

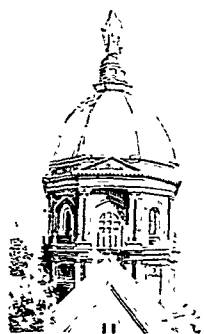
The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 82

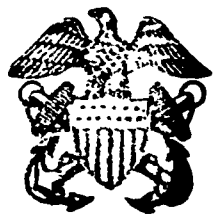
August 11, 1944

No. 5

- *Law Ball Just One Week Away*
- *Football Ticket Sale Opens*



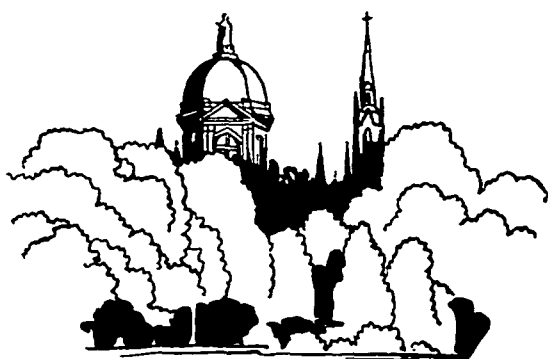
V-12 Trainees Receive Com-
munion in Dillon Hall Chapel.



The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

FOUNDED 1867



THE STAFF

AL LESMEZ, Editor-in-Chief

JOE THORNTON

Associate Editor, Marines

AL BROTEN

Associate Editor, Navy

EDITORIAL STAFF

ROBERT RIORDAN	-	-	-	Managing Editor
BILL WADDINGTON	-	-	-	Sports Editor
DICK MURPHY	-	-	-	Circulation
BOB O'TOOLE	-	-	-	Promotion

COLUMNISTS

LIEUT. S. L. BEATTY	-	-	-	Observations
LIEUT. J. J. COLLINS	-	-	-	Know Your Navy
JIM CASEY	-	-	-	The Green Banner
JIM HECK	-	-	-	Introducing
EMMETT HASSETT	-	-	-	The College Parade
BLAIR NATTKEMPER	-	-	-	Man About the Campus
PETE BROWN	-	-	-	Pressbox Splinters
HARRY LE BIEN	-	-	-	The Periscope
ARNIE SKLARE	-	-	-	The Gabby Gizmo

CONTRIBUTORS

DON MURPHY	GEORGE KRAUSER	BILL LESSARD
JACK McCARTHY	JOHN FEENEY	C. STONEBARGER
JOHN BUTLER	GENE DIAMOND	J. KLOCKENKEMPER
TOM DINGES	BILL BYINGTON	ART WAGNER
JIM CAREY	D. NUECHTERLEIN	L. HERGSTEIN
DICK GORMAN	JOE HAMMOND	JIM FOY
JACK CAHILL	S. B. STOCKWELL	BILL OVER
DICK MELLETT	J. S. HAMEL	JIM SOMMER
JOHN MORRIS	A. E. FUSS	AL KOHN
TOM McNALLY	R. L. VOSBERG	GUY WILSON
JACK MILES	TOM SHANAHAN	GEORGE NUTIL

PHOTOGRAPHY

AL SHAEFER	CHARLES RENAUD	DON WHITE
REV. CHARLES M. CAREY, C.S.C.	-	Faculty Advisor

Member of Catholic School Press Association, Associated Collegiate Press, Distributor of Collegiate Digest. Represented for national advertising by National Advertising Service, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York City—Chicago—Boston—Los Angeles—San Francisco. THE SCHOLASTIC is published weekly during the school year, except during vacations and examination periods at the University of Notre Dame. Address all manuscript to the Editor, Administration Building, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The College Parade

By EMMETT HASSETT

TRANSPORTATION

From the *Carnegie Tartan* comes one of the best stories of the week.

This exchange of letters, taken directly from the files of the Schenectady Railway Company, tickled harassed workers in the area so much that hundreds of extra papers were sold on the strength of it.

Gentlemen:

I have been riding on your buses for the past 15 months and the service seems to be getting worse every day. I think the transportation you offer is worse than that enjoyed by the people 1,000 years ago.

Very truly yours,

HENRY BLANK

(real name withheld)

Reply from the Schenectady Railway Co.

Dear Sir:

We received your letter of the 1st and believe that you are somewhat confused in your history. The only transportation 1,000 years ago was on foot.

