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Editors of The Spectator

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Mark Ruljancich and Sue Hohl Capture ASSU and AWSSU Presidential Positions

Mark Ruljancich, graduating accounting major who is returning as a political science major, was elected as student body president for the coming year. His opponent was Don Willis, a veteran from Punta Gorda, Fla. junior psychology major.

Other elected officers are: First vice president, Ken Paradis, junior majoring in pre-law, opposed by Burke Harrell; second vice president, Richard Starr, sophomore bi-

ology major, opposed by Denny Johnson.

Anne Gribbon, sophomore education major was elected as secretary; her opponent was Fran Abrams, sophomore secretarial studies major; treasurer, Michael Desmond, sophomore history major; opponent, William McMennamin, senior insurance major. James Millet, sophomore general science major, will be publicity director.

He was unopposed.

The women students elected Sue Hohl of Seattle, as their president for the coming year. Her opponent was Rosemary Hebner, of Renton. The AWS cabinet will include: vice president, Jo Ann Arsenault; secretary, Bette Kay Marshall; treasurer, Joanne O'Rourke.

The installation of these officers will be during the ASSU meeting scheduled for the end of the quarter.



STUDENT GOVERNMENT LEADERS ASSU President Mark Ruljancich and Vice President Ken Paradis flash victory smiles with AWS President Sue Hohl.

SEATTLE *Spectator* UNIVERSITY

Volume XXV

Seattle, Washington, Thursday, May 1, 1958



No. 25

Donald Doub, Berglund, Buckley Awarded First Prizes in Campus Literary Contest

Donald Doub, Marilyn Berglund and John Buckley have been awarded top places in Seattle University's first annual Literary Contest, sponsored by Gamma Sigma Alpha journalism honorary, contest editor Sue Hohl announced today.

Donald captured the \$25 first prize in the short story division with his "Mrs. Elly." Marilyn's "Death of a Small Town" was chosen as best of the article entries, while John's poem, "The Leave-Taking," was selected as finest in its category.

Second prize-winners in each of the three divisions are: Kathyne Silvani, short story, "A Coat for Mama"; Karen Busch, article, "What Is a Collegian?"; Marilyn Berglund, poetry, "Long-Range Development Program." Each of these winners will be awarded a prize of \$15.

Third place-winners, who will receive awards of \$10, are: Patrick Mahoney, article, "Observations in the School Cafeteria"; and Bill McMennamin, poetry, "Sonnet." There was no third prize awarded in the short story category.

Three nationally known literary figures were asked to judge the student writing contest. Mr. Jim Bishop, Mr. Joseph Breig and Rev. Raymond Roseliep criticized the article, short story and poetry divisions, respectively.

Mr. Bishop is the author of three best-sellers, *The Day Lincoln Was Shot*, *The Day Christ Died* and *The Day Roosevelt Died*. He is a syndicated columnist appearing in newspapers coast to coast, and is the founding editor of both the *Gold Medal Books* and the *Catholic Digest Book Club*.

Mr. Breig, a Notre Dame graduate, is also a nationally syndicated columnist whose work has appeared in *America*, the *Sacred Heart Messenger*, *Extension* and other Catholic periodicals. His many books include *God in Our House*, *The Devil You Say* and *Life With My Mary*.

Father Roseliep, a distinguished Catholic poet, is a professor of English at *Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa*. He received his Ph.D. from *Notre Dame* in 1954.

In commenting upon the entries in the article division, Mr. Bishop had this say about the winners:

"I would rate 'Death of a Small Town' as the best. It is terse and presents a memorable portrait of decay in a tiny community. The word-painting is professional enough to win a prize in larger fields.

"In 'What Is a Collegian?' the writer has a gift for using a soft-pointed needle on his fellow human beings. I laughed aloud twice. The author could rework it into a much longer portrait.

"'Observations in the School Cafeteria' contains some good writing. It might have done much better than third if the author had chosen a topic less trite than eating habits.

"None of these could be classed as poor efforts. I enjoyed reading them."

Mr. Breig rated the short stories: "Mrs. Elly" is a remarkable piece of work for one so young as to be in college. The ending, however, does not ring quite true to me; the change in one so totally self-centered seems too abrupt and not sufficiently motivated. Indeed, I have the feeling that short of a miracle of grace, 'Mrs. Elly' would die as selfishly as she lived; no natural occurrence could shake so monumental a selfishness.

"'A Coat for Mama' is a very warm-hearted, appealing and sympathetic story, with some good swift characterization."

Father Roseliep commented upon the poems:

"'The Leave-Taking' possesses a fine sense of rhythm. I like the long, drawn-out movement, which emphasizes the poignancy underlying the theme of loneliness. The

whole pattern builds up gradually and surely toward the concluding verses, which are memorable for their understatement and the things that are left unsaid: 'I walk in the remembrance of March rain and some sun that will never come again.' This aspiring poet should be encouraged to do more writing. I congratulate him.

"'Long-Range Development Program' does a difficult thing: it mingles the humorous, the colloquial, the serious, the poignant elements of expression and experience; and the effectiveness of the 'message' somehow manages to come through with a bang. Admirable, too, is the free sonnet form—I enjoy seeing a poet take liberties with the sonnet take liberties with the sonnet structure; and this one is done quite boldly, which is in keeping with the bold (yet honest) idea in

(Continued to Page Four)

Music & Pantomime Featured At Frosh Mixer Tomorrow

A freshmen mixer will be held tomorrow night, May 2, from 8:30 p.m. to 12 p.m. in the student lounge. Music for this "May Day Magic" will be provided by Bill Hahn and his combo "The Stardusters."

Special high-light of the evening will be entertainment by Bob Flick, a young Seattle entertainer. Although the nature of his act is secret the chairmen promised "an evening of fine entertainment."

General co-chairmen for the mixer are Diane Chaney and George VanHollebeke. Dan Wendell is responsible for entertainment. Handling publicity are Madeline Newport and George Duman. Decorations chairmen are Virginia

A Phi O Blood Drive Tues. and Wed.

In an effort to help replenish the city's blood supply, Alpha Phi Omega is sponsoring its yearly blood drive May 6 and 7 from 8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. in the gym.

The mobile King County Blood Bank unit will be taking the blood. Requirements for giving blood are: the donor must be at least 18 years of age, he must be in good physical health and weigh at least 110 pounds. If he has had a major operation in the last few months he is ineligible to give blood.

All ROTC members are reminded that on Wednesday those giving blood are exempt from afternoon drill. Morning drill is required, however.

Co-chairmen of this drive are King Anderson and Tom Kelleher. Assisting A Phi O are Spurs, Town Girls, pre-med students and the student nurses. Anyone who has a "float" in the morning hours is urged to come to the gym and help. Anyone willing to work will be greatly appreciated.

Favero and Ruth Wilde. Greg Barlowe and Pat Mahoney are chairmen of the band committee. In charge of dance programs are Gloria Barone and Judy Kramer and tickets are being handled by Larry Faulk and Gail Christopherson.

Pan Xenia Sponsors Bazaar In Chieftain, May 3 and 4

An Oriental theme will again come to the Seattle University campus when the SU Beta Chapter of Pan Xenia sponsors Seattle U's First International Trade Bazaar. The bazaar will be held in the Chieftain Saturday, May 3, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. and on Sunday, May 4, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Largely responsible for this event is Mr. Sol Levy, president of the Commission Company and trustee for merchandise left in the United States by the foreign exhibitors at the seventh annual Washington State International Trade Fair.

Articles from the Philippines, Japan, India, Pakistan and many other Pacific Rim countries will be on sale at this time. These articles



SU's PAN XENIA TRADE FAIR committee chairmen George Navone and Bob McFadden inspect sale articles with Prof. J. V. Metcalf and Vidya Chandra from India.

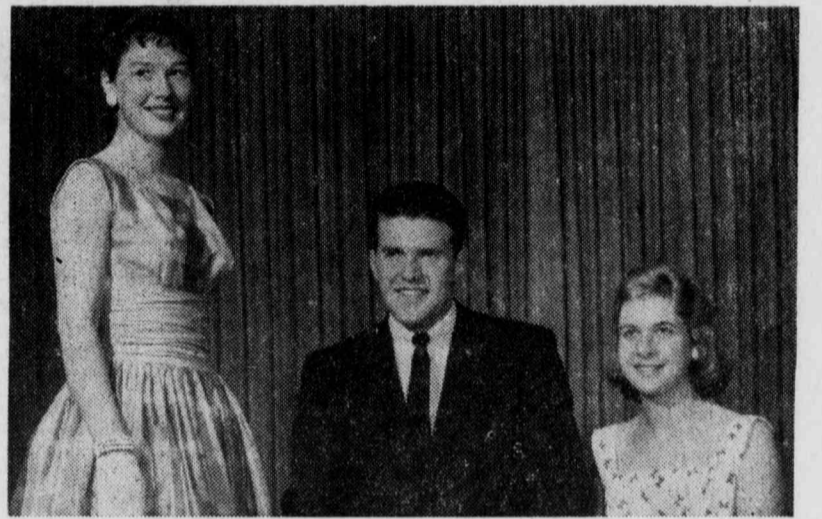
Cazzetta Named SU Hoop Coach

Vince C. Cazzetta was named SU's Head Varsity Basketball Coach Wednesday afternoon to replace the post left vacant recently by the resignation of John Castellani. Rev. John Kelley, S.J., executive vice president, in making the announcement said, "Mr. Cazzetta's extreme popularity with the players, fans and faculty was an important factor in his appointment,

but his recognized ability which he displayed with the Freshman team was the deciding point."

Cazzetta was elevated from his assistant coach position, which he has held for two years. A native of New Britain, Conn., Coach Cazzetta received his Bachelor of Science in P.E. at Arnold College in 1950 and his Master's Degree from Columbia in 1952.

Styles for Summer Highlight AWS Fashion Show Sunday



AWS COTTON TOLO Co-Chairmen Bette Kay Marshall and Jackie Saletic exhibit spring fashions with male model Don Stewart.

The annual AWS sponsored fashion show has "Buttons and Bows" for its theme this year. In the Chieftain Lounge Sunday, May 4, at 8 p.m., with Therese Ebert com-

menting, approximately 25 models show the new spring styles for children, men, and women. Admission is complimentary.

