

The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 81, No. 3

March 31, 1944

10 Cents



- **Lenten Program Lauded**
- **"Col." Major Speaks Tonight**
- **V-7 Specialists Leave**

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THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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VOL. 81

MARCH 31, 1944

NO. 3

Holy See Acknowledges N. D. Devotions

Letter to the President Lauds Notre Dame Lenten Program

Notre Dame's special Lenten devotions for the welfare of Pope Pius XII have been officially recognized, it was announced here last week.

The recognition came in the form of a letter from the Most Rev. Amleto G. Cicognani, apostolic delegate to the United States. In a letter to the Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University, the Pope's aid said:

"Your expressions of devotion and loyalty to the holy father on the part of

"Colonel" Jack Major to Speak Here Tonight

By SEAMAN ARTHUR WAGNER

Tonight at 8 o'clock in Washington hall "Colonel" Jack Major will present his newest lecture "With Our Boys in the South Pacific" or "Jeeps, Japs and Jokes," augmented with 45 minutes of exclusive, original, natural color movies.

Long considered the nation's outstanding humorist and after-dinner speaker, "Colonel" Jack Major is a favorite in Washington circles; his sponsors having been former Vice-president John Garner, Hon. Jesse H. Jones, and the late Sam

Rayburn. President Roosevelt has many times laughed at his wit and humor.

"Colonel" Jack was sent to the South Pacific to cheer the boys in far off army camps, and having done a grand job, is now back home chock-full of interesting sidelights and humorous happenings in the life of a soldier. In the lecture he discusses, without betraying any military secrets, how the boys live, what they do with their spare time, their food and how it is prepared, and what they think about "back home." He tells how the Yanks and Aussies get along, how the Allies treat the natives as compared to the Japs, what type of country the boys are living in, and what the natives are like. Included in the lecture are some of the stories he told the soldiers and some they told him, some of his observations, post-war plans of some Yanks and Aussies, oddities of the war, and about "Mr. Zero" whom some think is a renegade American who broadcasts from Tokyo for the Japs.

Color Movies Shown

A question period will follow this full hour lecture of information and humor from the South Pacific battle fronts. In addition "The Kentucky Colonel," acting as commentator, will show 45 minutes of color movies that show what the men in the South Pacific are seeing today—strange animals, birds and fish; natives and native customs; odd plants and insects; and amazing Australia—plus 15 minutes of movies of the Bismarck Sea Battle, taken from an Australian bomber engaged in bombing the Japanese convoy—gunboats blaze away, ships explode, airplanes fall, Japs die, and Aussie flyers, angered by the Japs' shooting of parachuting Allied flyers, machine gun Jap life boats and kill every Jap in sight. These movies give authentic bird's-eye views of the greatest air-naval battle in the present war.

the faculty, alumni and students of the University of Notre Dame will, I am sure, be a source of great consolation and encouragement to his holiness in this time of trial and sorrow.

"The pledge of the University will be forwarded to the sovereign pontiff, and in his name, I wish to thank you for the program that has been followed at Notre Dame in honor of the holy father, and for the many prayers that have been offered for his intention.

Devotions commemorating the fifth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius XII began March 12 and are being continued throughout Lent. Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament begins each morning and closes in the afternoon with benediction.

Pope Pius XII, when, as Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, he knelt to pray in Notre Dame's Sacred Heart church. This week Notre Dame received word that the series of special Lenten devotions for the welfare of the Pope had been enthusiastically received.



Student Council Elections Bring Back Memories of Old Days and Vote Campaigns

The student council elections just past, it was observed today, are a far cry from the old days when seeking office was the main hobby of many a Notre Dame operator.

Campaigns—blotters, newspapers, and radio broadcasts, were commonplace in elections of other years. There are still a few who recall that only last spring, in about the dying stages of civilian campus life, students put on an election campaign to end all election campaigns.

There were the usual blotters and newspapers and publicity stunts. The sophomores in Dillon hall came up with a new one when they hired a radio station in a secret room and throughout the day played jive tunes and featured talks by candidates. To wit: Alderman Czarobski saying: "The issues are magnitudinous the integrity of our platform has been challenged, and I, for one, will not see the paramount question guised by superficial grandeur. I thank you gentlemen." Needless to say, the Alderman was elected.

To counteract that campaign, an opposite ticket requisitioned all electric razors in the hall, set up convenient listening stations throughout the room, and while a campaign talk was being featured, the electric razors would be plugged in the socket, setting up a symphony of noise such as has never been heard since the days of the Notre Dame Modernaires.

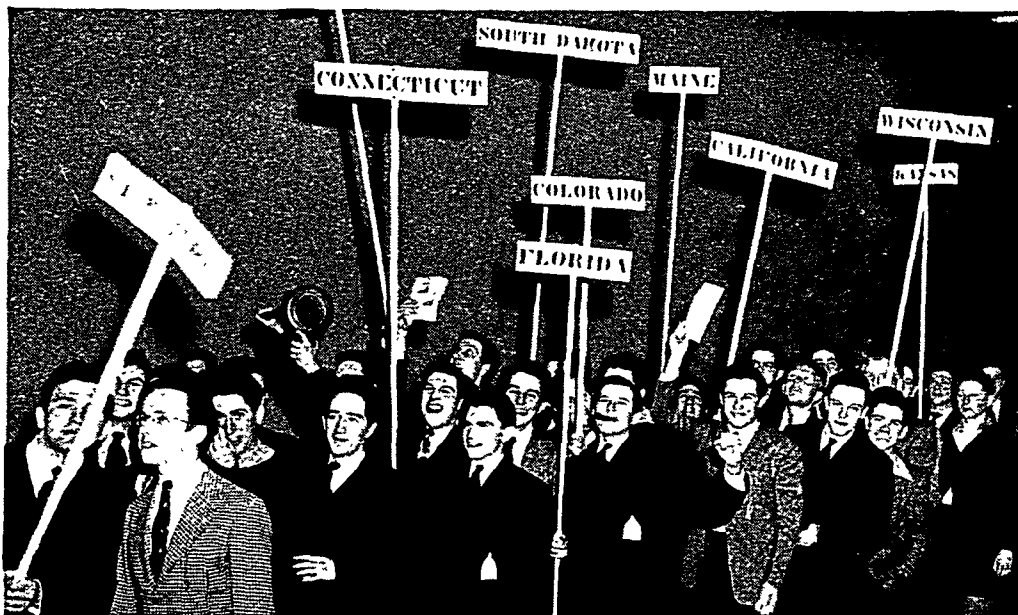
It was the freshmen who conducted the parade of the horse and rode home on a ticket that was clearly labelled on the sides of the horse. Where the ticket finished has not been recorded; the horse finished in the dining hall.

Somebody thought up the idea of student registration to prevent duplication at the polls. It was discovered that students long removed from the University for military reasons, discipline, or death, showed up to vote, and as has once been recorded in the pages of the SCHOLASTIC, one student even posed as the Bishop of Fort Wayne.

Those elections promised everything: "Elect Hall and win a senior ball," "A sophomore Cotillion every week," "Steaks every Saturday," and such, were large campaign issues. Things were carried a little too far, all critics agreed, when the freshmen of those years became infected and started out with "A freshman dance—formal, et al." and there were many mentions of a lake party.

Every ticket had its campaign manager whose job was to get printed placards reading: "Of course you're for Joe Blow," and nice blotters tell you how wonderful life will be with the election of "The Action ticket."

The feat of the student who advertised that on the day of the election he would hold a large military parade and have a military band, has not been duplicated. On this occasion the ticket members assembled with banners, and as the midshipmen marched to lunch, paraded before and behind. This has not since been duplicated even by the student who obtained all the *Religious Bulletins* to be delivered in Alumni hall, ran a mimeographed page about his party on the blank side of the page, and had the bulletin's back and waiting for the delivery boys before their absence was discovered.



Election time at Notre Dame represents a tradition of the Fighting Irish. Here students are pictured as they staged a mock convention. At the same time, it brings back memories of the horse and radio stations,

Dooley Returns From Postwar Job Conference

William Dooley, of the Alumni office, has returned to the University following a conference with directors of the placement bureaus of Purdue, De Pauw, and Indiana universities. Dooley, director of the Notre Dame placement bureau, said that the job was in regard to placement of alumni in post-war jobs.

At the conferences, ideas and opinions of the various directors were exchanged in an effort to formulate a workable plan for placing the alumni servicemen in post-war jobs.

According to Dooley, the universities feel that despite the various federal agencies that have been set up for the purpose, a great number of men will look to their schools for aid in finding post-war positions. The task of the federal agencies will be lessened by the cooperation of the universities, it is believed.

Conferring with the officials of the universities at the request of a committee appointed by alumni president Thomas F. Byrne, '28, of Cleveland, O., and headed by Bernard J. Voll, '17, South Bend a member of the board of lay trustees, Dooley said that a report will be made to the committee at a later date on the information gained at the conferences.—Bill Thompson

Memorial Service Honors Notre Dame's Rockne

About 100 persons attended the annual Knute Rockne Memorial services, sponsored by the Notre Dame St. Joseph Valley club, which was held here at the University last Sunday.

The services started with mass in Sorin hall chapel, celebrated by Rev. Charles Sheedy, C.S.C., assistant prefect of religion. Following the mass, a breakfast and short business session were held in the University dining hall building.

Speakers on the program were Paul G. Hoffman, president of Studebaker corporation, and Edward C. McKeever, acting head football coach. They were introduced by the Rev. Thomas Brennan, C.S.C.

New Face in Publicity

J. Walter Kennedy, head of Notre Dame publicity channels, has announced that Miss Mary Patricia McCormick, a May graduate of Rosary College, River Forest, Ill., has been employed by the academic publicity department and has started her new duties. She succeeds Raymond J. Donovan, Notre Dame 1942 journalism graduate, who recently resigned to accept a position as sports editor of the Logansport (Ind.) *Pharos-Tribune*.

Tomorrow---April 1 at Notre Dame, Brings Many Revolutionary Changes on Campus

By the Assassinated Press

NOTRE DAME, Ind.—April 1, 1944—This first day of April was ushered in with much fanfare at the University as the dining hall, in a special effort, made the rounds of all naval, marine, and civilian residence halls and served breakfast to students in bed... the breakfast, including orange juice, rolls, pork sausage, hot cakes, (in some cases even steak and fried potatoes) was adjudged a success.

Classes Suspended

Classes were suspended for the day and the midnight rule for civilian students was lifted. Since many students on the campus possess their own cars and drive them around the campus lanes, officials of the University saw to it that each student was provided with five extra "C" coupons... students wishing to take week-ends were allowed to do so without notifying their rectors or commanding officers, and were allowed to take off Thursday morning... Prices of meals in the student cafeteria were slashed in half... and out on the foot-

ball field the coaches agreed that "we have wonderful material. We should win all games. No, no, no, we definitely will not lose any."

The band came up with some worthwhile music and conducted a noiseless practice session... a new movie was shown in Washington hall... no one hollered when his home town was mentioned... the newsreel didn't date back to the attack on Pearl Harbor... students were observed all day cutting across the grass... there was no smoking on the main campus... the busses didn't take off just as you got within half a block of the circle... the book store declared that its "Hold-up of the Month" club was going to declare a dividend back to the buyers.