Yours truly,

SCHENECTADY RAILWAY COMPANY.

Reply from the disgruntled rider:

Gentlemen:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 18th, and I think that you are the ones confused in your history. If you read the Bible, Book of David, 9th verse, you will discover on what Balaam rode into town. And that, gentlemen, is something that I haven't been able to do on your buses for the past 6 or 7 months.

Yours very truly,

HENRY BLANK

ATHLETE SHORTAGE

Here is a little notice that appeared in the *Purdue Exponent*.

Anyone interested in trying out for the varsity swimming team should report to the pool any afternoon. No experience is necessary.

All we can say to that is . . . varsity material must be hard to find these days. Let's hope that they *all* don't drown.

A GREAT AMERICAN

Again quoting from the *Purdue Exponent*, we have a very stirring tribute to Lt. Gen. McNair

Lt. Gen. McNair has departed from this earth *via* the chosen route of a professional soldier—in the midst of battle at the head of his men. McNair fought and died in support of the doctrine he has instilled in the men of the United States Army for forty years; the doctrine that an American fighting-man must have a lust for battle.

University faculty, and students alike, mourn the passing of a man who created out of an army of one and a half million a smooth functioning military machine that is today very stirring tribute to Lt. Gen. McNair. (*Turn to page 19*).

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage. Section 1103. Oct. 3, 1917. Authorized June 25, 1918.

NO. 5

(Continued on page 18)

Summer Issue of Review of Politics Appears

With leading articles by Dr. Jerome G. Kerwin, of the University of Chicago, Professor John U. Nef of the same university, Fritz Redlich, and Professor Michael Karpovich of Harvard Univer-



Rev. Thomas T. McAvoy, C. S. C.

sity the *Review of Politics* made its appearance today. As in former numbers, the July issue, while emphasizing the important political problems of the past few years, no less than the contemporary scene, likewise includes topics in the related fields of economics, literature, philosophy and religion.

"Today government must function with the same speed at which our economic and social life moves, else it will be inadequate in providing for the general welfare." Thus writes Dr. Jerome G. Kerwin of the University of Chicago, in arguing for constitutional reforms in our national government.

Dr. Kerwin points out that many of the present inconsistencies in our national government have arisen from artificial notions of the use of checks and balances. "A justifiable boast of the supporters of the democratic form of government has been that it is flexible and permits of periodic changes to fit changing needs. The days that lie ahead will require prompt and intelligent action on grave domestic and foreign policies. Shall we face these problems squarely or shall we be called upon to consider with them as we have hitherto done all the confusing issues of internecine strife within the government?" The present faulty system of checks and balances, he says, usually resolves "itself into a partisan competition between the President and Congress for position of vantage."

Among the changes suggested by Dr. Kerwin are: "the election of the president and vice-president for a term of seven years at a joint session of both houses of Congress"; "the repeal of the president's power of veto over legisla-

tion"; "an additional power giving the president the authority to bring to an end any session of the House of Representatives with a view to sounding out popularity through the election of a new House"; and, "the repeal of the provision requiring the approval of two-thirds of the Senate for treaties."

Professor Kerwin's reputation for scholarship as well as the clarity of his expression will undoubtedly cause his proposals to receive serious consideration by those who feel that along with economic and social reconstruction there should also be political reconstruction after the present war.

In an article, "Limited Warfare and the Progress of Civilization, 1640-1740," Professor John U. Nef of the University of Chicago's Committee on Social Thought challenges the notion that warfare has contributed to the advancement of civilization by the advancement of technological processes. Dr. Nef traces the changes in the nature of war and the nature of the economic conditions prevalent in Western Europe during the century following the English Civil War.

He notes that during that period there was a change in warfare to a process of spending "more money" and "less blood" and indicates that standing armies of real consequence were a creation of the



Prof. Francis J. O'Malley

age of limited warfare. He traces also the effect of these standing armies on the general economic tendencies of the century. He points out that it was the will to peace that had arisen in the period after 1640 that made possible the development of what is now called the industrial revolution. Unfortunately the progress in mechanical inventions became, in more recent centuries, only tools for more horrible warfare.