Furnishing the styles to be shown are Dorothy Hanscom's for the women's clothing, Klopfenstein's for men's clothes, the Merry Go Round for children's and Gary's Northgate Fashions for the bridal gowns. Flowers for this event are from Rosaia Bros.

General co-chairmen for Buttons & Bows are Jackie Saletic and Bette Kay Marshall. Fran Abrams and Pat Pavelka are in charge of publicity.

Entertainment and refreshments are both being handled by Diane Dunne. Duchess McErthny is chairman of programs and Camille Caccione and Sandy West share the chairmanship for decorations.

30 Co-eds Named As Spur Pledges

Thirty freshmen women students were tapped into Spurs, national sophomore women's honorary. The tapping occurred last Monday at a "kidnap" breakfast at Clark's "Round the Clock presented by this year's active members.

Pledges are Ellie Atwood, Diane Augustini, Gloria Barone, Diane Chaney, Gail Christopherson, Teresa Delahunty, Angela DiJulio, Virginia Favero, Susan Gwinn, Mary Hanify, Clair Ann Harvey, Rosemary Jellison, Agnes Kelly, Roberta Kitts, Judy Kramer, Mary Grace LaBuda, Judy Lawler, Rose Ann Marti, Brenda McGroaty, Mary McNulty, Madeline Newport, Janet Ryan, Nancy Shaffer, Kathie Shaffer, Kathie Silvani, Mary Sul-Silvani, Mary Sullivan, Irene Tobener, Ann Urbano, Sheila Welsh and Aileen Worthington.

Editorial:

A well-run election

Last Friday night nine of the 19 candidates for ASSU and AWS offices discovered that their opponents had won the elections. Their grace and sportsmanship in accepting defeat is a tribute not only to the candidates themselves, but to the way in which the entire election was conducted.

The Election Board, for the first time composed almost entirely of freshmen, was more efficiently organized and more successful in coordinating the campaigns than has been the case in recent years.

The regulations restricting poster publicity forced the candidates to conduct their campaigns on a person-to-person basis. Most of the campaigners were not only available for questions and discussions but also made the round of club meetings and dorms in their electioneering efforts.

It was also the Election Board that encouraged the "get out the vote" drive which resulted in the largest number of votes cast in any student election ever held on campus. The 1,009 ballots marked by the students represent 50 per cent of the student body.

Another feature of the elections which deserves commendation is the rally held last Thursday night in the Pigott Auditorium. The approximately 300 students who attended were given the opportunity to hear all the candidates speak. Their background and qualifications for the positions were outlined by those who introduced them.

The quality of the talks was an improvement over past student speeches and, while the rally itself was rather lengthy, the speakers were timed and none could be termed boring.

Last week's elections are only a segment of the over-all improvement in efficiency and organization in student affairs. If the Judicial Board were to declare the election invalid, as it did one year not long ago, it might make interesting copy for the *Spectator* and fascinating conversation for the Chieftain, but it certainly would not speak well for student government. This way your reading matter might be dull but at least it's optimistic.

Letters:

An Answer to J. M.

To The Editor:

The thesis developed by J. M. in the Letter to the Editor column of last week's *Spectator* was a welcome inquiry into student government. Although the letter in question speaks of "Indifference to activities not worthy of consideration," the actual fact is that we are not experiencing apathy in the activities that J. M. questions but rather in the type of activity that he proposes for the future.

Under the caption, "A Proposed Cure," were listed several activities already sponsored by the ASSU. Included were intra-college debates, an activity for which a Challenge Trophy has been in existence for two years at Seattle U. Ample publicity has been given this through the *Spectator* with no interest shown other than from Gavel Club members themselves.

In the field of academic literature, the literary contest sponsored by Gamma Sigma Alpha drew a disappointing fifty entries this year after having failed in past attempts. The Lecture series during the current year, including speakers in the fields of politics, medicine, philosophy and science, has been sponsored by the ASSU to the sum of \$200.00 with little voluntary support. Publicity for these activities was in the form of posters, articles and classroom notices leaving little to be attempted in the field of notification.

The main thesis of J. M.'s letter was the claim that there was 'a dichotomy between the basic aims of the ASSU and of the individual students.' This even the most doubtful among us cannot accept. Our primary concern is the co-cur-

ricular activities of the student or those activities that complement the education of the classroom.

Included in these events are the academic clubs and organizations chartered by the ASSU; the Leadership Conferences, three of which have been sponsored by the ASSU this year, one announced open to all students; the SU Civic Orchestra recital, as well as the earlier mentioned lectures, debates, and similar activities.

As the Associated Students is the only body whose concern is the extra-curricular or social activity of the students, it might appear to a few, unfamiliar with campus events, that it is their sole concern. It is, however, important for a well rounded education to develop ones social character. To neglect this facet of education while retaining the aim—the well-rounded man—is a contradiction. We readily admit that the extra-curricular life is of secondary concern, but positing that a secondary choice is necessarily unimportant is illogical.

Further, although each individual is entitled to hold his own opinion, for one person to speak in the name of all is not valid. Rather it would seem that the great majority of students do not hold this point of view judging from the poor response to past co-curricular events.

We have been trying and shall continue in our efforts to make the students aware of this important function of the ASSU. Thus we are glad to find students such as J. M. and their interest only accentuates our desire to more effectively cooperate with the faculty and administration in our mutual goal—the development of the whole man.

J. BRIAN CULLERTON,
ASSU President;
SANTOS E. CONTRERAS,
ASSU Vice President;
PATRICIA DENNEHY,
AWSSU President.

Model UN:

Diplomatic make-believe • SONJA VUKOV, Press Delegate

Last week end the University of Washington's campus took on an international flavor, even though the students who converged there had traveled only from the Far West. The event was the Model United Nations Conference, which was one of the most memorable experiences which the 12 delegates from SU, representing Ireland, had ever attended.

The atmosphere was certainly conducive to serious participation in the United Nations proceedings, since all of the delegates had studied and assimilated the policies of the individual countries which they represented. Most of them had attended special classes for several months beforehand in preparation for the demanding duties of committee work, council membership and appearances before the

International Court of Justice. Instead of meeting and talking with students from San Francisco State, Marylhurst, Long Beach State and the other 60-plus universities, the delegates were actually speaking with citizens from Peru, Iran, Russia and the other member nations.

The four-day session consisted of intensive committee work under the established headings of Ad Hoc Political, Economic, Social and Humanitarian, Political and Economic, and others. Two delegates were represented here from each of the member nations. The chairmanships were handled by the host university and from the first day on, debate, discussion and voting dominated by much placard-waving from those countries who had presented resolutions was the order of business.

Such questions as disarmament of the major power nations in the nuclear weapon fields, negotiation of peace alliances between such nations as France and Egypt, Israel and Jordan and consideration by the UN of an international police force were the object of heated controversy and manipulating of various blocs such as NATO, OAS, Afro-Asian and a unique Model UN innovation, the Neutralist bloc, of which Ireland was the instigator.

One of the most interesting sessions was the Security Council, which consists of the United States, Great Britain, Canada, the USSR, China, Sweden, Iran and Colombia. Here was re-enacted the stifling power of the veto, which was utilized completely in character by the delegate from Long Beach State representing the USSR. The resolution which elicited this action was the one on disarmament.

True to form, the USSR was in favor of disarmament but haggled over the details, which appeared to be only a stumbling block which she employed to defeat any positive action by the member nations to stop stockpiling of nuclear weapons. This delegate in particular received the undivided attention of the audience for he seemed to have mastered Russian policy "to the tee" in the manner of his debate and his attitude toward the "capitalist nations of the West."

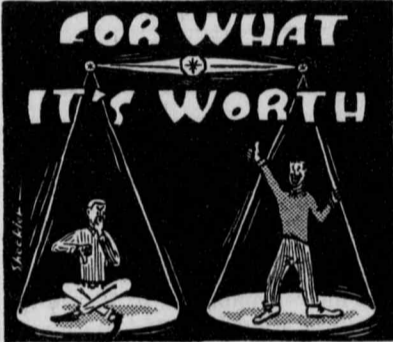
Another question which saw much heated debate was the French-Egyptian dispute. The French delegation presented a clear-cut case of Egyptian aid to Algeria and the Egyptian representatives retaliated by an emotional speech in which they absolutely refused any investigation by the UN in order to preserve the sovereignty of that nation. Observers noticed the sincerity in which both cases were presented and al-

most forgot for a moment that the speakers in question were not really French or Egyptian nationalists but merely college students who had certainly captured the true spirit of the Model UN.

The university's law court room-auditorium lent an authentic note to the proceedings of the International Court of Justice, which held session all three days of the conference. The justices who passed decisions on various cases presented were drawn from the Law School's graduate students. One of the most interesting cases presented concerned the limits of outer space and how international law applied to space ships or missiles sent up by the major nations. Individual students presented their cases before the justices in regular case form and the searching questions asked by the court concerning laws and decisions made in past decades were handled admirably by the junior statesmen.

The last day's session of the General Assembly culminated all the previous juggling of resolutions adopted in committee work. The site for the mammoth gathering was Hec Edmundson Pavilion, which was decorated with the colorful flags of the member countries. All of the delegates were in attendance, each nation with a tall placard which was used for voting purposes. The scurrying of white-bloused co-eds serving as pages, the uniform-clad couriers who rushed microphones to speech-minded delegates, the flashing of camera bulbs and buzz of political maneuvering was definitely the Model UN at its most colorful and most authentic.

Highlight of the session came when the entire French delegation walked out because of its anger in the voting on the French-Algerian-Egyptian controversy. From that moment on until the meeting was adjourned, intense debate continued on all questions put up for vote and once again these college students captivated all observers as personifying the true spirit of the United Nations. It seems that the US should have no fear in acquiring capable statesmen and diplomats in her future role as a continuing world power — this Eighth Session of the Model United Nations Conference exemplified the outstanding capabilities of today's university students to analyze and uphold the political and economic destinies of our country.