Your Own Laundry

The laundry came back on time... and every student got his own... no patches with black or white, red or green... those shorts that supposedly laugh at the laundry didn't return looking as if Bob Hope had done the laundering... over at St. Mary's, the gals gave a

dance and didn't serve low octane punch.... they weren't particular... for the first time in years they didn't count through the SCHOLASTIC to see how many times "that place" had been mentioned... Instructors and professors announced that there would be no home exercises or outside work for two months... the library said that 10 students came in looking for Plato's *Republic* and only two were interested in the "Rover Boys Motor Tour, or High Jinks on the Niles Bus."

Negative Day Entirely

Furthermore, nobody approached any one wanting to borrow a nickel, a dime, a fin, a sawbuck, a clean shirt, an almost clean shirt, a razor blade, a phone number, a stamp, or a bus slug... no one wanted a smoke... two nickels for a dime... and everyone signed in early, despite the fact that restrictions were lifted.

(Ed. note—Give me a drag off of that before you throw it away, Buster!)

Six N. D. Students Win Beaux-Arts Awards

Six Notre Dame students have received awards for entries made in the recent Beaux Arts Institute of Design in New York.

In the class "A" competition for the design of "An Elementary School," 22 drawings were submitted by students in architecture from the larger universities. Seven awards were made of this number. The design of Clayton M. Page, Notre Dame, received one of the three second-place medals awarded.

In class "B" competition for the design of "A Public Library" the designs of Edwin Sochalski and Robert Stauerwald were given mention, while in class "C" for a design of "A Grange hall," a mention was given to Charles Lugton and half mentions to David Ardito and Daniel Ginsburg.

Call Campus Attention to Postal Law Changes

New postal laws recently taking effect have been called to the attention of campus students and faculty.

Under the new regulation air mail is dispatched at eight cents per ounce, instead of six cents, as formerly, and local mail is supposed to be dispatched for three cents.

Also going into effect will be a number of new taxes on beverages, jewelry, phone calls, and transportation, among other things. These changes, save the postal regulations, which have already started, are effective tomorrow.

TIME STANDS STILL FOR SINATRA FAN



An inspiring "ah" is uttered by Miss Marguerite Varga, advertising manager of the publications office, as she views the watch once worn by Frank Sinatra, now owned by Frank C. Pellitteri, of St. Edward's hall. The watch is shown in the inset. Pellitteri obtained the watch from a friend who bought it for \$10,000 at a war bond auction.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

FOUNDED 1867

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LIEUT. (J.G.) J. J. COLLINS	-	-	-	Know Your Navy
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ROBERT RIORDAN	-	-	-	Man About the Campus
JIM FENNELLY	-	-	-	Pressbox Splinters

PHOTOGRAPHY

AL SHAEFER	CHARLES RENAUD	JOE HALLER
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REV. CHARLES M. CAREY, C.S.C.	-	Faculty Advisor
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THIRTEEN YEARS AGO

This issue of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC is dedicated to Knute K. Rockne who today, 13 years after his tragic death in an airplane crash, still stands endeared in the hearts of Notre Dame men and Notre Dame followers throughout the world.

"Rock's" death occurred when the present student body was struggling along in the lower grades of elementary school. Since then, another decade has been flung into history. Times and the world have changed, but it is a matter of note that what Knute Rockne gave the world of sports and Notre Dame particularly, has remained basically the same.

Coupling a dynamic personality with a will to win and an admiration for hard fighting, Knute Rockne found success in a country where he was not born. He found fame at a University he selected. He resembled the true spirit of Notre Dame and on this day it is fitting that we should remember him. We know him around here as a legend, as an almost still-living personality.

It would not be amiss for the student interested in the colorful history of Notre Dame and Knute Rockne, to avail himself of some of the facilities of the University library where there are obtainable several good accounts of the coach's life. Two of the better books are by Warren Brown and Robert Harron. There is a first-hand account by his widow, Mrs. Bonnie Rockne, and there is a book by one of his greatest students, Harry Stuhldreher. These accounts will present many interesting moments of reading for someone so inclined.

PAPER PINCH HITS "SCHOLASTIC"

A serious pinch in the newsprint situation has at last made itself felt in the pages of the SCHOLASTIC. This week the magazine has had, of necessity, to go down to 24 pages instead of following a proposed 32-page schedule.

It is hoped that by careful editing, budgeting of material, a better selection, and elimination of non-essential items, that the SCHOLASTIC will be able to carry as many stories as before, and at the same time institute some proposed new features.

*Keep up on Notre Dame News — subscribe to the SCHOLASTIC
for yourself or for your friends in service
\$1.00 for March-June semester*

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CLIP BLANK AND MAIL TO PUBLICATIONS OFFICE — NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Commission Specialists In Exercises Here Today

Another group of "Specialist" midshipmen received commissions in graduation ceremonies held in Washington hall this morning.

The group of 250 receiving commissions are specialists and have completed two months training at the naval reserve midshipmen's school here. They were quartered in Badin hall. Most of them have already left the city on orders received earlier in the week.



Captain J. Richard Barry, U.S.N.

The new group were sworn in by Capt. J. Richard Barry, U.S.N., commanding officer of the Notre Dame naval station.

Included among the Notre Dame graduates commissioned in the group was James V. Cunningham, October graduate and former SCHOLASTIC writer.

Fr. Dupuis in Marshalls

While navy procedure forbids mentioning the whereabouts of several Notre Dame chaplains, newspaper releases, last week, indicated that Father John Dupuis, former professor of philosophy, and assistant prefect of discipline, was in the front line. He was with the first marines to hit Namur in the third assault wave against the Marshall Islands. Just before him was another chaplain, from the diocese of Altoona. Hardly had they gained the beach when a land mine exploded but 20 yards away. Neither Father Dupuis nor those nearby sustained any injury.

HOLY WEEK SERVICES

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, 1944

BY ORDER OF THE PROVINCIAL

Rev. Leo Gorman, *Master of Ceremonies*

PALM SUNDAY

STUDENTS' SOLEMN MASS—8:00 A. M.

Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, *Celebrant*

Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, *Deacon*

Rev. Joseph A. Muckenthaler, *Subdeacon*

PASSION

Rev. Thomas Kelly
(Chronista)

Rev. Charles F. Hamel
(Petrus)

Rev. Edward A. Keller
(Christus)

Seminary Choir
(Turba)

WEDNESDAY TENEBRAE—7:30 P. M.

LAMENTATIONS

1. Chorus

2. Rev. Joseph Maguire

3. Rev. Thos. J. Brennan
(Corby)

LESSONS

4. Rev. John C. Burke

7. Rev. Ferdinand L. Brown

5. Rev. Lloyd Teske

8. Rev. Charles W. Harris

6. Rev. Thomas J. Brennan (Moreau)

9. Rev. Provincial

HOLY THURSDAY, Solemn Mass—7:00 A. M.

Rev. Thomas A. Steiner, *Celebrant*

Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, *Deacon*

Rev. Francis Cavanaugh, *Subdeacon*

MANDATUM—2:00 P. M.

(Ministers same as for Solemn Mass)

TENEBRAE—7:30 P. M.

LAMENTATIONS

1. Chorus

2. Rev. John A. Molter

3. Rev. Joseph L. Powers

LESSONS

4. Rev. Roland G. Simonitsch

7. Rev. Louis J. Putz

5. Rev. John J. Bednar

8. Rev. George J. Baldwin

6. Rev. John J. Lane

9. Rev. Provincial

GOOD FRIDAY, Solemn Mass of the Presanctified—8:00 A. M.

Rev. Francis P. Goodall, *Celebrant*

Rev. Charles M. Carey, *Deacon*

Rev. Andrew J. Mulreany, *Subdeacon*

PASSION

Rev. James J. Leahy
(Chronista)

Rev. John H. Murphy
(Petrus)

Rev. Walter McInerney
(Christus)

Seminary Choir
(Turba)

CHAPTER—2:00 P. M.; STATIONS—3:00 P. M.

TENEBRAE—7:30 P. M.

LAMENTATIONS

1. Chorus

2. Rev. George Baxter

3. Rev. Matthew A. Coyle

LESSONS

4. Rev. Charles E. Sheedy

7. Rev. Joseph Kehoe

5. Rev. Stanislaus F. Lisewski

8. Rev. Charles L. Doremus

6. Rev. Philip H. Schaerf

9. Rev. Provincial

HOLY SATURDAY: Services begin at 6:00 A. M.—Mass at 7:30 A. M.

Rev. Philip Moore, *Celebrant*

Rev. Howard Kenna, *Deacon*

Rev. Charles I. McCarragher, *Subdeacon*

Paschale Praeconium: Exultet—Rev. Gerald McMahon

Prophecies by Seminarians of Moreau Seminary

THE GREEN BANNER

BY JIM CASEY

CASEY AT THE BAT

While at home between semesters, Urbin Yipp and Oleo Leahy witnessed the first night baseball game of the year. The game was played between the Saginaw Stump-Jumpers and the Saskatchewan Satchel-Snatchers in the Adenoid A.C.'s baseball park. The Stump-Jumpers wanted to play the first inning last, and the last inning first, 'cause they wanted to catch the early train home. The Satchel-Snatchers wouldn't say yes, and they wouldn't say no, and the game began before any definite decision could be reached. However, shortly after the opening of the second inning, the game was called because the scorekeepers, who were sitting in the press box of this mammoth stadium, the top of which is located a mere 87 feet from the moon, complained of frost-bite.

At this occurrence, the Satchel-Snatchers relented. They agreed that the ninth inning had been played first, so the ball game was over after one inning of nothing to nothing play. The game went on the official records as a draw, and the Stump-Jumpers caught the early train home.

Erwin Glunk predicted: "Before the game begins, the score will be nothing to nothing." He was perfectly correct any way you look at it, and by so doing won himself a tasty mashed potato sandwich.

One of these weeks we'll bring you the accounts of a recent track meet between William and Mary vs. Charley and Gertrude.



LA DE DA

One afternoon last week, Bill Swearing, Dick Sayers, Sam Rizk and Chuck Madden, seeking new fields of amusement, strolled towards the "Dixie." A few minutes later they crossed the highway, and carefully zig-zagged their way through the carefully-planted land-minutes. Once on St. Mary's campus proper, they began a tour of inspection which took them as far as the river. On their way back, while passing the college, it seemed to them unusual, that at least a few faces were not pressed against the dormitory windows. "Another Convocation," they mused.

Retracing their steps, they returned to the Notre Dame family unseen and unharmed. Once back at school, it was

explained to the travelers that the only reason they were not detected was due to the fact that most of the girls were in South Bend. It's generally understood that the girls received so many 8:30 and later permissions that they go to extremes, even to the point of neglecting their studies, simply to use them up.



FADE ME AGAIN

One of St. Ed's more diligent engineers, Fred Shadley, hordes his recreational hours until Sunday afternoon, at which time he goes down to the Bowl-Mor, and indulges in four or five games of bowling. Some of his buddies say it's the exercise he's so vitally interested in; but the majority of his floormates believe that he's striking for a feminine angle.