Fritz Redlich points out in his article, "German Economic Planning for War and Peace," that the total war and the efficiency of the German war machine are

(Continued on page 19)

"Commodores" Present Well-Liked Songs

The men of Notre Dame enjoyed an unusual form of entertainment last Friday night when a fine singing group called "The Commodores" entertained them in Washington hall. "The Commodores" consist of eight singers and a pianist and are directed by Mr. Frank Bennett. Their program included older musical comedy favorites such as "Allah's Holiday" from Katinka, which was sung by the ensemble, and newer popular songs like "Holiday For Strings" which was sung by a quartet of girls.

As the second half of the show got under way, the audience got together on some community singing. A little comedy entered the program when the men in the troupe put on old-fashioned moustaches and sang a medley of old barber shop songs. The show ended with both the audience and "The Commodores" singing the famous marching songs of the services.—*Dick Gorman*

Servicemen's Center Marks First Birthday

Several thousand members of the armed forces visited the Service Men's center Saturday in observance of its first birthday in its present location, 107 West Colfax avenue. The center was formerly located at 107 East Lasalle avenue.

Officers of the present administration are Mrs. W. A. Hager, president, and Mrs. Woodson Carlisle, vice-president.

Concert Delights Crowd

H. Lee Hope's second Wednesday evening concert under the stars took place last week with improvements in both the



size of the audience and the performance of the band. Playing the First Movement of Borodine's Second Symphony, "The Thunderer" by John Phillip Sousa, and the "Second Norwegian Rhapsody" by Melius Christiansen, the band's playing was nearly flawless.

They also played familiar pieces such as "Our Director" March by Bieglow, "The Bells of St. Mary's" by Yoder, and a symphonic paraphrase on Kern's "All the Things You Are." The Notre Dame men and the many guests that were present seemed to appreciate this fine show and hope to hear more. If they come back every Wednesday for the next six weeks, they can. —*Dick Gorman*.

Letter From Alphonse:

By SEAMAN JOE HAMMOND

Dear Mom,

I am writing you this week from the Service Men's Center. Things get pretty rugged back on the campus, so I slipped down here for the Saturday afternoon. I was a little late getting in because I was initiated into the Royal Order of the E. P. D. earlier this afternoon. E. P. D. is something like the W. P. A. Pa used to rant and rave about.

This is a lovely place to spend an afternoon. Since I haven't been around girls much and being very backward and shy when I am, it is an experience for me just to sit around and watch the goings on.

Gez, girls are every place. You'd never think so many could be in one place and still get along with each other. I guess this place is just as lovely to them as it is to us fellows. Anyway they like to come here as much as we, and there is no feeling that they are sacrificing their time for us sailors—which makes a better time for us and them too. Gosh, we've got tall girls, short girls, thin girls, and the other kind too. We have blonds, from platinum to dishwater; brunettes, from light brown to coal black, and then there are a couple of red heads—just like Sally.

It's funny to me just to sit around and watch them—they're sort of nice to look at anyway. You look around and see them staring at you with that "O Daddy, get me one of them," looks, but pretty soon—just when you make up your mind that she's the girl you want to dance with—a fellow with a neat sleek gray suit comes up. When that happens, they forget everything but that "hunk o' man" with the little black necktie.

Here at the center, which we call the crossroads of South Bend, we fellows are able to spend many an afternoon and evening as suits our fancy. These sleek grey suits with the black neckties do bother us some, but I suppose that they are entitled to the things we have here just as much as we are. After all, they are our allies—just as much as the British or the Russians are.

Well, Mom, I'm not down and out yet. We do get tossed around quite a bit and to hear some of the fellows talk you'd think that we are nothing but "scum" of the earth. I don't let all of this bother me though. Every time I get a low feeling and feel ready to throw in the towel, I just say to myself, "What would Sherman think if he were here?" Just a little thought—seriously—makes me feel bet-

ter and I'm ready to start off fresh again, feeling better about the whole thing.

Got to stop now, Mom, but if you happen to run across Sally tell her that the V-12 Ball will be the 29th of September and that she can start planning on a big week-end here in South Bend.

Your loving son,
ALPHONSE

New Inspection Orders By Regimental Comdr.

By SEAMAN AL BROTEN

Inspections, aimed at putting seamen and marines "on their toes," were begun this week by the regimental and battalion staffs. Prior to this, inspections had been given by commissioned officers, the chiefs or sergeants in charge of companies, and company commanders.

According to Palmer E. Amundsen, regimental commander, the plan of inspections will continue until the end of the semester. They will be carried off in obedience to correct naval procedure.