• GAIL DELWORTH

The next few paragraphs contain a free advertisement for Canada's fast-talking blue-eyed export, Patrick Martin. The sign reading "follow the birds to Victoria" has no relationship to the tour leader.

The cost of the tour is \$8.75, which, Mr. Martin assures us, includes the round trip on a Princess Liner, a tour of the city, afternoon tea at the Crystal Gardens (which resembles a meal of tea, pastries and crumpets) and admission to the Castle which overlooks part of the city.

The approximately 50 students who ventured into the Queen's dominion last year appeared to agree that the trip was well worth the money. The boat trip is a holiday in itself, and since Washington is noted for its beautiful weather, the cruise should really prove enjoyable.

This trip is also for those who have the urge to travel, but don't have enough change in their pockets for fare to Europe or Hawaii. According to Mr. Martin, Victoria is the next best thing. Anyone interested should try and find either Mr. Martin at Xaveir (which may prove difficult) or Patricia Pavelka at Marycrest before tomorrow.

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE...

Last Monday Spurs held their annual "kidnap" breakfast, when 30 sleepy-eyed pledges are greeted at 5:30 a.m. with the information that they are next year's Spurs. The parents of those who live in town are notified ahead of time, so that no undue alarm or calls to the police will occur when Spurs come knocking at the door.

Rose Ann Marti's parents were the most helpful this year... they posted signs bearing arrows to Rose Ann... Bobbi Kitts heard the front door open and thought it was a burglar... all Ann Urbano wanted to do was to get more sleep.

May Kay Panisko, a Spur from this year, was given the chore of waking up her own roommate. For Mary Kay this was a chore, since it's usually her roommate (Ellie Atwood) who tugs her out of bed in the morning... but it was managed by switching rooms for the night.

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Literary Supplement

FIRST PLACE — SHORT STORY:

MRS. ELLY

Donald R. Doub

Mrs. Ronald R. Ellwood, commonly known as Mrs. Elly ("R." for Rinehart), is a widow about seventy years old. She is a very average woman who lives in a very average section of a very average American town. There is nothing eccentric or incongruous about her. She is not one of those elderly ladies with a flair for bizarre dress. Her conversation is neither terribly clever or sophisticated, nor is it full of those pleasant saws to which many elderly ladies are addicted. She has no penchant for stray cats and dogs. She is not even a maternal madam or for that matter ex-madam, both of which seem to abound these days; nor is she one of those delightful old ladies who get politely pickled every Saturday night on homemade raspberry wine. Mrs. Elly is not (or rather, was not) married to the town drunkard, or the town's wealthiest citizen, or anything so out-of-the-ordinary. Nor is she terribly folksy, excelling in the wifely skills: winning prizes at the county fair for her blueberry tarts or her orange marmalade. She is not the town's leading citizen but, on the other hand, she is not the town's worst citizen. She is a good Methodist (it was a safe religion: no controversy or nasty arguments) to whom nothing has happened that has not happened to someone else.

She and her husband, Ronald, had lived in forty years of ordinate, though not passionate, connubial bliss without offspring. After all, passion merely complicates things. Ten years ago Mr. Ellwood had passed to his reward as a result of a stroke, leaving his late espoused wife financially solvent. This was much to Mrs. Elly's liking. She had always been independent and self-sufficient, never beholden to anybody in any way, or so she thought. This was so true that one might say she was in a state of solitude and that, when her husband died, she was merely alone in her solitude. Of course she managed to look appropriately distraught in order to forestall the Freudian analyses to which her friends might subject her if she did not. But in her heart she knew she was a sham.

Mr. Ellwood had been the postal inspector for the town, a nice, secure job. He had been a respectable citizen (there had never been anything scandalous reported about him) and he had been a third degree Mason (a knife-and-fork Mason: it helped him and the Mrs. to get ahead as well as have a nice social life). He felt that he and Mrs. Ellwood typified all that was good in American marriage: a good, sociable couple, sexually happy (though he felt that there was room for improvement here), leading a well-balanced life without complications, living in a financially comfortable income bracket.

Mrs. Ellwood's existence after her husband's death was impeded by a few relatives, two or three organizations, and a Dachshund bitch called Grizzel. She hadn't liked either the name or the dog for that matter, but after all it was a gift, and such trials must be borne. It had always been Mrs. Elly's belief that life was only as complex as you made it out to be. This was a very subtle rationalization for her escape from facing the more important issues that confronted her. She never knew exactly what she believed but of course, "live and let live," as well as "God helps those who help themselves," were wholeheartedly endorsed by her. Life was a vale of tears and all that, but to be practical, if you didn't think about it, it couldn't hurt you. In short, Mrs. Elly's existence was like the period at the end of an unimportant sentence: it was, and in its way it was necessary, but little else.

Mrs. Elly's life was not regimentalized in the way we usually think of elderly people's lives being regimentalized. For instance, every Friday Mrs. Elly went to the library, not because Friday was library-going day (that would have been too primitive) but because every Friday she wanted to go to the library. Naturally, if she was sick, she didn't want to go and therefore she did not fret over it.

It was a Friday in March, just like any and every other Friday in March, windy and compromised between overcast and sunshine. As usual Mrs. Elly wanted to go to the library. She was dressed in the clothes she usually wore to the library in March, a happy blend of what was being worn, what was practical, and what looked good on her. She stepped out into the wind and walked along, not looking at the scenery, since it was always the same, but

thinking of the new dogfood she was going to buy Grizzel. She would hold onto her hat whenever she felt a gust of wind coming. It would whip around her, resurrecting scrap papers from the sidewalk, then let them die again, and she could relax her grip.

However, one gust of wind more or less sneaked up on her and whisked the hat off her head and sent it rolling down the street. Mrs. Elly didn't run after it; it was slightly ridiculous to do that; but a little girl who had been playing hopscotch all by herself on the curb did see it (Mrs. Elly had vaguely noticed the blonde curls bobbing like springs) and ran into the street to get it. In a split-second a car came careening around the corner and devoured its prey; well, not actually devoured her, because somehow the corpse got caught on the fender and the car dragged her along for quite a way, leaving a streak of crimson along the road like the chalker, only wider and more uneven.

Mrs. Elly saw it hit and, as far as she knew run, but she didn't wait to make sure. She turned back and walked into the service alley before anyone would have been aware that anything had happened. Hit-and-run meant questions, notoriety, and publicity. After all, she had not noticed anything. A lot of red tape. Besides, the hat was probably all dirty. She turned her collar up — it was getting perceptibly colder — and she walked briskly home. She waved to Mrs. Minichetti and Mrs. Pellegrini as she passed them, chatting from their kitchen windows about a new recipe for lasagna.

They remarked that it was rather strange to see Mrs. Elly without a hat. Mr. Minichetti was a butcher who had amassed quite a lot of money as a modest middleman; whereas Mr. Pellegrini had made his money in flowers. But unlike Mrs. Elly, their wives had not advanced and adapted to their new circumstances. They still spoke their broken English, and haggled with the produce man about the price and freshness of his vegetables. Mrs. Elly knew they wouldn't succeed.

The hat had probably rolled far enough away so that no one would know the reason. . . . Well, even if it hadn't, no one would know it was hers. Mrs. Elly quaked as she closed the door. In the distance she heard sirens. She stood there panting; a brisk walk like that was quite enough to tire her. She pushed the ugly picture from her mind. After all, she didn't know . . . true, she had seen her somewhere before but . . . she didn't know; she didn't ask the little girl to do her the favor. Well, it wasn't really a favor. It was the girl's fault . . . actually, the car's. Why, oh why can't people be careful?

Grizzel was jumping around in a spasm of delight at seeing her mistress home so soon. Like an automaton Mrs. Elly took off her scarf and coat, and inadvertently stepped on Grizzel's paw. She squeaked with pain and ran into the dining room, whining. Dreadful shame, they'll throw the book at him, but . . . The hair was bobbing like a coil of wire spring. Better have some tea. She thought better of that and opened a can of Campbell's chicken noodle. She had opened it before she realized that she usually drank bouillon on Fridays. Nevertheless she put it on to boil. Watch some television. She went through the dining room, petting Grizzel. She began to look for the newspaper. It was where she always left it, by the side of the living-room couch. Today the log was in the obituaries. "Man 80 dies in fire." Too bad. It was 2:10, what is one? "The Life and Loves of Fredericka Lee: spicy tale of L'Amour and Adventure." Trash. "Skipidee-Doo Club." She probably watched that. Have to stop that.

Where have I seen her before? "News." Nothing good on. Mrs. Elly sat silently, staring vacantly at the void TV set, which stared back at her just as vacantly. Her

gaze took her to the snowdrops in the vase on top of the TV set. They were wilting and would soon begin to stink. An efficiency signal was relayed to her brain: they must be thrown out, but she just sat there staring. Hallowe'en, that's when she had seen her.

The soup was boiling over. Messy. She burned her hand trying to clean it up; burnt-noodle soup odor began to permeate the house. What to do tonight? Oh yes, movie. She had always gone to the movie on Friday night. A little gnawing feeling began to insinuate itself into her. She was forgetting things. The caption on the movie read, "Daring, goes as far as . . ." Have to pass it up. She wondered if the little girl had been in much pain. What of her parents? No, it was too sudden. A lot of red tape. Newspapers were scandal-sheets. Maybe it would be better to watch TV tonight, or read the digest. Still nothing good on TV, nothing in the digest; better read Skinner, she's always good for a laugh. Her hand hurt.

Skinner wasn't so jolly. She kept trying to force the picture of the little girl from her mind. It was only an accident; no need to take on so. Still nothing good on TV. She ate a listless dinner. Better get some "Air Wick," you can still smell the soup. Better throw out the snowdrops. Better feed Grizzel, poor thing. Better put something on the burn. So tired, better go to bed. She was alone.

The lights were out in her room, from the side of the blind a slash of light streaked her ceiling, and everything was quiet. She had looked at that streak every night since she had moved into the house. Tonight her mind's eye saw it turn crimson, like the pavement. She shuddered and groaned. She had tried, tried so hard to keep that picture out, to keep those thoughts out. The swathe was crimson and seemed to gleam, like the other. Mrs. Elly knew she was going to be haunted. It was only natural; she was overwrought. She saw the barrenness of her existence, the wasteland devoid of great happiness because she knew it entailed the acceptance of great sorrow; a life that was neither good nor evil. "If thou art neither hot nor cold I will vomit . . ." She hated that; it was over-exaggerated and unlitary.

