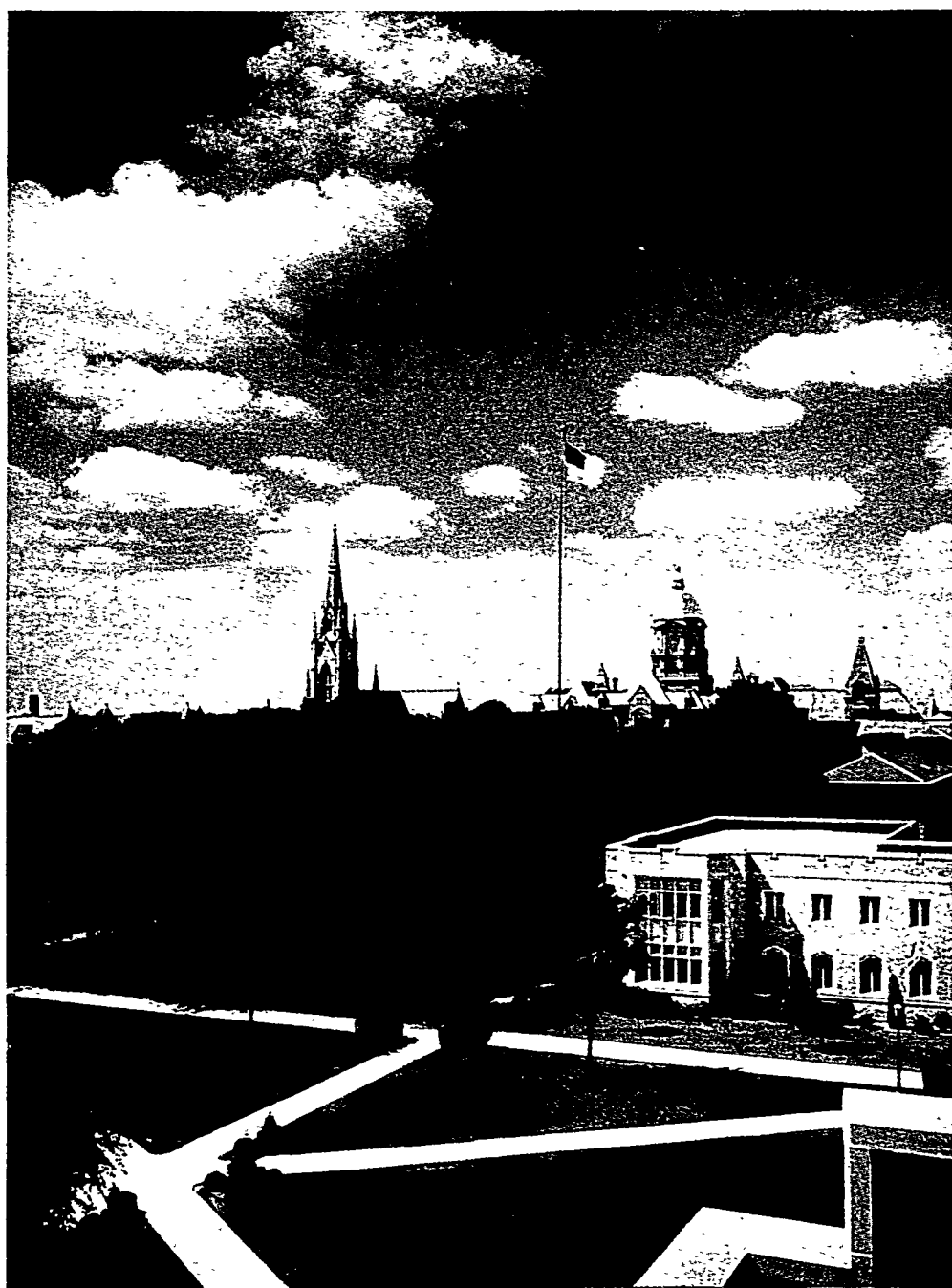

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

VOL. 79

JULY 23, 1943

NO. 3



An Engineer views the campus skyline



In This Issue:

University Receives Flag

Carrying Fight to Enemy

New Executive Officer

Busiest Mart on Campus

C. A. S. Sponsors Dance

Leahy Headache Authentic

Baseball Begins



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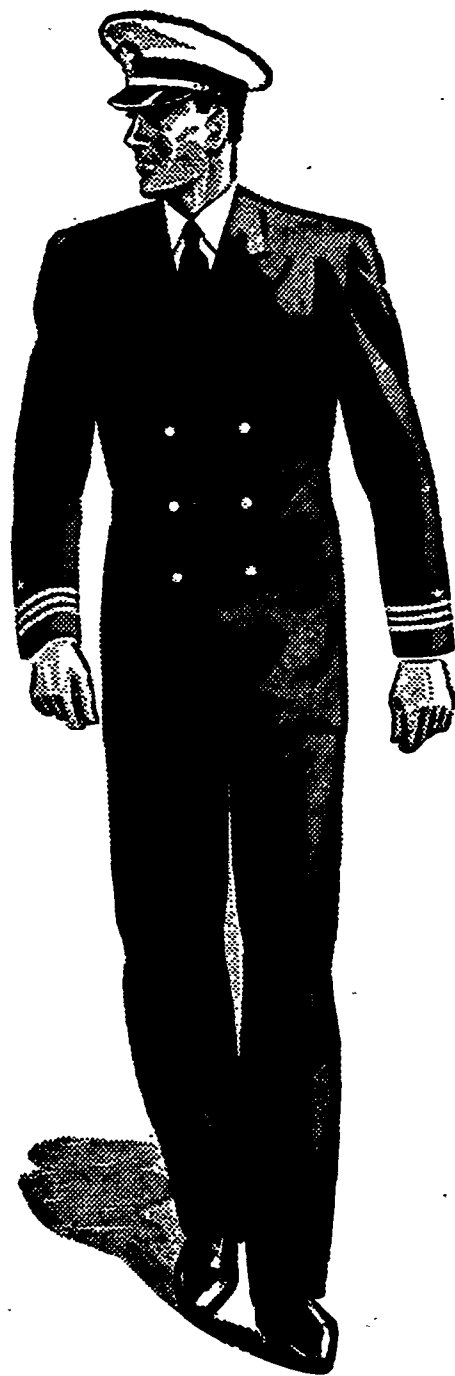
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SOUTH BEND'S LARGEST STORE FOR MEN!

The Week

BY BILL TALBOT AND JIM CUNNINGHAM

TOP OF THE WEEK:

Cold Cuts. . . .

WEEKLY EXPOSE

With no mid-week liberty being granted the V-12 Seamen and Marines, the local barber college is getting plenty of trimming practice. There ought to be a law against apprentices who charge full union prices. It costs 50c for a crew-cut if you don't ask for one, and 65c if you do. No one since Father Sorin has ever learned how much a shave costs.

They try very hard to impress you with all their rows of empty hair-goo bottles. But their numbers racket is the real hoax. They start the tickets at no. 65 to give you the impression they're doing a bang-up business. Oh, they're sly.

PILLARS OF LEARNING

Those new editions in the library are getting plenty of circulation, especially the blond in the catalogue department. . . . The latest use of those thick volumes of Aristotle was found by Frank Tarleton, an ingenious sophomore science student (who else?), who uses them to press his newly-washed navy uniforms. But Aristotle doesn't seem to mind; he's been taking a rubbing from science students for years now. Said the Wise One, upon interrogation: "I ain't used to such a goin' over. But I'm simply profounded, *ex post facto*, to hear that I've done already made such an inflammable impression. And, to put the quotes on my erudicious disciple, Dr. Waldemar, 'Aristotle can be adapted to any circumstances of every age.'" And with that he blew us off.

HERE AND THERE AND WHY NOT

It looks like the V-12 boys in Dillon and Alumni will get desk lights just about the time they go on again all over the world. . . . It is rumored that the Marines will be issued uniforms. . . . It can now be told, safely, that at the dance at the LaSalle last Sunday the Marines definitely had the situation and everything else well in hand. It sure was a break for the Service Club girls to dance with somebody in civilian clothes.

ENEMIES

Who-We'd-Like-To-Get-Our-Hands-On-Most, Dept.: The Freshman quiz kids who clap and yell and generally go crazy when they hear the mention of their home town in the picture show. The wise-acre who put a turtle in our room one night last week—as though there weren't enough rats in it already. The squad leaders who do triple-time back to the halls each morning after calisthenics. The jerk who sold Alumni freshmen some tickets which he said were good for rides on the (freight) elevator.

WASHBORED BOYS

The men of Brownson and Carroll, long noted for their ruggedness and ability to cope with any and every situation, have met and defeated a new problem. No sooner did the stair-climbing three hundred learn of the "two weeks from Tuesday" laundry slogan, than they began equipping themselves with strong soap and clothes lines. Walk into the cigarette-smoke-filled locker rooms (the University dining halls twenty years ago) and you can see full length features and shorts dangling everywhere. Listen to a typical locker room conversation: "Say, Mike, do you have trouble with T-shirts? Mine keep coming out 'W's'."

"You must be using too thick a bluing."

"Bluing, nothing, my shirts are all white."

Pat Durkin swallowed a clothes pin while trying to hang up his extra pair of socks. Johnny VanNuys, whose specialty is getting thin soup off shirt fronts, has been offered a free box of Lux for a fifty word testimonial, but says John, "All I use is some of this fizzling liquid I found in the chem lab." Chuck Russ, sharp thinking Carrollite, plans to buy out rights in two extra washbowls and take in laundry from Sorin. (He should really clean up.)

BOTTOM OF THE WEEK:

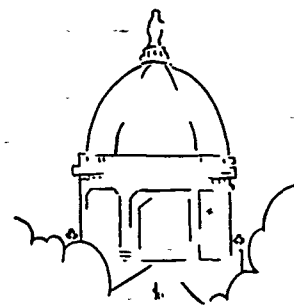
. . . served with a cold shoulder.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

FOUNDED 1867

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CHARLES RENAUD.....*Staff Photographer*
REV. C. M. CAREY.....*Faculty Advisor*

Features

The Week.....{Wm. Talbot and
James Cunningham
On The Campus.....Bud Ohman
Pressbox Splinters.....Bill Waddington
The Ears Have It.....Vail Pischke
V-7.....{J. A. Flanagan, H. D. Hart, J.
D. Schwendeman, J. E. Taylor
V-12.....Joseph Plante
N.R.O.T.C.....H. Gilligan, J. D. Usina
Marines.....Don Wilson



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Carrying the Fight to the Enemy

BY LIEUTENANT (J.G.) P. T. SPRINZ

Carrying the fight to the enemy will be the job of many of the men graduating from this Midshipman School at Notre Dame.

It is the purpose of this article to familiarize the Midshipmen of this school with the type of training some of them will obtain on their new assignment.

The "Amphibs," as they are called, have more than justified their existence in this global warfare. Hitting hard and where least expected, the Navy has brought boat load after boat load of men and munitions to shore installations.

A unified invasion force, composed of picked Army and Navy officers and men, is being welded in preparation for assaults on enemy territory.

At bases along both coasts, these invasion forces are being trained. On the Pacific Coast, under Rear Admiral Francis W. Rockwell, U. S. N., Commander Amphibious Force, Pacific Fleet, who personally directed the landing operations on Attu, and on the Atlantic Coast, under Rear Admiral Alan G. Kirk, U. S. N., Commander Amphibious Force, Atlantic Fleet, there have been created striking forces, still in process of expansion, ready to carry out with speed, precision, and perfect co-ordination the most difficult of military assignments—a landing on a fortified hostile shore.

Under the training courses of the Amphibious forces, thousands of Naval and Marine officers and men have learned to take the newly-designed landing boats, ships and amphibious craft through heavy surf safely to selected beaches; and thousands of toughened Marine and Army troops have learned to swarm ashore from the landing craft and race for the beach to establish the spearhead of an Allied invasion.

On the Atlantic coast, for instance, working together in the closest co-operation, especially-selected Army and Navy units are going through an arduous training program, acquiring the high skill needed for joint land, sea and air operations, studying the lessons of the

British Commando raids and of our own landings in the Solomons, North Africa, and the Aleutians, and learning in long day-and-night sessions, to carry out assignments with split second timing.