Hugh Barley, you shouldn't be seen coming across the golf-course during the early hours of the morning. What were you trying to do, jump the season, or were you just coming from the 19th hole?

Spring has arrived, and with it Bock beer, says Redmond Toner and his roommate "Bud" Walker.

For the benefit of their many many friends, Mike Kiely and Jim Considine will be at home after the first of the week in the Biology building. Just a couple of more cadavers moving in.

Sue Grace, of the A.A. office celebrated a birthday last Saturday; her age? Sorry, it's a military secret.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

As Dick Sidowski was leaving his date the other night, she was overheard saying: "And don't you ever think for a minute that I didn't enjoy myself tonight Dick... 'cause I didn't."

Jim Fennelly makes the rounds of the square-end tables at George's quite often. Come, come, Jim, how do you expect to do a good job as a sports-writer that-away?

I've a notice which says that Lujack, Kline, and Gilhooley are on the starting lineup for... oops, beg your pardon, I picked up a deficiency list.

A few of the more adventurous Waves have taken up flight instruction. If and when the time comes for their initial

solo, the gals have promised to notify the University, as time must be had to double the insurance on the Dome, you know!

"What do you think of the "Green Banner" as a whole?" We asked this harmless question as we strolled through Rosie's, the other evening. One anemic joker drew himself up to his full five feet and blurted out: "You're right, brother, and how!" We could get him to say no more. Frankly, he has us worried.



HERE AND THERE

You have no idea what an effort we make to keep informed on the doings here and there. This week, we're handicapped—and it's all because we expected the spring issue of *Chimes* to be out; all of which brings to mind the fact that late permissions at St. Mary's definitely are a handicap to the editorial staff in those parts. Some one slyly intimated that the lassies were waiting for April Fool's day to spring a special issue, dedicated to ourselves. If we wanted to get even, we could bring up the subject of cake-baking—you know, we challenged them to bake a cake one time, and they fairly wilted under the ordeal. But it's true every word of it. They cannot bake cakes at the Rock; they don't know how!

Medical Aptitude Test on Friday, April 28th

Dean Lawrence H. Baldinger, of the College of Science, has announced this week the Committee on Aptitude Test of the Association of American Medical Colleges has advised him that the next Medical Aptitude Test will be given on Friday, April 28, 1944, at 3:00 p.m. in Room 213 of Chemistry Hall. The test requires approximately two hours.

The attention of all applicants is called to the fact that the test is now one of the normal requirements for admission to a medical school. Results of the test are made known to all medical schools and to screening committees in all Naval Districts.

A fee of one dollar (\$1.00) is required for this test and is payable at the time the applicant indicates his intention to take the Test. Any student wishing to take the test should leave his name and fee at the office of the secretary to the dean of the College of Science Room 202, Chemistry Hall not later than Saturday, April 8, 1944.

It is not likely that this test will be given again until late fall.

Service Center is Center of Service

BY SEAMAN BILL BYINGTON

"Your uniform is your pass." That is the slogan of the South Bend Servicemen's Center, which offers a number of facilities for the convenience of servicemen on liberty or furlough. This organization is nonprofit, and composed entirely of volunteer workers. It is supported by the War Chest fund, and therefore should not be confused with work done by the USO, a separate organization.

The local women who give their time to the supervision and maintenance of the Center are headed by Mrs. W. A. Hager, jr., president of the Center. Approximately a hundred other officers in charge are grouped severally into departments. Each of these departments efficiently manages one part of the organization. Some of the most important of these departments include: public relations, sick bay, canteen, house, rooms, and refreshments. All volunteer employees work three-hour shifts and generally average 20 hours of work each week.

Many local girls are registered with the Center, and serve as cadettes and tea dance hostesses for the servicemen. These girls are organized into different regiments, each of which is managed by a "colonel," a local matron. They change shifts periodically and provide fine companionship for the men in service. Each cadette is required to furnish recommendations in order to be registered.

The Center's main purpose is to be at the complete service of all men in uniform. It is open daily between 9:00 a.m. and 9:00 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it closes at 11:30 p.m., and on Wednesdays and Sundays when it closes at 10:30 p.m. One of the most important features of its work consists of free suppers furnished by the Red Cross Canteen and paid for by the Center. The suppers are held from 5:30 until 7:00 o'clock on Saturdays, Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. However, snacks and cigarettes are available at all times, the only article not dispensed free being soft drinks. A great deal of milk is furnished at the soda bar, 1400 bottles being given out one week-end. The Center also sends out cookies and sandwiches to the Notre Dame sick bay.

Other facilities include: continuous dancing Saturdays and Sundays by records, with an orchestra sometimes donating its services. A Saturday night class in dancing is held at 8:00 p.m. for the instruction of beginners. A limited

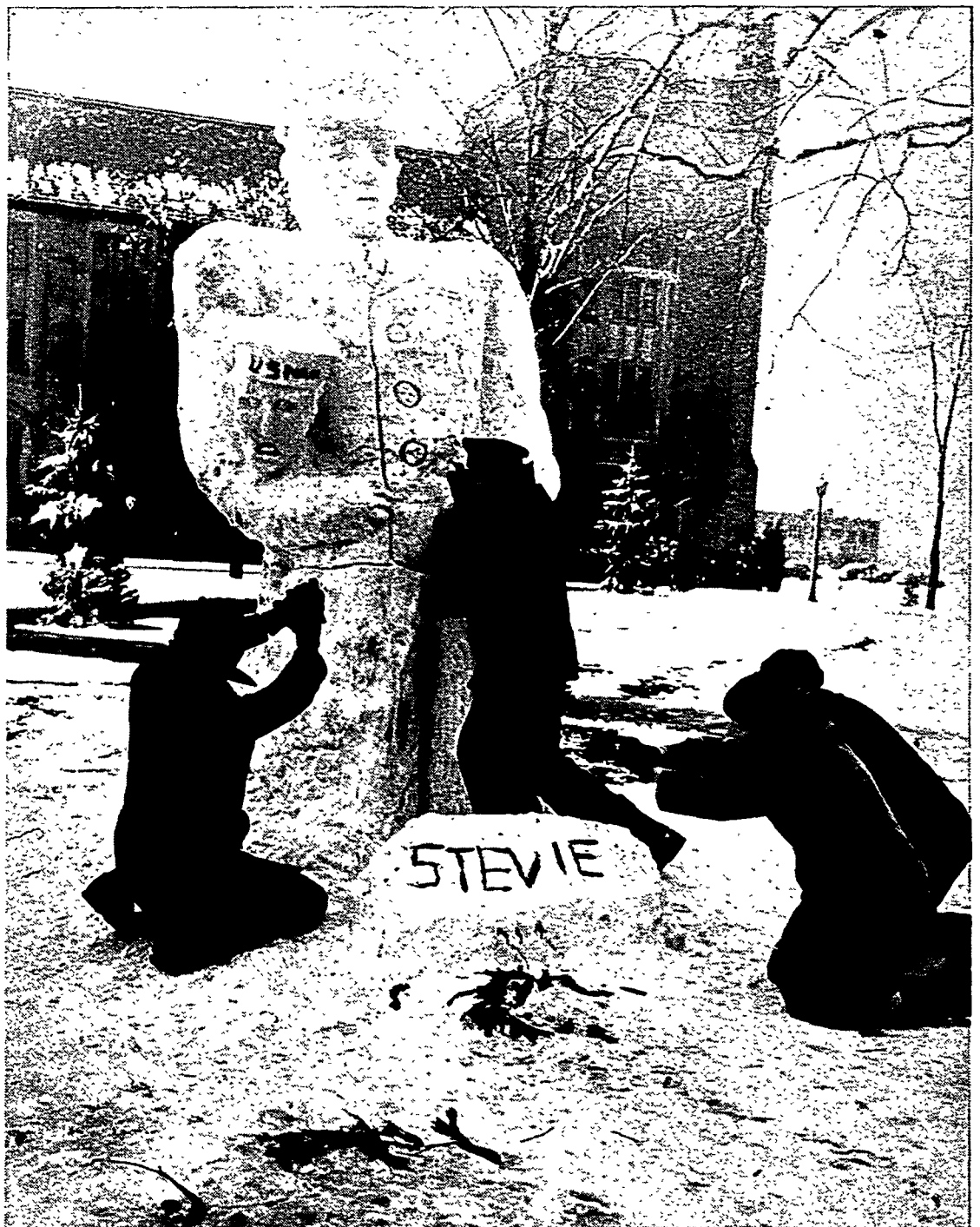
supply of theatre tickets is given out every day at the main desk as long as they last. This desk also serves as an information booth, a package depot, and operates a Room Service whereby visiting family members of servicemen can get accommodations in private homes.

A mending service is operated in one corner of the lounge by the Red Cross. It is called "the stitch in time corner," and handles any kind of repairing for men in uniform. "The Hermit's Den" consists of a combination rest room and letter-writing establishment. Two type-

writers are also available. In the lounge two pianos, magazines, and cigarettes are obtainable. Ping pong, billiards, cards, and games are accessible in the mezzanine. A library, located just off the lounge, contains a variety of books which may be checked out free of charge.

A music room is to be found next to the library. Many albums and individual records are at the serviceman's disposal. Regular symphony programs are given every Saturday and Sunday. Half-hour broadcasts over WSBT, given every Saturday night at 8:45 o'clock, are sponsored by the Studebaker corporation. Local service talent is used and various prizes are awarded the most proficient entertainers.

"Your uniform is your pass."



Old man winter took issue with a "Scholastic" statement that spring had officially arrived, and here is concrete evidence that the discarding of coats was a bit premature. Here several members of campus naval units are before the great snow man they constructed, perhaps asking help in passing some of those exams.

College Parade

... By Bill Carnahan

THEY DOOD IT—AGAIN

It has been confirmed through authoritative sources that those socially minded individuals of the "T" square and slide rule fame, commonly known as Engineers, are planning another dance. Although complete details are not at hand, if you are planning on catching the next boat for Tokyo via the Army or Navy, put it off until after the first of May.

SPEAKING OF ENGINEERS

From the *Daily Kansan* comes this Green Ribbon story:

It seems that way back in March, 1892, students in the Schools of Law and Engineering disagreed over a few green ribbons. As a result of this dispute Lawyers and Engineers never speak; like clockwork the campus puts on a complete shift of paint eradicators every March, and the statue of Uncle Jimmy Green, then Law School dean, looks like a well-pickled Christmas tree. It all started when the lawyers, in order to impress Dean Green adopted green as the Law school color and wore green ribbons all the time.

When St. Patrick's day rolled around the Engineer's thought that this color should be worn in memory of the popular Irishman or not at all. So when the lawyers came out with the ribbons the engineer's came out with tomatoes (to throw) and scissors (to cut). The lawyers got angry and stopped speaking (fantastic) and this has continued for 54 years. Incidentally this story was told by an engineer.

IN REQUIEM. . .

*There was a young belle of old Natchez
Whose garments were always in patchez.
When comment arose
On the state of her clothes,
She drawled, "When ah itchez, ah
scratchez!"*

DID YOU KNOW:

That the idea that all buddies read each other's mail is mistaken?

That most of them read parts or quote from their girl friend's letter?

That the average serviceman writes regularly to two women, some write to as many as fourteen?

That many write three times a day and don't use carbon copies?

That they think x's are outmoded; letters containing lipsticks are nil, but they do like perfumed stationery.

NOT NOTRE DAME

First Senior, "Busy?"

Second Senior, "You busy?"

First Senior, "No."

Second Senior, "Then let's go to class."
—O, Yeah!

THE GIRLS AT THE "ROCK"

She (as they drove past a popcorn stand): "M-m-m-m-m, but that popcorn has a heavenly aroma."

He: "Has it? I'll drive a little closer."

WHICH REMINDS ME. . .

Of a new formula for exterminating bugs—a-n-y bugs. For example, get rid of fleas by taking a bath in sand and a rub down in alcohol. The fleas get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks.

Ed note: Not the way I heard it.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

*Aye, when the cards are poor,
The chips are low,*

*And the hour is getting late,
The man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When he bumps a full with a straight—
.... I wouldn't know*

AND FINALLY

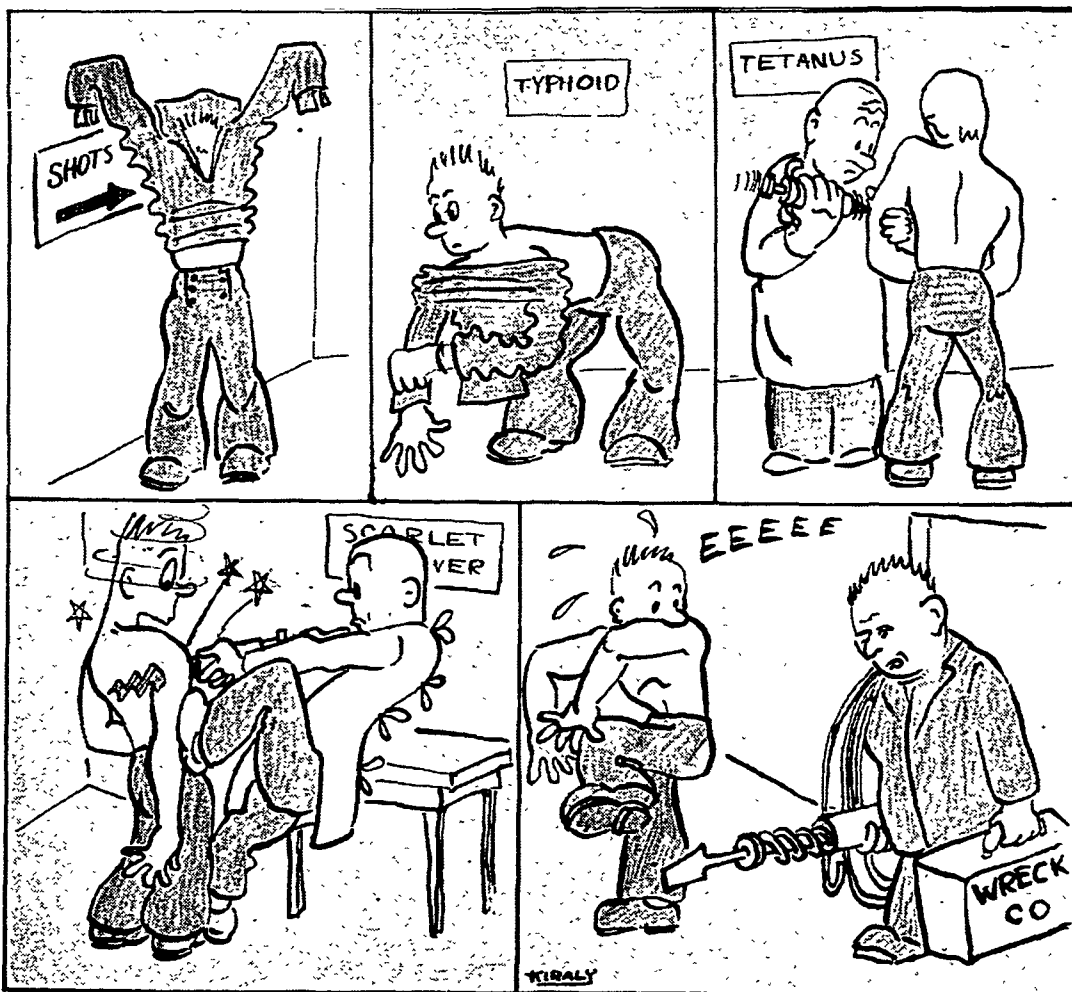
Did you ever stop to think what would have happened to the American forces at Bunker Hill if all the British soldiers had had bloodshot eyes?

Midshipmen Physicians Transferred From Here

Two physicians, both of South Bend, who have been connected with the naval reserve midshipmen's school here, have received orders transferring them elsewhere, it has been officially announced by Capt. J. Richard Barry, commanding officer of the Notre Dame naval station.

Transferred to Crane, Ind., is Lieut. Commander Erwin Blackburn, who will be stationed at the naval ammunition depot there. Lieut. Commander H. H. Slominski, who recently came here from the Pacific fleet, has been transferred to the Bunker Hill naval air station at Peru, Ind.

Lieut. J. C. Thorn, who was with a marine paratroop unit at Bougainville, has replaced Commander Blackburn. Lieut. Commander H. M. Aitkin, of Gulfport, Miss., replaces Commander Slominski.



Guessing Game Over as Leahy Directs Team; or---Ma! That Man is Here Again!

By DAVE CONDON

"Scholastic" Editor

The scene for this article might first be laid in late September, 1942, when a certain member of the Notre Dame football team took the wrong train for Madison, Wis., and almost gave the entire coaching staff grey hair before he finally turned up, with student manager Emmett Jennings, to help the Irish tie Wisconsin, 7 to 7.

The man, and he was the man, was Angelo Bertelli, who had everyone but the court of missing persons hunting for him when he took the wrong freight out of the Windy City. One of those considerably perplexed by the disappearance of the Arm was head coach Frank Leahy. He didn't dream that there would be a day a year and a half later when there would be much speculation over his whereabouts.

Now the picture comes up to the present. A man who looked like Frank Leahy, talked like Frank Leahy, who drove Frank Leahy's car, and lived in Frank Leahy's house, went away from here on a proposed trip across the sea to entertain boys in service. We heard various hints that he was already overseas and everytime his name was mentioned it was concluded with a remark "who is overseas on a tour," or some similar phrasing.

For this man that looked like Frank Leahy, the journey ended in New York, and he spent his hours idling away the time, so we are told, waiting for the green light. Meanwhile, a contemplative press awaited the official war department announcement that he had arrived on soil not of this nation.

That would have been nice had every thing gone according to schedule, but this week things were further complicated when a man looking like Frank Leahy came back to the Athletic offices, opened shop, and started searching through the spring football candidates for any men who looked like: 1) Creighton Miller, 2) Pat Filley, 3) James J. White.

At the same time it was announced locally that if there is any person overseas showing pictures for the U.S.O., under the name of Frank Leahy it was either Wendell Willkie with his hair combed, or another person who looks very much like that gentleman directing football practice on Cartier Field.

Of course, for Coach Leahy's own safety, it was necessary to withhold news of his departure and the progress of his journey. Sometimes, though, there have been those who wondered if, as he sat in New York and read the press speculation concerning his whereabouts, he might have been laughingly reminded of the time Angelo Bertelli took the wrong train.

Brown, Meyer Continue Keogan's Success Role

Two former proteges of the late George Keogan, Earl Brown and Ray Meyer, now head basketball coaches at Dartmouth and DePaul, respectively, are carrying on the Irish tradition of producing winning teams.

Brown, who also is the top football mentor at the "Big Green" institution, brought his cage quintet into the Eastern division of the NCAA meet at Madison Square Garden a week ago and knocked off the mid-western champs, Ohio State, to capture the Eastern sector crown.

Meyer's squad invaded the "big city" in an effort to annex the National Invitational crown but were thwarted in their attempt by a St. John's outfit. However, their able hardcourt maneuvering enabled them to get all the way to the finals which is plenty significant in itself. The "Blue Demons," who hit the loss column but a few times during the regular season, were rated one of the top teams in the country, as was Dartmouth who rated high in eastern circles.

Both Brown and Meyer were star court performers while under the tutelage of Keogan, which only goes to prove that the Keogan winning style is still being carried on where top-notch basketball is being played.

GOLF NOTICE

All those interested in trying out for the golf team should watch the campus bulletin boards. A notice will appear very soon containing instructions pertinent to a golf squad soon to be organized.



With the resounding of spring football practice on the campus, Notre Dame paused today to honor Knute K. Rockne, former football coach and director of athletics, who gave Notre Dame football teams national titles in 1924, 1929, and 1930. A separate news story and an editorial give more facts about the coach, who was killed 13 years ago today. Time has not erased the many Rockne legends still heard around the campus, and today Notre Dame joins with the entire sports world in honoring the memory of the late leader of Notre Dame men.

Bengal Entrants Quicken Pace as Tourney Nears

A bare two weeks of training lies before the entrants in the thirteenth annual University Boxing Championships, and the boys were out in numbers this week getting into shape for the preliminaries, which will be run off on April 11 and 12.

Two of last year's champions, Frank Debitteto in the 127 pound class and Bob Lee, 145 pound champion, have been working out regularly. Debitteto has moved up to the 135 class this year, which opens things up wide in the division he vacated.

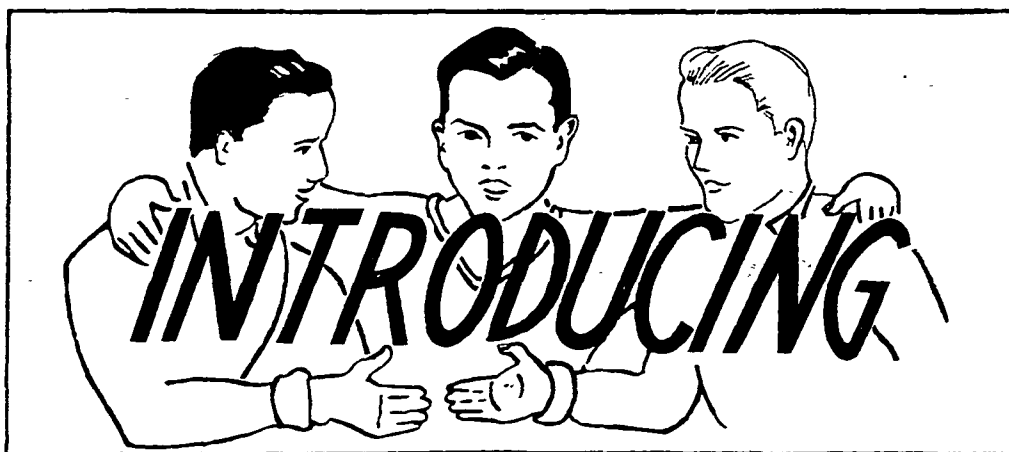
Lee will face some stiff competition in his bid for two year supremacy in the persons of Johnny Murphy and John Patane. Lee decisioned Patane last year, and battled Murphy in an exhibition when finalist Bill Leonard was forced to drop out at the last moment. This class should be the most hotly contested of all.

