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The Spectator

McPHERSON, COLLEGE, McPHERSON, SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1945

NUMBER 13

McPherson Welcomes Debaters

Guest Vocalists Are Announced By Prof. Fisher

"The Holy City" To Be Presented April 15

Professor Fisher has announced the soloists for oratorio "The Holy City," which is to be presented this spring by the Oratorio Chorus of McPherson College.

The oratorio will be presented Sunday evening, the 15th of April, in the auditorium of the McPherson Community Building. The Ministerial Alliance of the city is cooperating in this project and church services will be transferred to the Community Building on that evening.

Soloists for the occasion will be Mrs. Eugene Lichty (formerly Eloise McKnight), of Oklahoma City, soprano, who was for two years a student in McPherson College; Miss Lucy Blough of Waterloo, Iowa, contralto, who also was formerly a student in McPherson College; Mr. Bernard Regier, baritone, director of music in the Hutchinson, Kansas, Junior College; Mr. Harold Beam, tenor, a resident of McPherson and graduate of McPherson College.

The Oratorio Chorus is the largest organization of its kind in the history of McPherson College, numbering over one hundred voices. The A Cappella Choir of the college is a part of the Oratorio Chorus and will function in the presentation of "The Holy City" not only as members of the large mixed chorus but in singing parts of the oratorio as a separate unaccompanied choir.

Campus Lassies Are Guests Of Double D's

Hostesses last night at the parties given for the dorm girls were the off-campus girls. The guests were divided into eight different groups, and each group spent the evening at one of the eight homes of the off-campus girls. Since there are a great number of girls living in town it was not possible for each of them to have a group, therefore several of the girls entertained together. Those having parties at their homes were Miss Barbara Hayden, Elsie Schnorr, Roberta Mohler, Leona Dell, Anne Metzler, Bonita Anderson, Theora Hardy, and Gertie Conner.

In former years these parties have been held in the S. U. R., but this year it was felt that the dorm girls would become better acquainted with the town girls if the parties were held in the homes.

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S.C.M. Holds Quaker Meeting In S.U.R.

Thursday evening, the Student Christian Movement group met again in regular session, and to start off the new year, a Quaker type of meeting was appropriate. The group assembled without a musical prelude, and spontaneously various members contributed thoughts, began singing, or recited gems of poetry. To make such a meeting successful the group must respond with ideas, and we appreciated the response that was given for the worthwhile evening of worship.

TODAY'S EVENTS

By M.I.W.

Three years ago Germany and Japan declared war upon the United States of America. They fancied to conquer and to subjugate within a short time. But instead, December 7 and December 11, 1941, turned out to be the days on which those nations sealed the doom of their destinies. They invited destruction and death, and today these two countries are reaping the fruits of their seed; almost daily their capital cities undergo pulverizing annihilation from the air.

Guerilla fighters, who bore the brunt of the life-and-death struggle against the now expelled German oppressors, are ordered to lay down their rifles to withdraw from the public scene and to entrust their governments to the ex-rulers who were comfortably idling around in the haven of exile while the patriots were shedding their bloor in the unequal combat with the German vampire. Little wonder that rebellion has broken out in Belgium and Greece, where the former underground soldiers of the people are denied recognition.

The responsible men in America's foreign policy seemed to have suddenly regained recollection of the fact that these United States were born by the revolt of the people of America against the overbearing despotism and haughttiness of His Britannic monarchist and progressive forces in Italy, while boosting the henchmen of the decadent and degenerate Royal House of Savoy—the shameless dynasty which is responsible for the misery and the tragedy of the Italian nation during the past 74 years.

Annual School Of Missions Is To Begin January 4

Thurs. Evening Program Features Pot Luck Supper

The annual January School of Missions sponsored by the McPherson Church of the Brethren every Thursday and Sunday evening under the direction of the Mission Committee will meet from January 4 to January 28. The Mission Committee is made up of Mrs. E. L. Ikenberry, chairman; Mrs. Paul Sargent, secretary; and Professor Berkebile. A pot luck supper will be held each Thursday evening beginning at 6:15. The people attending are asked to bring service.

The evening worship program will begin at 7:15 and will close at 7:35 thus letting the audience get to their various classes by 7:40. The classes in the form of forums will close at 8:40.

A general outline of the programs planned for the adult groups are as follows:

Thursday, January 4—Worship—Mrs. Ikenberry; "Peoples of the China seas," Dr. Fleming.

Sunday, January 7—Motion pictures on India.

Thursday, January 11—Worship—Dr. Peters; "India Jubilee," Dr. Burton Metzler.

Sunday, January 14 — Music Night—Harold Beam.

Thursday, January 18—Worship—Mrs. Ohmart; "Missions of South East Asia," Mrs. Ikenberry.

Sunday, January 21—Motion pictures on China.

Thursday, January 25—Open assembly by classes—Dr. Boitnott.

Sunday, January 28—Birthday Dinner—Mr. Ikenberry, speaker.

Professor Berkebile will be in charge of the Senior Department. The Intermediates will be supervised by Berniece Guthals and Kent Naylor. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mays will lead the Junior Department. Mrs. Elrod and Mrs. Lauver will be in charge of the Primary Group.

A hearty welcome is extended to all of the college students to take part in the School of Missions.

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Mac Students May Apply For Campus Editorship

Applications are now in order for the position of campus editor. The second semester marks the beginning of a new editorship for the Spectator. According to the customary procedure, the present managing editor will become editor-in-chief, and the present campus editor will take over the tasks of managing editor. This leaves a vacancy in the editorial staff. Those interested are asked to hand their written applications to Keith Burton or Annette Ronk by next Tuesday, January 9. Any regularly enrolled student is eligible.