Because of the complex nature of amphibious operations, the training program is both broad and intensive. Every officer and man in the force must understand not only his own task, but the part that will be played by the other units involved. Differences in Army and Navy practice and terminology must be ironed out so thoroughly that there will be no misunderstanding in an actual operation.

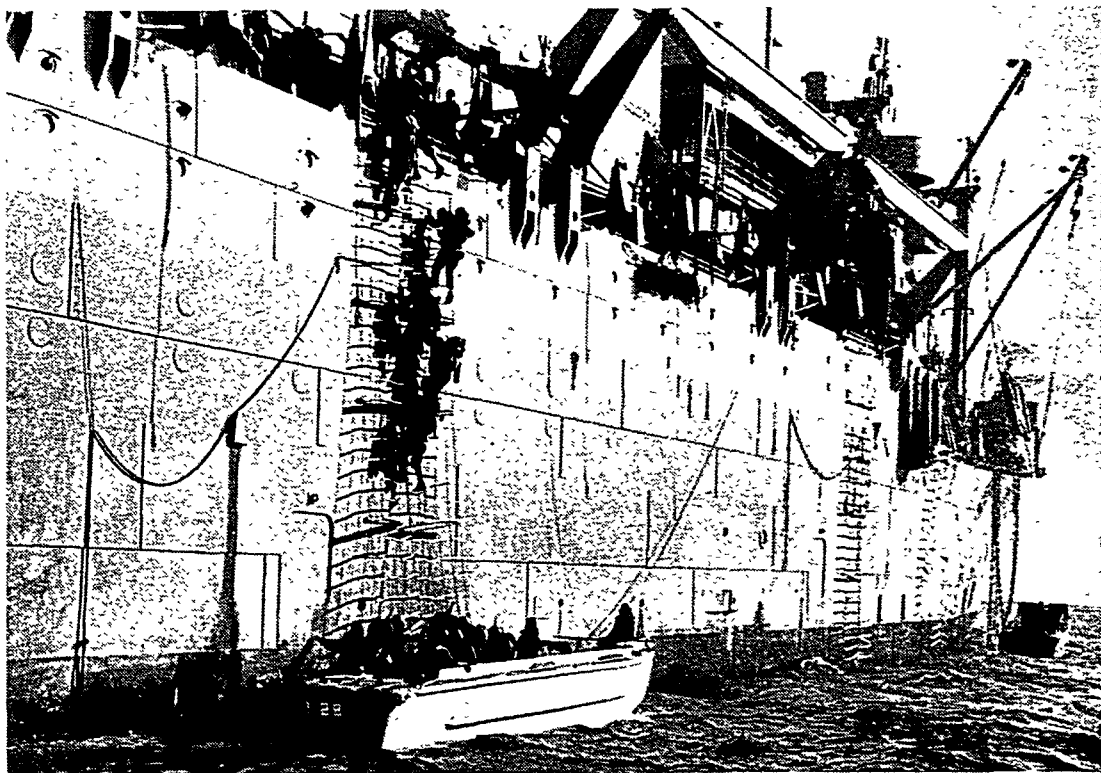
Training for amphibious warfare falls into four parts; first the indoctrination of commanding officers in the strategy, tactics and techniques of joint operations; second, training of the many specialists needed to carry out smoothly a landing operation; third, basic training in the use of the highly specialized am-

phibious equipment; and, fourth, advanced training. Joint exercises of all the units in the force in landing operations under simulated battle conditions.

Naval officers who are assigned to the "Amphibs" are selected from the fleet and from the Midshipman schools on the basis of outstanding records in service or in the classroom, and for excellent physical condition. Enlisted men are picked from "Boot Camps" and specialists' schools by the same method. The result of the careful screening is a group young, enthusiastic, and capable of meeting the extraordinary demands of its dangerous assignment.

They are sent to one of the bases of the Amphibious force, Atlantic Fleet, where they begin their specialized training. They study seamanship, piloting and navigation; they drill in gunnery, ship and lane identification, and the highly intricate communications methods neces-

(Continued on page 18)



"Amphibs" Use the Landing Nets to Go Over the Side

—Official Navy Photo

ADMINISTRATION

Father R. W. Murray, C.S.C., Writes First Catholic Book on Pre-History

The Rev. Raymond W. Murray, C.S.C., Ph.D., head of the department of sociology at Notre Dame, is the author of the only book in English by a Catholic on the subject of pre-history. *Man's Unknown Ancestors*, which has just been published by the Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, will enlighten many Catholic readers with its authoritative statements on the controverted questions of evolution, pre-history and anthropology.



Rev. R. W. Murray, C.S.C.

Written in simple, popular style, the book is technical only in the sense that it is accurate and scientific. The author indicates that the clash between pre-history and religion has been a big factor in the rise of the Nazis, the Communists, and the atheists, who often deify science.

Proving that the Bible does not contradict but corroborates pre-history the Rev. Dr. Murray discusses the first appearance of man on earth, the controversies over the origin of races, and the flood.

He refutes the rumor that Catholics are required to reject evolution, tracing the thesis and giving the reasons how and why it may be accepted. Dr. Murray points out that even before this false rumor was spread, many Catholics had declared in books on evolution that the theory "instead of minimizing, increases our conception of the grandeur of God's creative act."

A 1918 graduate of the University of

Notre Dame, Dr. Murray was a regimental sergeant major in the United States army in World War I. After the armistice he pursued graduate work at Niagara University and Catholic University, and studied theology at Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., preparatory to his ordination in 1924.

Father Murray has done years of research and teaching in the fields of pre-history and sociology, including a summer as a member of the field staff of the department of anthropology at the University of Alaska. He is a member of the executive board of the Catholic Anthropological Society and former president of the American Catholic Sociological Society.

In addition to *Man's Unknown Ancestors*, Dr. Murray has written several books on sociology, including *Introductory Sociology*, and *Social Problems*.

University Receives Historic Civil War Battle Flag

By James Schaeffer

Notre Dame has received the gift of a most interesting historical flag, the flag carried through the Civil War by the Irish Brigade. The new flag was presented after the war by Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, commander of the brigade, to his aide, Thomas P. Martin. It is from Mrs. Miriam E. Gregory, of Chicago, Ill., and her brother, grandchildren of Mr. Martin, that the University has received this addition to its Civil War collection.

In acknowledging the receipt of the gift, Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, president of the University, pointed out that the University already proudly possesses a second flag of the Irish Brigade, and the sword of Gen. Meagher.

The significance of the flag is indicated in the centenary history of Notre Dame, which says: "... Confederate soldiers had reason to remember the fight-



Father Corby

ing spirit of the Irish. 'Here comes that damned green flag again,' they would shout when the Irish Brigade went for them. . . ."

Particularly dear to Notre Dame is the history of the Irish Brigade because of the close association of Notre Dame priests with the brigade as chaplains.

Rev. Paul Gillen, C.S.C., was the first priest assigned. Father James Dillon, C.S.C., joined the Irish Brigade in 1861. Because of the large number of Catholics in the brigade, Father Dillon wrote and asked for Rev. William Corby, C.S.C., to come to his aid.

Father Corby, best known of the brigade's chaplains, was with the brigade at Manassas and Bull Run and through the malaria horrors of Chicahominy swamps. His baptism of fire came at Fair Oaks, where both sides lost 12,000 men. Father Corby followed the Irish Brigade through Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania.

His greatest renown came at Gettysburg where he stood on a rock and gave the entire brigade general absolution before the battle. A huge picture of the scene hangs in the University art galleries, and a statue of Father Corby stands on the field of Gettysburg, with a replica in front of the hall named in his honor at Notre Dame.

This rich history, indelibly written on Notre Dame's records, makes the acquisition of the precious heirloom from the Martin and Gregory families doubly significant. The new flag in Notre Dame's collection, in the words of Mrs. Gregory, "is about seven by twelve feet, handmade of wool bunting. It has been carefully mended but is frail. . . ." The list of battles through which it went supplements this modest statement.

Father Craddick Moves; "Bulletin" Issued Weekly

The office of Father William T. Craddick, C.S.C., Prefect of Religion and chaplain for all naval trainees on the campus, has been moved from its old location in Dillon Hall because of the naval program to 141 Sorin Hall, near the Sorin Chapel. The change is appropriate for it was in the same tower room that the previous Prefects of Religion were stationed and it was there that the *Daily Religious Bulletin* was founded by Bishop O'Hara in 1921.



Rev. William T. Craddick, C.S.C.

Father Craddick announced that the *Religious Bulletin*, a daily Notre Dame institution, will continue to be put out from his office and for the present will be an enlarged weekly which will be passed out in the Sacred Heart Church, Sunday mornings. Bishop O'Hara, founder of the *Bulletin*, was prefect of religion from 1918 to 1933, president of the University from 1934 to 1940, and at present is military delegate to the armed forces of the United States.

The *Religious Bulletin* has had a prominent place in Notre Dame life for the past three decades, and its arrival each day has been eagerly awaited.

The new locations of Father Craddick's assistants are: Father Charles Sheedy in 115 Main Building and Father Roland Simonitsch, 121 Breen-Phillips

Hall. Father Craddick and his assistants are available for consultation and advice on any problem from 7:30 to 10:00 every evening. Father Craddick's office is also open until 11:00 in the morning. In each of these offices there is a buzzer for confessions and communions during the office hours. Confessions are also heard in Dillon from 6:45 p.m. to 7:15, in the Basement Chapel from 6:30 to 7:15 p.m., and in Cavanaugh from 6:30 to 7:15.

Donald Easley Resigns Students' Accounts Position

Donald J. Easley, director of student accounts and former assistant to the comptroller, has resigned his position to enter private business in South Bend, it was announced by Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University.

Mr. Easley, a certified public accountant, is an alumnus of Notre Dame, returning in 1921 to receive his degree after service in the Navy in World War I. Extensive business experience preceded his return to Notre Dame in 1933.

Succeeding Mr. Easley as director of student accounts, Father O'Donnell announced, is John P. Donnelly, a graduate of the College of Arts and Letters in 1939 and the College of Law in 1940. While at Notre Dame Mr. Donnelly served as senior football manager and following graduation was employed in the public relations office of the University and later as secretary to the head football coach and director of athletics, Frank W. Leahy.



Donald J. Easley

Commander Fairchild is New Executive Officer

By Bob O'Toole

Now fulfilling the duties of executive officer of the midshipman's school here on campus is Lt. Commander Milton D. Fairchild, succeeding Lt. Commander Richard Wagner, transferred to the navy department in Washington.

Commander Fairchild, a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, has seen varied service since receiving his commission in 1930, serving on many types of naval vessels, including one of the newest United States battleships, as well as acting as instructor at Annapolis. Immediately prior to his present duty he was the administrative head of a naval Diesel training school at the University of California at Berkeley.



Lt. Com. Milton D. Fairchild

During the course of his sea duty he served on the cruiser *Chicago* on the staff of Admiral William H. Standley. While he was assigned to gunnery a turret under his leadership was awarded the coveted "E" for excellence in performance.

Commander Fairchild was on duty with the destroyer *Kane* while it was engaged in evacuating American citizens from the Spanish war zone. This ship was the object of a bombing attack off the Spanish coast, but escaped damage.

His affability and friendliness are matched with a strict sense of duty, and his fleet and teaching experience make Commander Fairchild an excellent selection for his present duty.

Originally from Kentucky, Commander and Mrs. Fairchild maintain a home in Monticello, Ky.

Campus News

Bookstore Ranks as Busiest Mart on Campus

BY BOB MORAN

Take about four thousand civilian, V-7, V-12, and N.R.O.T.C. students, each having about six subjects, and send them to one store at the same time for their equipment. Then, if you throw in a lot of noise, a screen door that's bound to slam every time you come near it, and a few mashed toes, you'll get a general idea of what you're in for if you have enough courage and enough cash to go anywhere near the Notre Dame bookstore.

It is estimated that the average student, led on by necessity and the sweet talking of the store's proprietors, will make at least ten return trips to this cosmopolitan establishment; therefore, the firm has played host to about thirty thousand customers during the past six days. Which only goes to show that young college boys are very slow to learn.