In addition to personal inspections, the student officers will check the entire company on its marching and drilling ability. "There will be no forewarning of the inspection," stated Amundsen. "Four companies will be inspected each day."



All Lined Up and Neat



Wash-Day Hands?



By BLAIR NATTKEMPER

Palmer E. Amundsen . . . from platoon leader, to battalion commander, and now regimental commander of Notre Dame's V-12s . . . blonde . . . 6' tall . . . was 4' 9" high and weighed 122 pounds until senior in high school . . . grew 9" in one year.

Former fleet man . . . entered Navy in '40 . . . boot at San Diego . . . on sub duty in Pacific . . . trained aboard sub . . . became N. D. V-12er in July '43 by own request.

Prefers Tombstone, Arizona, as pet home town . . . home now, Mesa, Arizona . . . "God's country . . . Land of deserts and the Grand Canyon . . . Plug for the Chamber of Commerce" . . . Accomplished musician with the violin. . . . Was going to be concert violinist. . . . Played with Phoenix Symphony Orchestra . . . Likes classics and Shakespeare . . . Favorite sports are football and western racing horses.

Pet idiosyncrasy is "salts who aren't salts" . . . led a life of wine, women and song before bunking with the Navy. . . . no more . . . has a one and only, "But we don't talk about that" . . . displayed polkadot, blue, red and beige, pajamas during interview . . . (Navy issue) . . . picture of "fem" on desk was in friend's locker . . . stopped in for a week to admire it . . . finally given to him . . . favorite beverage is coke . . . nicknamed "Slim."

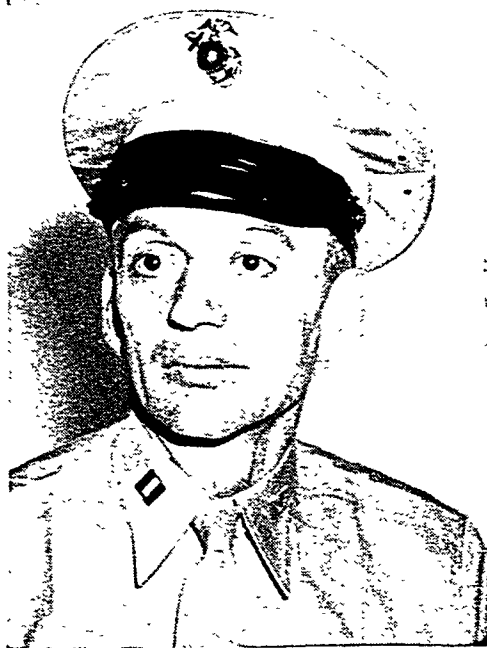
Forced to listen night and day to roommate (namely Bill Oyler) reading aloud to himself or playing the accordion . . . studied at Arizona State Teachers College, Tempe, Arizona, before entering the service . . . was the only freshman given the honor of pledging National Honorary Dramatic Fraternity, Alpha Phi Omega.

Duties as regimental commander: Holds inspections and student officer in charge of reviews . . . leaves next November for "middie" school—somewhere . . . hopes to be deck officer . . . not entered in any special course at N.D. . . . trying to get in everything possible before leaving . . . has no special intentions at the present time for after the war.

Capt. Finney to Leave Notre Dame Marines

By SEAMAN AL BROTEN
"Scholastic" Associate Editor

Capt. John W. Finney, who during the past year has distinguished himself as the acting executive officer of the V-12



Capt. John W. Finney

unit and as the officer in charge of the Marine detachment, will soon become the liaison officer between the Marine Corps and the Selective Service System at Nashville, Tenn., in his home state.

Coming to Notre Dame on June 8, 1943, Capt. Finney organized the Marine detachment, which then consisted of 705 trainees, 12 non-commissioned officers, and a warrant officer. Since that time, the Marine representation on the campus has been reduced to a total of 165.

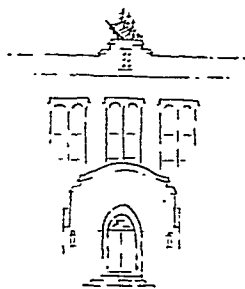
Following the transfer of Lt.-Comdr. A. R. Pierson, executive officer of the unit last February, Capt. Finney was appointed the acting executive officer. He continued in that capacity until the arrival of Comdr. Walter S. Gabel in June. Since then he has served as aide to the commander and has continued as the officer-in-charge of the Marine detachment.