Marine Lou Twardzik, checking in at 155, and Mike Cutt, NROTC junior in the 175 pound class, are the only other

finalists still on campus who have signified their intention of contending.

Neither Ted Budynkiewicz nor Danny Sherrer, the only entries last year among the big men, have returned, so the heavy-weight division is wide open.

Chief's Robertson and Gallagher and Marine Sergeant Joe Santos have been working out with the boys in the afternoons in the boxing room of the Old Gym. The boys working out at this time have been training under the disadvantage of having no one there regularly to direct their efforts. John Scannell, who was to have directed their workouts, is recovering from an emergency appendectomy performed last week, and consequently has been unable to organize the program fully.—*Bob O'Toole*



By JIM REGAN

GEORGE DAVID MURPHY

Anchor man for the Notre Dame one-mile relay team is George David Murphy, who recently was transferred from the V-12 to the NROTC. Dave as he is known, makes his home in Wilmette, Ill. ... he is the third oldest in a family of nine boys, the youngest six of whom are twins.

No one could have been more pleased than Dave when he was assigned to Notre Dame in the V-12 program... has always been an admirer of this school... He attended New Trier High school where he was a member of the track team... In high school he ran a quarter mile in 50.2 to become co-holder of the suburban meet record... also participated in basketball and gymnastics... was active in other school affairs being a senior class officer, chairman of the senior hop committee, a member of the Science club, Radio club, and the T.N.T. Honorary Society.

Dave has as his hobby bird study. He developed this hobby from his activities as an eagle scout when he practiced trapping, banding, and identifying birds.

Dave's favorite athlete has always been Glenn Cunningham... Despite this fact, Dave always stuck to the quarter-mile rather than attempt Glenn's favorite one-mile distance... His favorite orchestra is Jimmy Dorsey and his favorite school next to Notre Dame is Dennison University.

Another of Dave's hobbies is eating... sure, he has a favorite dish, or at least he "had" one... says that his favorite food was spaghetti—until he came to Notre Dame.

Dave is one of the vital cogs in Notre Dame's relay quartet which enjoyed a successful indoor season and he is looking forward with anticipation to the outdoor meets... The team finished in first place in all dual and triangular meets except for one defeat at the hands of Michigan... They won their heat in the Chicago relays, finished second in the Millrose games, but were third in the Purdue relays last week.

LARRY LYNCH

Laurence J. "Larry" Lynch, Marine V-12 trainee, was born on Oct. 26, 1923 and since that time has been the "pride" of Kansas City, Mo... Larry competes in the 100 and 220 yard sprints and the broad jump... Temporarily ineligible, Larry is waiting eagerly for the day when he will again be able to compete with the "Irish."

Larry attended the De La Salle Academy in Kansas City where he played the outfield in baseball, and played quarterback and end in football... During his junior year in football, Larry incurred a brain concussion... He was laid up in the hospital for a week and a half... This injury prevented his playing football in his senior year... Although the hospital authorities pronounced him "fit" residents of the third floor in Cavanaugh Hall aren't sure yet whether he has fully recovered.

Professing no real hobby, Larry confessed it probably is "keeping out of work." ... His room mate readily seconded this statement... He has a varied taste in music having as two of his favorites Strauss and Spike Jones... His favorite meal includes mashed potatoes, corn, rolls and apple pie.

Larry is quite a roller-skater... At one time he toured the entire southwest and middle-west sections of the country with a skating group... At a recent K. of C. vaudeville show, Larry's skating, with the help of Vic Kulbitski on the concertina, brought the pair third prize of \$10.

During the past few months he has been trying to win his way into the affections of two young ladies... How?? By sending them precious packages of chewing gum...

"Doc" Handy is counting on Larry being eligible for the outdoor season... Besides having him run it is rumored that Doc plans to use Larry to set up the hurdles and high jump standards due to the shortage of managers.



Earl Brown, another former Notre Dame cage captain, who now directs the grid and cage destinies of Dartmouth. (See story first sports page.)



Ray Meyer, head coach at De Paul and winner of George E. Keogan trophy as "coach of the year." (See story first sports page.)

Irish Track Team Loses One Year Hold on Purdue Relays Title as Michigan Team Wins

By JACK McCRAVE

"Scholastic" Track Writer

Notre Dame surrendered its Purdue relays crown to a mighty Michigan track team last Saturday evening at Lafayette, Ind. The Wolverines, current Big-Ten champions, amassed 49 points in triumphing over Purdue with 23, Illinois with 22½, Iowa Pre-Flight with 18 5/6, and the Irish with 17 1/3.

Michigan swept every relay event except the sprint medley relay in which they were second. They showed balance in the sprints, hurdles, and field events as well.

Phil Anderson, high-flying Marine trainee, captured the lone first place made by the blue and gold squad, as he cleared 13 feet in the pole vault. Blackwell of Oberlin and Parks of the Seahawks were determined that the Fighting Irish should not have even this one title, but while they couldn't outdo Phil, they did succeed in tying him.

Hume Twins Shine

In the relay events, the Hume twins, Bob and Ross, and Bob Ufer of Michigan, in company with other Wolverines, harassed the Irish in every event. The distance medley relay team with Bill Tully running the 880 yard, first leg, Dave Murphy, the 440, John Lyons, the three-quarters of a mile, and an anchorman, Frank Martin, the mile, finished several yards behind Michigan in the fast time of 10:34.8. An unusual sprint medley relay run in legs of tenths of a mile followed. Frank Eck carried the baton for three-tenths, Brad Bennett and McCall whipped off one-tenth apiece, and Frank Martin sped across the finish line in third place after five tenths of a mile. The mile relay team (Jones, McCauley, Purcell, and Murphy) garnered third place, also behind Michigan and Northwestern in 3:26.5. Joe Kelly and George Sullivan competed in the shot put but were unable to help the Irish cause.

Claude Young, Illinois' Negro dash ace, set a new meet record for the 60 yard sprint in 6.2 lowering the former record of 6:4 set by Bill Dillon of Notre Dame in last year's renewal. The relays featured a unique innovation which might well be copied elsewhere. The students at Purdue elected a queen and a court of four attendants for the meet who in turn presented the winning teams with their respective trophies.

Kormendis Return to Campus After Display

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kormendi have returned to their home in South Bend following a four week exhibition of their sculpture and ceramics at the Norton Galleries in Palm Beach, Fla.

Mr. Kormendi is on the Notre Dame campus as artist in residence. Mrs. Kormendi is a painter and ceramic worker.

The Florida exhibit showed the sculptures of Mr. Kormendi in various media, bronze, plaster, terra cotta and wood. Included in this group were his study of Father Eugene Burke, C.S.C., a statue of St. Francis, in wood, and "On to Victory," a pair of marching soldiers.

The ceramic work of Mrs. Kormendi was also displayed. Much of this was brought from her home in Hungary, but some was made here at Notre Dame in an electric kiln. Her work portrays the light and humorous side of art. One of the small pieces is "A Sailor and His Girls," while another shows a Negro dancing couple.

Shows Are "Highly Successful"

This is the fifth show that the couple have presented in this country. All have been "one-man" shows and were held besides Palm Beach, at Milwaukee, Wis., Oak Park, Ill., Chicago and Indianapolis.

Palm Beach newspapers described the display as "highly successful."

Mr. and Mrs. Kormendi came to America late in 1939 as visitors, and while on board ship to this country, war broke out in their homeland. Since then they have taken up residence in the United States and will remain here, having taken out their first citizenship papers.

Mr. Kormendi has been with the University since September of 1942, and his outstanding work to date has been a pair of centennial plaques in the vestibule of Sacred Heart church. These show Father Sorin and Our Lady.

The main project for Mr. Kormendi is the design and execution of a war memorial. This is to be of marble and will be quite large.

Pressbox Splinters

By JIM FENNELLY

Betty Trevis is the first woman sports editor of the University of Kentucky student newspaper, *The Kentucky Kernel*. . . . Betty is also the first girl reporter ever to be allowed in the Kentucky dressing room. . . . In ten years as Irish baseball mentor, coach Jake Kline has won 96 games, lost 64, and tied one for a winning percentage of .596. . . . He also does a little "coaching" in the mathematics department and latest reports have him batting well above the .500 mark with the sliderule lads. . . . When the late Knute Rockne was introduced to Heywood Broun several years ago, Knute said, "I'm glad to know you Mr. Broun, I never miss a line of your stuff in the *New York Journal*." . . . Came the fast reply, "Thank you Mr. Rickney, and let me tell you that I always enjoy seeing your Yale basketball team play."

. . . Broun at the time worked for the *New York World*. . . . Leo Klier, who broke the all-time Notre Dame scoring record the past season, has been selected as a member of the All-American basketball team by *PIC* magazine. . . . Jim Costin, South Bend *Tribune's* distinguished sports authority, presented Leo with a Bulova watch on the former's radio program recently as a material token of his selection on the All-American quintet. . . . Fred "Dippy" Evans, one of the greatest backs in recent Notre Dame gridiron history, is now an army aviation cadet and is located at the Enid, Oklahoma air field.

Bill Carey, former sports editor of the *Scholastic* and one of the last of the famous E. R. C. men on campus, is rapidly recovering from an attack of pneumonia that struck him just prior to his induction into the armed services. . . . Bill will be abed for a while yet and a few letters from his many friends here on campus will go a long way toward his speedy recovery. . . . His address is 28 River St., Dorchester, Mass.

Johnny Moir, three time All-American basketball great whose individual scoring record was broken this season by Leo Klier, is still active in hoop circles.

. . . During the past season, he performed for the Akron Collegiates, an Ohio amateur club. . . . Michigan University's official attendance figures for the 1943 football season was the lowest since 1936 although the largest crowd in Michigan football history viewed the Wolv-

erine-Irish game last fall (86,408).... Paul White, captain of last fall's Michigan football team has been named the 1943-44 recipient of the Western Conference medal awarded at each member institution each year for scholastic and athletic achievement.... White, who also was a regular on the Wolverine baseball team, is now on active duty with the marines.... John Adams, who rightly deserves the title of "BMOC" (B for biggest), is not letting the fact that he is too big for the army keep him from doing his part for victory.... John holds down a full time job at the Studebaker plant testing airplane engines besides carrying a complete course in the College of Commerce.... In his spare time, Big John manages to play a little football and is expected to be one of the mainstays in the Irish line next fall.... Quite an extensive athletic program is being planned for the semester by the various engineering clubs of the University... A bowling league, a softball circle, and possibly an inter-club track meet have been decided on to keep the slide-rule jockeys from developing any sign of middle age paunch.... The various leagues will be open to all engineers and they will be notified by their respective club presidents as to the where and when of their competing.... Jim Mello visited the campus last Sunday and the former Irish fullback looked as if a combine of nautical life and married life agreed with him.... The boys overseas, in spite of perils of the battle fronts, are still interested in Notre Dame sporting events.... Recently, the business office received an order for tickets for all home football games for next fall from John De Grove, a native South Bender who is with the Seabees on Tarawa.... Johnny Mize, Barney McCoskey, and Joe Grace, who appeared on the Notre Dame campus with the Great Lakes diamond aggregate last summer, are now playing in the South Pacific league, having been sent overseas last fall.... The loose scoring system in the National Hockey league came in for some ribbing in the *Chicago Daily News* a few weeks ago... King Clancy, well-known referee, was working a game in Montreal and after a goal had been scored, he skated to the scorer's bench to see that proper credit was given for it.... "Buddy O'Connor gets the assist," the referee said.... "Hey, that's impossible," he was told, "O'Connor wasn't even dressed for the game tonight."... Clancy was confused but only for a moment.... "Well, give him one anyway, if he'd been out there, he'd have made it...."