She wondered what the little girl was like. What she was really like. What kind of life she would have led. It didn't do any good to say this life would be like every other woman's life: marriage, pregnancy, perhaps an affair. She was a blonde: men liked blondes. She remembered Hallowe'en, when the little girl had knocked on the door. How ridiculous she looked: she was costumed as an odalisque, in purple pantaloons through which you could see she was wearing her bathing suit. Those big, blue, innocent eyes and blonde hair. She wore a tangerine-orange vest, and of course a veil over her face. What was she like?

The shade of her husband haunted her. The look she thought she had long forgotten when, half-drunk, he had come in one evening after a meeting; she had already gone to bed. "Why are you so self-sufficient?" he had asked her. "Why don't you need me? You're a mystery to me." He sat by the edge of the bed while she lay there tense, taut like a bowstring and silent. He always got that way when he was tipsy. Sentiment was stupid. That's when he looked at her as if he would go out of his mind: "I want to feel needed, wanted; I want to mean something to someone!" He began to cry silently to himself.

"Don't be a silly," she had said, almost strangling in an effort to force the words out. "I need you more than you will ever know. Let me fix you a cup of coffee." He went on and on about not wanting coffee, only love. She had reassured him. She had lied; she knew it then, and she knew it now. The red swath was wrenching her heart open.

She began to wonder if she had ever lived her life. That question always seemed to be around the corner. Her own past seemed like a frantic dream, like a railroad station, people passing through but no one, nothing, a part of it except perhaps the schedule. The gnawing feeling in the pit of her stomach became more insistent. What was security? What was respect? She grew desperate. She shouldn't — she mustn't think those questions. She lay agonized in her bed; sleep wouldn't come, there was the dull ache of the burn — and always that picture. What was death? What mattered? She saw the questions looming before her like an insurmountable wall, shutting her off from happiness. Escape. There were some sleeping pills in the cabinet. She took two and prayed that their effect be quick.

FIRST PLACE — ARTICLE:

DEATH OF A SMALL TOWN

Marilyn Berglund

It was just a tiny square on the road-maps of tourists roaring along the national highway some five miles to the south, the highway which completely by-passed it. Nevertheless, I still remember Watcheke as clearly as though I had not left it more than seven years ago, but had seen it only last summer. I say "summer" because, to me, summer was its most characteristic season — languid, eventless, the summer of a small town marking off the years between its birth in the era of the covered wagon and its eventual death in the age of the automobile.

Summer seemed to brood, dusty and heavy, over Watcheke. The very atmosphere was choked with haze, ragweed pollen and the irritating odor of goldenrod. Now and then a slight breeze would slither warily across the sticky asphalt pavements, gathering up shimmering dustmores as it wavered past a heat-cracked field or slipped between desiccated cornstalks. But, for the most part, the air, like time, stood still — entombed in the stifling streets.

The stores of the town huddled closely together on each side of a single main street, casting what shade was possible across the blistering sidewalks. They were weatherbeaten, of course; some of them had withstood hail, blizzards and windstorms for well over 35 or 40 years. Summer might have granted them a time of rest, a period of preparation before the fury of a Midwestern winter would once again strike them full-force. And yet it was in summer that the buildings showed their complete dilapidation — peeling paint, cracked doors and windows coated with a grime that all but obliterated the names gilt-lettered across the front. To me, they were like old warhorses which had borne up bravely in the last great charge but were now, with the battle over, collapsing from sheer exhaustion.

East and west of the main street lay the residential districts — if so they could be called. Like the stores, the houses of Watcheke were prematurely grey; and like the stores, they passed the summer in a sort of conditioned apathy. Each place, separated from its neighbors by an acre or so of weedy cornfield and perhaps a stand of wind-battered poplars, seemed to shrink back into itself, to refuse to give of itself to the passer-by.

Probably the attitude of the people themselves most significantly mirrored the decay of their town. Although I have forgotten the names, I can still recall the faces of the men and women who lived there — tired, disillusioned faces, aged faces, drained of youth and vitality.

I remember the housewives doing their marketing on a hot July morning — the listless way they fingered the already-wilted produce, then turned, sighing, to the gro-

(Continued to Page Four)

The last feeling she had was one of self-hatred and shame. The pills put her to sleep.

The next morning she awoke. Her room looked as it had always looked. Everything was where it had always been, and the clock said it was ten o'clock; several hours later than she usually arose. She got up and automatically performed the ritual, but now there was a difference; hollow, hollow, hollow seemed to ring from everything she did. She felt empty, as though she were dead, as though she had never been alive. She made herself a cup of instant coffee and put the piece of coffee cake in the oven to warm. Then the telephone rang. She shrank. Timidly she went to it.

"Hello? . . . Fine, and you? . . . I just got up . . . Oh no, you didn't! . . . Really? . . . How sad! . . . No, I didn't. I happened to go another way yesterday. . . . A little girl? . . . How sad! . . . Well, she had no business in the street — did she? . . . Yes, he really must have been driving too fast. . . . People are so reckless these days. . . . Oh dear, I have something in the oven! . . . Sweet of you to call. . . . Bye."

She put the telephone down slowly. She sat there motionless; two tears started down her cheeks but she did not make a sound.

Mrs. Minichetti remarked to Mrs. Pellegrini several days later, on seeing Mrs. Elly pass by, that Mrs. Elly had aged overnight. "She's lost her spirit. When that happens, she's better off dead."

FIRST PLACE — POETRY:

'THE LEAVE-TAKING'

John Buckley

Gone with the wind, blown April
across the hills of the city, sunlight
reflected from the windows of houses
as they mount the hills of the city
in an order of this world alone.

So I walk along a boulevard of this April city
in the remembrance of cool, clear February nights
before the warm winds came up from the south
dispelling the winter that had drifted down
from the mountains and in from the sea.
Those were the nights, those February nights
when through the quiet of this midnight city
we heard the distant call of somewhere else
in the sounds of a train
as it prepared to go,
rushing through the winter countryside
shattering the silence as it went —
the long, low whistle sound,
one lonesome mournful cry in the night,
echoing there in the stillness of other places.

March came on then and the fullness of winter was gone.
Yet still we walked as we were wont to do,
sometimes sitting in the faint traces of afternoon sun,
or sometimes lost in conversation over coffee cups
or forgotten, half-filled mugs of beer,
remembering February, when for all of winter's chill
there was no coldness where it counts for the worst.

We dreamed through March and the falling of the rain
but I'd forgotten something you had not, and you
in your growing quietness remembered
that lonesome far-away call in the night.

I found then when April came with more sun
and some little rain that you had gone.
I awoke in the night but you were gone,
and far away from this city in midnight
I heard one sound
breaking the silence of the countryside,
one lonesome mournful cry in the night —
for you could not forget.

Gone with the wind now,
save April blown across the city
in a promise of summer
I walk in the remembrance of March rain
and some sun that will never come again.

REVIEW:

THE CYPRESSES
BELIEVE IN GOD

Joe Read

The Cypresses Believe in God concerns itself with the fortunes of a middle-class Catalan family, the Alvears, who live in Gerona, not far from Barcelona. The family and town are viewed against the bloody backdrop of the Spanish internal struggle of the 30's.

Matias Alvear is a good father to his family. Although a newcomer to Gerona, and unsure of the Catalan dialect, he is respected in Gerona for his open-mindedness and political acuity. His political life is limited to opinion only, and as government telegrapher for the town, his opinions are founded in the messages and reports that come through his key. His wife, Carmen, has that type of faith in her Church and family which is the backbone of each. Should one of her two sons become a priest, her happiness on earth would be complete.

Cesar Alvear enters the novitiate but soon finds himself unsuited to the humbling disciplines of obedience and leaves to take a job in the bank. The rumblings of revolt are heard by him through his disillusioned co-workers but Cesar's growing social consciousness cannot yet take sides in the battle that everyone knows is coming.

Ignacio, the second son of Carmen, takes his brother's place at a seminary in the mountains. Summers he returns to Gerona, to cut beggars' hair in the streets and teach the Catechism to the children of the slums. Such charities are considered eccentric by the town but his mother knows them for what they are: the cheerful humilities of a living saint, whose every act is worthless unless given in the praise or service of God.

The daughter of the Alvears is named Pilar. She is a joy to her father and moth-

er, and easily steered from the influences of the street below their happy apartment. Pilar, like Carmen, exemplifies the domestic Christian virtues and solidarities in a town that doesn't care much about God.

At first, the crumbling of the Republican government in Madrid does little to shake the routine life in Gerona, save to compound the grumbling, praying and scheming among the different elements of the population. Cesar would be among the schemers but the dozen brands of socialists, anarchists and conservatives which alternately attract him make difficult the choice of where to put his loyalties. Forgotten during his own internal struggle are the moral loyalties toward his Church and family, but the youth supplants his spiritual lassitude with fervent excursions into the social dialectics about him. It is not surprising that these lead him into the tutelage of a young pair of communist educators, David and Olga, whose "progressive" grade school is the talk of the town.

A profound physical shock finally awakens the youth to his neglected responsibilities, and in the loving circle of his family he regains his spiritual equilibrium. Yet the flow of events does not allow any thinking person in Gerona to be passive: years of discontent are jelling into action. In Barcelona, blood flows freely as communist terror-tactics crumble a short-lived "conservative" regime and supplant it, and waves of violence reach Gerona. But Cesar's new state of mind is hardly consistent with his old politics. His quest for a manner in which to exercise his enlightened moral responsibility in the field of revolutionary activity provides the climax of the book.

Gironella, while painting an accurate, comprehensive picture of Spain's struggle as history, is primarily concerned with the citizens of Gerona caught up in that struggle, as individuals. Studying them in the light of their double heritage, poverty and Christianity, will reward the reader with a better understanding of the battle for the soul, which was even greater than the battle for the country.