From a staff of only two hard working and pleasantly sarcastic Brothers, the store now employs fourteen students and four Brothers during the rush hours, all of whom have managed to acquire the same industry and withering humor of the original two. Brother Meinrad, one of the duet, has been manager for the last eight years, and Brothers Conan, Brebeuf, and Cantius are his assistants. These industrious men have extended their hours of business from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. instead of closing at 4:15

as was the case in pre-war days. Some say this is simply a result of their taking a comprehensive course in economics while in college; others attribute it to a philosophy of never give a sucker an even break. The SCHOLASTIC refuses to comment.

But all the coming and going in the store is due in great part to the shortages which they have been forced to undergo. We can see the degrading effect of war on education when we find out that there is plenty of writing paper, notebooks, and scratch pads, on which nothing is written, but very few textbooks. The theory of self-expression is evidently gripping America, and is felt in the book store as severely as any place else. But England is coming to Brother Meinrad's rescue. One textbook will be here eventually—but it first has to be bound in London.

The days when you could go in and let the Brothers pick you out something to cement things up between the girl and yourself are gone forever now, too. There is no more metal to be put into those pretty compacts and Notre Dame pins that the girls used to love. However, in this regard the student's reaction has been very good. The generally adopted attitude is that anything that saves you from plunking out three to five bucks every semester just to let the little one know you've arrived back on campus is a worthy thing.

But there's a lot of Notre Dame in the bookstore. It's been operating for a good many years, and much honest Irish money has flowed over its counters in search of wisdom and knowledge for its possessor. And up till now there have been no disappointments, and no demands for refunds. If you want any kind of a book, from Hegel to Superman, or if you're just out for a couple of laughs, drop into the bookstore. They've got a pretty good stock of both.

USO Show "Hullabaloo" Acclaimed by Service Men

By Dick Huck

On Wednesday, July 23, the Naval and Marine Reservists here were the guests of the U. S. O. Camp Shows' current musical production, *Hullabaloo*. A large, noisy and appreciative audience packed the Navy's spacious drill hall adjoining Cartier Field.

Colorful variety marked the performance. Although there were no nationally-known figures in the cast, all exhibited a professional proficiency in their own fields. The scripts were well written, and packed with original gags, puns, and humorous dialogue. The musicians handled their songs expertly, and kindled much enthusiasm in the audience.

Particularly effervescent was Eddie Rio, master of ceremonies. He kept the show running at a smooth and even pace. Rio was recently featured at the Roosevelt, one of the best known of New Orleans' swank hotels.

Slap stick comedian Al Verdi mugged and fiddled the lads into hysterics. Dolores, his eye-filling partner, was a most welcome addition to his antics. Her pretty face and figure comprised one of the most appreciated highlights of the show.

After being with Hal McIntyre's orchestra for a long time, the Four Little Sisters joined *Hullabaloo*. Their arrangement of current tunes were by no means stock, and their appearance did the show no harm. It's a safe bet that they will be better known in the future.

Danny Beck of famous or infamous *Hellzapoppin* sang well with a few sneezes and wheezes interspersed between the measures.

Western Coast bred and featured songstress Paula Bane sang commendably. The six lovely Brucettes gave artistic, acrobatic novelty to the show. Their nip-ups, butterflies, aerial cartwheels and chorus numbers were highly perfected. They gave the show that added vaudeville touch.



Brother Meinrad, C.S.C., Brother Conan, C.S.C., and Brother Maynard, C.S.C.

CAS to Sponsor Dance Without Saint Mary's

By Dick Huck

Few men of Notre Dame can remember a dance in which their last resort and blind date haven, just "through the woods and across the road," has not figured prominently. War has shorn Notre Dame of many of her traditions. One of these is the fact that her service men will dance this summer without the aid of the nymphs from the dear old Rock.

At the present time attempts are being made here to provide for the entertainment of Notre Dame's contingent of Marine and Naval trainees. Long a power behind the more successful student projects on campus, the Catholic Action Students are initiating a series of dances for the service men on successive Saturday nights, the first of which will be held tomorrow night at St. Pat's hall.

The effort is one designed to compensate for the limited facilities of the Service Center in South Bend, and in some measure to relieve the congestion in the city on that night. These dances are to be held in the auditoriums and halls of the more centrally located churches throughout the city. If sufficient interest warrants it, additional facilities will be provided.

Marine and Naval trainees may purchase tickets for the dances in their company quarters. To avoid crowding and to keep a close ratio of men to girls, only a limited number of tickets will be sold.

The girls for the dances will be recruited from the CAS groups of the city and from young peoples' clubs in South Bend.

Due to lack of facilities, parties for civilian students will have to be foregone indefinitely. These gentlemen will have to postpone their activities until Saint Mary's opens in September.

Wins Scholarship

It is noted with interest here that Miss Doris Burnett, attractive daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. P. Burnette has won the Rector Scholarship at DePauw University. This honor is awarded annually to the ranking student in the Freshman class. Miss Burnett graduated from St. Mary's Academy.

Prof. Fagan Returns to Architecture Department

Mr. V. F. Fagan of the Department of Architecture has returned from a leave of absence and will teach free hand

drawing in the College of Arts and Letters for the summer session only.

Supplementing the faculty in the College of Engineering will be Mr. McLean, who will teach aeronautics in the place of Frank N. M. Brown, in China on an educational mission for the U. S. Mr. Brown's place as head of the Department of Aeronautics is being taken by Robert S. Eikenberry.

It is planned to have Professor White of the University of Michigan speak to the engineering students sometime in the near future.

Afternoon Mass is Held for Campus Servicemen

Since the custom of morning Mass has been discontinued in the halls housing service men, Catholic students are urged to attend Mass in the afternoon in the chapels of Dillon, Walsh, and Cavanaugh halls at 1700 Monday through Friday.

Men returning from classes beginning as late as 1615 have ample time to receive Holy Communion at these Masses, providing that they have fulfilled the requirements of this privilege. The conditions are: the state of grace, fast from solid foods for four hours, and fast from liquids for one hour.

The Prefect of Religion urges all students to take advantage of this privilege of assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion at least three times a week.

Knights Elect Officers

By. F. Joseph Pequigney

Bob Hallein, of Springfield, Massachusetts, was elected Grand Knight at a recent meeting of the Knights of Columbus. Hallein is a senior in the college of engineering.

Other officers include: John Davis, deputy grand knight; Jack De Moss, chancellor; Ray Magnella, recorder; Tim Green, treasurer; John Thumm, warden; Felix McPartland, advocate; Louis Lauth, inside guard; and Ed Schmid, outside guard. The last two are members of the naval V-12 training program.

Hallein announced a membership drive to be staged in a short time. The war bond sale, as inaugurated last semester, will continue, he said.

A committee has been appointed to determine where future meetings will be held since most of the Knights' space in the basement of Walsh Hall has been taken over by the naval R.O.T.C.

Sorin Pours Men Into Kitchen; Better Food Motive

By Dick Ames

Yes, the boys with the night club sun tans and the zoot suits and Oxford ties have finally decided to turn their hand to honest toil, and so Sorin, the last stronghold of Notre Dame's ancient Gold Coast, has thrown scores of men into action with the pots and pans. Doubting the purity of the motives for all this zeal, the SCHOLASTIC found out upon investigation that there really was method to the madness. Those who work in the halls are given the privilege of eating upstairs, in the old Senior dining hall, where it is said that they eat and drink nothing but ambrosia and nectar, respectively.



Questioned, the men readily admitted their low design, and though the prospect of receiving larger and better meals was the main urge behind their ambition, there were several who worked because of other, but hardly more worthy, considerations. Here are a few of them, picked at random.

Tony Pizarelli: "I work in the dining halls because I like the smell of soapy water. I used to do the dishes with my Mother at home, and I get terribly homesick when I'm not able to do them here."

Ed San Pierre (Saginaw's great prophet, and Notre Dame's pride): "I work because I get a sadistic thrill in looking at the emaciated throng of mortals threading their way past the ludicrous display of edibles which we make available for their consumption." (Then he giggled.) "That's the way everyone talks in Saginaw."

Bill Hendrick: "I work in the dining hall just for the thrill of working. I can't stand idle, and I'm afraid if I don't work I'll spend the afternoons swimming in the lake."

Tom Dougherty: "When I learned I could make six dollars a week working I didn't hesitate a minute to apply. That just gives me more money to add to my allowance to buy war bonds with."

So the old time moral standards of Notre Dame are still the same. Don't worry, Freshmen; things'll get worse before they get better.

On The Campus

BY A. J. OHMAN

After seeing much action aboard the heavy cruiser *Salt Lake City*, Norman Seekins was recommended by his commanding officer for training under the V-12 program.

The crew of the U.S.S. *Salt Lake City* says that they have taken part in more action than any other ship in the present war, and that they have sunk more enemy shipping than any other surface vessel in the history of the United States Navy. Substantial evidence backs these statements.

Seekins was aboard the *Salt Lake City* during the actions of Midway, Wake, Savo, Wotje, Guadalcanal, Coral Sea, the rescue of the *Boise*, the raid on Tokio, Marshall and Gilbert Islands, Bering Sea, and Pearl Harbor. We believe that there are few men who can boast of such a record.

Norman was born in Bath, Maine. He joined the Navy on Sept. 5, 1940. His training was taken in Chicago at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station before he headed out to sea.

Possessing one of the highest averages in the University, Charles Urrella has been chosen Battalion Commander of the N. R. O. T. C. for the present semester. Not only his scholastic average, but his qualities of leadership figured in his selection for the honor.



Charles Urrella
Chuck was born in Englewood, N. J., on Sept. 17, 1923. His father is attached to the American Press Service in Latin America. Chuck speaks Spanish fluently, as do both his parents.

Though our subject claims to have led a dull life, we have proof to the contrary. He has traveled extensively in his 19 years: Cuba, Central America, and northern South America, to mention but a few. Once while traveling by plane from Mexico City, where he studied art for a year, to Brownsville, Texas, he was caught in a hurricane. The plane landed safely with a gas supply of only four minutes remaining. If that is a dull life, then we apologize.

After graduating in three years from St. Patrick's High School in Miami

Beach, Fla., Urrella was offered a scholastic scholarship to Harvard, but refused in preference to one at Notre Dame. He is an English major in the College of Arts and Letters.

The arrival of Ensign Virginia Negus, first WAVE to come to Notre Dame, was shouted across campus, whispered in the quiet hours of morning, and discussed in many a "bull" session.



Ensign V. Negus

It seems that her family has taken the present war as a personal insult. One of her brothers, a first lieutenant in the Marines, was wounded at Guadalcanal and received mention in the book *Guadalcanal Diary*. Her older brother is fighting as a member of the Army Air Corps.

A graduate of Smith College and Burtell Business College, Miss Negus worked as a specialized accountant when she was not busy at her many hobbies.

Ensign Negus was sent to Notre Dame after taking officer's training at her old Alma Mater, Smith, and specialized training in the Navy Supply Corps School at Harvard University.

At present she is assigned as assistant disbursing officer here on campus. Next to her ensign bars she wears the insignia of the Supply Corps Officer.

Upon returning from Alaska patrol in May of 1940, Donald Dackin, U.S.M.C., was stationed at Bremerton Navy Yard.



Donald Dackin

Hood National Park.

Dackin enlisted in the Marines the fifth day of January, 1940. He was sent to San Diego for basic training, and then to Bremerton for one month.

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On Buying Uniforms

Not having paid for our palm beach uniforms in full, not having paid for a month's laundry, in fact, not having been paid at all, we midshipmen were told to purchase our ensign uniforms during the month of July. With a sickly grin on our faces we nodded approval as Lt. (jg) Amos Pence, uniform officer, gave us *all* the dope in 30 minutes. After doing his best, we all left Washington Hall confident that we could now, although in the clutches of poverty and hounded by bill collectors, boldly step into the great outside world (any place off the Notre Dame campus) and spend \$250. (which we didn't have) for some gorgeous officer's uniforms. We knew all the "do's" and "don't's"—we thought.

During "bull sessions" in our billets between end of study hour and tatoo—if we're not shining shoes, making out laundry lists, or polishing off a damage control assignment—we find that maybe we lost out on a few points. Did Lt. Pence say not to get this material or to get both alike, or one for good and one for work, etc., etc. As time goes by (no relation to the song) we hear such helpful tidbits as "Now, I know a guy at Abbott Hall who got out four months ago. He said be sure to get two serges and leave elastic alone."

"An officer in Company 21 said get one serge and one elastic to impress the females."