Replacing Capt. Finney on the Notre Dame campus will be Major Ernest W. Jones, Jr., who will come to South Bend from Camp Le Jeune, N.C.

In collaboration with Lieut. J. J. Collins, Capt. Finney aided in the reorganization of the SCHOLASTIC last November to meet the demand for a more thorough coverage of Navy and Marine news and features.

Hassett Addresses Forum

A new topic to the portals of the Commerce Forum was the highlight of the regular meeting held in the Commerce building on



last Tuesday evening under the direction of the Club President Richard Murphy. Emmett Hassett delivered a talk entitled, "The Foreman As Middleman in Collec-

tive Bargaining."

Mr. Hassett pointed out that the problem of collective bargaining in general terms is the stabilizing of industrial relations in an orderly evolution of our present surroundings.

He stated that today, as never before, does the foreman stand out in industrial relations. This is a point of which top management must not lose sight. There is the responsibility of establishing the foreman's job on a basis commensurate with its importance. This will mean in

Amphibious Dreams

By SEAMAN JOE HAMMOND

*I wish I could go down to the sea
Where the water's as blue as the sky
To take command of an L. S. T.
Or maybe an L. C. I.*

*It matters not that the breakers roll
Nor that blustering winds prevail,
On an L. C. I. I'll reach my goal,
Or on an L. S. T. put sail.*

*It won't be easy to leave dry land,
And sail off over the sea,
There'll be no crowds, no blaring bands,
When I sail off on an L. S. T.*

*But I'm ready to go to do my best,
The job that is handed to me,
So my hat is thrown in with all the rest
Bring on your L.C.I. and your L.S.T.*

many instances, an upgrading in qualifications, a more systematic and careful search for talent, and a progressive training program for foreman development.

Mr. Hassett believes that it is not the problem of blaming the workmen or their leaders, but rather the process of developing procedures which will eliminate the causes of differences and build a better understanding upon a foundation of mutual confidence and respect. Collective bargaining can become a constructive element in industrial relations or it can degenerate into an agency of strife, giving vent to all of the passions that go with the struggle for power.

The Great White Way— As We See and Hear It

By SEAMAN DON NUECHTERLEIN

Since coming to Notre Dame July 1, I've wondered to myself many times just what these so-called sailors and marines do with all the liberty they have. So, seeking to satisfy my curiosity about this subject, I took a little cruise down to the seaport of South Bend the other night.

Upon arriving I readily could tell why things had been so quiet when I left the ship. Yes, the ship had pulled into port and all the "swabbies" were ashore to have a good fling. And they had it too. The boys couldn't complain about a lack of women either, for in spite of all the white, grey, and kahki that roamed the streets, it seemed that there were two skirts to every pair of pants. It looked as if every lass in the port had turned out to welcome our mates.

I heard only one complaint from the V-12's (that's the less fortunate bunch who live on the Good Ship *Notre Dame*). It seems that every time one of our boys got going pretty well, these midshipmen, all decked out in their greys, would invade the place and—zoom—there goes another gal. My, what these uniforms do for a guy!

We were also told that these midshipmen will be commissioned soon and will then be on the eligible list. With the man-power shortage these days, it seems that this is mighty important.

As I glanced over this big mob of navy personnel, what should come along but a soldier (of all people). Well, I've seen plenty of soldiers, but this timid soul fairly crawled about trying his best not to draw any attention. His position was almost as bad as when some old salt greets you when you're on leave and asks you what theater of war you served in. Then you have to answer that the closest you ever got was in the Palace Theater watching "Guadalcanal Diary."

The show was also crowded that night. A queer feeling hit me, though, as I sat there watching Buffalo Bill raise the sky against the Indians. I've always gone to the show to get some entertainment—watching a good picture, I mean. But this was land fighting, and I had no heart for it.

Sadly, I noticed that 0300 was getting closer and I had to return to the ship and turn in. Many gripes and groans were heard, but somehow all hands seemed to get back in time.

Trainees Find that Payday Has its Terrors; "Candy-Money" Comes in Handy--Don't Last

One day each month is set aside for paying. That day is called pay day, and it means that everyone gets paid. It is a procedure in itself, and fully and sufficiently to understand pay procedure one must start at the start. Out of the clear blue a notification appears upon a bulletin reading to the effect: "All hands will line up in alphabetical order, this date, for purposes of getting paid."

The night arrives, someone screams, "They're paying." To a man the lads in green put down their slide-rules (which they have been using to swat flies) and fall into line. Suddenly from out of nowhere someone with stripes on his sleeve decides to show authority and yells at the top of his voice, "Knock it off." These are easy words to say and their range of meaning is phenomenal; sometimes one means that the lights should be turned off, at other times, "knock it off" may be taken to mean stop hitting your roommate in the teeth. But I digress . . .

The first name is called (this usually begins with an "A" except when there are no "A's," then a "B" will suffice)—no response; the second name is called. Here it must be noted that in the absence of the person whose name was called first a *memo* is made, and that very sad soul will be assigned a certain amount of demerits—not to exceed three billion—the technical name for the offense being "Late for pay call." This happens frequently. One person calls a name, to which a simple "Here—

sir!" is enough! the individual to be paid steps forward, reaches out for his money, and promptly has his hands cut off. Before being received, the money must go through certain formal, official channels. The captain counts it, hands it to the warrant officer who also counts it, and then the money is handed to you. From this day forward until the end of the week the trainee may buy Luckies instead of Bull Durham.

If you are one of the persons who get paid first, you are apt to become involved in a vicious circle. By the time the "W's" are paid the "A's" have spent all of their money and are beseeching those late comers for a wee loan. We have been given to understand that three of the nation's leading economists have tried in vain to solve this problem, but all have finally taken to drink and have been committed to St. Elizabeth's, victims of *delirium tremens*.

For exactly five seconds after the money has been placed in your hand you are allowed to stand there and look at it. When the time limit is up, someone again yells, "knock it off," and another line is formed to pay the laundry bill. This takes much money and many trainees are left stunned, just standing against the bulkhead beating their heads together. Again a loud clear voice resembling that of the liberty bell reverberates throughout the hall, "Knock it off."

The third phase of the little game is



Comes out one window; goes in next . . .

ASME Holds Meeting

On August 2, the Notre Dame branch of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers held their second meeting of the semester, Jerry Putnam, president, officiating. Picnic plans for August 26 were discussed. It is hoped that the Aeronautical Engineers can be "enticed" to hold their outing at the same time and that an agreeable place can be decided on. If so, a softball game will be arranged.

The meeting was then turned over to Mr. Zahn, chairman of the A.S.M.E. in South Bend and President of the American Foundry and Equipment Co., who introduced Mr. Verne Spears, Sales Mgr. of the same company. Mr. Spears spoke on the Wheelabrator, a machine that does the work of the sand blaster but in a more efficient way. It removes the danger of silicosis to the operator and increases the fatigue life of springs 500 to 600 percent.

The meeting was then concluded and refreshments were served.

BILL MEYERS

A.S.M.E. Publicity Chairman

a race against time. After you give back all that is required of you, quick like a bunny everyone dashes madly to the Huddle. Some may get in, others have been found tramped by the wayside. This is a game where only the strong shall survive. The individuals who operate the Huddle defy anyone to enter; consequently little boys are stationed by each door with ball bats to beat off the onrush. Theoretically the purpose of the Huddle is to sell—I wonder . . .

Hithertofore a sergeant has always been stationed by the money with a machine gun on his lap, keeping vigil on the prize products of the Philadelphia mint. But that sergeant has gone, and the gun has not been seen for a long time; we are of the opinion that the gun belonged to him and since both are gone, we must stave off the James boys as best we can.

All have been paid, all have bought soap, cigarettes, gum, and anything else that happens to be on the shelf. Again the voice from the grave yells, "Knock it off," and all the tired, weary little men go to their closets to count the few pennies that are left. By this time it is 2230 and all lights are to be out; result that Dr. Campbell is awfully upset the next day as no one seems to know that $E=IR$.

It's a Great Life, This Navy Life

BY SEAMAN DON NUECHTERLEIN

This episode begins in a little town in Michigan called Alma, which is about 50 miles north of Lansing. On 2 July our sailor friend was sped by bus to Lansing and deposited in the station of the Grand Trunk Railroad. He was accompanied by six other seamen who were also out to conquer the world and get the war over with as soon as possible. The battle cry was "You Japs had better give up; we're now in our third term of V-12."

With this confident and adventurous feeling in his heart (every sailor joins the navy to see the world), our friend boarded a train bound for the Good Ship Notre Dame and a life of great thrills and adventure to anyone seeking them. On his trip he had to wear his blues, which literally melted on him. But he didn't mind; soon he would be on board his ship ready to sail for distant ports. The sacrifice was worth it. Anyhow, his whites would have been black by the time he got off the train in the seaport of South Bend.

Once in port, the little group of seven thrilled gobs signalled the ship that they were waiting to come aboard. On receiving the signal, a launch put out from the ship in order to bring our men and all their gear aboard. Unfortunately, they boarded the ship on Sunday and were unable to find the officer of the day in Alumni quarters.

So they were told to hoist their gear and go to midshipmen quarters. This our sailor friend did without complaining; he knew that this was only temporary and that great adventure lay before him. After waiting an hour for something to happen, he was finally told to report back to Alumni on the double, because the OOD had arrived.

Without bothering to pick up his gear, he ran all the way to report his presence. He was then assigned a temporary room for the night and told to get his gear into his room on the double. So back he went after his gear and crawled all the way back with the 150 pounds, distributed in four bags.

After a half hour of struggling, he finally reached his room (on the third deck as could be expected) and collapsed on his sack, completely exhausted. As he lay there, struggling desperately between life and death, he was told to report to the OOD again.

So, Mac picked himself out of the sack

and staggered wearily down to the first deck. He was very hungry. Perhaps the OOD was going to send him to the mess hall. This thought spurred him on until he reached the office. Here he was informed that the mess hall had just closed and that the only way he could satisfy his hunger would be to go ashore and see if any place was still open.

He again picked up his weary frame and began the long journey back to the port of South Bend to stir up some chow. He was lucky; he found a place which sold him two slices of bread and a bottle of milk. But he had to hurry back—he had only a few minutes. With his hunger about one-fifteenth satisfied, he barely made it in time.

Once again in his room, he dug out some stationery and began to write to his girl telling her all about his wonderful experiences since he arrived. Just as he was telling her about the wonderful facilities aboard his ship, the lights went out and he was told to get in the sack on the double. "On the double," he thought, "Is that a password in the Navy?" So, he climbed into his sack and again began to dream of the adventurous life ahead. Then he fell into a deep sleep.

In about ten minutes (so it seemed), all Hades broke loose in the passageway



THE V-12 BALL

❖ Committees will need over 100 men ❖
❖ to aid in putting on the coming ❖
❖ dance. ❖
❖ Talent of many types will be re- ❖
❖ quired, including Publicity, Decora- ❖
❖ tions, Refreshments, Transportation. ❖
❖ Program and several others. ❖
❖ All men interested in working on ❖
❖ the dance are urged to see Nelson ❖
❖ Boswell, Ball Chairman, in room 201 ❖
❖ Zahm, leaving their name, room and ❖
❖ hall. ❖

and he heard everyone was running to the main deck. "We've been torpedoed," said Mac to himself as he took one jump, grabbed his trousers and tore out of the door and down the ladder. The order to abandon ship had not been heard as yet.

Finally the old familiar ring, "On the double," was heard, and Mac, thinking this the order, jumped overboard and landed on the pavement in front of Alumni, where he began doing calisthenics.

After this experience, he staggered back to his room and upon looking in the mirror he found that he needed a shave. Thereupon he proceeded to give himself a smooth shave so that he would be presentable to his officers. He had just finished one side when again the halls became filled with commotion. Half shaved, he grabbed his jumper and flew into formation, and then marched to chow.

There he stood in line for half an hour waiting for his ration. He had no complaint on the chow; it was super. But he usually spent more than two minutes in eating his breakfast. Still chewing on a bun, he again fell in on the double for muster. There was another fifteen minute wait while all the names were read from a muster sheet.

After his name was mispronounced three times, he finally recognized it and came forth and received his orders. From here, he got in line at the law office and waited his turn to talk personally with his "C. O.," Capt. Barry.

At last, after another 45 minutes of hopeful waiting, he was admitted to a large office, but the only officer he saw was a fellow dressed in a white suit with two blue bars and crossed quills on his arm. "Shux," thought Mac, "only a lieutenant."

He was then presented with a sheet with more orders on it and also telling him where his barracks were. But the thing that hurt most was when he had to turn in his liberty card. "What're they trying to do," he asked, "take my liberty away?" With a shallow chuckle the man replied, "You'll find out."

Now he set out in search of his room. Did he complain? No, he was getting used to it by now. He had to. And besides, he'd soon see adventure.

Someone once said that the infantry does all the walking, but if Mac had

(Continued on page 14)

The Periscope

By HARRY LE BIEN

PLAY BALL

The overanxious group of freshmen arrived at the soccer field for their first try at the game. With adoring eyes they watched Chief Barbs stroll up and begin an explanation:

"Well boys, the object of the game is to kick the ball. If you can't kick the ball, then just kick the man instead."

The eager beavers nodded in anticipation, as the Chief glanced about him. "O-kay, let's get started. Where's the soccer ball?"

Immediately one officer candidate jumped to his feet. "To heck with the ball, chief, let's get started."

HAPPENING OF THE WEEK, WHICH PAINS US, MOST DEEPLY, HA-HA!

Company officers have to do calisthenics.

WELL, ARE YOU?

Are you a schloomp?

Do you lie awake nights and see igloos float past your bed? When you see little ducks in a pond do you feel an urge to drain out all the water? Does your scalp itch and does falling hair bother you? Does the chow taste good? Do morning calisthenics give you that makes-ya-wanna feeling? Does your little finger twitch?

Arnie Sklare is a schloomp.

Are you?

HERE 'N THERE

"Doc" Cahill of M Company has been trying to give the boys a living (?) picture of the tower of Pisa. "I'm only trying to stand like a soldier, Corporal."

J. Marion Hagggar has a well trained platoon. Whenever he does a facing movement and salute to report, fifty heels click and fifty men say "Swish." For emphasis they pelt him with crab-apples now and then.

COMPANY'S REPORT

Things in Company I have been more or less fouled up like a Chinese fire drill lately. When asked about the chow, "Clancy" Quinlan remarked, "Say, it's really swill." . . . Johnny Concannon has just perfected a new Aero-maneuver called the "Jerk-Roll." It's the first cousin to a snap roll . . . Suggestions: keep rolling in for a name for "Dutch" Crask's new V-12 unit Dance Band. The

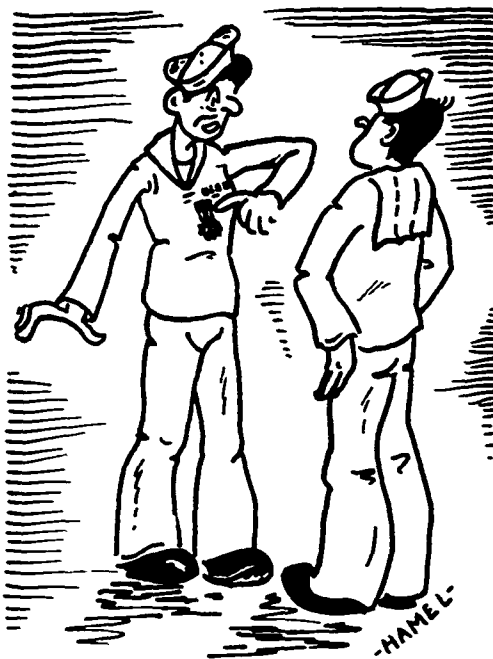
best yet seems to be the "Solid Survivors." . . . When "Red" Eich left for the Navy his mother told him she was sure that he'd get 'a-head. Little did she know . . . "Shorty" Cardif doesn't trust the coke machine. Last Saturday night he came in off liberty toting his own bottle (of coke). We hear that the chow line will be placed on the curve, according to Bob Barrett, chow hound *de luxe*. "Zaza" Czaja claims he's getting two semester hours credit for standing watches . . . There seems to be a new classification for V-12's at ND. They're covered by the rates of Laundrymen and Compartment Cleaners . . . We're still wondering who sent Red Schneider running after a "close order drill" and fifty yards of "firing line."

Words and music by Bill Brown.

AND, FROM COMPANY G...

Found: The future Mrs. Rutz for this week. Says the lucky man, "No kiddin' fellas, this is the real thing!"

We hear that since "Slim" Hoag got to be CPO for the Company he's making his roommate sleep on the floor.



An' this one is for lasting two semesters at Notre Dame.

What's this about "Bars" Toth being arrested last week for flying without a license?

D. P. McCarthy says they're sending missionaries to the South Side. Just got away in time, huh D.P.?

"Legs" Leliaert just put his best foot forward—he's modeling for ice tongs.

Notice: The next guy that says, "Where did you get that beautiful blond hair," is going to get slugged! Signed, "Whitey" Ruska.

Red Lockwood is getting plenty of

attention lately since Chief Ijams caught him on the sack. How was the working party, