stool and died
 As his inides were sucked inside and out
 By a shiny cold chrome breath machine.

Like my uncle, who creates
 Kids in the spare time; of course
 Behavior is what has been happening, now.
 He got married
 To have children and a live hot-water bottle
 Which is nice
 Because otherwise it's nasty
 And hard to hide the fact that
 Love is a many aproned thing,
 Occasionally made as the bed is unmade.

Ideals are for kids
 Who can only know the guy next door
 As a man who yells "Keep off my grass!,"
 And never goes out shopping.
 Ideals are for kids
 Who look upon the stumps of life and see
 Perfect blossoms from the tree.

EMMA BEZY:

I wander
 through drybrush winds
 skies a riotous palette
 of pigments, of cloud,
 tree branches awkwardly
 charcoaled into perspective.

Withered men and women
 dehydrated like citron
 blow past
 bodies shaking
 in the natural forces
 battering them carelessly
 about.

Viennese cont'd.

(Continued from page 3)
 do you wish to be a classical composer.
 why does anyone want to be anything, he
 asked back, it wasnt an original argument, but
 i had to admit he had a point there.
 i have to admit you have a point there, i told
 him. but why particularly the classical idea.
 why particularly any idea, he countered. he
 seemed to have only one argument; this was
 carrying it a bit too far — hed have to give me
 a better reason than that, and i told him so.
 this, i said, is carrying it a bit too far —
 youll have to give me a better reason than that.
 you are proving nothing by simply answering
 me with questions in my own words. if you
 cant state clearly why you want to do this,
 then its a sign that perhaps you shouldnt do
 it.
 that's rotten logic, tom, he said; and its also
 moralism. i dont like moralism—you do things
 your way, ill do things mine. we can get along
 as friends, but you must try to avoid patron-
 izing me. besides, i have already begun my
 symphony, and i intend to finish it so it is
 too late now to stop me.
 he was very serious. i stared at him a mo-
 ment, then chuckled. my, i said, you are so
 awfully serious. one would think you were
 building a bomb or planning a crime, instead
 of simply writing a symphony. why are you
 so worried about people trying to stop you.
 chances are most people arent the slightest bit
 interested in your symphony.
 precisely, he said. that is why i have the
 element of surprise on my side. perhaps it is
 a bomb, yes, and, tom—I know this for sure—
 some people definitely are trying to stop me.
 time itself is trying to stop me. there are bar-
 riers . . .
 but, gay viennese, what i do not understand
 is precisely why people should want to try to
 stop you.
 there was a long silence, in which he simply

RALEIGH CURTIS:

Eating lotus blossoms
 can get boring too;
 you know
 it fouls
 the digestive tract
 to have too much
 nirvana
 because it stultifies
 the mind
 and constipates
 the soul

Lotus blossoms growing
 can be found everywhere
 but they are best planted
 (and eaten)
 in mentally tropic zones
 where everything grows fast
 luxuriantlikethis
 with no selection lately

Strange thing—
 haven't seen them being
 cultivated by denizens
 of the mind's temperate zone:
 locked in a selective battle of
 darwinian self-conflict.

EMMA BEZY:

i
 am a going concern
 my concern is with
 robins
 who would rather hop
 than fly
 with the all new
 leaves donned
 by a tree i once knew
 naked
 with patches on things
 and splitting seams
 in personalities—
 the futility of smoke,
 the price man
 will and ever has
 laid down
 for kicks,
 and the tragedy
 of overloaded telephone wires
 a blatantly
 sad occurrence.

DAVE MORGAN:

If I were half the man who lives within my
 dreams,
 Or half the fool who dreams him,
 Then I would close my eyes, cast off my fear,
 And leap.

And if I did not fall,
 Or if my head came down before my feet,
 It would be over then,
 And fool and man would meet.

looked at me. then he said, quietly, patiently,
 tom, if i came at you with a knife, i mean if
 you thought i was going to harm you, youd try
 and stop me, wouldnt you.
 yes, of course, i said, but what does that
 have to do with . . .
 coming at you with a knife, i could kill you,
 perhaps. but, tom, coming at you with a class-
 ical symphony is not so much different. i could
 kill you with it—painlessly, but just as dead.
 how, i asked. i could not see how such a
 small amount of liquor could have produced the
 ravings that seemed to be coming from his
 lips now.
 tom, he said, could i have another drink.
 im not sure you need one, i said.
 first you explain to me how you could kill
 me with a classical symphony, i said. i took
 his glass and went to the bar.
 tom, he began, but that was all he managed
 to say until i brought him his second drink and
 sat back down. i simply looked at him, expect-
 antly.
 mr durant, he said, you are the present. i
 knew at once that he was deathly serious, for
 he never called me by my last name except
 when he was deathly serious. you, and all those
 people out there—he waved his hand toward
 the the great city outside my window—youre
 all the present. im not. im the past, and the
 past always ends in the present. do you see
 what im trying to say, tom. well, a classical
 symphony is not the present—it, too, is the
 past. tom, i earnestly believe that time is a
 liquid. it flows, and things flow past us in it—
 beautiful things. you who are the present are
 content to let those things pass, but i—perhaps
 through some weakness—shall never be. i am
 not resigned to the passing of beautiful things,
 such as classical symphonies. dont you see,
 classical symphonies are the past, and the only
 chance of saving them is to make them present
 again. and me, im the past, and the only way
 of saving me is to make me present, too. in a

**C. BRUCE EMERY:
 The Fading Shuffles**

They lived in a deck well worn,
 The He and She of Spades;
 Adjusted to a shuffled life
 Among familiar suits;
 Till a fading face and edges crimped—
 She began to notice;
 Resulting in a pleading cry
 Before too late of more.
 Of more, mocked He in laughter bitter,
 "Have we not our Jack?"
 Still faces faded and edges crumpled
 And more became more shrill,
 Answered in a stock refrain,
 "To hell with you, my Queen, my Queen,
 To hell with you, my Queen."

Notice of the suit once model
 Was taken by the rest;
 A deck so seasoned by many shifts
 Could not for long resist.
 Growing strife in the House of Hearts
 Attention began to gather;
 Unlike the Spades, the paltry causes
 Were of little matter.
 A shuffle and a crooked deal
 Found within the pack—
 A union new, creating now,
 Two singles and a couple.
 A broken balance now consumed
 The pairs in suits, remaining then—

Faithfully aloof.
 Such games were played a failing deck
 To end soon what had started;
 She Spade's cry of "more" unheard,
 And bewildered sons discarded;
 Jacks existing in germs of ruin,
 Searching for a fitting suit;
 A breed to find in one another—
 Rules of need to persecute.
 Kings and Queens appalled, yet still,
 Ignorant in their acts;
 Reaching for the social causes
 To avoid intrinsic cracks.
 Thus a deck seen as to render
 No apparent usefulness,
 Awaits like any sterile trash—
 A befitting style of exodus.

DAVE MORGAN:

One green leaf
 On a wide oak tree
 Grows to proportions
 Too enormous for me.
 It towers over mountains,
 Goes deeper than the sea.
 One green leaf
 On one green tree.

RAY PANKO:

Love, afterward,
 Is not a fiction;
 It is a fact made
 Meaningless.

sense, tom, i am a classical symphony—worth-
 while, but outdated. if i write this symphony
 now i will be tampering with progress, and
 people do not like an old fogey like me to
 tamper with their progress. but, tom, i am in
 revolt against this world in which beautiful
 things must grow old and outdated. no one lis-
 tens to classical music any more; at least not
 as many people as once did. no one cares.
 then your effort seems futile, i said, sym-
 pathetically.
 but i have to try, he cried. either i kill time
 or time kills me, it is one way or the other.
 if it is as serious as all that, i said, then i
 am afraid that there are no two ways about it.
 there is only one way.
 i am in revolt, tom. there is only that way
 and no other.
 your idea does not make a great deal of
 sense to me, i confessed.
 so much better if it doesnt, he said. if you
 fail to understand me, then perhaps you wont
 try to stop me. i will not be stopped, tom—you
 know that. his voice was loud and desperate
 now as he shouted, i will not be stopped. then
 suddenly he was very quiet. after a long
 pause, he said, now may i have another drink,
 tommy.
 i made two more drinks, and we drank them
 in silence. i knew he would say no more. he had
 drained himself, and now he was thinking. we
 sat and looked at each other for nearly ten
 minutes.
 at last he rose to go. i brought him his coat,
 and as i helped him into it i heard him mumble,
 no one must know. thinking that this was
 meant for me, i assured him hastily, ill tell no
 one. he looked at me oddly.
 we shook hands at the door, and he started
 down the stairs. after a few moments i went
 to the window and looked out on the street and
 the busy city. for a long time as i watched, his
 bent old body was still visible, plodding up the
 crowded street.

RAY PANKO:

There were many jungles then;
 There were many races on the land,
 But none of them were brave.
 Only the lions died gracelessly.
 Only the lions fought for love.
 We lesser beasts were numbed into our shackles;
 We watched our lovers carried from the land.
 And when the last roar was hushed,
 our jungle wept,
 Because there were no more lions
 to die gracelessly,
 And there was no more love.

**ROBERT STANSEL:
Life Isn't in Dead**

Move out of the brick walls—
 the enclosing vault.
 The cross does not live there,
 any more than the dead wood;
 nor does the figure really love,
 it's only refined ore.
 One yet-growing seed
 carries more life;
 the smallest hill of ore
 generates more love.
 So move out of the brick walls,
 and feel every life.
 The gaze of the dead art
 can only numb your heart.

PAT HOLLAHAN:

These are the Pilgrim-months:
 Blazing cobalt skies
 Wind-lashed ghosts
 (New England men)
 Making their merry in the leaves.
 Autumn!
 Like skirling wood smoke,
 Conjure your riot colors up, up
 Yielding pride of place
 To Winter's white and gray.

**W. J. REEDY JR.:
Reflection On Home**

in another room two bodies lie dying
 hers effete
 and sedated beyond the pains preventing sleep
 his rasped by the breath of wearied-lungs
 they have been a long time coming here
 in other rooms
 their creations lie quietly
 awaiting
 it seems so wrong
 that as their seeds begin to blossom
 they should wither.

**BRUCE BUSHMAN
Community Chat**

In a land of many showers
 a community of towers grows.
 Some are steel, the rest concrete.
 Steel to concrete,
 they electronically speak.
 Unceasingly.
 d.j. ubiquitous
 parochial bore
 is well liked.
 Bernard is liked, but not *well* liked.
 Remember that.

**JACKIE ORDRONNEAU:
And The Sun Is Dead**

I once had a soul
 Whose face was drenched
 With wet hate
 And whose eyes
 Bore red stares
 Beneath stenciled black.
 They have since
 Been closed
 And boarded up
 To a world
 Of loveless fancy
 And have retired
 to the cool silence
 Of a grave.

**SUSANNE CARSON:
Hora**

Dancers begin slowly
 Moving to the right
 Following the
 Uneven pattern
 As the leader
 Sustains rhythm
 That commands all.
 The leader changes
 As the tempo increases
 Yet the chain
 Remains harmonious.
 In Greek, dancers chant,
 "And life goes on,
 And life goes on."

**MARCI HARNETIAUX:
Civilization**

Golden threads of silence
 weave a womb
 within the brain.
 intellect and knowledge merge
 to procreate the seed of thought—
 a tiny cell
 concealed
 within the matrix of a mind.
 dormant
 though it teems with life,
 powerless
 yet potent—
 a fetus that may grow
 and nourish truth—
 or writhe
 in the abortive death
 of time.

Spec Assistants Named

Sue Janis, a freshman journalism major from Anchorage, was named assistant news editor of The Spectator today. Pat Curran, editor, made the appointment.

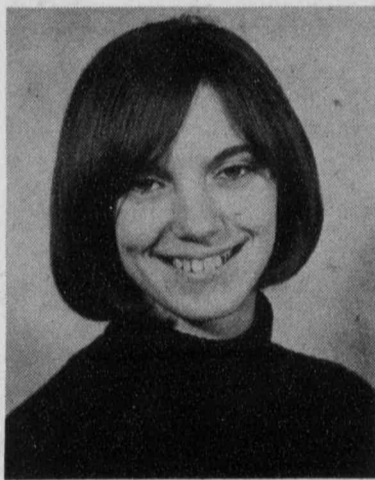
Mary Ann Frushour, 20, a Seattle English major, was named earlier as Assistant Feature Editor.

Three production staff members have been appointed recently. They are John Reisinger, Jane Walters and Chris Disotell.

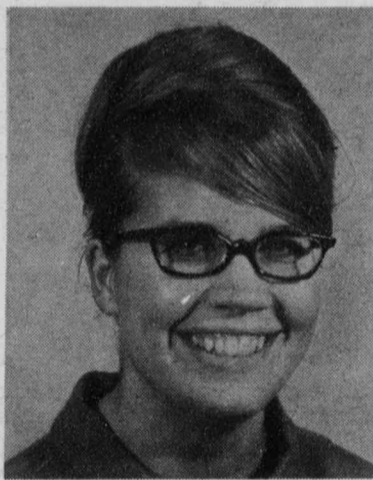
Reisinger, a senior business major from Seattle, is the new circulation manager.

Jane was named the paper's accountant. She is a junior history major from Portland.

Chris is secretary to the advertising and business departments. The sophomore coed is from Seattle.



SUE JANIS



MARY ANN FRUSHOUR

Tryouts Begin for Play

Tryouts for the winter quarter Teatro Inigo production will be this Thursday at the theatre.

The play will be "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum at Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade." A second series of tryouts will be held on the following Tuesday, Dec. 5 from 1 to 4 p.m. at Teatro.

The play, conveniently abbreviated to "Marat/Sade," was written by Peter Weiss, translated into English by Geoffrey Skelton and adapted into verse by Adrian Mitchell. Mr. William Dore, director, needs sixteen men and sixteen women lunatics for the cast plus a trumpet player, a drummer, a flutist, a harmonium player and a guitarist. Rehearsals begin next quarter. The play opens on February 15. The quartet, constituting the main singing voices for this bizarre musical, have been chosen. They are Jerilyn Dadozio, James Hemmen, Dennis Shine and Myron Myers.

"All sizes and shapes are called for," said Mr. Dore. "No experience necessary." He also remarked that the play was having its first performance in Seattle on the S.U. stage. The amateur rights were released just this year and the startling, unparalleled nature of the show makes for highly controversial theater.

For those interested in stage-crew, Mr. Glerum, technical director, would be happy to see them at his office in the Teatro. Miss Aden, costumer, also welcomes any volunteers.

AWS Presents Talk On the Modern Coed

The Associated Women Students of S.U. will present Dr. Raymond Clark this Thursday at 7 p.m. in Marycrest dining room.

Dr. Clark will speak on "What The Contemporary Woman Should Know."

All women students are invited to attend.

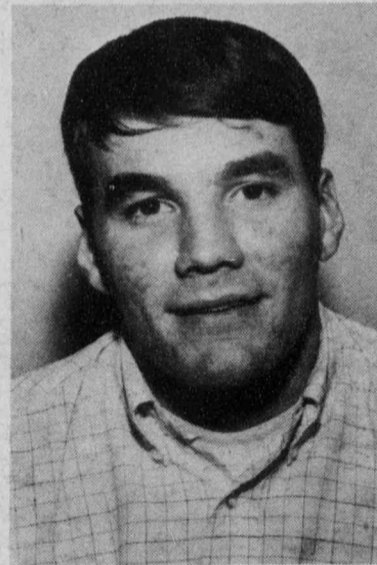
Brad Doyle Appointed Senior Vice-President

James Bradford (Brad) Doyle, 22, has been appointed senior class vice president, class President Pat Healey announced Monday.

Doyle, a history and philosophy major in his second year of the Honors program, was named to replace John Mallon who has enlisted in the Marine Corps.

The new vice president is a member of Alpha Sigma Nu, and a participant in intramural sports. He is a member of Ski Club, and will work at St. Peter Claver Center next quarter.

Doyle said his main duty will be promotion of senior social activities.



BRAD DOYLE

Recruiters Seek Army Candidates

An officer's recruiting team from the U. S. Army and the Women's Army Corps will visit S.U. Wednesday and Thursday. The team is comprised of Lieutenant Richard Slinkard and Lieutenant Carol Ann Duescher.

Lt. Slinkard is an officer in the Adjutant General's Corps, assigned to recruiting duties with headquarters at the Presidio of San Francisco. He will be available to answer any questions about OCS options.

Lt. Duescher is a graduate of S.U. with a degree in philosophy. She is the Women's Army Corps Selection Officer for the state of Washington and the western portion of Idaho. Lt. Duescher will interview college juniors for the WAC college junior program, which enables juniors to become acquainted with life in the WAC prior to enlisting. She will also explain the direct commission program seniors.

CLASSIFIED

HELP WANTED

THESES, term papers on IBM electric typewriter. Mrs. Rich. WE 7-2423.

TYPING: Three pages \$1.00. Call MA 3-1461.

WANTED: Mother's helper five days a week, 4 to 5 hrs. per day. Afternoon hours can be arranged. \$1.50 per hour. EA 2-1418.

HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS

CLEAN, Quiet. One block from campus. EA 2-9655 or EA 5-3870.

AUTOS FOR SALE

'57 CHEV—Four door Belair, V-8, CH 3-8087 between 6-7:30 p.m. In S.U. parking lot #464.

MISCELLANEOUS

"ARE YOU A SPEED READER?"—An opportunity to fully express your views, pro or con, on speed reading. Free questionnaire. Write "Survey B" Box 1793, Seattle 98111.

Today

Meetings

I.K. Pledge Class, 6:30 p.m., Pigott 302.

I.K., 7 p.m., house.

Mu Sigma fireside meeting, 7:30 p.m., McHugh Hall.

Gamma Sigma Phi, board meeting, 6:30 p.m., Chieftain lounge.

Gamma Sigma Phi, general meeting, 7 p.m., Chieftain lounge.

Marketing Club, 11 a.m., Xavier conference room.

Hawaiian Club, 7 p.m., 3rd floor Pigott. Bring your money for sweatshirts.

Tomorrow

Meetings

Physics Club, seminar, "The Fourth Dimension," 2 p.m., Ba 401.

Attention Seniors

KEG DANCE FRIDAY

8:30 p.m. – 12:30 a.m.

\$2⁷⁵ per couple

Seattle Center

Adults – Juniors – Seniors



BASKETBALL WARM-UP SATURDAY

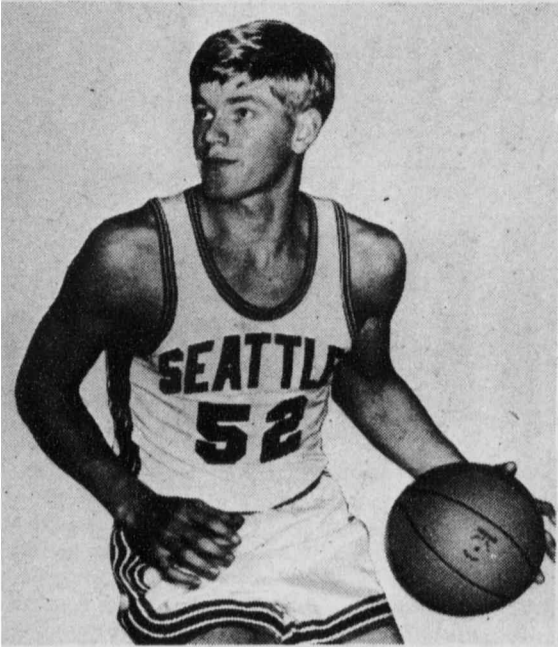
4-7 p.m.

\$1²⁵ per person

FORUM TAVERN

All You Can Drink

Seniors Wilkins and Looney Eager to Play



JOHN WILKINS

By **MIKE FRUSHOUR**

After this coming basketball season, one may wonder if John Wilkins and Steve Looney will be seeing much of each other. For the past four years, they have been teammates on the S.U. basketball squad, and prior to that were opponents for three years at Ingraham and Roosevelt high schools, respectively. Before that, which is really going back into the dark ages of our two basketball seniors, they played together on a Boys' Club team.

They don't like to talk about their earlier careers very much, but with a little prodding (very little), they opened up and poured forth with a flock of memories.

By '64, Roosevelt (Looney), had won four straight games over Ingraham (Wilkins), before Ingraham was able to pull one out. However, Wilkins, with all due modesty, says that Looney had a bad ankle that game and was not playing well.

THIS MUST have been the case, for in the next game against Ingraham, Looney



STEVE LOONEY

bombed in 31 points and Roosevelt won.

The next time the two teams faced each other was in the state tournament.

Ingraham knew that Looney had to be bottled up, so they took one man out of their zone defense to "shadow" Looney everywhere he went (on the basketball court). This man was Wilkins, and Looney scored only nine points as Ingraham went on to win and finish fourth in the state.

BUT NOW IT is four years later and Wilkins and Looney are no longer opponents. They are together on a Chieftain team that will be running more than ever before. The Chiefs do not have the big men to grab all the rebounds, so every re-

bound they get will have to count.

"We'll have to box out our opponents more on rebounds, and run all the time," said Wilkins, who at 5 foot 3 will be one of the Chiefs' chief rebounders. One of the guards he'll be flipping the ball to for the fast break will be the 6 foot Looney, who provides the Chiefs with some of the speed and accurate passing and shooting they'll need this year.

LOONEY and the other guard will probably be shooting more from the outside this year, since the Chiefs are a relatively small team, which makes it hard to work the ball in for a good close shot. The same will be true of Wilkins and the other forwards, as they also are short for college forwards but are good shots.

Both Looney and Wilkins agree that the team is getting anxious to play. "We're getting sick of playing ourselves," said Wilkins. "We want to get at somebody else." The 12 stitches taken on Dick Brenneman and seven stitches on Harvey Jackson are proof that the Chiefs are getting annoyed and touchy playing against each other.

THE CHIEFS will have a chance to assert their anger soon, as Saturday night marks their first game.

When Wilkins and Looney are not busy ramming basketballs down each others' throats as they argue about their respective basketball careers, they find time to study. Wilkins is a business major, and Looney is a physical education major who made the list of Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.

Starting Line-up

Coach Buckwalter named his starting line-up for Saturday's game yesterday. The first five will be center Jim Gardner, forwards John Wilkins and Lou West, and guards Steve Looney and Tom Little.

Chiefs to Face Big Loco Lobos

You say that you have a term paper due Monday and will have to work on it Saturday evening? Or perhaps Saturday night you have a hot date that can't wait?

Well, you'd better taper your term paper caper and fate does dictate that you'll be late for that date because the first Chieftain home game is on tap Saturday at the Coliseum.

The University of New Mexico Lobos invade Seattle that night and they will be tough. It is ludicrous to liken the Lobos to lax and lethargic leapers because they loom large and are laden with talent.

The Papooses will lead off the season at 5:45 p.m. against the St. Martin's frosh and tip-off time for the Chieftain-Lobo tilt will be 8 p.m.

Legion Tickets

American Legion Tournament tickets for S.U. students are now on sale and may be purchased at the ASSU treasurer's office. The price is \$1.25 per ticket and the tickets will be sold only with the presentation of a valid student body card.

The tourney will be Dec. 29 and 30 at the Coliseum. The participating teams will be from S.U., Colorado State U., University of San Francisco and Texas A & M.

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TONIGHT: Totems vs. Vancouver
FRIDAY, Dec. 1: Totems vs. Springfield



Game time: 8 p.m.
Sundays and Holidays: 7 p.m.
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