"No, that's all wrong," says a guy from another hall over to copy a navigation assignment. "My best friend went to Columbia and he said get whipcord and wide-whale serge." "No," "Yes," "Maybe," "Oh, well, I don't know what to do."

"They sure are optimistic around here," says Midshipman Acorn Q. Oaks, who's on three trees. "They tell me to get \$250 worth of uniforms. I ain't got \$250, and I'll probably bilge out next week any way. Nuts!"

Captain of the Head for the week, brother Manby, says, "They tell us we get \$150 when (and if) we graduate. The other \$100 will follow in 3-4 months." "Huh," he groans, "we'll probably get it while we're in an igloo in Alaska so we can send it to our tailor as final payment on our whites." He is bitter, of course, because he has left his never-worn whites in a 10 cent pay locker in the Seattle, Wash., railroad station—he had no place for them aboard ship and no place on shore to leave them for safe-keeping. "Maybe I can use 'em for camouflage to fool the penguins," he says weakly.

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Wave Lengths...

By Elizabeth J. Ludwig, Y 3/c

July 30 is the first anniversary of the WAVES. One year ago, women were authorized as part of the Navy to relieve junior officers and enlisted men on shore duties to duty afloat, where their services are so urgently needed. Since the authorization of the WAVES in this war, many changes have taken place; a bill may soon be passed wherein the "Lady Gobs" will voluntarily serve overseas, and may also attain the rank of captain.



Betty Ludwig, Y3/c

Women served with the Navy in the last war, but in more limited capacities. Instead of Yeomen, they were known as Yeomenettes and stationed overseas as well as in the U. S. We, of that rating today, prefer being called Yeomen, and not Yeomenettes—sort of brings things up to date. We have no doubt that we are sometimes called any number of things completely remote from the line duty, but remember fellas, even J. P. Jones was a gentleman.

The reenactment of the "Chicago Subway" going on outside the Navy classroom building is a section to be used for night lookout training. At this enlightenment, we are all relieved to learn that the Scuttlebutt of "that big hole is for the WAVES" is false. As the WAVES come out of the fog, we also discover that "D.C." stands for Damage Control and not "Dire Confusion," and that the O. O. D. is a professional from a Dr. I. Q. program.

We are looking forward to the Midshipmen's dance Saturday night, to take a peek at "Krupa," "Dorsey," "Beneke," and other celebrities. Sounds like fun. Not to be outdone, the WAVES wish to introduce Joan Brown, Seaman 2/c, Chicago chirper of uncertain fame. This dance also ought to be a swell time for the Midshipmen to welcome the new storekeepers, so don't be bashful; do a little blind flying. Sixteen new storekeepers have arrived. They are: Bernice Haubrich, Jersey City, N. J.; Lucille Kennedy, Chicago; Eileen E. Ritter, Chicago; Mary A. Cantlon, Ettrick, Wisconsin; Mary S. Mandyck, Endicott, N. Y.; Ann R. Tarutis, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.;

(Continued on page 20)

The Saga of "Willie" Knight

By H. D. Hart

PART 2: CONCERNING CALISTHENICS

All was silent. Then the sudden blast of the bugle! Willie Knight rolled over in his upper bunk and buried his face in the pillow.... moments of that exotic dream continued to reach their climax—then suddenly Willie sat up in the bunk with a jolt. Like a flash it was all clear to him. The new calisthenics ruling was now in force. "You must be out of the barracks before the last bell rings—on the report!"

Jumping down onto the deck Willie made a wild grab for his T-shirt (which had been placed so meticulously on top of his clothes pile). With one hand he began pulling off his pajama top while with the other he fingered under the bunk for his tennis shoes. Confused and still in a dreamlike daze he sat down on the lower bunk and tried to collect his wits so that he could coordinate his movements and put one thing on at a time.

As Willie leaned up against the sink and pulled the right shoe snugly on his foot he heard to his horror the late bell. Out into the hall he hobbled, still gripping the top edge of the shoe. Was it too late? he thought. Maybe the officer wouldn't be by the back door, so Willie accordingly turned that direction, and as he hit the open air and the G.I. cans, he was met by an energetic officer who smiled and took his name.

By the time that he had come around the corner and out into the open the rugged muscle bound "directors" were already shouting at the top of their deep voices, "That old back stretcher," and the masses slowly started to rotate in synchronized order.

Willie made his way through the maze of twisted bodies and secured himself behind the little bush just aft of the flag pole (looking towards the East, that is). With eyes still partly closed he took his position in the front row and began to twist his torso slowly, first to the right and then to the left.

One-two-three-four—the morning was very pleasant and the air was sweet and flavored with flowers. He opened one eye as he ducked his back from 3 to 4 and looked up at the sky. There was a small gray cloud overhead and it looked like it might rain. But then Executive wasn't until that afternoon and the clouds

would probably be gone by that time. So Willie closed his eyes again and peacefully went back to the circular motion of body and limb.

It wasn't until he felt a tap on his shoulder that Willie stopped and looked up. Everyone had stopped and Willie half smiled to his friend and stood awkwardly on one foot. It was a good thing that he was in this position because the next instant he felt himself jumping up and down on that foot until he felt that ankle bone would be driven completely through his left side. Finally the order was given, "change foot" and Willie obliged without hesitation. The minutes seemed to drag into hours as he finally found himself touching his right toe with his left finger tips and vice versa. All was working to perfection, the left hand seemed to know exactly where to go and the right hand following the left one had no difficulty. Then without warning he heard a rustle, a voice, a clear raspy one out of the din of the One Two's.

"Now isn't that beautiful? The boys shouldn't miss this one."

Looking up, Willie beheld a chief petty officer in all of his blazing glory.

The next instant—"Step out."

"Who—me?" Willie asked.

Hoping against hope Willie watched that great hulk of a man shake his head.

"Mum Hum YOU! Step out."

Willie gulped, and he swallowed hard. With legs bent and trembling he followed his leader across the dew covered grass. Farther and farther they went from the little bush just aft of the flag pole, until they reached the very center of everything. Then they stopped. Willie stood for a moment frozen in his tracks.

Then the sharp voice again, "YOU—do something. Lead them."

Willie opened his eyes farther and slowly turned his head around the great circle. It seemed like all he could see were midshipmen and an occasional officer or two tucked in the ranks.

Opening his mouth wide Willie spoke. Nothing came out. Terrified, he looked back at his tormentors. Then, steeling his nerves, he bellowed:

"Breathing exercises — ready — one, two, three." To his horror no one followed him and out of the right corner of his eye he could see the chief with both hands on his hips, scowling the meanest scowl that Willie had ever seen.

(Continued on page 23)

Glorious Ship

By Lieut. (jg) P. T. Sprinz

Glory is something that attaches itself not merely to persons but as often to abstract entities like regiments and armies or to seemingly inanimate creatures like ships. Of this almost every war affords instances and the latest and possibly greatest instance of the present war is the U.S.S. *Enterprise*. Of course, the *Enterprise* had a name to live up to. It is curious, indeed, how ships much more than men are predestined to glory by their names. It is something of a question whether officers and men do not find a greater satisfaction in the glory that accrues to their ship than in any that may attach to their personal exploits. In one sense all who serve aboard a glorious ship partake of her glory but in another sense her glory must seem to them all the greater for being above and apart from them.

Aircraft carriers are supposedly vulnerable. Certain naval experts have discounted the value of them. Admittedly, carriers have taken a beating. The *Enterprise* fought off 84 Japanese planes at Santa Cruz and wasn't limping at the end of the bout. What a ship and what a crew! Vulnerable? Yes, like Gibraltar, or Malta. The *Enterprise* is still afloat and fighting, after smashing her way through every one of the battles in the Pacific save that of the Coral Sea. Now she carries a Presidential unit citation, which for a ship, is like the medal of honor pinned on an admiral's breast. Perhaps never in the history of war has a single ship dealt the enemy so much damage. In return she has taken plenty of punishment, from bursting bombs and blasting planes. But on she goes. Now, back in service after a brief rest and with the full benediction of the navy, the old lady shows her medals.

Gilberts Enlarge Navy Store

Mr. Paul Gilbert, vice-president of the South Bend clothing firm of the same name, this week announced the completion of a remodeling scheme designed especially for the needs of Navy officers. One entire floor of the Gilbert establishment is now devoted exclusively to Navy gear. Mr. Gilbert likewise announced that the store has been appointed to feature WAVES uniforms. (For Navy items in stock, see the Gilbert advertisement on pp. 2 & 3 in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC).

First Battalion

Lyons wishes to record the immortal words of Battalion Commander Bond as he led his men from the parade and review last Saturday. With sweat on his beaten brow he turned and faced his men, uttering these words: "Follow your Battalion staff even if they go over the hill." May these words never die!

The "Fighting Ninth" section merits the attention of the battalion. Regular nightly meetings occupy the attention of a majority of the men of the upper decks. Some mates flock down while others are marched to the informal formation by that you-know-who midshipman who has been making Mr. Finder his model ensign.

To open the meeting, Midshipman Committee takes the chair and calls for reports from members located all over the world. From India (Midshipman Cliffell located in his far off billet) comes a pleading and earnest prayer for a burst of rain from 5:50 to 6:10 the following morning. From Midshipman Conforti in San Francisco came the word of only 16½ hours until Liberty (exclusive of working details). From Midshipman Conway in his St. Louis billet followed the welcome news of only five days until payday. Concluding was the official marking off of the calendar day, leaving only 49 working days and 20 loafing days till graduation. Waves of laughter filled the passageways as the mates hurried to their rooms for tattoo. All mates are invited for the next meeting. Come early, standing room only!

MIDSHIPMAN QUIZ:

What dynamic personality knows more about small boats than any other man on this station? A prompt answer will net you extra points in seamanship!

Humorous note of the week. The Lyons mate who pushed forward on the crowded passageway shouting "Gangway! Gangway!; In a qualified sense!"

The primary object of First Battalion midshipmen is an early commission or a square meal. Since V-12 invasion, the square meal looks even better than the stripe!

Guess you heard of the Lyons moron who thought he should get two oranges at breakfast because he was on the "tree"!!

Jim Renner has been with us a long time and has been more than patient when we scream that we just *have* to have that uniform for the dance this week end. But I think it's about time for Jim to slip into one of the kahki zooters and raise his right hand and say "I Do." What do you say "Left Tennant?"

Second Battalion

Did anyone notice Ensign (Cold Steel) Welles directing eight (count 'em) pretty Waves to their new stations. Quite an improvement over the shell shocked personnel of Company 5 which he has to "direct" everyday.

Accident of the week: A certain Midshipman (name withheld upon request) falling out of his top bunk during study hours when he woke up suddenly and thought he heard an officer coming. Resulting damage: one dented wastepaper basket and roommate.

Midshipman H. D. Hart commenting on the

Now

Navigation tree which had just been posted: "I must of made a hideous error."

Ensign A. K. Smith (Seamanship Dept.) addressing one of his classes: "I'll try to answer some of your questions and outline some of the questions which might help you on your next P work... but it probably won't do much good, you know the Seamanship Dept."

Seen last week: O. O. D. Lieut. (j.g.) Vent (Navigation Dept.) quietly slipping in to a Midshipman's room and meekly asking the next day's assignment in Navigation.

Lieut. (j.g.) Calabro (Ordnance Dept.) explaining to his class that if he didn't know the answer to any questions that the section might ask he would admit it, and promptly take it back to the Ordnance Dept. to find out. Wouldn't it be simpler to write to Mr. Anthony or send it to the Quiz Kids?

We noticed last week that one of our Company Officers followed the 2nd Battn. to Recognition Drill. Sort of like Mommie taking little Junior to school to see that he behaved.

Ensign Welles has started to grade his four sections everyday on shoes, clean caps, promptness, etc. At the end of the week the tally is recorded and the section with the lowest marks get to form first at meal formation. They say the book-keeping is terrific... but at any rate it gives Mr. Welles something to do with his spare time.

Now we are instructed not to associate with N.R.O.T.C. men stationed at this base; because it has been reported that at the latest Midshipman Dance several of the Midshipmen were guilty of wolfing the dates of the R.O.T.C. men... we promise that it won't happen again.

Third Battalion

By this time, every one is probably aware that a new policy is being inaugurated in the publication of this magazine. Under the new setup the Navy will be contributing more news of its activities. Let's hear if you like the new treatment. Any criticism will be welcomed—but not too severe.

A matter of prime importance has come to the surface which needs clarification, or at least verification. It seems, according to the s-b, that one of Howard's more brilliant examples of officer material was wearing down his heels as roving watch when the Captain put in an appearance. The scenario ran somewhat as follows:

"Halt!"

The Captain halted and waited for the next move. Silence; minutes of it.

Finally the Captain broke the spell: "Come, come, my boy. Are you going to keep me standing here at attention all night?"

The answer came hesitatingly:

"Parade Rest!"

Rugged individualism has reared its ugly head. Indignant—perhaps justifiably—at the assembly-line technique of the alleged highway-men in lower Badin, B. L. and L. J. Smith, armed with a comb, a pair of sewing scissors, a dull safety razor, and a sense of humor have poached upon the barbers' racket. According to conservative

Tear This

estimates they prepared better than a half-dozen of the fourth deck denizens for the week-end. The consensus of opinion was that the somewhat wash-board effect on the back of the neck was more than compensated by the feeling of a half-rock still in the pocket. At least the boys had lost that woodchuck appearance. The acid test came at Captain's inspection; and B. L. and L. J. breathed easier. Every man had borne up under scrutiny. We await further developments.

This one was given birth by a Company 9 stal-water during last week's ordnance quiz:

"The device used to prevent the slam of the gun barrel against the slide when returning to in-battery position during counter-recoil is called the *Jackpot*."

Put a nickel in the Director, Lieutenant.

We never cease to marvel at the sadistic ingenuity with which the powers that contrive to deprive us of our free time. Last Wednesday, for instance, we viewed with well-founded misgivings the cancellation of regimental parade. True, there were a few benighted optimists who believed (deluded as they were) that they might have a few extra minutes in which to clear up a few pressing details. And lo and behold, they were right and the cynics confounded, for upon our return from the substituted drill session, it was announced that we would have liberty until chow. Yep, sixteen and a half big, long minutes of liberty. Such magnanimity. What generosity. And this has apparently established a precedent, for we take our ease till chow every night. And if you are gifted with mercuric speed you may be able to get your hands washed before you eat.

Nor did we fail to appreciate then as at other drills the startling originality of one officer whose drill tactics are apparently limited to endless repetition of left and right turns and nine-count manuals. It has such a stimulating effect upon the morale. And it has practical value, too, for anyone can see that apparently our chief function as sea-going ensigns will be to parade up and down the deck of a PT boat going through the manual of arms for the edification of the natives and the fish. Oh, well! Ours is not to reason why.

In passing, we observe with temerity that it is high time that Red Rider's Glee Club got together on their singing. After all, boys, with only one song, we might expect some semblance of agreement on the words.

Of course Company 10 goes to the other extreme. Everybody knows the words and the music. But the singing is so spontaneous that no two fellows are ever singing the same tune. Or if they do, accidentally, they usually split the key up among themselves.

By the way, if anyone should have had the luck to find a pair of twenty-dollar cabbage leaves last Saturday night, be a good sport and at least offer to split with Jules Striso. Said amount surreptitiously disappeared from his money belt during his stock inventories in S. B.'s dens of iniquity.

We only bet on sure things. But we're willing to throw in with the smart boys who are making book that some enterprising MOD will aim at a

4.0 aptitude with: "Now hear this. Five minutes to reveille!"

Famous last words:

"Oh, I don't need a hair cut now. There won't be an inspection this week."

"But, sir, I was on the tree last week, too."

"All right, sir!"

Fourth Battalion

Our prize of the week is awarded to E. J. REINKE, in seamanship, who when asked where the Junior Officer of the Watch stands at sea, replied, "On the stadimeter."

Was it vital military information in the book *Combined Operations* that caused Lt. Gilmore to tear two pages out of it while Midshipman Oliver was reading aloud to the "Navy" class.

Things that Badin Hall Can do without: The long list of men "on report" after Ensign Kope has had the night's duty.

Section S-3, compass class, after having been told by Lt. Blumberg that they were mere infants as far as nautical knowledge goes have affectionately termed him *Barnacle Bill*.

Is Ensign Sanderson's phenomenal gain of 25 pounds the result of Mrs. Sanderson's cooking or just the complacency of newly married life.

Jack Seriff has offered an introduction to an attractive WAVE to anyone who will inform him of the whereabouts, identity, and description of the lovely voiced lady, who calls herself Lila and telephones him each evening. (P. S. All Midshipmen who have been Quartermaster in Badin Hall would also like to know.)

BADINITE PERSONALITIES:

Did you know that the red-headed section leader of the S section, I. F. Miller has been a ring-side spectator in two major battles of the war?

He was aboard a barge filled with highly inflammable gasoline at Pearl Harbor during the Jap raid of Dec. 7, 1941. Due to the inflammable contents of the barge, he and his three shipmates were not allowed to land as it was feared a bomb hit on the barge would set off valuable shore installations. Thus they were forced to stay in the center of Pearl Harbor amid falling bombs and scattering, flying fragments during the entire raid.

In May 1942 was transferred, as a motor machinist mate, with a Squadron of Motor Torpedo Boats to Midway Island where he participated in the Battle of Midway.

Miller has spent 23 months in the Pacific area. He arrived at Notre Dame, May 31. The portion of the journey from Hawaii to the States was made on the U. S. S. *West Virginia*, which had been salvaged from the bottom of Pearl Harbor and was returning to the Pacific Coast for extensive repairs before shipping out to sea.

Dicticians take note! "It's funny," muses Georgie Peyton, "that since the Notre Dame Victory Garden has a bumper carrot crop this year, that we can't have carrot juice for breakfast, or carrot pudding for supper to vary the deadly monotony of carrot gravy."

Ready to Relieve, Sir

Inevitably as breakfast, the watches roll around. Perhaps two weeks, perhaps only seven or eight days of grace and the midshipman is once again AMOD or MJOOD or some other fearsome, foreboding combination of letters. Whether it be two hours of precious sleep lost, or fourteen hours of dreary time consumed, the watch is always with us.

With more than a little work to be done every day, with very restricted leisure, to say that a watch is a "nuisance" is a grave understatement. Seamanship remains unprepared, or the best girl cools her heels in South Bend while her hero guards the Class Room Building, or any one of several other horrors enhances the watch.

We all agree: watches are a bother. But on reflection we must realize what an important bother they are. No watch can be taken too seriously. In a very short time our lives will be a succession of watches. To be sure, two hours spent in the Navigation Department on a balmy summer's evening are a far cry from the same amount of time on the bridge in the North Atlantic, but those two hours are some preparation. On watch we are forced to be more alert, more military, more exact than at any other time. We are conditioning those reflexes which may some day help to save our ship, our shipmates, and ourselves.

Furthermore, peaceful as is Notre Dame after dark any July night, accidents can happen. We have all stood watches. We have all been told to know the fire bill. And some day it could be that a thorough knowledge of that fire bill, of our fire stations and fire duties, will be invaluable in protecting lives and property.

There exists still another possibility. Columbia, Northwestern and Notre Dame are the main sources of Naval Reserve officer training. A clever saboteur could damage the Navy's officer program for as much as a year, thus seriously hampering the war effort, by destructive action at the midshipmen schools. Without looking for bogey men, in wartime we must never think: "It can't happen here."

Our watches at Notre Dame will probably continue to be routine. It certainly is to be hoped that they will. But because we are training for war, and because the possibility of damage always exists, our watches will continue to be serious routines. In every sense of the words, it is of great importance that we mean it when we say: "Ready to relieve, sir."

Midshipmen Sports

Upsets Highlight First Battalion Sports

Aside from three decided upsets last week, the relative strength of intramural sports teams of the First Battalion remains unchanged. The first upset came last Friday afternoon when the First Company footballers bounced back from a 12-6 defeat at the hands of Company Three to upset the highly favored Second Company gridmen, 6 to 0, on a wet field.

This surprise victory by the First Company now throws the Lyons football race into a three way struggle with the first three companies tied for the lead. This week 2 and 3 met in what should have been a hard-fought contest, while Company One met two teams from Howard.

Another surprise came in Nucom play last week when the highly touted Company Three six was upset by the second company. Rain halted all nucom contests last Friday. At the present time Company Three still appears to be the strongest aggregation, but plenty of trouble should come from the first and second companies as play continues.

Company One still leads the field in A Softball play by continuing its winning ways last week with two wins. The A's, captained by Midshipman R. A. Adams, proved themselves superior to a strong Third Company ten by eking out a 3 to 2 win early last week.

The Third Company B team evened up the score, however, by upsetting a strong First Company "B" outfit, 5 to 2, the same day. Featuring excellent pitching with very good fielding, the Third Deckers held the upper hand throughout the contest. This team, captained by Midshipman J. Dillon, continued its winning ways with a 10 to 0 shutout last Friday.

The Second Company softballers have not looked too impressive thus far mainly because of their erratic showings. Both the A and B teams have the material for turning out winners, and may suddenly turn in a surprise. The First Company B's bounced back into the victor's column Friday at the expense of the Second Company in a free hitting contest.

An interesting sidelight in Lyons competition has developed recently. The

Third and Fourth companies form Battalion 1B. Commanding these two companies are Ensigns Finder and Jefferson who have developed a rivalry between these two companies which has even developed (so scuttlebut has it) to a private rivalry (or feud) between Messrs. Finder and Jefferson. To date the only consolation that the Fourth Company has is a tie with the strong Third Company A softballers last afternoon. Perhaps the reason for this poor showing of the Fourth is the fact that they are cooped up on the fourth deck all day long and don't have a chance to get any exercise.

Competition between the four companies at Lyons is becoming more intense every week. The strongest single company appears to be the Third, which has made a good showing in all sports. The First company also is strong in every sport except nucom, while the Second features a strong football team, headed by Midshipman George Ceithaml, former captain of the Michigan football team.

All four companies have turned in good accounts of themselves when meeting teams outside of the Battalion. Only one explanation can be made for this—mainly that the men participating in these athletics have two loyalties. The greater one being for the larger organization—Lyons—which causes even a poor team to make a greater effort to win, and the lesser, though definitely important loyalty—to the company.

Second Battalion Track Meet

The 2nd Battalion won the Intra-Battalion Track meet held at Cartier Field last week with a total of 142 points.

The 3rd Battalion trailed in second place, scoring 107 5/6 while the 3rd and 4th brought up the rear with 101 and 73 1/6 points respectively.

The meet produced five new records: in the 100 yard dash, 120 high hurdles, shot put, high jump, and the javelin throw.

C. E. Shaw of the 3rd Battalion and W. B. Thompson were the only double winners.

Shaw, former Cornell star, who has run the 100 in 9.8, turned in the outstanding time of 10 flat to take the race easily. He also won the 300 yard run,

barely edging out D. O. Matthews of the 2nd Battalion.

Thompson tossed the 12 lb. shot 39.2 ft. and tied with Doty of the 1st Battalion and R. C. Sheppard of the 3rd for first place in the high jump with a leap of 5 ft. 11 inches.

J. O. Newman of the 2nd won the javelin with a toss of 153 feet, 3 inches.

Sportstars of Battalion 3

Here we come again with our Sportstar for the week. This week's star bears the handle of Christopher Joseph Benedict Smith, Jr., and hails from Hackensack, New Jersey. Chris, a 22-year-old, gathered his pre-college learning at the Hackensack high school.

We heard that Smith was a pretty good diver, but not until some questioning had been done did we realize we were wrong. No, C.J.B., as his mates call him, is not a pretty good diver and athlete, he is *plenty* good. Here is the story:

Smith started on his diving career at the tender age of 14 and was either New Jersey state champ, or runner-up from that time on. Besides his water sport in high school, Chris participated in football, basketball, track and soccer. The change from football to soccer came about after a shoulder injury and in his senior year Smith captained the soccermen to a second place in the state contest.

Moving on to college our Sportstar enrolled at Carnegie Tech for four years. Naturally, he did a bit of diving. In fact in four years of dual meet competition Smith met defeat just once. He was captain of the Carnegie Tech team in both junior and senior years. Here are a few more laurels to add to the list: fifth in the Eastern Intercollegiate Championships, Pennsylvania-Ohio championship in his junior and senior years, third spot in the New York Metropolitan Championships, and a string more including Y.M.C.A. and other meet titles.

While not diving through the air into the water at Carnegie, C.J.B. was majoring in dramatics. Yes, the stage is to be his career when the business at hand is finished. During the summer months Chris played summer theatres and not long ago held a part in the stage production "Junior Miss" playing in New York.

If you want to see this week's Sportstar do some work off the board just go to the Country Club almost any weekend and see him in action. On week days he is better known as Company Ten Commander.

Next week we'll meet another sportstar.

NOTRE DAME SPORTS

Leahy's Headaches May Be Authentic This Fall; Tough Schedule Coming Up

BY BILL CAREY

In September 1942, Coach Frank Leahy and his "lads" looked forward to the stiffest schedule in Notre Dame grid-iron history. The final gun of the Great Lakes thriller rang down the curtain on a successful season—seven victories, two ties, two losses.

August, 1943, will find Notre Dame on the brink of what may well be the toughest set of hurdles ever faced by an Irish eleven. Many of the schools are traditional rivals, but conditions being as they are, a clear look into the future is impossible.



All clubs lining up on the opposite end of the field this fall will represent schools of a completely military nature, or those possessing large reserve programs. Every eleven will play the same type of rugged, give-and-take football that has marked Notre Dame contests in the past. Only a glance at the lineup of teams will banish the breather notion. That particular quantity has definitely been rationed.

The service schools, Army, Navy, Great Lakes, and Iowa Pre-Flight, should play the best football in the country. The material at their disposal will be unlimited.

However, at this early moment the Michigan *Wolverines* rate the number one spot in the national pigskin parade. Wisconsin has contributed Elroy Hirsh, Jack Wink, Fred Negus and several other letter winners to the Crisler cause. Three regulars from Michigan's 1942 powerhouse, Capt. Paul White, halfback; fullback Bob Wiese, and center Mervin Preulman, are stationed there in uniform. Also available is Julius Franks, all-American guard. Other than this no more definite information can be learned

about crafty Fritz's club, but rumor has it that the cry of the *Wolverine* will be heard from coast to coast.

After a few year's cessation the colorful series between Pittsburgh and Notre Dame will open the season for both teams. The Clark Shaughnessy coached *Panthers* will field the original collegiate "T" as introduced by the present Pitt mentor during his reign at Stanford. Two teams that beat the Irish in '42, Georgia Tech and Michigan, and another that played us to a stalemate, Wisconsin, follow in a row. Old man memory and the ghost of revenge will indeed hover over these tilts.

The other headaches in order will be Illinois, Navy, Army, Northwestern, Iowa Pre-Flight and Great Lakes. Come next Thanksgiving night Notre Dame men can in all sincerity talk over what will probably have been the toughest season in many years.

1943 Football Schedule

Sept. 25—Pittsburgh at Pittsburgh
Oct. 2—Georgia Tech at Notre Dame
Oct. 9—Michigan at Ann Arbor
Oct. 16—Wisconsin at Madison
Oct. 23—Illinois at Notre Dame
Oct. 30—Navy at Cleveland
Nov. 6—Army at New York
Nov. 13—Northwestern at Evanston
Nov. 20—Iowa Pre-Flight at Notre Dame
Nov. 25—Great Lakes at Chicago

N. D.—Great Lakes to Play Football in Comiskey Park

Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., vice-president of the University and chairman of the faculty board in control of athletics, has announced that the Notre Dame-Great Lakes football game, originally scheduled for Saturday, Nov. 27, in Soldier Field, Chicago, will be played on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25, in Comiskey Park.

The game with Great Lakes will mark a Notre Dame football team's third appearance in Comiskey Park, and the first in 29 years. The Irish met and defeated Marquette, 69 to 0, on that field on Thanksgiving Day, 1912, and two years later won from the Carlisle Indians, 48 to 6.

Evert Goes to Semifinals in Nat'l. Intercollegiate Tennis

Notre Dame was represented at the National Intercollegiate Tennis Championships, held at Northwestern University during the week of June 21, by Jimmy Evert and Bob Faught. Evert, seeded number 5 in the tournament, was at the peak of his game and advanced to the semi-finals by virtue of an upset triumph over the number 4 seeded player, Earl Bartlett of Tulane, the score of the match being 6-4, 3-6, 6-4. In the semi-final round Evert was pitted against the hard-driving Tom Brown, Jr., of the University of California, ranked at No. 12 nationally and seeded No. 2 in the tournament. After a long and gruelling contest, Evert succumbed by a count of 6-2, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4.

Faught had the misfortune of tangling in the first round with Earl Cochell of the University of Southern California, seeded No. 3. In a match much more closely fought than the scores indicate, Cochell was the winner at 6-2, 6-3.

In the doubles, Evert and Faught progressed without difficulty to the quarter-final round, where they encountered the team of John Hickman and Walter Driver, from the University of Texas, the Texans emerging victorious in a nip and tuck affair, 7-5, 3-6, 6-4. The Texas pair went on from there to win their next two matches and the doubles title.

The 1943 edition of the Notre Dame tennis team completed its Spring schedule in very successful style, the record showing five wins against two losses. Though this was somewhat less brilliant than the performance of the 1941 and 1942 teams, which between them capped 16 out of 17 matches Coach Langford has expressed himself as being quite satisfied with the work of the 1943 squad, particularly in view of the fact that Captain Bob Faught was the only returning member of the unbeaten 1942 team.

Jimmy Evert, outstanding sophomore from Chicago, paced this year's netmen by going undefeated throughout the season both in the No. 1 singles position and in the first doubles combination, where he paired with Faught. The only loss pinned on Faught during the campaign came in a three set struggle which he dropped to Capt. "Jinx" Johnson of the University of Michigan.

The results of the spring matches follow:

Notre Dame, 6 : Wisconsin, 3
Notre Dame, 6 : DePauw, 3
Notre Dame, 8 : Indiana, 1
Notre Dame, 4 : Michigan, 5
Notre Dame, 6 : Northwestern, 3
Notre Dame, 3 : Michigan State, 6
Notre Dame, 6 : Western Michigan, 3

Navy and Marines Eligible For Baseball; Prospects for Summer Season Good

BY BILL FERRICK

It was announced early last week by the Notre Dame athletic department that there would be a varsity baseball team this summer composed of civilians, Marine and Naval V-12 trainees. "Jake"



Coach "Jake" Kline

Kline, veteran coach, will again pilot the club and has already called practice. Games will be scheduled with service teams, semi-pro clubs, and nearby colleges in the vicinity of Notre Dame. The contests will be staged on weekends because of the crowded schedules the service reserves maintain. These games will be played for recreational purposes—in an effort to entertain the service men stationed at Notre Dame. At the same time the team will serve as a physical conditioner for the participants. Prospects look very good at this point, although practice has been under way only a short time. Arrangements have been made with the Great Lakes Naval Training Station baseball squad for a series of games. Other service teams and colleges have also been contacted.

Coach Kline has six lettermen from this spring's varsity, several squad members, and some very promising Navy and Marine candidates. Such sturdy veterans as co-captain Jim Carlin, long hitting catcher Tom Sheehan, who led the club in hitting this spring, infielders John Hickey, Tom Carlin, and Bob Kline, have reported for practice. "Angelo" Bertelli, marine trainee, and George Thomas, civilian, round out the veterans.

John Hickey, navy V-12 student, covered the initial sack last spring, and is as fine a fielder as anyone could want, but his hitting leaves something to be desired. Bob Kline, another navy man, held down shortstop last spring as a freshman, and looked mighty good in the field and at bat. The Carlin brothers are two fine infielders, a dependable and capable pair. Both are fast men on the basepaths, and a threat to opposing pitchers. Angie Bertelli, a long range hitter, had hard luck this spring in the hitting de-

partment. He always seemed to be driving a ball into some outfielders hands. A little luck should make his bat sound plenty this summer.

Veterans are scarce in the mound corps, with Hal Smullen and John Creevey gone. Four pitchers, who were squad members of this spring's team, have returned as civilians and V-12 trainees. Included in these are "Nibs" Trimbora, big lefthander, Dick Stenger, speed ball artist, Dave Thornton, master of control, and Gene Dean, sophomore righthander.

Several other men, representing the V-12 and civilians, are out for practice. Andy Philip, Marine from Illinois, and Al Skat from Marquette, looked very good in the initial practices.

The athletic department encourages all service men stationed at Notre Dame to take advantage of these games as spectators.

DILEMMA

by John A. Flanagan
(First Battalion)

She's a pert little thing
And I think that she's swell
So I'll give her the ring
And forget about Belle
But what about Nancy
And Mary, and Sue,
None of them fancy
But I can't make them blue.
Alice is pretty
And Jeannie can dance
Carol is fitty
But she's still worth a chance!
There's Frances and Flora
June, Ruth and Jerry,
Jane, Katie and Dora,
And finally, Terry.
My heart's on the wing,
My head's in a whirl
I have a ring
But I can't find a girl!

First Obstacle Course Martyr Reveals All; Body Recovered Near the End of Trail

BY ROLAND J. STEINLE

(Editor's note: the original manuscript on which this article was written was recovered from the body of our reporter, which was discovered late last night near the end of the obstacle course. Falling short of his goal, he was unable to finish his account, and in memory of him we print this in its original form.)

SOMEWHERE IN INDIANA, July 22. — After a long forced march across the Indiana desert, we have arrived at our rendezvous. Last minute instructions are being given by the C.P.O., and all twenty-six of us are listening intently, careful not to miss a word of the order and advice. Now two columns are being formed, and as we await our turn to start, we become oblivious of the hot sun beating down on our bodies—bodies already taxed by long minutes of preparatory squat-thrusts and jumping-jacks and push ups and— But now the signal has been given to start the mission and we're off on our own. The first barrier looms up out of the dust, and though it's but a low hurdle made of logs, my foot smashes against the cross bar, and I'm down rolling in the stones.

Somewhere in the distance I can hear the voice of the chief shouting encouragement, but even that fades as I drag

myself under the second hurdle and over the third, both of which are very similar to the first. That first series of obstacles was plenty tough, but they're behind me now, and I'm rapidly coming to the second. The breath is coming in short gasps now, and the perspiration is flowing off in muddy streams. Gad, but I wish I'd been a track star in high school! According to my orders these next three fences should be taken by placing both hands on the top and propelling your body to the side, landing on both feet. It sounds simple. Well, it's now or never! Up and . . . over. Up . . . and . . . over. Up . . . and . . . Should have thought of going through the thing in the first place.

The map shows a small lake in the course now. They said to broad-jump it, but the water has dried up, so I guess it won't do any harm to walk through the pit. Who said this thing is tough? The only thing is that it's so lonely out here. The other fellows must have lost their way. There's another of those fence affairs. Two hands on the top, propel the body to the side, down . . . maybe I can donate that blood to the Red Cross. It's getting a little dark, and I'm mighty thirsty. Wonder if Mr. Scannell and his lads put in a bubbler up here

a-way? Something is coming at me in the distance. It's plainer now. Someone should tell the phy ed department that Cartier Field doesn't extend out here. Mr. Leahy is going to miss that section of the wall in a couple of weeks. My orders are a little faded, but I can make out that the object is to scale the wall, hang from the top and drop down on the other side. Here's a little note that says we are fortunate in that this time steps are provided, but in the future they will be eliminated. Well, here goes nothing. . . .

Good idea, using my belt to pull myself over that wall, and now I'm going fine again. While I was resting in the shade of the wall I thought I heard a company of marines go by. Guess it isn't so strange, though. Someone said everyone on the campus had to go over the course. Also heard that a fellow from Indiana, Earl Mitchell, made the remarkable time of 2:39. Well, it would take a track man to make this in two and a half hours. I'm approaching the set of hand-rails now. The object is to swing across using only your hands so that your feet don't touch the ground. Shouldn't take more than four or five tries on this one. Looks like I'm getting stronger as I progress.

I've been running for some time now, and though darkness has set in, I could feel myself going downhill. Some sort of forest seems to be on each side, and if it were not for the moon, I wouldn't be able to see where I am going. Just ran into a pile of logs. See by the light of the fire that I'm supposed to climb over the pile and another like it higher up the hill. There's a path adjoining the piles. Think I'll try it. If it's any good, I can tell the C.P.O. about it in the morning. Don't feel very well now. Hope everything is O.K.

Back on level ground again, but just stumbled into a gopher hole. I remember that we were told hurdles of pipe follow the log piles, but I can't seem to find them. Ah, here they are! Now over and under and over.

My head is spinning a little. Wonder if crawling will be better under the circumstances. Just passed through a network of fences not unlike the setup in the funhouse at home. Spent a whole day last year getting out of it, so this obstacle didn't take long. I'm growing weak from loss of blood, and the bubbler hasn't shown up as yet. Don't know if I'll make the loose logs ahead. Saw a lumberjack roll logs once, but he had the advantage of spiked shoes. If I make the logs, I'll have only a bank to climb and 600 yards will be behind me, and only an open hundred yards ahead. Here are the logs now. I can see five. Not far to go now. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .

PRESSBOX SPLINTERS

BY BILL WADDINGTON

Ralph Vinceguerra, forward on the twice defeated basketballs last season, was on the campus during the past week having his legs



Bill Waddington

looked over. . . . He had just been rejected by the V-7, but believes that he'll now be accepted since having the injury treated. . . . Correction: Earl Mitchell is attached to the Marine division here rather than the Midshipman school, as announced last week. . . . Andy Phillip won't be able to participate in basketball if only four months are allotted. He is breaking into the N.D. sports field in the diamond sport which is working out daily within the Cartier portals. . . .

Jake Kline agreed to pay for any windows that he broke in the Naval armory when he constructed the diamond so close to it. . . . He's held his breath to date and fortunately enough there's only been a few close shots, nothing for the awe-filled spectators to comment on, however. . . . Fullback Cornie Clatt, "star" of the *Seahawk* encounter last season, will be toting the ball for the Camp Grant *Warriors* when they pit their gridiron eleven against the nation's best this fall. . . .

Campus Cracks: "Gee, those marines are sure tough!" One of the local C.P.O.'s retaliated, "Yeh, six of 'em almost beat up a sailor in Chicago once." . . . Following the ROTC set-up, the midshipmen and marines have put representative aggregations on the field. Wherefore art thou V-12? . . . Andy Puplis, Irish quarterback five seasons ago, will resume football activities when he starts calling 'em for the Chicago Cardinals this season. . . . He turned down a pro contract with the New York Giants after graduating from Notre Dame and has been out of action since. . . . His familiarity with the N.D. system, however, makes him valuable to the Cards who employ a modified version. . . . Tom Stidham greeted 40 football candidates at the first Marquette practice last week. . . . All but 427 of the 2127 students at Wisconsin are military trainees. . . . Fordham, crowded with Army men, has given up football for the duration unless the Army relaxes their "no play" ruling. . . .

Many football grouchers have come forth recently praising some of the universities and colleges for abandoning the sport. . . . They think it only right in view of the trying circumstances. . . . They don't believe people should run to games either. . . . Narrow-mindedness is evident in their trends of thought, for football is still the boys' game: a body builder and excellent training for cooperation with other men—a practice that may soon spell victory. . . . Now we need it, if ever. . . . Don't let the back-seat riders try to run the game; they'll only mess up the works. . . .

Now that the all-star game is history and the American league has won their eighth in the series as against three for their opposition, why is it that you have to get down on hands and knees to find an American leaguer who will put a little financial backing behind such potentiality. . . . Everybody seems to be punch-drunk with the National whiffers at pre-game stages—and they come back for the same punishment the very next year. . . . Bobo Newsome, the blurting hurler who says he can toss the Brownies to the pennant, has had a wide and varied experience since coming to the Dodgers in '29. . . . Since then he's been with 13 major and minor league clubs. . . . Maybe, he wanted to be a travelling salesman anyway, at least he's got a big bag of wind that follows him wherever he goes. . . . Brooklyn gives in: Mickey Owen will bet that his National League rival, Walker Cooper, will beat anyone in the league in a 100 yard dash. . . . Flatbush ain't what it used to be. . . . Bill Carey, sports editor of this extravaganza, accidentally stuck his bat in the way of three pitched balls the other day and got what seemed to be three line singles. . . . Was he ever glad that Jake Kline was looking too. . . .

ON THE CAMPUS

(Continued from page 10)

When assigned to Tongue Point, Oregon, at the Naval Air Station he became interested in the Pre-flight training. Much to his sorrow he did not have the general classification to admit him. Still holding the desire to fly, Don applied for the V-12 program, and was accepted.

At present Private Dackins is the Company "F" commander stationed in Zahm Hall. Company "F" has claim to many outstanding men, and we feel that their commander was well chosen.

Prof. Madden Defies Travel Regulations; Sees Indiana

By Dick Ames

That gentleman with the well pressed suit, the eternal smile, and the pack sack full of odd bits of furniture, a small library, (including the last three issues of *Esquire* and the *Encyclopedia Britannica* in its bulkiest form) and three straw hats piled on his back, that you've seen flitting from one hall to another during the last two weeks is Mr. Madden, humorist, connoisseur of movements extraordinary, and English professor here at Notre Dame.



Prof. T. P. Madden

Contrary to what you might think from that description, he is quite as sane as anyone on the campus, if that is any assurance to him; but he has been twisted about by cruel fate ever since last semester. At that time he was very comfortably situated in Dillon Hall, surrounded by entertaining and charming students, and perfectly content with the treatment he was receiving from the world. But then Dillon was taken over by the Navy, and Mr. Madden became a casualty. He decided that the place for him was South Bend, so he moved all his belongings down into that vale of beauty. But then there was a change of plans, after he had been lost to our company for only a week. A room was found for him on campus. A very special room. It was above the garage behind the Main Building. Like the philosopher he is, Madden accepted this and moved once more. Hardly had the dust settled from this latest workout, than it was thought best to move Mr. Madden into St. Edward's. Just a short trip this time, but it was the repetition that was taking toll. The poor man was almost taken from us during those trying days. His breath came fast, his eyes were glazed, but his language remained sweet and his smile fixed through it all.

Finally the last moving was done, the last unread tome was in place and cigarette ashes began to accumulate on the floor. Mr. Madden had found, after two weeks of tossing and searching, an El Dorado in St. Ed's. He's there now, breathing deeply, but happy.

CARRYING THE FIGHT TO THE ENEMY

(Continued from page 5)

sary to carry out a landing with dispatch; and day and night, they go out to sea in their landing craft and then come back in to beach again and again, until they can bring the ships through all kinds of surf and weather to a safe landing on the shore.

Some groups are assigned to the small boats that carry in the waves of assault troops and their equipment. Others learn to maneuver the larger armored forces. Still others are assigned to units where, with Army troops, they practice landing on the enemy shore, establishing and organizing the beach head for the succeeding waves of troops. In effect establishing in a few minutes, a military base. Finally, a group selected after rigid physical examination joins similarly picked Army units, and together they train jointly for service in scouting and raider detachments, which are assigned the duties of landing by stealth on the enemy shore ahead of the actual landing in force to reconnoiter and eliminate obstacles that might impede the progress of the assault troops.

At the same time, the Army selects units which have already had thorough training in the infantry or the armored forces, and assigns them to the Amphibious force.

The enlisted men are given a tough conditioning course to prepare them for the hard task that lies ahead and then receive basic amphibious training. They learn to clamber over the side of the ship and down into the small boats pitching below. They are taught to come

ashore from the landing craft through rough water and still keep their equipment dry; they study the tactics of surprise attacks.

Meanwhile, the Army officers go to another base, where, with Navy officers they learn the art of amphibious operations. They study strategy and tactics, and the proper methods of liaison between the many organizations involved. Great stress is laid upon communications. Visual and radio communications between the shore party, the landing craft bringing in the troops and supplies, the Naval vessels providing supporting gunfire and the covering airplanes, must be thoroughly understood and coordinated.

When all units have completed their basic training, they are assembled for advanced training. The crews of the small boats are assigned to the transports aboard which they will serve; the flotillas of larger landing craft are formed; the Army troops go aboard the transports. (The dress rehearsals of actual landing operations with the needed supplies and equipment). The Convoy then sails for a selected practice landing beach, and actual landings are made under simulated battle conditions, with the beach "defended" by opposing troops and with aircraft and naval combat vessels taking part.

In this manner is the Amphibious force being trained to strike. Thus a strong, well-drilled invasion spearhead is being created, which will be ready when called upon to carry the fight to the enemy, to drive ashore from a convoy with perfect coordination, to start the offensive on the shore of enemy held territory.



Official Navy Photo

Symphony, Glee Club Elect Officers; Plan Public Concerts

New officers were elected for the musical organization of the University Thursday and plans were discussed for



Professor Ingersoll

a weekly public concert to be held under the stars, beginning in about two weeks.

John DiGirolamo, A.S., V-12, well-known violinist on the campus and in the South Bend area, was elected president of the Notre Dame Symphony. A member of the orchestra for the last two years, he also holds the position of Concert Master. The vice-president is Charles Crown, A.S., V-12, pianist, secretary of last year's Symphony. Philip Podruch, cellist, was elected secretary-treasurer.

Officers of the Glee Club include Marine Pvt. Dave Curtin of Rochester, N. Y., well known campus entertainer, as President; Herb Clark of Park Ridge, Ill., Vice-President; Frank Repilado of

Santiago, Cuba, as Secretary; and James Monaghan of Denver, Colo., Business Manager.

Professor Fredric Ingersoll and the personnel of the Symphony want to make it clear that everyone on the campus, civilians and trainees, is invited to become a member. Although the orchestra is balanced instrumentally, there are still openings for the following instruments: Oboes, Clarinets, Cellos, and Violins. Anyone who wishes to join may do so by contacting Prof. Ingersoll in Room 13 of Music Hall or by attending a rehearsal any Sunday morning at nine. The rehearsals are held in the band room below the Music Hall.

The personnel of the groups is marked by a predominate number of marine and naval students, many of them former members of musical organizations at other mid-western colleges and universities.

The proposed summer outdoor concerts plan to alternate the Band, Glee Club, and Symphony. The Symphony plans to present selections from Haydn, Saint-Saens, and Tchaikowsky in its first performance.

Father Hugh O'Donnell Addresses Civilian Students

The Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., president of the University, gave short talks during the past week to the civilian students in their respective halls. He stated that such students are still an integral part of the school's life, and that it is yet their duty and privilege to carry on the hundred years of Notre Dame tradition which lay behind them. Father O'Donnell said that just as he knows that the civilians will cooperate with the other groups on the campus, so he could assure them of cooperation from these groups.

We must make sacrifices, and in our patriotism accept meatless days and butterless meals, the President continued. The students should make the most of the spiritual and scholastic advantages, so that they may fit into the war program and the world of the future. Although there are many problems, one should be concerned only with the present and let God care for the future.

Lastly, despite the difficulties and sacrifices involved, Father O'Donnell expressed confidence that "what though the odds be great or small, old Notre Dame shall win over all."

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Sadness, as Well as Gayety, Part of Service Men's Center

It's not all laughs and carefree times around the Service Center in South Bend. After all, the men who come there are in the armed forces and in war time there are bound to be some tragedies in connection with them. Here's one of them, with a rather queer twist to it.

Some time ago two people in Mishawaka sent a box of wafers to their son who was then fighting at Guadalcanal. It was the best thing they could think of to send him in that heat ridden country. But recently, that box was returned to them. By the time it had arrived, their boy had been killed.

So the box was sent to the Service Men's Center, where it might help some other soldiers to have a good time. That is just an example of the fine, brave and quietly courageous things that people all over the country are doing during this time, and it's that sort of feeling which makes the Center as valuable an organ for the entertainment of soldiers as it is.

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WAVE LENGTHS

(Continued from page 11)

Maxine E. Retz, Lewis, Iowa; Joan Page, Kansas City, Mo.; Shirley J. Douglas, Clarkston, Mich.; Marion Wieland, LeSueur, Minn.; Lenore Loy, Lorimor, Iowa; Ida M. Long, Colver, Pa.; Maxine McCarthy, Lakota, Iowa; Wilba L. Smith, Fremont, Mich.; Jane E. Hantschel, Appleton, Wis.; and Mary King, Cleveland, Ohio—Glad to have you aboard!