Dramatic Society Initiates Seven

Thespian Skits Chosen From Books and Plays

New members of McPherson College honorary dramatic society were properly initiated into the Thespian club, Friday, December 15. The initiates gave excerpts from well-known plays and books. Phyllis Strickler, in the role of Lady Macbeth, presented the famous sleep-walking scene from the Macbeth by Shakespeare.

In charming contrast was a skit from Booth Tarkington's book, "Seventeen." Willy, a love sick youth, was played by David Albright and Esther Miller played the part of Jane, Willy's bothersome little sister.

Blair Helman, as Mr. Chips, gave a scene from the outstanding story of "Goodbye Mr. Chips." A scene from "Little Women" by Louise Alcott was portrayed by Doris Coppock and Glenn Swinger. These two initiates played the respective roles of Meg and John and gave the love scene in which Meg discovered her love for John.

"The Tell Tale Heart," a work of Edgar Allen Poe, was related by Charles Dumond. As as insane man he told how he planned and executed a murder but then gave himself up to the police.

Scofield-Neighbors Wed Christmas Day

At high noon on Christmas day Miss Dorothy Neighbors, formerly of Cabool, Missouri, became the wife of Mr. Donald Scofield of Independence, Kansas. The single ring ceremony was performed by Rev. A. W. Adkins at the Cabool Church of the Brethren.

The bride wore a white satin gown with a round yoke neck, elbow-length sleeves and basque waist. The skirt was full and hung in loose folds. Her fingertip length veil was of net, caught to a Juliet cap of crocheted lace. She carried a white Bible and was given in marriage by her father.

The bride's only attendant was her sister, Mrs. David Moberly, who wore a sky blue satin gown with a tiered skirt and sweetheart neckline. Her corsage was of burnt-orange rosebuds.

Captain David L. Moberly, U. S. M. C., home on leave, acted as the groom's best man. Ushers were Mr. Eugene Adkins, St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. Ralph Alexander, Cabool, Mo.

Mrs. Scott Whittaker played soft prelude music while the bride's younger sisters, Carol and Jewel, lighted the candles on the double candelabra. Miss Carolee Whittaker sang Grieg's "I Love Thee' and the traditional "I Love You Truly.'

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M G. Neighbors of Cabool, Mo. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W W. Scofield of Independence, Kansas. Donald, who is a junior, is a student minister.

Economy Debate Tournament Is Annual Event On Campus

Visiting and local debaters took the floor this morning as the McPherson College Economy Debate Tournament got underway. Echoes of 'compulsory arbitration' and snatches of 'labor disputes' resounded in Harnly Hall.

Colleges represented at the tournament which began this morning at 9:45 are Bethany, Bethel, Sterling, Baker, Southwestern, and McPherson College.

From these schools named, a total of 25 teams are attending the tourney. Women's teams, of course, are prevalent.

A general meeting of all teams and coaches was held at 8:45 in the chapel at which time announcements were made concerning the events.

Debates began promptly at 9:15 and will continue throughout the day. There will be three debates this afternoon, the first debate beginning at 1:20 p. m.

The tournament has become an annual affair at McPherson College. Dr. L. Avery Fleming, debate coach, is director of the tournament.

Representing McPherson College in the tournament are Blanche Geisert, Annette Ronk, Patricia Kennedy, Anne Metzler, Ruth Engelland, Wanita Drennin, Catherine Little, Theora Hardy, Doris Coppock, Mary Beth Loshbaugh, Blair Helman, Marvin Blough, Mark Emswiler, Dale Brown, Warren Hoover, and Elsie Schnorr.

Christmas Carols Ring On Students 'Sing Fest'

Sounds of Christmas carols filled the chapel Monday morning, December 19. The students entered wholeheartedly into this sing fest by singing the familiar carols and also those less known.

Professor Fisher added life and sparkle to some of those old carols by his method of leading them.

World Traveler Sorensen Speaks Wed., Jan. 10

Correspondent Travels To 35 Foreign Countries

Clarence Woodrow Sorensen, geographer and foreign correspondent, speaks to students of McPherson College, Wednesday, January 10. Literally a world of experience belongs to this geographer-foreign correspondent. Since 1934 his work has taken him to more than thirty-five countries. Buenos Aires and Burma are alike familiar.

Following long expeditions in Arabia he was elected to Fellow Of The Royal Geographical Society of London. Mr. Sorensen knows this area thoroughly from the Holy Cities of Iraq to the dunes of the Sahara.

As a foreign correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System, Clarence Sorensen began his important work in Latin America. When violence threatened in Mexico during the presidential elections of 1940, this observer reported the facts to millions of network listeners. He once studied Spanish at the University of Mexico. His geographic training was at the University of Chicago.

C. W. Sorensen

Annually, Mr. Sorensen journeys to Latin America to see first-hand some significant phase of inter-American affairs. In 1941 he visited nearly every country in South America, and most of them twice, before returning to the United States. He saw more than the port cities, went back inland to places like Paraguay. When rubber problems became acute in 1942 he studied the guayule production in Mexico's mountains.

Currently Mr. Sorensen is engeged in research and writing that you will hear about. Meanwhile audiences enjoy him thoroughly.

Speaking to McPherson College students in chapel, he can also be heard at the Forum which is held in the Congregational church, Wednesday evening.