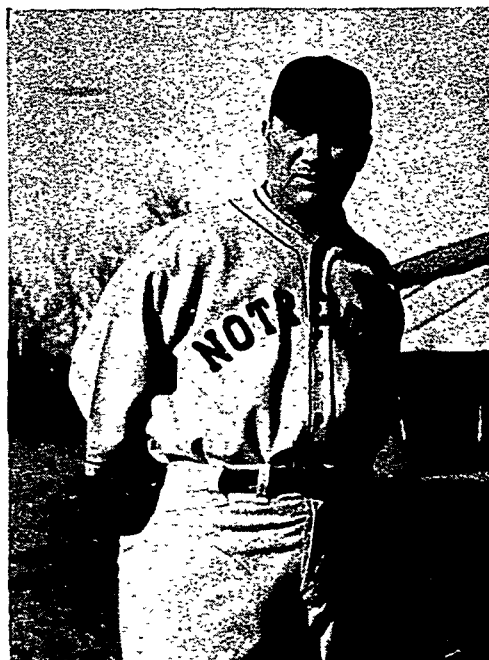
Have you planned on attending the Bengal Bouts??? Four nights of fast and furious action.

Baseball Team Outside After Indoor Sessions

By JOE MURNANE

"Scholastic" Baseball Writer

Yelling joyfully, yet pale-faced from being cooped-up in the fieldhouse for three weeks, the Klinemen spurted out on the soft dirt of the Cartier field diamond today to begin their first full squad work of the year. March winds still prevail upon the hitting and no criteria of "goodness" or "badness" can be leveled on any man—the elements will have to be in full accord with Jake Kline's idea of a perfect day before any state-



Coach "Jake" Kline

ment is forthcoming concerning the potency of the "big stick department."

Defensively, the team shows great promise and position will be determined by the way in which the various players hit under actual game conditions. Although the tilted square is not yet fully covered with green herbage, there have been evidences of early season infield work right out on the playing area proper.

Still Uncertainties

In the infield, the veteran Tom Sheehan seems to be up to his usual ability as backstop. However, Mealey, regular catcher at Minnesota last season, will give him a good run for his dough. So far, Manarik has been covering a lot of "hot corner" territory but still maintains a fight for the spot with two aggressive newcomers, Querolo and Cieszcon. Bob Klein, who more than capably fills in the shortstop spot, is being keenly understudied by Capalbo. First and second base are still wide open and initial sack potentialities lie between Marshall and Reither, while second is strongly up for a bid with contention from Carlin and Balbreiz.

Scarpelli, Mayo, Wittingham, Gilhooley, and Flanagan look good on defense out in the green pastures. Persistent hitting which can only be determined in a game, can upset the apple cart for any of these positions.

It's Up to Hurlers

The effectiveness of the team will be built around the great unknown quality of the squad to date, that is, pitching. The first game of the season is a scheduled double bill with Indiana on April 15. The starting moundsmen will probably come from either Zieminski, Johnson, or Martin. With two weeks remaining before competition gets underway, the Klinemen still have a big problem on their hands, that of hitting and playing under game conditions. Thus far, the weather has been the sole preventor of any intra-squad games but with a decent atmosphere in the very near future, many of the queries should solve themselves.

Studies Office Records Are Complicated Affair

Filing cases, cards; cards, filing cases. The offices of the director of studies are honeycombed with them. These cards and cases form a cross reference system as intricate as any employed by Lonely Hearts clubs.

However, the card systems and their uses are an integral part of each student's record and as such should be familiar to him. First is the application card. It contains a student's name, address, date and place of birth, parents' name, and a record of previous schooling. A statement that the enrollee will abide by the rules of the University is also exacted and included with the application.

Secondly, a transcript of previous college credits, high school credits, and the rank from which a man was graduated from his class, is filed.

A census card, containing a man's home address, campus address, and degree for which he is working, is kept nearby for speedy reference.

The class cards with which everyone is familiar are saved in the director of studies' office and are returned to the teachers at the end of the semester in order to secure the student's grades and credits. From these grades and credits on the class cards, a temporary academic record is made. This list, a complete record of a student's work, is kept on file for one semester. By this time, assured that there are no more changes to make, the studies' employees transfer semester records to a permanent college record. This permanent record is the one from which transcripts are obtained.

—Edward Madden

CONDON-SATIONS

BY DAVE CONDON

THOSE WHO SHOULD know tell me that the professional book bandits from large stores were back on the campus this week trying to lure students over and obtain used texts at hold-up prices. They were here last spring, when the cry for a student book exchange was first voiced loudly. They have returned time and again, but it does cause a little speculation when you wonder just how much the student book exchange has affected the bandits.

—o—

A YEAR AGO last winter, in an effort to expose the practice, a SCHOLASTIC reporter went over to the book store, took a brand new book from the shelf, and wandered over to the stand where the professional confidence artist was working. Among other books for sale, the student offered the new text—fresh from the shelf in the bookstore. He was offered a quarter!

—o—

ALSO WORTHY OF mention this week

are the Bengal Bouts, which are coming off in the immediate future. There are a large number of contestants drilling daily, promising four nights of hard fighting. The proceeds, which annually go to the Bengal missions, will this year be turned over to the Servicemen's Center in South Bend.

—o—

BEHIND THE BENGALS scene is Bob O'Toole, promotion manager, who is capably filling the shoes of Red Lonergan and "Scoop" Scanlan, promoters of former years who are now with the *Chicago Tribune* and at Fort Sheridan, Ill., respectively.

—o—

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS have been held, and now it remains for the council to establish something concrete and prove that the end warranted the means. Behind the council formation, as behind many other notable efforts on campus life, is the Catholic Action Society. The influence of the council, and the leadership, will soon be seen. There has been no better time that the present for good leadership, and anxious eyes are being kept on the council by the en-

tire student body. A check of representation will reveal how seriously organizations are taking the council, and goes to demonstrate how far it will be backed by the campus clubs and organizations.

—o—

LOOKING BACK A year ago—spring was coming to Notre Dame... the track team was running wild and couldn't find anyone to contest with in a dual meet... War Bonds were being sold on the campus and two seniors from Alumni purchased \$100 bonds... the Evil Eye club was talking of a victory garden... and everyone was talking of the Bengal Bouts.

—o—

WHICH, BRINGING UP the subject of War bonds, brings to mind the fact that perhaps it wouldn't be such a bad idea for some campus organization, following the pattern set last year by the Knights of Columbus, to promote the sale of War bonds on the campus. If you don't want the bonds yourself—well, you can always kick them in on the endowment fund. Which brings us to the end of another week and another "30."

THANKS to the many midshipmen for patronage, and congratulations to the newly commissioned specialists.

PARKER-WINTERROWD

115½ N. Main Street (Upstairs)

THE COMMODORE CAP, expressly styled by Parker-Winterrowd, with genuine Beaver crown and 4% gold chin strap, 10 carat gold and Sterling silver device, with two Van Husen white crowns, at \$18.50

South Bend's Oldest Custom Tailors

Fleetman Tells of Life and Strife on LCT; Crews Sing, "I Got Those LCT Blues"

By BILL OYLER, ex-SM3/c

This is a brief narration of life aboard a vessel of the Atlantic amphibious force of the United States Navy. A very large majority of the newly-commissioned ensigns report to active duty in the amphibious forces; some are assigned to small boats; some to LCT's; some to LCI's; and some to LST's. I have written a few words concerning life aboard an LCT. Perhaps you future ensigns will benefit in some small way by this glance at your days to come in the "dungaree navy." Your nice new uniforms will soon lose their freshness and glamor; your knowledge of physics and mathematics will soon give way to the application of common sense—and you had better have some and know how to use it. Your crew, even though they are enlisted men, are human beings and you had better treat them as such; a stripe of gold braid does not make a man a god in the eyes of these men. You will be the quarterback of your team; it would be advisable for you to play ball with your team, not against it. Now hear this!

"The liner, she's a lady," so wrote Kipling. What would he say about an LCT? She, an LCT, is very feminine (forever changing her mind, forever unpredictable in her actions, sometimes kind, other times cruel, a source of humiliation to her crew, yet, also, a source of pride, always a sort of mother to a tired sailor). I prefer girls with gracefully curved bodies; undoubtedly, so do you. Men of the sea run eager eyes over the slim, trim shape of a vessel and exclaim, "Some class." An LCT (Landing Craft Tanks) is the ugly duckling of the Navy. Her appearance reminds one of an oversized, battle-grey bathtub. A good seaman can spit the length of her; a man in a rowboat can outrun her; but nobody can steer her. These seagoing spitkits (Naval vernacular) stretch along a tapeline to about the 110 foot

mark; they draw little more water than would a slab of cork the same size. When fighting her way through the sea, an LCT appears to be climbing a hill; in spite of her ugliness, she holds her bow proudly in the air and scoots along like a fat matron. Some thoughtful workman rounded her bow into a gently-curving ramp; but alas her stern was formed by the diagonal whack of a mighty cleaver. The nation's eminent physicists are still expounding hypotheses to explain why an LCT does what an LCT does.

The crews which man these salt-water bathtubs are as peculiar to the Navy as are the ships. The men of the amphibious forces are a conglomerate of old salts, newly-made second class seamen, hash-marked chiefs, young petty officers, and ensigns, ensigns, ensigns. It requires the loving care of eleven enlisted men and an ensign to keep an LCT off the rocks and shoals. Advancements in ratings and commissions come fast in this "foreign-legion branch" of the Navy. The "old man" is a one-stripe admiral from the V-7 Program; it may be the first time he has ever seen the sea, let alone been aboard a ship; the immaculate dry-land ensign becomes a spray-soaked and oil-smeared mess, when he begins learning how to handle one of the unfamed ships—no one can break an LCT so that she can be safely ridden, not even the smartest and saltiest of all the 90-day wonders. The second in command of these craft is, according to the chart on the ship's bulletin board, a first class boat-swain's mate; however this position is usually handled just as well by a loud-mouthed coxswain. It is regrettably true that a good signalman has never been found in the amphibious forces. A bewildered seaman is given a flashing light, a pair of semaphore flags, a depleted set of naval flags and is informed that he is to handle all communications, visual and radio. The engine room doctors are two firemen first and an electrician third who, in order to diagnose the trouble, must first knot and twist themselves through a series of yogi exercises before they become sufficiently limber to work in the cramped engine room. The hot biscuits, pancakes, steaks, pies, and potent Navy coffee are prepared by a ship's cook third class, who cooks on a small range jammed into the forward starboard side of the crew's quarters. A cook on one of these craft never stirs his foot (the required agitation is performed by the ever-moving sea). I have known cooks who have cursed horribly as they swabbed what

(Continued on page 19)

PEP UP

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The walls of old Cavanaugh sagged and swayed last Sunday eve around 2145, while "Pappy" Maggioli and his boys dished it up. Accompanying Pappy and his singing guitar were "Booze Nose" McAndrews with his licorice stick, "U.S.O." Eggbeer and his wastebasket, and Scotty at the solid ump pah pah. The music, along with a bit of a smeller drama by "Pappy" was appropriate and inspiring to we confinees who had haunted these sacred halls of Cavanaugh for the past two week ends. Thanks fellows.

The song "Happy Days Are Here Again" has reached a new popular high in the Marine Camp. The long hoped and prayed for "Emancipation Proclamation" has the high light spot on the bulletin board. The freedom came in the form of Executive Order No. 13-14 which stipulates that once again we are free to roam the vicinity of South Bend on Saturday nights.

POEM

*Though Spring seems far away,
And icy blasts do blow,
Rejoice while you may—
For that monstrous thing called an
obstacle course is also under snow.*

A star is born. Last Sat. night Pvt. Jack Strube, the gravel-throated first Sgt. of Co. A, engraved his name in the Service Men's Center's "Stars and Stripes" Hall of Fame. Not only did our boy succeed in reciting the difficult rime of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" but also he smacked Hirohito right in the nose with a dart. For these actions above and beyond the call of duty he was awarded a 25 dollar War Bond. Congratulations Strube—when are you going to break out the sharpshooter's medal?

Backers of J. W. "Skippy" Cooper

(yea, we have one too) are having a hard time trying to get the "Battler" in condition for the Bengal Bouts. It seems that "Skip" isn't so hot on the idea of exercise and very fond of the idea of MILD dissipation. Anyone having a suggestion on how his handlers might encourage his conditioning please contact them. Your cooperation will be appreciated.

DAFFY-NITIONS

BARRACKS—a series of bunks divided by crap games, or a structure with a card game moving around one end and the N.C.O. at the other.

HEAD ORDERLY—A sanitary engineer (Flush Gordon).

NOTRE DAME CHOW—A quart of bourbon, a dog, and a steak (the dog eats the steak).

WIDOW—A woman that knows all about men, and the only man that knows all about her is dead.

Sgt. Santos tells us that at present only five Marines are entered in the Bengal Bouts, where's the "Espirit de Corps." We aren't going to let the Swab-bies steal the show, come on, Sgt. Santos is eager to see some good Marines over at the Boxing Room in the field house. Let's Go!

QUOTES AND COMMENTS

"Forward—are you ready Bollaert? March!!" (Co. C. O. Tobleck.)

Well, well, something new has been added, the girls at the Cafeteria are flirting with us! Gee, now Dickinson can stop washing his face and Sammy "smooth" Unschuld can cover up his teeth. Both won't have long to wait before some sweet young thing (about 15) comes along and sweeps them off their feet.

That flash of spring we had last Friday must have really had its effect on the campus. With this bit of spring time comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Martha Abberger, secretary to Fr. John Cavanaugh, to our Sgt. King. . . . Congratulations.

There is to be another V-12 Ball. A new executive committee is to be formed within the near future. All those interested in being on the exec. committee or the Ball committee, keep your eyes peeled for the announcement which will appear in this magazine.

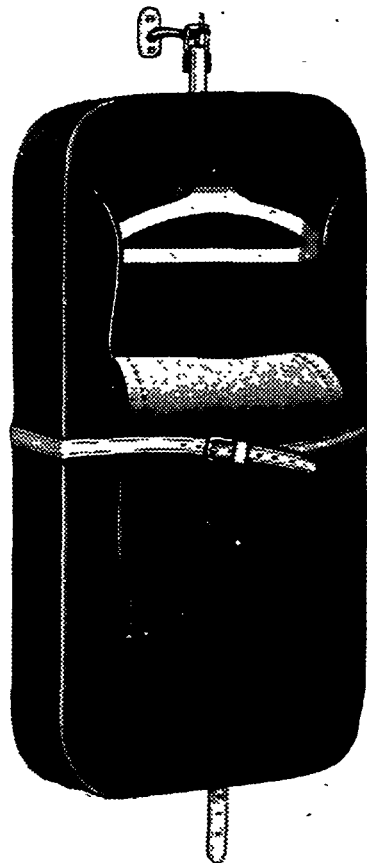
SCUTTLEBUTT OF THE WEEK

Easter vacation—forget it—Captain Finney settled that in a pretty definite manner Monday night. I guess we'll just have to hang on to last week's bit of enlightenment, that all hold-over seniors will leave for P. I. around the middle of the term.

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"Scholastic" Reporter Reviews Movie in Navy Drill Hall; Claims Orson Not Horsein'

(Ed note.... Each Saturday evening just-released movies are shown for the naval personnel in the drill hall. They usually appear in South Bend theatres two or three weeks later. It is hoped that those who miss the showings in the drill hall and those who are unable to attend because of certain necessary restrictions placed by the film studios can use as a guide the reviews of these new films which will appear in these pages each week.)

The towered, battlemented mansions of 18th century England thrust enough awe into a gruesome tragedy. They are somber—looking back to a knightly past; they are quiet—listening, and cherishing each echo. And when a picture such as Jane Eyre films, coaches and eight-horse teams, oak-paneled ceilings and gothic chambers, dusty sunlight coming through leaded casements and candled flame dodging ominous shadows, surely the gruesome atmosphere is complete. But when Orson Welles injects his own venomous serum into what is naturally eerie, the atmosphere is constipated.

Welles waited most of half an hour before he made his dashing entrance. It was on a dismal night. The fog was and the moon wasn't. Clutching a black cape, throttling a galloping steed, with a deafening background of brass, he swerved abruptly to avoid a figure in the road. He was thrown from his mount. He scrambled to his feet and stared into the camera. Lo! it was the bulbous, dissipated, gaping expression from Welles limited repertory of facial contortions.

He was seen later as the frantic Edward Rochester, robbed of all his rightful liberty, as the dauntless Edward, sopping blood from the breast of a wounded brother-in-law, as the martyred Edward, torn between two women neither of whom he could live with. At all times he was nothing but an overworked melodramatist. He was always, as is the usual procedure in his pictures, in the shadows. Only needles of much-filtered light were allowed to play upon his bewildered brow. He would stride—ever with his flowing cape. He would ride—ever on his fleeting steed. A panting symphony mostly of kettle drums, bolts of lightning, rolls of thunder were the familiar supplements. Each climax, of which there were far too many, was enveloped in a high wind.

Every time Welles had something to say, he mumbled and spoke with too much haste. It was impossible to follow his lines. He kept his lower register and piled up a mess of thick, undistinguishable, bourdon inflections. His ego, no

doubt, permits him the liberty of speaking so unintelligibly. Perhaps he feels that mere suggestion by his "Murined" eyes, and various combinations of vibrating nuances in his voice are sufficiently better than good English diction to warrant their use.

But if you like Welles and his technique, or if you can patiently stand his appearance and melodrama, you might enjoy the picture. Joan Fontaine does magnificently as the bewildered Jane. Yet her resignation and humble determination were bright lights of the film.

Don't mind the outdoor scenery that is used. Welles must have molded the clouds from clay with his own hands, and fastened them to the fake sky. Luckily most of the picture takes place at night. As a final warning, if you must see the picture, beware of Wellsian climaxes. They are coming at every turn. And if you must indulge in them, bring a safety belt to hold you in your seat.

—Seaman George Nesbit

U. S. Navy to Continue University Programs

Vice Admiral Randall Jacobs, USN, the Chief of Naval Personnel, made the following statement concerning the Navy College Program, (V-12):

"The Bureau of Naval Personnel has recently received a number of inquiries concerning reports that the Navy College Program may be discontinued. All inquirers have been advised that the Navy Department has no plans to discontinue this Program.

"The U. S. Navy is still expanding. The urgent need for technically trained young officers continues, and the colleges and universities participating in the V-12 Program are doing a splendid job of producing such officers. While changing war-time conditions may, from time to time, necessitate revision in the quotas for the Program in order to conform with the needs of the service, the Navy does not contemplate discontinuance of the Program."

Speaks in South Bend

"The Modern Poet and Religious Knowledge" was the subject of a lecture delivered Tuesday evening by Francis J. O'Malley, associate professor of English, in South Bend before an attendance assembled at the Aquinas Library and Book shop. The Notre Dame professor has been delivering a series of lectures in South Bend, and those in charge have invited public attendance.

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LIFE ON LCT

(Continued from page 16)

was to have been dinner off the galley deck. The remainder of the ship's company are seamen, whose specialty is sack duty.

LCT's do sail. Somehow. But they have a style of sailing as odd as the vessels themselves. Instead of riding the waves, they attempt to hammer them flat; this bludgeoning process is less hard on the waves than it is on the ship and less hard on the ship than it is on the crew. An oft-sent message between LCT's underway is, "How many of your crew are sick?" Riding an LCT in calm weather is gruelling enough for any man but attempting to cling to one in a storm, when the sea piles up mountains of water, makes every member of the crew "grab for leather." A fog of spray blows back from the bow wetting everything and slashing into the signalman's eyes; with no one to hear him, he curses the sea, the weather, his skipper, the Navy, and himself. Groggily the ship swings her head as the helmsman fights the wheel; then, like a wet dog, she violently shakes herself from head to tail and struggles wearily on. Now, because she is flat-bottomed and has no keel, the ship skids broadsides down a wave and jolts to a stop in a deep valley of water only

to be jerked up and up—a lurching car on Neptune's huge roller coaster. The 12 men are as sick as their ship; all are sea-sick except the signalman, who has been topside in the fresh air since the ship got under way. At two-hour intervals, a sick seaman wriggles into the pilot house to relieve the helmsman; clinging to the ladder railing, the relieved man carefully picks his way down. Just as he is ready to step down onto the well deck, the ship lurches and slams him face down upon the steel; he lies still for a moment; gets up; weaves over to the side; vomits; curses; and goes into the quarters to hit his sack. Relief may come and relief may go; yet the signalman remains atop the pilot house forever. When he has a semaphore message to transmit, he stands up inside a small metal ring supported by three uprights welded to the deck; this ring hugs him chest high and prevents him from being thrown overboard while signaling. Meanwhile, the man at the wheel spins it first right then left in his almost futile attempts to keep the ship on her course. Down in the quarters the pots and pans whiz dizzily across the range; the china rattles; the sick crew gets sicker.

LCT's are invasion craft, and as such, they and their crews rehearse and rehearse the complexities of establishing and supplying beachheads. Before and after going overseas, the ships everyday nudge upon the sandy beast of a beach, the ramp splashes down, and medium tanks rumble off onto shore. Day after day, in rain, nipping cold, or blistering heat, the crew work at mastering their job so that the Army equipment and personnel will arrive safely at the right place at the right time. An LCT, when without a load, sails hours to go only a few miles; but with her load of tanks, her motion is imperceptible; the crew wonders what it will be like—heading for an enemy beach, the ship being shelled, bombed, and strafed and so unmaneuverable and slow that no evasive tactics can be employed; there is one consolation—she draws so little water that a torpedo can't touch her. These ships and their crews courageously carry on; they were in Africa, Sicily, and Italy; they are in the South Pacific; they will be crunching upon the beaches of Japan; and someday soon their steel ramps will bang down upon the Fortress Europe. LCT's are argued over as to whether they should be called ships; LCT's are cursed at by their crews; LCT's are always getting in the way of some sleek man o' war; LCT's are even missed by ex-crew members like me.

*"Here we are rocking and swaying,
The crew is laughing and the ensign's
praying,
I got those LCT blues."*

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Know Your Navy



No first class battleships were built before 1890. It must be emphasized that since 1815 the framers of American naval policy had proceeded on the assumption that commerce raiding and passive coast defense were the Navy's two basic functions in war. As the eighties witnessed the beginning of the "New Navy," so the nineties are to be remembered as the beginning of a New Naval Policy that stemmed from the teachings and writings of Commander (later Admiral) Mahan. A word should be said about this influential naval expert.

Soon after the Naval War College was founded in 1884 at Newport, R. I., for the purpose of giving naval officers post graduate work, Alfred Thayer Mahan was ordered there as an instructor. After a

thorough study of the influence of sea power upon history, he had become convinced, that the American idea of war by commerce destroying was a pious fraud. On the other hand, he supported the conception of command of the sea, which, for convenience, one may designate simply the capital ship theory. This meant emphasis on battleships. Mahan wrote many books and magazine articles during the nineties popularizing his ideas, and he became extremely influential both at home and abroad. He has been called the first "philosopher of sea power."

Theodore Roosevelt, a disciple of Mahan, who became assistant secretary of the Navy in 1897, was influential in whipping the Navy into shape for the Spanish-American War. This war with Spain was, as we know, an overwhelming victory for the United States. Dewey promptly succeeded in destroying or capturing the entire Spanish force at Manila Bay. However, the principal Spanish Fleet was bottled up in Santiago harbor where Admiral Sampson stood watch with a powerful American Fleet. When the Spaniards attempted to escape, American fire became so heavy that their entire force was rapidly reduced to a helpless mass. It was not so much the American victory in this war as the

manner of it which drew attention. It is remarkable that the United States Navy destroyed two opposing fleets losing but one man.

The end of every great war brings a cry to decrease the naval establishment. However, the Spanish-American War stands out as the conspicuous exception. Instead of bringing a decline, the new Navy went forward with leaps and bounds. There were several reasons for this. In the first place, the Navy was extremely popular after the easy triumph over Spain, and Congress eagerly appropriated funds for its expansion. Also, our strategic weakness had been dramatically exposed when the *Oregon* made its famous trip around the Horn in 1898. This incident not only showed the advantages of a larger fleet, but it was influential in popularizing the Panama Canal project, which would facilitate transit between the oceans. Furthermore, we had acquired, as the result of the war, extensive insular possessions, some far remote, and there was obviously a need for a larger Navy to look after them. Then, too, in 1901 Theodore Roosevelt, a student of naval affairs, and a warm supporter of the Navy, entered the presidency and under his enthusiastic leadership the Service experienced unprecedented development.

Have a "Coke" = Sakabona (WHADDYA SAY?)



...from Bloemfontein to Buffalo

In South Africa, as in the U. S. A., the greeting *Have a "Coke"* helps the American sailor to get along. And it helps, too, in your home when you have Coca-Cola in your icebox. Across the Seven Seas, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—the friendly gesture of good-natured folks.

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"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

With student council balloting results being tabulated too late for use in this week's SCHOLASTIC, it becomes necessary to hold a news account until next week. Meanwhile, SCHOLASTIC news bulletins on the bulletin boards of the various halls will announce the names of all candidates chosen. Watch for these.

"Scholastic" Bulletin

Several times has been approached to hold elective class office... every time turned down nomination... claims other activities would take time away from studies. Picture of gal in his room... his sister... but, there is another angle... The One and Only lives in Galveston... may have accounted for his returning to campus one week late this semester.

Has single room... while in Dillon hall bunked with Al Sommer, of Golf, Ill., and Noel Digby, of New Orleans... reads widely... currently following melodrama of Ben Hecht's in *Collier's*.

Now fretting about his thesis... first semester senior... hates to think of day when he'll have to leave N. D... proudly defends Texas football but says Notre Dame outrates them... counters with remark that only other university Texans are interested in, besides home state schools is N. D.

Entered N. D. from Kirwin High school, Galveston, Texas... claims Galveston is garden spot of map... first stop at Notre Dame was Cavanaugh hall... migrated to Dillon hall... finally ended up in present location. Entrance here made in September, 1941... life long ambition realized... won scholarship in competition gathered from all over Texas... active in extracurricular activities... member of Wranglers... president of Bookmen... edited SCHOLASTIC for two semesters... at one time wrote for *Scryp*, featuring "Big Family" story series... since ex-piration of *Scryp* has devoted literary talent to SCHOLASTIC and his major, English.

Smiling, obliging, well liked Tex Pequinney holds down in third floor room of Sorin hall... draft deferred... wanted to go in service... local board says: finish college... appreciates chance... has *magna cum laude* average.

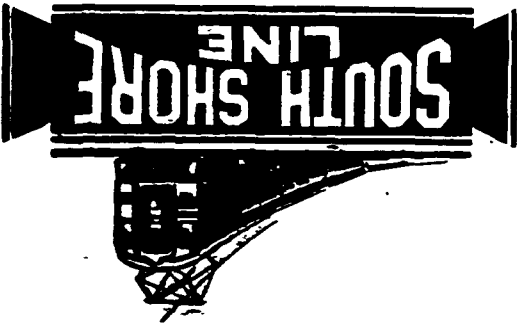
F. J. (TEX) PEQUINNEY



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First two morning trains leave South Bend at 6:00 A. M. and 6:50 A. M. Beginning at 7:30 A. M. and until 9:30 P. M. there is a train every hour leaving at 30 minutes past the hour. The last two trains leave at 11:00 P. M. and 12:00 Midnight. Hourly service from Chicago, too. For travel information call C. W. Veach, Ticket Office, 301 N. Michigan St., Phone 3-3111.

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The Periscope

BY HARRY LE BIEN AND PALMER E. AMUNDSEN

PRELUDE

In case any of you have been wondering, (and we just *know* you have) this column is by, of, and in existence for the Navy V-12 unit here at Notre Dame. We intend to print, with perhaps a bit of calcimine thrown in to make it printable, all the news and views with which the liquid minds of the seamen will occupy themselves with this coming semester. We will strenuously try to avoid looking through the wrong end of that periscope above and in general intend to keep within the boundaries set above: strictly for the navy.

Consequently, if any of you alight upon some particularly intriguing piece of gossip send it to this column in care of the SCHOLASTIC, and we will do our best to see it done justice.

Therefore a necessary matter of policy being settled, shove off, or as a marine would say: Wait a minute! I forgot my sea sickness pills.

THURSDAY INTERLUDE

The righteous gleam of duty shone in the eyes of the chief as he strode briskly up to the assembled group of neophyte V-12's.

"All youse dash-hashed little cuss-cuss blankety-blanks.... FALL IN!" roared the chief. A mad scramble of flying legs and arms resulted, followed by a profound and respectful silence. After the dust had cleared Seaman George Obremski was observed off to one side, calmly watching the group with sympathy in his gaze.

"Well," shouted the chief, his glance venomous.

"Well?" replied George.... "Lot of them, aren't there?"

HITLER'S CHILDREN

Company C boasts the organization most nearly resembling that of Adolf's regime. Why even the *commander*, James Waldo Church, grew a mustache so he could fill the position. The men are very well trained, too: If he gives an order, they follow it to the letter.... or else.

Here's a little incident which occurred last Thursday morning during the gold-

brick hour (calesthenics): You all know the little white dog that runs around the drill hall? Well, one of the lads in Company C called in a tender voice, "Here Waldo.... nice doggie?!" Mr. Church promptly confiscated a demerit card.

MODESTY

Fleet man extraordinary, Earl O'Parker, was desperately solacing his girl friend.

"But honey," anxiously cried this international B.T.O., I *haven't* got a girl in every port!

"Why, I ain't even *been* in every port!"

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Chief to Seaman: Wipe that opinion off your face.

Chief: Would you believe it? I only weighed 2½ pounds when I was born.

Seaman: Gee whiz. Did you live?

Chief: Did I? Boy you ought to see me now!

Boot: Jokes are like pigeons. I don't like them over my head.

Chief: In answer to Seaman Leahy's question, you will *not* be awarded a medal for shooting cooks, thus saving the lives of all on board.

Chief: Did you all hear my last speech?

Seaman: I certainly hope so.

PINPOINT POISONALITIES

T. J. Maloney: "What does the noon announcement say about a free party for Saturday night? I'm as flat as a cafeteria pancake after playing those cuss-cuss dashitydashed machines at the DAV.

Bob Cutter: One of the old salts from the South Pacific whose craving for excitement drew him to see the picture "Corvette K-225." Guess Guadalcanal wasn't enough.

WE WONDER

The big question is: Where does Bryan Buckley (Co. B, Dillon) hail from? The other night during chow he was

asked that question; he immediately replied "Chicago." He was then asked "What part?" "North side," says he. Everything was going along fine.... up to the point when someone made the sad mistake of asking him for his address

His reply:

"On Polk, that is, near Polk—that runs north and south—you know where Loyola University is, and Sheridan Road? Well, I don't live there. I live on an avenue not a street. You know the street north of Sheridan Road? Don't live there either. I'm from the north side, and I live on a avenue, not a street." (this is where I came in. Still don't know where he's from.)

HI HONEY!

Unfortunately, we have found a rival for the "telephone Romeo" of last semester. This lad, like all good shipmates, makes his call, says what he has to say, and then quickly gets out of the way. Of course, it only took him forty minutes to say what was on his mind last Friday. His name is: C. J. "Nickle-liberty" Paris.

SOUTH BEND HAYRIDE

From time to time, as all of you have no doubt noticed, there have appeared along with choice items concerning demerits, chow lines and donations, strange little paragraphs on the muster announcements. They usually run something like this:

Mrs. Jones and her five daughters (17 to 25; two blondes, two brunettes, one red head; all unmarried) desire to raise the morale of five service men with dinner and entertainment at their home. Any one interested contact the V-12 office.

For the most part the seamen have viewed these enticing quotations with mixed emotions, ranging from a desire to go, to that of a mouse contemplating cheese in a mouse trap. We have for once and for all settled the question. A representative of the press attended the hayride as advertised last week. His report: I had a swell time! And look at the rest I'm going to get this week in the infirmary.

Tomorrow

BULLETIN:

Prince Majahara, an Indian prince, will entertain in the Navy drill hall tomorrow evening at 8:00 o'clock, it has been announced here. The prince has toured army and navy bases throughout the country and has received wide acclaim. He is a magician and entertainer and his performance will be prior to the regular weekly movie in the drill hall.

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