SECOND PLACE — SHORT STORY:

'A COAT FOR MAMA'

Kathryne Silvani

The change was amazing. She had been an ordinary, tired looking middle aged woman, but suddenly her eyes sparkled and her face seemed to glow. As she clutched the soft fur more securely, she viewed her reflection in the mirror with dreamy half closed eyes.

A few feet away I watched. I had never wanted anything in my whole life the way Mama wanted that coat.

A trim white-haired salesman approached Mama. "Madam looks so beautiful in this coat. Would you not like to buy it?"

The tired lines reappeared as she said, "I'm afraid I can't afford it. Thank you just the same."

I waited until she disappeared to the other side of the floor then hurriedly asked the little man the price of the coat.

"She is your mama, no? You look much alike."

He paused, then added, "The coat would be nice for her for Christmas."

"Yes, I know," I admitted. "That is why I wanted to know the price."

He studied the little yellow tag and said, "Five hundred and ninety-four dollars." I presume he noticed my face sag because he added, "The store will allow you ninety days, Miss." I immediately thought of the two hundred dollars I had saved, but where would I ever get the rest in ninety days? Not on my salary! When I hesitated the little man volunteered, "We have a time payment plan, but you'll need a co-signer."

"I'm eighteen," I protested, but he informed me that I must be twenty-one to buy the coat.

I thought of Joyce. She wanted to buy Mama some furniture for the living room this year. Surely, the coat would be better than furniture.

"I wonder, could you hold the coat for me if I put some money down on it?"

He shook his head. "I'm very sorry, Miss. I cannot hold the coat without someone to sign." With downcast eyes he added, "You must hurry back and ask for Mr. Sims."

I found Mama looking at cloth coats in the Budget Section. I thought how different she had looked minutes before. "Let's go home, Mama," I said.

As we pushed through the milling crowds, I heard the tinkling of bells. It was a sound that usually made me feel glad that Christmas was near, but it only made me realize how little time I had to buy the coat.

Later that evening, after Mama had gone to bed, I approached Joyce, who was curled up in a big green easy chair, applying polish to her long, well shaped fingernails.

"I know what Mama wants for Christmas."

Joyce didn't even look up. "What?" Her voice betrayed her lack of interest.

After I settled carefully on the davenport, I tried not to seem too eager. Sometimes if Joyce knew how badly you wanted something she could be awfully stubborn. "Tonight at the Emporium, she didn't know I was watching and she tried on a beaver coat."

Joyce almost exploded. "A beaver coat! Be sensible. Do you know how much a beaver coat costs?"

"Yes, I asked the man. It's five hundred and ninety four dollars. I know it's a lot, but you should have seen her. She looked so pretty and happy."

"Who wouldn't?" Joyce replied. "But you know it's out of the question. Where does Mama go that she needs a fur coat? Besides I thought we already agreed to buy her some furniture for in here." She looked around the room as she scornfully said,

"What we have is really awfully shabby."

Fortunately, I didn't share Joyce's outlook on our home. To me it had always been a warm and homey place.

"Joyce," I said, "I don't want to buy Mama furniture when there's something else she wants so much more."

"She probably doesn't really want the coat." Joyce was using the soft coaxing voice she usually saved for Bob Morey.

"If you could have seen her you'd know how much she wants it. She's worked hard so that we could have things, Joyce."

"Don't you think I know that. We've always been generous to Mama."

That is how Joyce fooled everyone. Joyce had given Mama a lizard bag for her last birthday. For every time that Mama used it Joyce carried it three or four times. I decided against mentioning it. If there was any hope in winning Joyce over, it wasn't in making her angry.

"Joyce, I was hoping we could forget about the furniture and buy the coat instead."

Joyce laughed a bit unpleasantly. "You mean you're really serious?" she asked.

"It's out of the question. I don't make that kind of money."

"Well, I didn't count on you too much," I admitted. "I'll buy it on the time payment plan if you'll just sign for me."

"I can't co-sign for you. I don't even approve of your buying it. If you got sick or lost your job I'd be stuck with the payments."

"You won't even co-sign for me?" I asked tearfully. "You know you can trust me."

"No," Joyce insisted with hard green eyes. "You just don't realize how difficult it would be to make the payments. Now if we bought the furniture you could use the money you saved on yourself."

"I won't buy furniture!"

"And I won't help you buy the coat." Joyce was silent as if thinking. "I'll tell you what I'll do, though," she said gaily. "A coat costs too much but what about a cape?"

I had visions of Joyce, exquisitely groomed, floating out on the arm of Bob Morey, wearing Mama's cape. Joyce was several inches taller than Mama. Just enough so that she couldn't borrow a coat.

"No," I replied. "She wants the beaver coat and that's what she's going to get."

"Well, count me out," Joyce said coolly. "You have no reason to be angry. You fouled up my plans."

"I'll find a way," I insisted. "Uncle Bert will probably sign for me."

Joyce snorted as she uncoiled from the chair. "Uncle Bert wouldn't be silly enough to do that."

Uncle Bert came in from the kitchen where he had been polishing his shoes. "Wouldn't be silly enough to do what?" he asked timidly.

"Oh, Nancy has the bright idea of buying Mama a fur coat for Christmas and she needs a co-signer."

Regret showed in Uncle Bert's kind, blue eyes. "Nancy, baby," he said, "it's real good of you to be so generous but she wouldn't want you to take on something so big."

"Then you won't sign for me either, Uncle Bert?" I asked. "Don't you want Mama to have nice things?"

"You know better than that, Nancy." Uncle Bert sat down, carefully placing the shoes on the floor beside him. "I just know she wouldn't want you to do this."

"Tonight I saw how Mama must have looked when she was young, Uncle Bert. She must have been pretty."

"She was as cute a kid sister a fellow ever had." Uncle Bert was smiling.

"Wouldn't you like to see Mama like that again?"

"Of course I would, but you have to be sensible. There are a lot of things more important than fur coats. You ought to save your money, Nancy, not throw it away on things that aren't really necessary."

"Maybe things like that aren't necessary for you and me, Uncle Bert. Mama's different. When she can't have nice things something dies inside her."

Joyce admonished me sharply, "Oh, Nancy, for heaven's sake! Mama doesn't have to have a fur coat and you know it."

"Even if you two won't help me I'll find a way," I replied stubbornly.

"Now, Nancy," Uncle Bert said, "be sensible. Put your money in the bank so you'll have it when you need it."

"I'm going to bed," Joyce announced as if bored with the whole thing. As she walked out of the room, I wondered how anyone so pleasant to look at could be so calculating.

"Do you have any shoes you want polished, Nancy?" Uncle Bert said as he rose tiredly.

"No thank you." Anyone could have seen how hard he was trying to be nice. "I'm not mad at you. I know you do what you think is right."

"That's good, honey. I'm glad you can see that." He picked up his shoes and wandered out.

I sat alone and tried to think of a way to get some extra money. There was nothing in the evening paper that even looked like a possibility of extra money.

Maybe I could change jobs, if I found one that paid more. It would have to be a lot more. Arlene, Mr. Harmon's secretary, was leaving. She was getting married. Mr. Harmon had interviewed several girls but he hadn't hired anyone yet. The ad would probably be in the paper. Yes, it was. The ad said stenographer and I was only a clerk-typist. The ad said experienced too, and I wasn't exactly that. The ad also said that the starting salary was two hundred and seventy-five dollars. With a job like that I could pay for the coat in ninety days.

It made me shudder to think of talking to Mr. Harmon. He was so business like. But I

wanted Mama to have that coat and I couldn't think of any other way.

At the office the next morning, I hurried to Arlene, Mr. Harmon's red-haired, freckle-faced secretary. "Will you ask Mr. Harmon if he'll see me some time this morning?"

"Mr. Harmon has an awfully busy schedule," she replied as she studied the calendar on her desk. "I'm sorry that's the best I can do."

I wandered back to my desk and tried to concentrate on my work. The morning was nearly over when I noticed Arlene beckoning to me.

As I walked in the door, Mr. Harmon looked up from behind the big oak desk. His blue eyes were very stern behind his horn-rimmed glasses. "Arlene says you wish to see me," he said as he gestured toward a chair.

"Yes," I responded and then paused to catch my breath. "I was wondering, sir, is there a chance, I mean, would you possibly consider me for Miss Donovan's job when she leaves?"

Mr. Harmon looked startled. "I don't know Miss Dillon. I had somebody with more experience in mind."

"I'd work hard, sir. Really I would," I pleaded, "And if you aren't satisfied I could always go back to my old job."

Mr. Harmon removed his glasses and began polishing them thoughtfully. "I just don't know," he said. He was silent. Finally, he said slowly, "I'll tell you what. I'll think it over and let you know before five o'clock. How will that be?"

When I was back at my desk I tried to concentrate on Mr. Harmon's words. He hadn't sounded favorable. Still, if he wanted to think it over there must be some chance.

It was after four when I looked up to see Arlene beckoning again.

Mr. Harmon was smiling. "I've been talking to Arlene," he began. "She speaks very highly of you."

I sat tensely waiting. "I think we'll give you a chance at the job. Arlene can spend the rest of the week breaking you in."

"Mr. Harmon, that's wonderful! Thank you very much."

Mr. Harmon smiled pleasantly. "Of course, Miss Dillon, you realize it is our policy to have a six week trial period during which you will continue at your present salary."

So I wasn't going to be able to get the coat for Mama after all. I should have asked, instead of assuming that I'd start at the salary shown in the ad.

Mr. Harmon sensed that something was wrong. "Surely it isn't that important," he said. "Six weeks ought to go quickly enough."

"I suppose so, but I was planning on the extra salary. That's why I wanted the job." I fought to keep my voice steady.

"Why don't you tell me about the trouble," Mr. Harmon said.

I took a deep breath. "I wanted to buy my mother a beaver coat for Christmas. With the extra money I could have just made it."

"Isn't that rather a big item for a girl your age to be taking on?"

"I suppose it is but I know how badly she wants it."

Mr. Harmon seemed concerned. "I think it's fine to be so generous but can't you find something else your mother would like that doesn't cost so much?"

"No, I know that's what she wants. Please don't misunderstand, my mother would never expect it of me. It's just that she loves pretty things and she hasn't been able to have very much."

With slow movements Mr. Harmon straightened the papers on his desk. "Have you thought of a time payment plan?"

"Yes sir, but you see I'm not of age. I need a co-signer."

"Surely someone in your family would sign for you? What about your sister?"

"I've already asked her. She planned on buying furniture and is unhappy because I ruined her plans."

Mr. Harmon gazed out the window. "I'll tell you what, Miss Dillon. I know quite a lot about furs." He paused and looked at his watch. "We'll leave right now and I'll have a look at this fur coat. If it looks like a good one I'll sign for you. I'm sure you'll find a way to make the payments."

When Mr. Sims saw me, disappointment moved across his face. "I'm so sorry, Miss," he said, "the coat you wanted has been sold."

I stood there numb with disappointment. "I'm so sorry, so sorry," the little man kept repeating.

Just as we turned away the elevator doors opened and out stepped a young man who was obviously very angry. He was followed by a young blond woman carrying a beaver coat.

As they approached Mr. Sims, the woman began to explain, "I bought this coat and now this big brute won't let me keep it."

The woman's husband interrupted, "We have got to have the money back. It was for the down payment on our house."

Mentally, I pleaded with Mr. Sims.

"All right," Mr. Sims said. "It isn't our usual practice but since the coat has only been out a few hours it will be all right."

Mr. Harmon and I waited impatiently while the blond handed the coat back to Mr. Sims.

Mr. Sims brought the coat over to us. "Are you going to be able to buy it for your mama?" he asked.

"I hope so," I told him, "if Mr. Harmon thinks it's a good buy."

Mr. Harmon examined the inside and the lining. Then he ran his fingers over the fur. "Can't find a thing wrong with it," he said. "It's a fine coat."

After Mr. Sims gently folded the coat into a big box, Mr. Harmon insisted upon giving me a lift home. "We can't let anything happen to that coat," he laughed.

I had no sooner opened the front door when Joyce met me, demanding, "Was that your boss?" Her eyes widened when she saw the box. "Did you ask him to co-sign for you?" She was almost screaming.

"I didn't ask him," I answered. "He offered."

"Well, Mama'll talk some sense into you." Ignoring my pleas, she hurried toward the kitchen.

I hid the box and tried to head her off but failed.

Mama was cooking something on the stove and Uncle Bert sat calmly at the table. They looked up, startled.

"Mama," Joyce exploded, "wait until you hear what Nancy did. She paid six hundred dollars for your Christmas present. And get this, Mama," she stood with her hands on her hips, "she asked her boss to co-sign. What do you think of that?"

"Nancy, you didn't really? Not the coat?" I could tell by the expression on her face that she had already guessed.

"Yes, Mama," Joyce insisted.

"But how did you know?" Mama was still speaking to me.

"I saw you try it on and I knew how much you wanted it."

Mama was wringing her hands. "Nancy, honey," she said, "you'll have to take it back."

"Mama, you can't mean that?"

"Yes, Nancy, I'm afraid I do," Mama said. "It would be best, Nancy," Uncle Bert added.

"I won't take it back," I said stubbornly.

"Mr. Harmon offered to co-sign."

"But what if you can't make the payments?" Mama asked.

"I'll make the payments. No one needs to worry."

"You just have to be difficult," Joyce said, "and have your own way."

"This is the first time I've ever had my own way. All the other years you picked what you wanted to get. And you know something, Joyce, you never bought Mama a gift in your whole life unless it was something you could get more out of than she could."

"That isn't so and you know it," Joyce shouted.

"Think about it, Joyce. Last Christmas we bought a combination radio and phonograph. We get more use out of it than she does. And don't try to tell me that what we talked about getting this year was so Mama could have things nicer."

"I don't want to hear any more about it if that's the way you feel."

"It most certainly is the way I feel," I interrupted. "This is going to be one Christmas Mama's going to get what she wants, not what we think she ought to have."

"All right. I'm tired of the whole thing." Joyce marched angrily out of the room.

"Now, Nancy," Uncle Bert began, "maybe we were wrong, but we thought you should be more practical."

"Uncle Bert, I usually am. But being practical isn't always a good thing." Then I turned to Mama. "I want you to have the fur coat, Mama. Really I do. It isn't too much."

Mama's voice was sad. "I'd really like to, Nancy, but what about Mr. Harmon?"

Sometimes Mama could be awfully stubborn. "Mr. Harmon offered," I said, "I didn't ask him."

Uncle Bert broke in. "If something happens to Nancy we won't let her boss get stuck with the payments. I've got a little money put away."

I turned to Mama. "Now are you convinced?"

"All right, Nancy," Mama said. She paused and then added, "But will you make peace with Joyce? So we won't have trouble in our home at Christmas."

"Sure I will, Mama."

Mama stood in the cozy kitchen with a dreamy look on her face. I knew she was thinking about the coat. In a few days she would look like that night she did in the store. That look would express all the gratitude I wanted. I took another look at Mama's face and was sure that this would be a Christmas I would never forget.

SECOND PLACE — POETRY:

LONG-RANGE DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM

Marilyn Berglund

Take Dido, now, poor kid. That's always what happens.
You build up your future in orderly fashion
And his, too. Then, just to be contrary, he pulls out,
Everything comes crashing down, and you're left
With a million or so pieces to glue together.
Really, I can't see why women persist
In tying their lives to one man. How can you make plans,
Not knowing how long he will stay?

However, there's another factor to be considered,
Our feminine nature. Women thrive on anxiety.
They can't stand anything perfectly settled
Forever and ever. That's why they rearrange furniture.
Maybe the only reason I keep sticking with you
Is that you fulfill my need for insecurity.

SECOND PLACE — ARTICLE:

'WHAT IS A COLLEGIAN?'

Karen Busch

Collegians are elderly adolescents with an average life span of four years. They live on campuses, which are institutions that claim their loyalty and their money. A collegian's primary goal is to become educated and he usually accomplishes this without sacrificing any of life's pleasures. Society has given them an exclusive position. Collegians are the in-between element, too old to be considered juveniles but still too young for the adult classification.

Collegians can be found in many places: near coffee cups and ashtrays, sitting next to a card table, anywhere in the vicinity of food, and passing by classrooms and the library. They can be recognized by their exuberant nature, which usually evidences itself in the sound of gay voices, yelling, singing, and talking. Collegians need little rest, although some of them have been known to sleep for as long as four consecutive hours of a night.

The main interest of collegians seems to be collegians of the opposite sex. They also like meeting new people, days when it doesn't rain, new sports-cars, roommates, getting mail, and good music. But they are

not much for being broke, people who borrow cigarettes, afternoon labs during spring quarter, corny humor, and Monday mornings.

Collegians are always looking for a part-time job, old book reports to copy, free lunches, and someone to borrow from. Somehow they never run out of letters to answer, tests to study for, debts to pay, and warm, youthful smiles.

Collegians are non-conformists who avoid being conspicuous; intellectuals who can't remember locker combinations. Their money is always insufficient for food, but never for gas. Boasting about their immunity to homesickness, they seldom tire of vacations with the family. They are trained in promptness, yet type all night before a term paper is due. Although they possess young, coordinated bodies, they can't seem to walk down a hall without colliding with someone.

Collegians are the hope of the future wearing a buttoned-down collar and tomorrow's leaders waving a school pennant. Above all, they are proud Americans, devoted Christians and dedicated human beings.

THIRD PLACE — POETRY:

William McMenamin

SONNET

Now he lies like one in rest. The smile so
Rare, too often lost to care, now gently
Charms his lips — a smile of peace. Now I know,
In days gone by that smile was then vainly
Sought — in life, in love, yes, anywhere
Joy should be. Not long since I knew him there.
But in those days a smile of peace was rare,
For in this world he felt the cross of care.
Alas the search was long and hard, gave no
Reward. A smile perhaps was found although
It lasted less than long. Yes, here below
The load of life bore down with no release.
Now, on giving up he has at life's cease
Found — there is peace — there where he lies is peace.

THIRD PLACE — ARTICLE:

OBSERVATIONS IN THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Patrick R. Mahoney

Usually when I entered the college cafeteria my one thought was to satiate the pangs of gnawing hunger by loading my plate with all that was offered by my meal ticket, finding a place in the crowded dining room and proceeding with the task at hand. Tonight was the first time I had really looked around to see the way by which food is brought from plate to mouth. I had always thought the art of getting food to the mouth was a fairly easy one, but I am now convinced that it is not. I would conservatively estimate that fifteen to twenty per cent intended for the mouth does not reach that region, but instead is found among many other assorted locations such as the floor, pants, shirt, or back on the plate. If a napkin was used, this situation might be helped somewhat, but for the most part a napkin, it seems, is to be placed on the tray and never used.

There is the class who, when they have to cough do so, but not into their handkerchief or that white thing lying along side of the plate, but all over the surrounding area, which includes at least four other trays of food.

Our next class of friends are those who are the "mouth to food type." They would not think of bringing the food all that long way to the mouth so the mouth goes down,

down, down, until their chin seems almost to touch the plate.

Then there are the "elbow class." They are the ones whose arms never leave the table from start to finish of dinner, but they are a dime a dozen and hardly worth mentioning.

Last, but not least, is the "automatic conveyor type." This class, I must admit, is one of my favorites. These are those who eat as fast as possible and, I think, would not stop for fire or flood.

Now, behavior is a mirror in which everyone shows his image, and I suppose that applies to behavior at the table as well as anywhere else. The dictionary defines manners as "a customary way of acting, habit, social conduct or rules of conduct as shown in the prevalent customs." Then, of course, if we add the adjectives "bad" or "incorrect" we indicate that manners are below standard, faulty, unbecoming, or improper.

While all my above statements seem to downgrade manners at the college cafeteria, on the whole a very low percentage of the students could be classed as having "bad or incorrect manners." After all, when three hundred hungry young men sit down to dinner after a day of hard work at their books, I think a little forgetfulness of manners can be forgiven.

THE MODERN GENERATION:

"ESPRIT DE 'CORE'". . .

Al Krebs

"I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;

I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong feet that followed,
Followed,
Followed after,
But with unhurrying chase,
And perturbed pace,
"Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet —
"All things betray thee,
Who betrayest Me."

Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven* may at first appear to be an artless way of diagnosing the complexities of a matter so mundane as the modern world's generation, but after close inspection, it is both simple and yet penetrating.

Extremes can also serve as another measuring stick for analyzing the whole, and certainly in measuring the modern generation a lot can be gained from studying the "unsilents" and the "beats."

The "unsilents" came into being from an article in *Time* magazine (November, 1951) when the author observed:

"Youth today is waiting for the hand of fate to fall on its shoulders. Meanwhile, working fairly hard and saying almost nothing. The most startling fact about the young generation is its silence."

Six years later came a challenging response in the form of eleven essays by Princeton University seniors (*The Unsilent Generation*, edited by Otto Butz) and thus was born a title that can be ascribed to the intellectual extreme of the modern generation.

Meanwhile, since the end of World War II, in cities like New York, Denver, and specifically, San Francisco, there has come the opposite extreme of the "unsilents"—they are the "beats."

The beat generation has been brought into the public eye, much to their disgust, by such authors as Jack Kerouac (*On the Road, The Subterraneans*), Eugene Burdick (*The Innocent Nihilists Adrift in Squaresville, The Reporter*, April 3, 1958), John C. Holmes (*The Philosophy of the Beat Generation, Esquire*, Feb. 1958), and Herbert Gold, Sam Boal and Noel Clad in a series of three articles—"The Beat Mystique," appearing in *Playboy*, Feb. 1958.

To fully realize the total picture, imagine a circle divided into three parts, one being the "unsilents," the other the "beats" and a third the "nebulous."

Starting with the fringe of the "unsilents," we can look to Butz' book for an explanation of this segment. In essence, the dilemma of the "unsilents" can be stated simply: trying to live THEIR life, but constantly being faced with the problems of THIS life.

Try to rise above the ordinary man, try to conquer life, try to form a new order, and fear the idea of being ludicrous; these are the tenets of the main body of the "unsilents."

Sampling from some of the eleven essays show the ideas that plague the mind of the group, and this plague usually leads to decay, frustration, and finally destruction.

"Act in that way which seems the best at the time, then hope we have done correctly.

"In life the thing I value most is happiness, which to me is roughly material comfort. I not only want this for myself, but also for the rest of the world."

Religion is generally considered a deterrent to the new order envisioned by the "unsilents." As a Princeton senior puts it: "Compulsion saps the very roots of religious enthusiasm." Another says: "Maybe God just triggered everything, and then sat on his haunches to watch. I figure I can be indifferent to an indifferent God."

Lo! naught contents thee,
Who content'st not Me.

However, the same student gaffer prolifically puts his finger squarely on the crux of the problem in the "unsilents'" rejection of a faith, whether it be Roman Catholic or Methodist.

"If Christianity cannot make a successful appeal to young men in competition with the myriad of other ideas to which they are exposed, then the religion has lost its vitality."

The most devastating denial of religion came from one senior who, by his own admission, has had a life of frustration: "The salvation of humanity is not God—He has not helped anybody since He forsook His

Son on the cross—but bootstrap self-help and education."

Whether man's heart or life it be
which yields
Thee harvest
must Thy harvest-fields
Be dunged with rotten death.

In direct contrast to the "unsilents" are the "beats." This segment's new order comes from an undefined sort of detachment-from-the-world; self-styled mysticism. Kerouac, the foremost spokesman, who has wandered from Paris' Left Bank across the United States (*On the Road*) to the "Bagdad of the Beats," San Francisco,

"Across the margin of the world
I fled
And troubled the gold gateway of
the stars.

explains it is a revival prophesied by Spengler in the late moments of Western civilization.

To these people, the creative power of the unfettered individual soul stands behind everything in which they interest themselves. Unfortunately, "creative power" is usually marijuana, alcohol, and excessive sexual indulgence. Consequently, they are continually longing to do something or feel something meaningful.

All things betray thee,
Who betrayest me.

What motivation lies behind the "beat"?

Why explain, the beats offer, their marijuana "tea parties" and kicks in a stolen car, and generally lustful habits, when they are little things compared to the barely controlled violence of their elders, who allowed two world wars, a cold war, and Korea?

Kerouac echoes this same thought (*The Subterraneans*) when he writes: ". . . saying anything to ease the pressure of what I really wanted to weep about — but in the main the three, of us really sad, riding together on a train to gayety, horror and the eventual H-bomb."

When Mike Wallace, TV interviewer, questioned Phillip Lamantia, a poet of the "beats," as to why so many members of "his" generation were bums and tramps, he quickly replied: "Oh, you see, Christ says, 'Go out and find the bums, find the blinds and the cripples.' Christ invites everyone, including the outcasts. So there is no contradiction at all between Christ and being a beboper or hipster."

Somewhere between these two extremes lie the nebulous generation. Because of its immensity and the few positive values that can be attributed to the group, little can be said about them. It could be that *Time's* author summarized the situation more than adequately when he wrote:

"Intellectually, today's young people already seem a bit stodgy. Their ventures of the mind are apt to be mild and safe, and their literature too often runs to querulous self-protective introspection or voices a pale orthodox liberalism that seems more second-hand than second nature."

"They are looking for a faith. The fact that they have not found one, that they are not even sure where to look, is less significant than the fact that they feel the need to believe. The generation of the 20's was devoutly iconoclastic. It put on (in the words of T. S. Eliot) 'the black caye of je m'en outisme or an 'I don't-give-a-damn-ism'."

In the division of our circle we have seen merely the modern terms for three ancient philosophies dating back to Grecian-Roman times; Cyrenaicism ("beats"): pleasure is the end of all human activity; Epicureanism ("nebulous class"): pleasure is the end of all human activity but only certain kinds of pleasure; and Cynicism ("the unsilents"): eliminating all reasons for passion, which, according to Socrates, was the way of attaining the happy life.

At the core of our imaginary circle lies the beauty and truth of the purest, that, ever allowed to spread, would bring about a greater religious and intellectual revival than any evangelistic or educational crusade in the history of man.

In the "unsilents'" core is the place for the true "unsilent," the individual who will speak out for what he believes — not just a facade of words, but an utterance reflecting a thirst for truth and a life that truly reflects Christian humanism.

From the "beats'" world comes the makings of such men as St. Augustine and Thomas Merton. One has only to look to Kirkegard's school of existentialism for the process. Although he grants no essence, only existing things, his three levels of reality are noteworthy in this discussion.

To Kirkegard, we perceive on three levels; esthetic, where we perceive pleasure; moral, where we perceive goodness; and

REVIEW:

ON POETRY
AND POETS

Marilyn Berglund

Poetry, the most compressed and complex of all forms of literature, has from ancient times tempted ambitious critics to analyze its make-up and isolate its various elements. Commentators have never quite succeeded, however, in reducing the *Ars Poetica* to an exact science, and probably they never will: the very essence of poetry is its defiance of all natural and man-made laws, its elusive, intangible overtones and undertones.

Wisely, T. S. Eliot, who as poet, essayist and playwright is perhaps the greatest living spokesman of this turbulent twentieth century, has, as a critic of literature, left precise calculation and extensive analysis to the laboratory scientist, offering to students only his own subjective, informal interpretations of the various aspects of poetry.

Eliot's new collection of lectures, *On Poetry and Poets*, is aimed primarily not at the general public nor at the intellectual avant-garde, but at the serious student of great Western literature. However, it is a book to be appreciated by readers of every degree, not only for its stimulating comments upon the art of poetry and the works

religious, where we perceive God. We make our way from one level to the next by faith alone.

"Faith is a leap from the absurd," observes Kirkegard.

Perhaps in the purest of the beat generation can be found the makings of the stalwarts of Christianity. At present this small group of "beats" is somewhere between the first and second stages of Kirkegard's ladder.

A reason must be furnished to them for believing.

In the nebulous segment's core, we find those who have a balanced attitude, although not possessing the characteristics of either of the two to any great extent. College professors would call the group "B" students."

The core of the circle also has its historical background, that of the stoics — happiness, through virtue, is the end of human life.

And so Being, our circle; the apex of the three generations, our core;
Me? Or me that fought him? O which one?
is it each one?

Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling
with (my God!) my God.

— G. M. HOPKINS.

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of individual authors, but also for the valuable insight which the writings of Eliot the essayist give into the mind and attitudes of Eliot the poet.

This book of critical selections is divided into two parts. The first, "On Poetry," contains essays upon such topics as the social functions of poetry, minor poetry, poetry and drama, and the frontiers of criticism. Here Mr. Eliot is voicing his own theories, his own concepts of the nature of this form of literature, its meaning to the modern world and its technical development.

In the second section, "On Poets," Eliot applies these theories to appreciation of such writers as Virgil, Milton, Byron, Kipling and Yeats. He considers especially their place in world literature, determined by their success in communicating their respective messages.

While as a whole *On Poetry and Poets* offers a wealth of information on, and appraisal of, literature, the individual essays will have varied appeal for students of particular schools and fields within the realm of poetry. Thus it is difficult to choose a favorite among the lectures. I myself found the essay, "Virgil and the Christian World," with its correlation of Christian philosophy to the major themes of the *Aeneid*, very interesting and rewarding; I also liked the piece on "Poetry and Drama," which contains Mr. Eliot's own analyses of his *Murder in the Cathedral* and *The Cocktail Party*, two contemporary verse-plays of far-reaching significance.

Readers of *The Waste Land* may be apprehensively wondering whether T. S. Eliot's prose is as hard to interpret as his verse. Let them be reassured — Mr. Eliot's style and development of thought is clear and precise and certainly within the grasp of any college student.

As a result, *On Poetry and Poets* becomes an excellent contribution to the vast bibliography of literary criticism.

DEATH OF A SMALL TOWN

(Continued from Page 1)

cery counter to buy canned fruits and vegetables. I remember their husbands, lounging against the shady corners of buildings, crossing over to the other side of the street when the sunlight became too intense — always wishing, always hoping for something to break the monotony.

Once — maybe this too is significant, maybe not — two of those loungers got into a sudden quarrel. Their voices rose extraloud in the still air and a crowd quickly gathered. All at once, before the two could do more than exchange angry words, a third man forced himself between them. "Cut it out, you fellows," he barked. "Don't you know it's too damn hot to fight?"

I sometimes wonder, reminded of this incident, whether the heat and the dust were not the real causes of Watchekee's death. At least, in the winter the people of the town had a challenge — an enemy, the savage weather, was disrupting their right to live. But in the summer there was only peace, unbroken peace — and Watchekee eventually suffocated in the peace, the inertia.

After all, what can you do when it's "too damn hot to fight"?

SU Baseballers Split 4 On Road Trip Portland Univ. Hosts Chieftains Sat.

By FRED YOUMANS

Playing .500 ball on their recent road trip to Spokane, the Seattle U varsity baseball nine found Gonzaga a rough customer and lost two games to their arch-rival. The Chiefs won a return match Monday with the Zags and, with an earlier defeat of Whitworth, were 2-2 on the jaunt over the mountains. Coach Joe Faccone's baseballers now stand at 10-3 for the season and next swing into action Saturday against another rival, Portland U, at Portland.

Things started out fine on that road trip, with Ron Slay throwing a fine two-hitter and blanking Whitworth, 5-0. Rain stopped the contest after five innings but the Chiefs had already done the damage in a big second inning. Larry McCauley's two-run homer was the key blow in this frame, as SU scored all five runs. Slay gained his first win of the year and struck out six Whitworth batsmen in his five-inning stint.

The next day (Sunday) saw the Redmen drop two heartbreakers to Gonzaga, 3-1 and 4-3. In the opening loss, Lefty Bob McGruder went all the way for the Chieftains and, except for occasional wildness, pitched well enough to win. McGruder fanned 11 and gave up only three hits, but five walks spelled his downfall. Gonzaga's Gene Traube also gave up only three hits, all singles, to win. Chieftains Trautman, Osterhoudt and Sakamoto were the "spoilers." McGruder gave up a triple to lead to one run and two singles. Bob is now 2-2 for the year.

In the second contest a last-inning run gave Gonzaga a sweep. SU had tied it in the Fifth, after seeing an earlier lead wiped out, but a single, two walks and a squeeze in the seventh gave the Bulldogs the decider. Dick Polhamus was the victim, suffering his first setback of the year against two victories.

Monday gave the Redmen re-

venge over the Spokane school, with SU winning, 8-7, in a nine-inning thriller. Behind 7-5 into the bottom of the eighth, the Chiefs broke away for three runs in the frame to come from behind and win. The lead changed three times in the wild-swinging contest. Dick Polhamus, the loser the day before, came on in relief of starter Bob Simmons to get the win.

All three runs came on Larry McCauley's homer. The big right-fielder had two for four for the

day's work, to pace the Chiefs. Simmons had walloped another big blow earlier in the game, a bases-loaded triple in the third to put the team temporarily ahead. Gonzaga then jumped in front with three tallies in the sixth, until McCauley's blow settled things for good.

After the Portland doubleheader, Faccone's nine returns home for a return match with Seattle Pacific at Magnolia, Monday. Earlier, the two intra-city foes split a doubleheader.

WWCE Down Tennis Team 4-3 SU Netters Face CPS Today

Seattle U's varsity tennis team tries again today for its first collegiate victory, but the past week's happenings have instilled a lot more optimism among the devotees of the racquet. An exhibition win over the Evergreen Tennis Club and a close 4-3 loss to Western Washington on Tuesday should find the Chieftains still "high" against CPS this afternoon at Tacoma.

Since last Friday's 7-0 shutout at the hands of Oregon, the team has come on strong. They beat the local Evergreen Club, 5-4, with Jude Petrie seeing his first action of the year for the netters coached by Rev. Francis Logan, S.J.

Petrie won his match in three sets, coming from behind after loss of the first set. Richard Greene, Carl Gillen and Petrie gained the SU points. Sam Brown and Vic Reynolds bowed to their opponents in the match at Lower Woodland.

The deciding match, the final doubles event, went three sets and proved a heartbreaker to the hopeful Chiefs. Western's Francis Vance and John Stave finally defeated the Brown-Gillen duo, 4-6, 7-5, 6-2.

SU Golfers 3rd. in Calif. Lingenbrink Wins Individual

Seattle University's strong golfing team returned from California Monday with a third place in the team event in the recent Northern California intercollegiate golf tournament at Santa Cruz.

But, the big news was the first place of Dale Lingenbrink in the individual championship. The senior clubman shot a sizzling 64, 4-under-par, on the final round to come from behind at mid-point and become the second SU golfer in three years to win the title. Chieftain Gordon Mackenzie, a graduate last year, had won in 1956.

Fresno State's Dan Morgan had a 4-stroke advantage over Lingenbrink after 36 holes, but Dale shot rounds of 70 and that 67 in the home stretch to win going away. It was strictly a two-man contest

with SU clubman at 282 for 72 holes and Morgan with 207. Dale's total was 2-under-par for the Pasatiempo Country Club course.

Fresno State, behind Morgan and Ricky Baird, won the team title with a low score of 590. The Bulldogs lead throughout, but had only two points up on SU at half-way. The Chiefs faded slightly and finished behind both Fresno State and San Jose State at the finish. But, the show position was an improvement of a notch over last year when Coach Joe Page's linksmen placed fourth.

San Jose State had 604 points, and the Chiefs gathered 610. Besides Lingenbrink, the linksmen included the same men who have gone unbeaten in collegiate play in the regular season: Bryan Copp, Mike Hunt, Joe Uhlman, Dick Madsack, and Dan Barkley.

That unbeaten record which includes 27 straight stretching way back to 1956 is tested tomorrow at Spokane. The opposition will be furnished by another band of Bulldogs, this time Gonzaga. SU has already beaten the Zags earlier this year, 16½-1½ in the season opener. Tuesday, May 6, Portland University will tangle with the Chieftains at Inglewood.

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"The Showboat is coming!" It will be shown May 8, 9 and 10 in the William Pigott auditorium. Featuring full cast, chorus and full professional orchestra, the Seattle University Music Department will present Jerome Kern's light opera, "Showboat."

The musical is a light-hearted story with its serious moments about the people who lived and worked on the Mississippi showboats in the gay 90's. In the leading roles are John Hill and Janice Morgan, singing such favorite tunes as "Why Do I Love You?" and "Make Believe."

Students are admitted free on Thursday, May 8, only. All seats are reserved. Friday and Saturday, student tickets are \$1 and adult prices are \$1.50. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay, the Music Department or at the box office. Curtain time is 8:15 p.m.

Lit Contest

(Continued from Page One) the poem: "... I keep sticking with you [because] you fulfill my need for insecurity."

"Sonnet" is another interesting experiment, this time mostly in a modern arrangement of rhymes. This poet's achievement, it seems to me, lies in simplicity; and simplicity of statement and simplicity of emotional response to a situation is paid for in writing with an exorbitant price. (I wish, however, that this writer could get out the cliché, 'at life's cease,' which also makes for a forced rhyme and does not make the conclusion quite so inevitable.) The last clause is: "... there where he lies is peace."



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SUDDEN SERVICE

A K Psi Initiates 7 New Mbrs.; Doctor Walter Moore Honored

Gamma Omega chapter of Alpha Kappa Psi, national business fraternity for Commerce and Finance students, has announced that seven pledges will take part in the spring quarter initiation ceremonies to be held at the Arctic Club tonight.

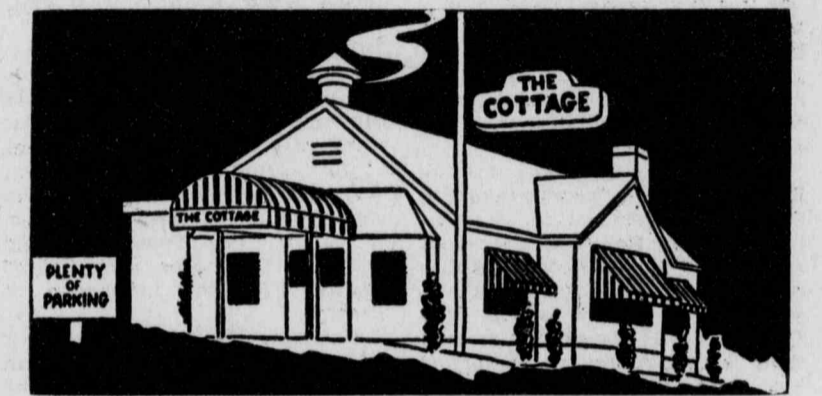
of Frank Vitulli, Master of Rituals. A dinner banquet will follow the ceremonies with Bob Hacker acting as master of ceremonies. Stan Molitor, AKPsi president, and Leo Costello are in charge of arrangements.

The pledges are Robert Fretwell, Ray Haines, Denny Johnson, Gil Martin, Dave McNamee, Tom O'Neill and James Roberts. Dr. Walter C. Moore was selected for honorary membership into the fraternity.

Co-pledgemasters for the spring quarter class are Frank Vitulli and Dick Abrams.

The initiation ceremonies will commence with the Court of Honor at 5:30 p.m. proceeded by the initiation ritual under the direction

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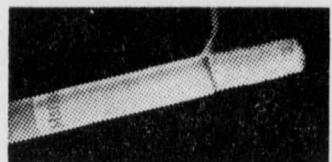
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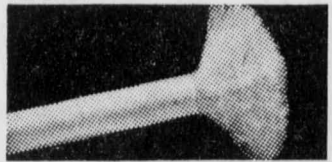
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The cigarette designed for men that women like.



A long white ash means good tobacco and a mild smoke.



The "filter flower" of cellulose acetate (modern effective filter material) in just one Marlboro Selectrate Filter.

Mild-smoking Marlboro combines a prized recipe (created in Richmond, Virginia) of the world's great tobaccos with a cellulose acetate filter of consistent dependability. You get big friendly flavor with all the mildness a man could ask for.



Sturdiest box of all—with the exclusive self-starter.

Marlboro

YOU GET A LOT TO LIKE—FILTER · FLAVOR · FLIP-TOP BOX