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HOME OF THE BULLDOGS

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THE SCHOOL OF QUALITY

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Like Unto The Pendulum!

"The voice of the people" is a term we hear and use from the time we first learn that there is such a thing as a constitution and we continue hearing, and even saying, on through our educational careers. Yet sometimes after attending a so-called democratic meeting, I feel like saying simply, "So what?"

Nearly every club or organization on our campus and elsewhere is theoretically supposed to be ruled by public opinion or a majority vote . . . and I suppose it is true that they are governed by majority votes. Yet after many such meetings are over, if a controversy has arisen during the meeting, a number of individuals will usually be heard complaining as to the result of the vote and maintaining that they heartily DISAGREE with the outcome.

At the same time these are the individuals who go to the meeting, sit there without moving a muscle (unless, perchance, to voice a timid "aye" when it looks as if that is the way the vote is going anyway) and when the time comes to vote upon an important motion, watch furtively to see how their neighbors are going to decide. All too often, even though the majority may have voted that way, the decision is made not by public opinion, but rather by the opinion of the minority . . . merely because these people who are more than willing to speak up in a "gripe session" afterwards are afraid to do so when the issue is at stake.

I attended such a meeting recently. Some of you may know of what I am speaking . . . but that is not the important thing. I may disagree with the minority who are able to sway the majority, but I respect them for it! They, at least, are willing to state their opinions and to fight for them if necessary.

If people old enough to be attending college are not mature enough in the opinions and adult enough in their minds to make their own decisions and then to stick by them regardless of how many are against them, perhaps we should not have the privileges of voting and expressing our opinions.

True it is that there is virtue in being able to admit that one is wrong and to change ones mind if the thinking which underlay the first belief was mistaken or illogical . . . but be careful how soon you admit it . . . and be sure that you have a good reason for changing and are not merely following the whims of the loudest talker!

Languages To Offer Field

To test their proficiency students also use phonograph records. While a man listens to his recording, he watches his original text; each mistake is corrected by the instructor, and speedy improvement follows.

In spite of the hard drill and constant memorization, men at Cornell have a cheerful attitude toward learning languages. Even the refugees among the students, who have the initial advantage of knowing the language, find the course stimulating. Instructors were surprised when they found that the top students in the language courses are usually native Americans.

The teachers are convinced that the post-war effect of the Army's program will be a new awareness of foreign languages in the schools, and they expect an enormous demand for qualified teachers. This enthusiasm will last only if some of the advantages of the "mimi-memo" method are used, one instructor said. Emphasis now given to the spoken language helps to do an urgent job efficiently, but it will have to be combined with more conventional methods of study, aiming at literature in a foreign language, in the post-war college language courses, he said.

"To Have And To Hold"

"To be at home in all lands and ages: to count Nature a familiar acquaintance, and Art an intimate friend: to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own: to carry the keys of world's library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake: to make hosts of friends among the men of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasm and cooperate with others for common ends: to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christians: this is the offer of the College for the best four years of your life."—William De Witt Hyde, Harvard '70, reprinted in the Wartburg Trumpet.—By A.C.P.

Sunflowers and Sandburrs - - -

It was a thriller—speaking of the game with the Army. The cheerleaders will see to that—after they've learned a bit about the art of teamwork. Even though our cheering isn't exactly smooth and our yells are a bit insecure, we're right behind you; and our lusty squeals when you sink the ball through the net are as genuine as any you've ever heard. A bit of prophesy—there's a grand season ahead!

There were lots of khaki-clad youth in town the night of the game. Which fact led to at least one interesting incident. A soldier tapped Lois Nickelson on the shoulder. "Honey, are you married?" he said. And she, forgetting the serious man shortage, brushed right on by him.

Keith Burton was placed under a bit of stress and strain the other night at the down-town rehearsal of "Letters." You see, Miss D. L. was adamant that the person in question be present at the practice tonight. Keith blushed as he told of a high-school after-dinner program in which our own tickler of the ivories

is to be an attraction. Keith blushed more when the whole truth burst into view. It seems that the poor fellow will also be the banquet guest of a certain city minister's daughter.

If campus clean-up day isn't an annual affair, it should be. If not for any reason than that classes are dismissed for one whole half day. (Isn't it strange that after paying money for those drowsy afternoon hours, we're so ready to snap up an excuse for skipping them?) But back to the clean-up. It's an excellent student-faculty mixer, and it certainly changed the campus appearance. Congrats on another SCM venture!

Homecoming is just ahead, and the busy week ahead has us all jumping up and down getting things ready and maybe taking a minute off here and there to study for a test that the teacher made a mistake in assigning in such a crucial period.

Oh, and please don't let me forget to trek to town to purchase a new pair of pajamas. I wore my old ones in the parade last year.

To The Editor:

As was suggested last week, it would seem that the "fat which has been in the fire" for the last few weeks should be burnt to a cinder by now. However, we have one more epistle which was too long to be used in the last Spectator. May we suggest that in the future it would be advisable to limit these letters to, perhaps, 350 words, as shorter letters not only require less space, but also are more likely to be read than long ones.

May we state again that these letters are not the policy or the belief of the Spectator but are merely unsolicited reader comments.

Dear Editor of the Spectator:

With the permission of last week's writer I should like to present my observation of the so-called democratic spirit as it exists on Macampus. Every story is made a bit more interesting by adding a bit of human interest, and since I do agree with him, I should like to add that touch which will bring it close home.

A survey of those who hold executive offices on the campus produces these facts:

The president of the junior class is president of the B.Y.P.D., besides being affiliated with the basketball

team, second male quartet, other musical organizations, Recreational Council, and the S.C.M. cabinet.

One co-president of the S.C.M. is also on the Student Council, male quartet, basketball squad, Recreational Council, mixed quartet, and other musical organizations.

The other co-president of the S.C.M. is a member of the varsity women's and mixed quartets, president of the a cappella choir, besides her work in W.A.A., Recreational Council, Thespians, etc.

The president of the "M" Club is also president of the boys dorm, a member of the Student Council, Recreational and Men's Councils, a member of the S.C.M. cabinet, etc.

The president of the sophomore class is also a co-business manager of the Spectator, Thespian, and a member of the varsity male quartet in conjunction with his position as cheerleader.

The president of the senior class is president of the Thespians, president of the Pi Kappa Delta chapter, vice-president of the Student Council, as well as a member of the S.C.M. Cabinet, etc. ad infinitum.

This is just a sampling of what the democratic spirit can do for some people. Yet, I daresay that these people and their contemporaries are not the only capable people on the

Our President Comments:

As I find myself growing older and having to face more and more difficult and perplexing problems having to do with human relations and affecting personalities, I am reminded again and again of the little girl's prayer when she said, "O Lord, make all the bad people good, and make all the good people nice."

I wish I could demonstrate better how to be nice, for "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he" and what we are to people is of much more value than what we may say to them.

If we are genuinely good, we are nice; and all who know us or have relations with us are conscious of the fact that we are good, not because we are afraid to be bad but because being good brings to us joy and satisfaction.

rather, bolster their ego and spur them on to new and greater heights. The spirit of democracy in the ordinary student seems to be one which puts forth the most popular person as his choice. Then it becomes an issue—not of who deserves the thing by virtue of their interest, length and quality of service, but rather who laughs loudest at the breakfast table, who has the most delicate tee-hee giggle, who tells you what a nice person you are most often, who squeezes your cheeks — ootchy-kotchy fashion, who tells you how to "Make the Shoe Fit" in six easy lessons, who can debate most eloquently and speak most fluently (especially on important subjects, such as door-knobs and hammer-handles), who quells every complaint which students might make about dormitory food or the music prof's latest blunder merely because "it couldn't be avoided this time" (and it happens constantly), who draws up a new constitution for every group of which he is a part (thereby showing a lack of a constitution for his own constitution), who, by virtue of their president of two organizations, are sure that another one or two wouldn't hurt,

Signed,
A Student

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