Christopher Columbus ' body is buried in the cathedral of Santo Domingo at Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic.

'Finding God's Will' Dr. Metzler's Theme

"Finding God's Will" was the subject discussed by Dr. Metzler in chapel Wednesday. Dr. Metzler proceeded on two assumptions that God had a plan for each life and God's plan is the best one.

Individuals must find out what God's will is for them. There are a number of points to consider in finding God's will, said Dr. Metzler. Don't depend on the spectacular—many get lost when they become engrossed with the spectacular, the mysterious, and omens.

People must be willing to do God's will when they find it. The attitude of wanting to do it must be with them always. To become more acquainted with the life of Jesus Christ is essential. Dr. Metzler said that each must study much and use his mind to find God's will.

All that one does in venturing into a new field, one must do in the presence of God and have an attitude of prayer. If individuals take one step at a time in the light that they have, the rest will come easier than if they attempt to do all at the same time. "The dawning light grows brighter and brighter until the full daylight has come."

Social Calendar

JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	09	20
04	05	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	06	07
01	00	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Sat., Jan. 6—Economy Debate Tournament, Here.

Tuesday, Jan. 9—BB game with Bethany, Here.

Wednesday, Jan. 10—Clarence W. Sorenson, Chapel.

Thursday, Jan. 11—BB game with Central College, Here.

Idiosyncrasies Of Ye Ed. Staff

In this day and age almost anything is bound to happen, even to the point of the editor asking for a feature story on anything . . . thus leaving herself wide open. Features are hard to write anyway, without adding the confusion of being vague. But then, you know our little editor . . . or do you? Do you know that she worries herself no end over her little flock, and that she sets deadlines when she knows very well that they will not be met but goes ahead and sets them anyway, meanwhile muttering hysterically to henchman Della that they'd better be met or else . . . ? She gets moody, she tries to be hardboiled but ruins the effect by being very softhearted and forgiving at the most unexpected places. That abstracted look she wears most of the week is really not natural, she does assume an expression part of the time . . . but she worries, and instead of biting her fingernails when worried like Blanche does, she looks abstracted.

Another reason is in the person of her managing editor, Ernie. Did you know that a private little betting system has been going on between these two for simply ages, and Ernie wins these shady little deals most of the time . . . due to his power to make mountains out of mole hills and argue the most inane points. These things drag on thru the weeks, and Ernie gloats and Berniece treats him to cokes and shows to make up her debt.

And here's where we go back to Della. Supposedly a yes man for the other two, little Della will not be subjugated. And that's that. She smiles sweetly in true Poland style, slams Ernie a knock-out blow, and still serene and feminine (I don't see how she does it) and quite calm, she meets Ernie's comeback. (Truly brotherly love and tact are around somewhere, they must be, but where?) Back to Della . . . did you know she's a farmer's daughter, with nothing less than grown up ideas in her head? At least I'll say that . . . for after all, she's in college now, but, and don't tell her . . . the disillusionment would be fatal . . . I have found her (in the Spec room) admitting youth, inexperience, a weakness for handsome and doting men, and wasting time. We're told that it is priceless, and yet she keeps on' wasting it. She doodles and day dreams and sighs scribbles a few lines of copy . . . and drifts off again into another world. Psychiatrists have a very depressing word for people like that, and the more violent cases repose behind iron bars. But not our little campus editor, who always manages to be there smiling at you . . . and asking that never ending question about your copy being in on time thank you.

Don't think that I've forgotten Hutch just because I haven't mentioned him until now . . . how could I? Hutch is dear to the hearts of many on our fair campus, so I can't run him down too much . . . but really, it's simply awful the habits he had. He procrastinates! That's a frosh for you, and he argues with the editor . . . using that by-line that I don't have a thing to say and people will get what I mean. And when he doesn't want you to know what he's thinking he looks blank . . . or maybe he just naturally looks blank. I can't help but think the latter, even if it does sound a bit nasty.

And there they are, our Ed. Staff, a bit mutilated by my attempts at journalism perhaps, but now you can be sure that they, too, are human and have their little weaknesses. And after all, did you ever try to get a Spec out on time, and remain presumably sane at the same time?

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Happy New Year

Although the new year is already six days underway, the Spectator staff takes this opportunity of wishing students, faculty, alumni, and parents a **very happy and prosperous New Year and may God add his richest blessing to you and yours.**

A Fresh Start

In keeping with the long practiced New Year's tradition, many of us are forming idealistic resolutions which we hope will produce better grades and more abundant living—all designed to make 1945 a happier and more prosperous New Year.

It is fortunate that the New Year offers opportunities for a fresh start. Forgetting what is past, we look to the present and future for the fulfillment of dreams and ambitions.

One must be courageous to dismiss past failures and resolve upon a fresh start, but there is no other way to go forward. Everything in the past is dead—save its lessons. They are what keep us alive to our opportunities and inspire all our fresh starts.

Experimenters, research chemists, and doctors never seem to get discouraged. The faintest flicker of hope always becomes a new light to something ahead. Their entire lives are wrapped in endless instances of fresh starts.

The little in faith often get discouraged and stop trying, after a few attempts—but not those of great faith. The latter keep starting on fresh attempts until final victory is achieved.

Sir William Ellis once wrote: "Progress in industry depends very largely on the enterprise of deep thinking men, who are ahead of the times in their ideas." People of vision see far beyond any temporary failure.

There is no glory in unfinished tasks. Their very memory seals the door of incentive and cobwebs the mind.

Fresh starts have novelty to them also. They strengthen the will to do, and arouse new interest. Repeated attempts create encouragement and confidence. We learn to be efficient by many a failure. Fresh starts get their inspiration from all previous work and attempts. We grow more useful by seeking to improve upon everything done in the past.

Advertising Man Attacks College English

Wincing at the deplorably ragged background in American history of the average—and above-average—college graduate, E. C. Drake, in the October Harper's Magazine, absolves history departments of some of the blame and suggests that the responsibility of the English departments needs looking into.

The literature of American tradition comes within the ken of the English departments, Drake argues, not primarily in that of the history departments. Besides, he adds, "They have the time . . . The English departments are teaching nothing."

The former advertising man condemns the college English faculties for stripping their courses to composition and general surveys of literature. He claims that far from "preserving the life, which is thought, they have kept only the bones of the composition." As for the surveys, "they intend to be a panorama and succeed in being a hazy horizon on which nothing worth while may be seen. . . (they) neither accomplish education themselves nor inspire to self-education. Least of all do they accomplish anything distinctly American."

Let's renegotiate the English teachers, he recommends. Instead of beginning with composition and survey, let them begin with content, "with a handful of documents whose roots are deep in America, for we are undeniably in a time when education toward public thinking overbears in importance the education toward general letters."

In pleading the case for an education in American historical literature, Drake asks for study of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," and Jefferson's Declaration of Independence," two of the most tightly argued, literately figured and soundly organized papers in all literature." He offers, too, "The Federalist," and Daniel Webster's reply to Robert Hayne.

There are the Lincoln-Douglas debates, he enumerates. There is the pithy brevity of a Holmes decision. . . There is the plain, anecdotal, righteous argument of Theodore Roosevelt." He points to practically anything written by Woodrow Wilson.

All this and much more is literature, Drake declares—historically effective literature. And it is historically effective without being impaired as literature.

"This literature is in its numerous guises emotional, terse, graceful, and uniformly well composed. It is not embarrassed by its market-place function. Above all it is attached to persons and the persons are in the historic stream, so that we have, not a detached retailing of 'Courses and Trends in American History,' but intimate situations. . . One finds the sense of hard and choice and doubt, and one sees the decisions arising from honorable grounds. The ignorance, the selfishness, the commonness we tend to ascribe to our historic men fade away and we are fortified in the honor of our tradition."

So, advises Drake, let the colleges base their required English on two or three nineteenth century papers, or a similar group of Revolutionary War papers, or indeed any noteworthy literature of a like nature. They will do a great deal more than they are now doing to impart a taste for literature expression. They will, furthermore, take a sound step toward education for responsible citizenship.—ACP

ARE THEY YOUR FRIENDS?

Who shall suffer besides me? I will not go down alone unless I make my weight felt. The lot is cast and I am the loser. The author, unlucky me; the topic, what shall it be? Anything the editor said and then added that it must be interesting reading. To some anything is interesting reading, to our readers nothing except—well, let it be thus . . .

Looking around the 'Spec' office (some one swept the floor!) and trying to exercise a little of my grey matter, I listen in on the various interesting conversations that are going on around me and trying to find a suitable topic. As I put my mind on the 'rack' so to speak, it comes to me, out of the swirling mists of the present, the dim dark shadows of the past, a foreboding or warning of the uncertain future. In letters three feet high it flashes before my eyes. THE CAT, the cruelest, most unpredictable of the human feline species.

Have you ever gazed into the eyes of a cat and wondered what she was thinking about. Since she is usually silent we often dub her wise. Yet often that silent face only masks a blank mind. On the other hand it may hide the workings of a swiftly moving machine of destruction, could even be your destruction, since a cat always looks very harmless, let not her appearances or looks as a matter of fact deceive you. Of course, that is the objective. Behind that harmless front she can work to her own advantage. In her nice sleek paws are hid long sharp claws. Of course, she does not always have to use them. Often the victim dies of fright, be it a man, mouse or rat as the case may be.

Have you ever watched a cat play with its tail? She always facinates herself. That's one person she truly likes; often it's almost an obsession, usually magnificent. She usually turns around three times before she sits down to be sure that everyone is watching her. Although you may have heard other explanations of that natural phenomena, I think the one just presented is more likely to prove true in practice. Have you ever noticed one preening its self before a mirror and brushing itself in self satisfaction. Vain, yes, but too often 'not in vain.'

Have you ever watched two cats together? Or should I say heard? Woe unto the others that are not present. Have you seen or heard a cat playing with a mouse? If you have, you will understand; if you have not you are either a liar or deaf and blind and maybe let us say dumb. Maybe happier though.

The dog some say is the best friend of man. The cat is no friend of the dog. Therefore, it would be too out of place to say the cat is no friend of man? The tales of the faithfulness of the dog are common and numerous. He always has been a friend of man. The cat on the other hand is only faithful to places and customs. As long as she is where she wants to be, all is well as far as she is concerned. You have heard of people going to the dogs, but you have never heard of people going to the cats.

The space is just about filled; of course the story is not all over. It may never be as long as there are cats. One never can tell, and I guess never will. What kind of cats am I talking about? You may ask. Either kind, we have too many of both! Mee-ow!

S. O. S.
In The Library

Perhaps you have noticed the new arrangement of tables in the east reading room of the library, one table being used for display purposes. During the Christmas season two Madonna pictures were placed there against a background of evergreens and a tall red candle. Several people have expressed their approval of this display table. Unless the library becomes crowded, and this table is needed for studying, it will be used in the future much as a merchant uses a showcase to let the people see his wares.

At present there is a group of new books on the table. We invite you to look them over and choose one to read. Also on the table you will find a number of pamphlets and bulletins which are sent to the library by various colleges, companies, and organizations. Many timely and interesting pamphlets arrive in the mail each week. If they are placed in the reading room, you will have an opportunity to use them and share them with others. Watch for the new displays each week.

It's always a fresh egg that gets slapped in the pan.

Read the ads and save-us and yourself too!

The President's Corner

This is the New Year Spectator. The year 1945 is under way and promises to be an eventful one. I feel certain all of us are hoping that it will see the cessation of war and the definite beginning of a just and durable world peace. In any event, McPherson College is pledged to continue a program of open mindedness and constructive thinking to the end of maintaining a fellowship that is consistent with Christian doctrine, faith, and philosophy.

Thoughts For The New Year

A man who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away.

If you cannot do great things, you can do small things in a great way.

"It can be done" is good. "It's done" is better.

When the outlook isn't good, try the uplook.

What I am to be, I am now becoming.

The weaker the argument the stronger the words.

Few men have the courage to be as critical of themselves as of others.

The best way to enjoy old age is to so live that you will have the fewest possible unpleasant memories.

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McPHERSON REPUBLICAN

SOCIETY

The vacation so long awaited and looked forward to is now behind us, and semester exams loom ahead. But everyone still seems filled with the thrill of Christmas and the new year brought fresh starts to life on the campus. Nearly every one went home this year, but the few who stayed did not regret it for many swell times were planned and carried out. Kline Hall was a reguar bee hive of activity, as well as a few of the faculty houses on various nights. Those who kept the home fires burning on the campus were Fern, Edith, and Orlo Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Emsweiler and Janis, Miss Harris and Dorothy Kurty, and Irene Schraml who was joined by her mother a few days after Christmas.

The town kids were not idle over the vacation, and true to their promise, they have many gay times to report. It all started off with a bang when Prof. Weinreich made hot chocolate for us after we went caroling Christmas eve. And was it ever good after the long cold walk. The same evening Dr Metzler handed us out the leftover treats of the Sunday School kids. Isn't it nice to have a nice faculty?

Also during vacation Miss Leona Dell (Ernie 'Manville' Ikenberry's latest find) threw a chili feed and Rook party. I must report that a gala time was had by all . . . even if the enthusiasm of some of the rook players was rather wild at times . . . and even if the crowd did go surging out to look at the ring around the moon in the middle of the evening. All in all it was a very successful party. Guests included Eunice Swank, Esther Harder, Theora Hardy, Edith Allen, Fern Allen, Anne Metzler, Doris Crumpacker, Rosalee Crumpacker, Susan Ikenberry, Elsie Schnorr, Roberta Mohler, Donnis Wampler, Kenneth Wampler, John Kidwell, Bryant Fisher, Orlo Allen, and Ernest Ikenberry.

Miss Dell was assisted by Bobby Dell, Mary Jo Dell and her parents, Prof. and Mrs. S. M. Dell.

Miss Donnis Wampler had a house party during vacation with Leona Dell and Roberta Mohler of the college and Mary Metzler and Ann Oberst of the city as house guests. The girls spent several thrilling days on the Wampler ranch really enjoying the country. During their stay Miss Wampler was hostess to a Western Party . . . done up with lanterns, six shooters, jugs, red and white checkered bar tables, and everything. The guests were a motly crowd of ruffians who hadn't shaved for weeks, levi-clad cow hands and singin' bronco busters. In other words, besides Zeb Mohler and the other local hicks, the rest of the company who drove from the city for the occasion, were Elsie (the cow) Schnorr, and the Ikenberry gang of three. Also at the affair were Mr. Frank Wampler, head man of the ranch and Kenneth Wampler, regular dairy hand.

College Hits

"They Are Wearing"

By Aurell

Something's new. It's the Haberdasher Look. A man's slick, black Malacca-handles unbrella. A man's India print pure silk handkerchief square. Greatly exaggerated gold safety-pin (exhibition versions of a man's little shirt obsession collar clasp). Brisk and natty one-button gloves. And a fresh carnation. Add to these masculine effects a town-suit tailored, rather formally, of stiff, hard-surfaced men's-wear fabric of monotone, hound's tooth-checks, or stripes. And although each element per costume is gentlemanly as an usher's grey Ascot you will book—in all—extremely feminine. Because your suit, for all its male material, is cut and styled with a young girl's figure in mind. It may be a snug mess-jacket suit or a waist-defining windbreaker suit. It may have smooth, broad shoulders and a neckband collar or a short, square cape. A slightly fuller easier skirt. And your adopted accessories for all their apparent masculinity, are actually miniature but unabridged editions of the real McCoy. Take the flat-top sailor, something like a man's straw-hat-at-a-baseball-game, as very little becolors. Take tidy, trim gold jewelry. And take the crackling-crisp, smart and pretty fine and dandy Haberdasher look.

Read the ads and save-us and yourself too!

News of Students

On the Land, On the Sea, In The Air

Louie Rogers who left school this fall to join the Navy, writes from the Great Lakes:

"Dear Students at Mac,

"I received the Spec and it was really swell being able to read it again. I want to thank those responsible.

"I really miss the old school and all the kids back there, but I just can't help but like the Navy. I think the regularity really makes a guy feel good.

"Congratulations to the basketball team. Keep up the good work. I sure wish I could be with you guys. However, our company has a team, which I made, and we won the regimental championship. We play a much slower type of ball than I am used to, but a couple of the boys are really dreams on the floor. Our tallest man is 6'4" and range from that height down to my own. Pretty rangy bunch aren't they?

"The guys in my company are really swell and I think they make me like the Navy.

"You kids that knew Les might be interested to know that he was up to see me before he went home for Christmas.

"Well good luck to all of you and I'm thinking of you—, Always, Louie."

His address is Louis Rogers A/S, Co. 2127, U. S. N. T. C., Great Lakes, Ill.

First Lt. Donald W. Mishler is spending a 23-day leave visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Mishler of Conway, and other relatives and friends. Lt. Mishler has just returned from 13-month duty with the India-China Wing of the Air Transport command. He was a check pilot and later was advanced to assistant chief pilot at his base in India. He completed 164 trips over the Hump in Burma, and wears the Distinguished Flying Cross, a presidential citation, and the air medal. Lt. Donald Mishler is a former student of McPherson College.

Howard "Clint" Hill, who is now in California and who was a former student here writes: "I am quite worked up over our basketball team here. We started practicing two weeks ago, but we only get to practice twice a week, so we will never be too good. We have some very pretty suits ordered and they should get here any day now. We are having a practice game with the officers tomorrow nite. This will be our first test, and I guess I will get to play against Jerry Lott. I hope you have a very successful season there—I'm sure that you will. I will say again as I have always said and that is I wish I were back there with you all. I listen to all the football games that I get a chance to and while listening to them I think back to the time that we used to play football at good old McPherson College. I have seen every High School game here in Monterey and they have a good little back that I would like to bring back to Kansas with me to play for the Bulldogs.

"The weather here in Monterey is still nice when the sun shines, but the rainy season has started and that isn't so nice. The folks have not mentioned the Kansas weather much, but I expect it is getting cool at times. It will not be much longer until Christmas. Boy, how the time does fly. Billie and I figured up last nite and we have been here almost 3 months. And I really meant it does not seem that long. His address is Howard C. Hill S. A. D. 3/c, S. A. A. S., Monterey, Calif.

Norman Gibbs who was in school here last year writes from Camp Fannin, Texas:

"I was drafted while attending the University of Missouri. I really can't say which of the two, Mac or M. U., I like or prefer the better. I was able to make two football trips, one to St. Louis and one to Columbus, Ohio. More fun!

"Well, my army life began Oct. 9, for on that day I was drafted. We were inducted at Fort Leavenworth and received our clothes, "shots", and several orientation courses.

"Finally we left Leavenworth, traveled two days, and arrived at this modern conception of "paradise". For example: on file here at camp we have an article quoting General MacArthur's headquarters. This is an "infantry replacement training center" (I. R. T. C.). Quote from this communique: "This field of operations is reluctantly accepting replacements from the I. R. T. C. at Camp Fannin, Texas. Personnel arriving from this center require a period of thirty days or more to regenerate into active, aggressive fighting men."

"Sounds bad, doesn't it? I had never heard of Camp Fannin while a civilian, but it has a reputation among army men. However, other men have made it, so we will live!

"This camp is located in northeast Texas, the closest town being Tyler. There are about 50,000 men here in camp; it is huge. The ground is of a deep red color, sandy and loose, typical of this area. The least wind or breeze creates a "Kansas" dust storm, while the least sign of rain brings on mud three inches deep. Slush! Slush! Your feet feel like lead weights while marching.

'Our training is a very concentrated course of military tactics, formations, etc. We have already gone through, in a period of two weeks, a gas chamber, thrown live hand grenades, planted land mines and booby traps, and liked eight miles with a full field pack weighing sixty pounds.

We have a football team here in our regiment which plays other regiments in camp. Even an occasional college team. It seems as if football follows me around; at least, I'm playing first string guard here. We have several former college stars, and our two ends are professionals.

About two weeks ago, we played Texas A & M here in camp. They

(Continued on Page Four)

Carrying The Torch

Commission Is Quizzed

A Bible quiz proved very revealing in Personal Relations Commission. Dave asked the questions concerning names of important persons in Bible times, and it was decided that perhaps many of us should read our Bibles more thoroughly.

Dave also led the devotions for this meeting.

S. U.'s Knit Jackets

They did it again! What? Why, the girls in the Student Volunteer's Commission stitched on those gay patchwork baby jackets once more. Yes, they're almost done—and even Irene's mother got her "finger in the pie." "I never saw anything like them before, but I think they're cute." Same here—we never saw such queer things before but it's fun.

Chit and Chatter

Do you see all the bright and beaming faces back on the dear old campus? Do you see students just itching to get back to the nice old grind? You do? Say! How do you feel? I thought so, so are we.

Well, anyway there are a few truly bright smiles. We could not help notice the shining faces of Don and Dorothy. We send along our best wishes and many happy years together over the smooth seas of matrimony.

Chuck also seems very cheerful, even more so than usual. We overheard him say he couldn't hold out until leap year was over, poor man! Or are we just jealous?

The New Mrs. Howard also sports a bright smile and some extra rings. Congratulations and salutations and the best of wishes. Aren't we being nice for a change?

You said it was too good to last, you're right. Back we go to our old game. We call it chit and chatter, others might call it something else, but that is beside the point.

We heard that one Mr. (?) Eiler is singing the Trolly Song after his eventful trip to Omaha. When asked whether it was a blond, brunette, or redhead he said that it was not a case of either—or, but one of those both-and affairs.