Hearts and flowers to Judy, former K-9 member of our crew who has departed for ports unknown. Last Saturday, Judy was asked to give up her suite (fire exit) at the Oliver Hotel, and was turned out into the cruel world at a most crucial time in her life. As she walked down the corridors on the third and sec-

ond decks of the Oliver, doors opened to bid her fond farewells and Godspeed. With head hung low and tail between her legs, Judy walked solemnly through the lobby for the last time, noticed only by the manager. There was no 21 gun salute for Judy. Only the noise of midshipmen on Saturday leave, crowding the telephone booths and the Blarney Inn—oblivious to the tragic scene taking place. Judy was escorted to Chicago by three WAVES—it shouldn't happen to a dog—where a civilian friend tearfully heard her story and promised to find a home for our faithful friend. Carry on, Judy, our hearts go with you and yours wherever you may be. You've brought many a cheerful moment to your Navy friends at USNRMS, and to you we say "Well Done."



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ARROW

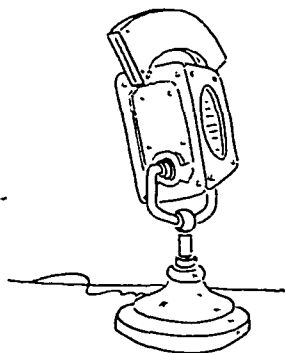
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THE EARS HAVE IT

By Vail W. Pischke

Well, here we are again with another semester and another series of radio columns, but with a little more dismal



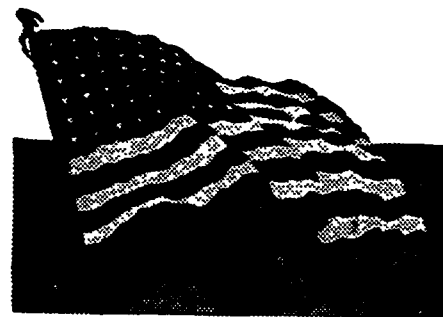
radio future this time. Why? Because radio has reached its annual "dry spell" — the summer season. This season is the much-hated-but-I-have-to-face-it gripe of the radio advertising agencies.

Season after season NBC, CBS, and lately MBS have hired one expert after another, trying desperately to solve the summer lay-off problem. They fully realize that their listening audience is chopped in half by the vacations of their big stars—stars like Red Skelton, Fibber McGee, Jack Benny, or Fred Allen. They've tried hard to convince the big-time advertisers that they can improve and popularize their summer shows by bringing in new stars like Jack Carson, a fella who'll threaten McGee's popularity next year, I predict. Incidentally, Bob Hope is in England with Frances Langford on an entertaining tour of U.S. service camps overseas; Edgar Bergen, with his dummies, is leaving by air next week for the East to embark for Newfoundland, and at least one month for morale work among the servicemen stationed there; and Red Skelton, getting a 10-day vacation from motion picture work, is taking off for Texas—he'll do

three shows a day for 10 days before returning to film work in Hollywood.

A CHARACTER PORTRAIT: Relaxed, natural, and easy-going—that's a thumbnail picture of the Old Crooner, Bing Crosby. It's also a pretty complete description of both the rehearsal and broadcast of Bing's "Kraft Music Hall." In NBC's Hollywood studios round about Thursday afternoons a fella in baggy slacks, a weird polo shirt, and a battered felt hat, drifts up to a microphone. It's Bing himself, and he "runs down" a song for timing, with an old pipe clenched between his teeth as he sings. The battered hat wanders from his forehead to the nape of his neck. From the wings of the studio stage a waiter walks in and hands a menu to Crosby. Bing stuffs the pipe into his pocket and keeps on singing. But the lyrics suddenly become his order for lunch. The waiter smiles, writes down the order, and leaves. Bing keeps singing, replaces the pipe in his mouth. He finishes the number, notices that his guest star has arrived and waves "Hi ya, Joe." Relaxed, natural, easy-going, Bing, the King, is rehearsing.

HERE AND THERE: Frank Sinatra, singer on CBS' "Your Hit Parade," is appearing nightly at New York's Rio-bamba, and one of the reviewers calls his debut "the most sensational in a New York night club in several years." Harry James, rated by many as the only trumpet player capable of filling the late "Bix" Beiderbecke's shoes (considered the all-time greatest), has had tremendous success since he left Benny Goodman to lead his own orchestra . . . so great is his drawing power that his opening night at the New York Paramount Theatre drew \$70,000 to the box office—one of the all-time highs.



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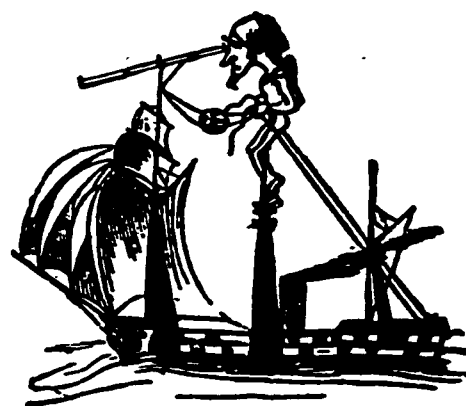


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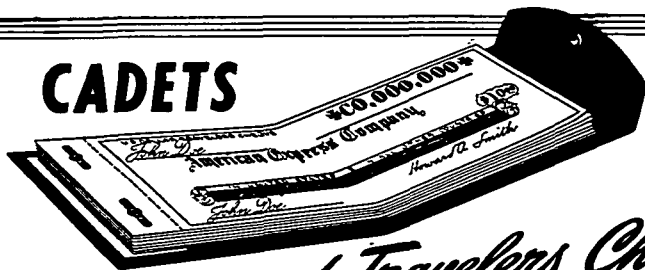
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ON BUYING UNIFORMS

(Continued from page 10)

Leaving the arctic and getting to the other extreme—reality—South Bend, we set off for the big city with dozens of circulars, instructions, folders, and lots of free advice on what to get and where to get it.

We decide to look around and window shop—no hasty decisions for us, no sir.

First, we go to the place advertising free refreshments. It's been a hot week—for a change—and we're parched. Finding refreshments in the form of milk and lemonade, we decide that this place really doesn't want our business too badly, and, remembering our motto, "Look around," we shove off to the other side of town—in a cab paid for by others than ourself. Nice! We go from place to place, each one treating us like kings. Free cigarettes, beverages, cute saleswomen lingering at the edge of the uniform department. We feel materials, ask silly questions, read more literature and ask more questions.

After several hours of this form of torture, we decide that maybe the obstacle course isn't so bad after all. Well, that's a little too strong. Let's change it to executive. It's now 20 minutes until we're supposed to meet our friends at Sweeney's for cocktails. Where to go, what to buy? In the final analysis all the stuff looks alike and the prices measure up fairly evenly. The kinds of cloth narrow to your own pleasure. But it

takes hours of wandering around to discover this. Quick! where to go? Flip a coin? No. "I got it. I'll go to that place that gave away my favorite brand of smokes—and the cashier (5' 2", blonde, blue eyes and trim like a destroyer) gave me more than one wink. Now that I think it over—that's the place that appeals to me.

Upon arriving, we see that about three dozen other guys have the same idea. Have to meet the boys in 15 minutes. "Pardon me, sir, may I be measured?"

"Sorry, you'll have to wait your turn," answers the suave gent with the carnation in his button hole.

"Nuts, I'll get 'em next week," we moan, and off to Sweeney's we run—can't be late, you know. Muster will be taken.

After a quiet evening we return to Alcatraz, I mean Notre Dame, to compare notes with the boys.

When Joe Bazoo says, "Yea, I got my duds. Took me five seconds to get waited on, knew just what I wanted and where I was going. Ten minutes to measure me, and I was through. Then I had a date with the neatest dame. She's a cashier at Jackson's—blonde, blue eyes, 5' 2" and trim like a destroyer."

You wink at the boys and go to bed happy. You know very well he's a liar all the way around. You know also he was not out with the "destroyer." You sleep very, very well.

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PIPES

SAGA OF "WILLIE KNIGHT"

(Continued from page 11)

"Never mind the breathing exercises," he barked. "Do the four-forty—and step on it." Well, Willie was stuck. The four-forty—how did you do it? By process of mental elimination which took approximately three-eighths of a second he came to the conclusion that it was to be worked with the feet only, sort of like marching.

Slowly and deliberately he began to move first the left leg and then the right one. Faster and faster he went, until he had created somewhat of a physical impossibility for either man or beast. Again he noticed that no one was following him; then the strangest phenomenon in Navy history occurred. The Chief sadly shook his head in pity and dismissed him back to the ranks.

With head dragging, Willie walked back to the little bush just aft the flag pole. What had he done wrong? Sadly he shook his head. Then a smile crept over his face. At least he would never be asked to do the "four-forty" on any P work.

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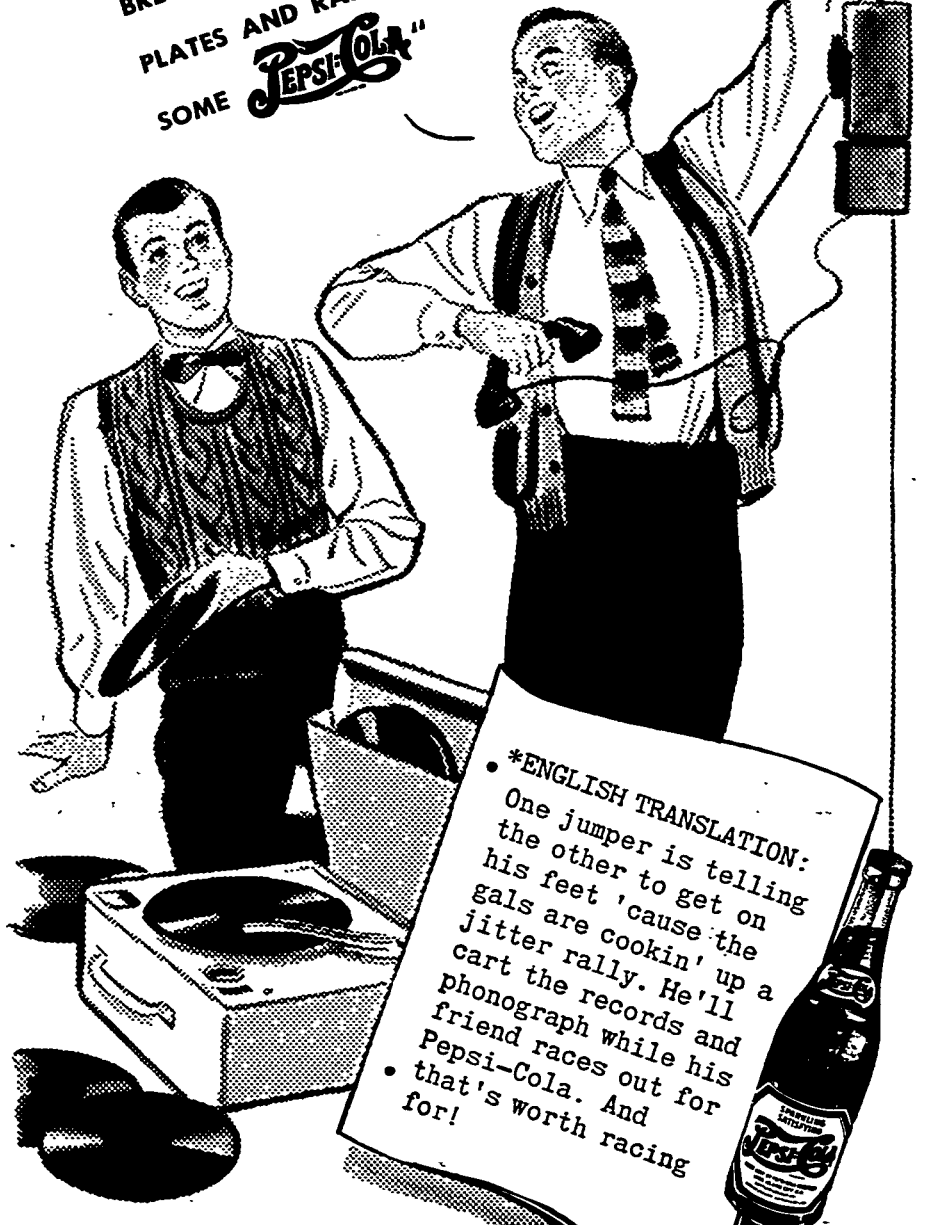
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