Chapel talks and very interesting I am told if one listens with care. We are still wondering whether Miss Mohler and Little Miss Metzler are going to California or whether they will be told to go elsewhere. And, say Anne, we are dying to see you wear those 'ear bobs.'

"Have you seen my locket yet?" beams Murdock and Metzger flashes her beautiful bracelet and we are glad that Santa was so nice. But we are big boys and girls now and our faith in Santa is not as good as it was. We wonder who did the assisting for the dear old elf?

That is not the only case of a very nice Santa. There are many others. We wish we had time to name them all.

We see Dobrinski has left us for a while. Some say she is Saint Louie bound. Will some one wager me that she will return burdened (if one should call it a burden) with a gem? Time will tell, here's hoping I win. What do you say?

We have heard rumors that there was a slumber party in the neighborhood of the Wampler residence. At least we heard the neighbors complaining about an early morning game of hiding seek. Very early let us repeat, since it was among those wee small hours some time before even the farmers arise to meet the morning cock and the hungry cows. Per usual it seems to have been the usual slumberless type of slumber party. Some said that they got some sleep, we wonder even if they did sleep down stairs.

Seen together are Blanche "Gracie" Geisert and Keithmer Burton. Not a new couple just a continuation of an old—shall we say friendship? The other morning at breakfast Keith reported that lately he has been walking on air. My, my.

What kind of books have you been devouring Groney and Blough? The two said gentlemen have been reading up on the technique of writing love letters. Wonder who they're thinking of writing to?

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Bulldogs Tangle With Central Next Tuesday

Victory Predicted For McPherson-Bethany Game

The Bulldogs, after a three weeks lay-off, go into action again next week when they are hosts to the Bethany Swedes Tuesday night and then tangle with the Central College Tigers Thursday night.

The Bethany tilt is expected to be McPherson's third win of the season as the Swedes have yet to gain their first victory. Comparing the two teams we find that the Canines beat the Ottawa Braves 52-39, who in turn beat Bethany 43-34. Although Wichita U. won both of their encounters with these two teams they defeated Bethany by 20 points, while the Bulldogs came within 7 points of the victorious Shockers.

The contest between the two local college teams, which was moved up to Thursday night, is expected to be a closer affair as the two teams are pretty evenly matched. The Tigers have an undefeated record to-date, downing Bethany, Baker, Ottawa, and were expected to hand Bethany another defeat last night.

Under the direction of Coach Hayden the Bulldogs have undergone many drills and are working out daily in an effort to get back into condition for what promises to be an exciting week.

News of the Boys

(Continued from Page Three)

just barely beat us 12-7. It was a good game by every standard. I played fifty-four minutes out of a possible sixty minutes. Not bad for a poor player like myself.

This afternoon we played the 16th Field artillery unit stationed here in camp. We didn't get off to such a start, only scoring our first touchdown at the end of the third quarter. We finally won, 38-0. That last quarter was a holiday.' Give Coach Hayden my regards. Tell him I'm playing football. He might be interested as I plan on playing at Mac after the war. Don Keltner is planning on playing too. He now weighs around 170 lbs. Don is fast, so he will try for the backfield or an end position. Incidentally he sent me his photograph the other day. Gosh, he looks good!

Don said in a recent letter that he had visited the Wayne Geiserts one weekend not long ago. He was certainly glad to see the old gang; wish I could see some of the old faces, too.

Milo Unruh, a former student of 40-41 and 41-42, who is now in the navy writes:

"First of all let me acknowledge the receiving of two issues of the "Spec" this morning. Today the very least it was very pleasant reading. Even though the greater portion of the names and faces too, were quite unfamiliar to me just the reading of the Spectator strikes a tender spot in any former "Bulldogs" heart. Here, also, I want to say that I'm hoping to receive all the issues that it is possible for me to get.

"I'm once more in Norfolk, again going through a few of the last preparatory steps prior to going aboard ship. I want to assure you that's when this news from one's former associates really is very interesting and looked forward too.

Duty once more takes priority over letter writing so I'll be forced to close now. Once more, I know I'll be waiting for the Spectator as well as will all the other servicemen who were former Mac students. To all of you on the Spectator staff, lots of luck and naturally to the whole school also.

His address is Milo M. Unruh, ARM 2/c, CASD 87, care Fleet P. O., New York City, New York.

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The University of Southern California prides itself of an innovation. Her Department of Asiastic Studies has inaugurated a dramatic section in its Far Eastern division where the students of the Chinese language prepare to perform plays in Chinese! Hats off to U. S. C.!

Shockers Defeat McPhersons In Fast Game

Wichita Wins 40-33 Scoring Honors Split

It was height against speed as the rangy Wichita University quintet handed the McPherson College speedsters their second setback of the season in a rough, pre-vacation encounter, December 20.

The fast Bulldogs took a three-point lead at the beginning of the game and held this for several minutes. Then the tall Shockers began hitting the hoop and took over the lead which they kept although the contest was close most of the way.

Scoring honors for the evening were split three ways. Swinger, Bulldog captain, accounted for 6 goals and 2 charity tosses for 14 points. Elliott, tall Shocker center, matched Swinger's performance and Durbin, visiting forward, connected for seven field goals for a total of 14 points, too.

With Wichita U. holding a 19-15 lead at half-time, the Bulldogs climbed within 3 points shortly after the second half started, but with the Wichita height to collect rebounds the Shockers built up a lead which was never again seriously threatened.

McPherson	fg	ft	f
Hutchison	3	2	2
Krehbiel	0	1	2
Swinger	6	2	5
Markham	1	1	2
Naylor	1	0	2
Albright	2	1	3
Frazier	0	0	0
Johnson	0	0	0
Maxwell	0	0	0
Totals	13	7	17

Wichita	fg	ft	f
Sexton	0	1	1
Maris	0	0	4
Durbin	7	2	2
Mason	0	0	0
Elliott	6	2	2
Smith	2	0	2
Barlow	2	3	2
Totals	17	6	12

When the scores were tallied, Wichita pulled down 40 points with McPherson claiming 33.

Phenortens Plague Cincinnati Campus

The Army Air Corps can have its gremlins—it's the phenortens which are running around loose at the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine.

"Phenortens," asserts their proud discoverer, A/S Bob McClelland, USNR, freshman at the College of Medicine, "supercede gremlins—they're the ultimate."

All medical students and quite a few nurses at General Hospital know that there are an infinite number of varieties, all looking over something so as to reveal only the head, eyes, nose, and fingers, the principal anatomical features of the phenortens.

These strange little figures first made their appearance at the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago, when Discoverer McLelland was studying there. A fellow student was absent-mindedly doodling when McLelland looked over his shoulder and, with true scientific preception, realized that the first phtnorten had been discovered. He triumphantly pronounced its name, and since that memorable night, the phenorten had been discovered. He numbers as to overrun many of the colleges and high schools of the United States.

McLelland not only introduced phenortens to the world in general, but to the College of Medicine in particular. He was standing at a dissection table when the instructor asked him a question which he was unable to answer, because, he said, "I haven't talked to a phenorten yet."

Then and there the room was turned into a classroom for phenortenology, with the founder of the science as chief lecturer, and soon all the medical students were discovering their own species, and consulting them. So rapidly has their fame spread, that the Medical School gremlins even managed to find their way into a question on one medical examination.

Discoverer McLelland strongly recommends that all individuals ignorant of the enormous wealth of phenorten lore come over to the College of Medicine, where they can be seen in every corner and on every blackboard. "Because if you've never seen a phenorten," he insists, "you've never lived."

Thru The Basket

With Hutch.

The Central-Bethany game last night proved to be of interest to Bulldog enthusiasts. Because the Bulldogs play both of these teams next week it also proved valuable to the "Mac Men" as they were given an opportunity to see these two rivals in action.

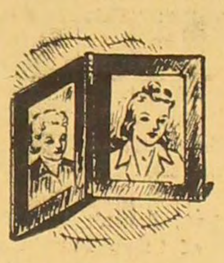
James Johnson looked sorta peculiar and might I say a trifle funny, excuse me funnier, in the last game with that "mask" on. You know when you walk into a shower room after a good hard practice, nothing could be nicer than a nice warm shower. But nothing could make you jump more than to have some cold water thrown on you. Well, it seems as if Jimmy is no exception. The night before the Wichita U. game he tried to dodge a mouthful of cold water and hit his head on a bar in the shower room. That is the real reason for the protector. He played that game with three clamps on the cut in his eyebrow.

The date of the Central game had been changed again. Instead of downing (we hope!) the Tigers next Saturday, we get the opportunity next Thursday eve. It seems as if some of the business men wanted to see the two local college teams batttle it out, so they went around and had it changed because they would have to work on Saturday night. Due to the fact that Central plays their games at Convention Hall, it will seem more like a home game for the Bulldogs. This is your chance fans. It will probably be the best chance for you to see an "away from home" game and not have to travel any further than the Community building. Or—It will be the only chance to see an "away from home" game at home.

Huh that Wichita U. zone sort of subdued the Bulldog growl to a groan, didn't it?

McPherson College Basketball Schedule 1944-45

Opponent		Played Date	Mac
Sterling College	34	Here Nov. 28	54
Herington Air Base	57	Here Dec. 1	37
Ottawa University	39	Here Dec. 8	52
Wichita University	40	Here Dec. 20	33
Bethany College		Here Jan. 9	
Central College		ThereJan. 11	
Sterling College		ThereJan. 16	
Emporia State		ThereJan. 24	
Wichita University		ThereJan. 30	
Baker University		Here Feb. 1	
Herington Air Base		ThereFeb. 3	
Emporia State		Here Feb. 7	
Baker University		ThereFeb. 12	
Ottawa University		ThereFeb. 13	
Central College		Here Feb. 19	
Bethany College		ThereFeb. 23	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College Senior Weds

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Reeves of Cleo Springs, Oklahoma, announce the marriage of their daughter, Phyllis, to Sgt. Karell Howard of Ontario, Oregon. The wedding took place in the home of Phyllis' parents Sunday afternoon, December 24. The bride wore a street-length dress of blue wool. A sister of the groom and friends of Phyllis' family were present as guests.

Phyllis is attending McPherson College and her husband is stationed in Camp Howze, Texas.

Wedding Bells Ring For Hubele-Macklin

Miss Dorothy Hubele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Hubele of Gypsum, was married to Pfc. Wilbur Macklin, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Macklin of Canton, on Sunday, December 24 at 3 p. m. The double-ring ceremony was performed in the bride's home by the Rev. S. C. Lackey of Galva.

Mrs. Macklin teaches the Star school in Saline county. Pfc. Macklin is stationed at the Great Bend Army Air Field. Both Pfc. and Mrs. Macklin were students of McPherson College.

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and
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Jean Arthur - Lee Bowman in
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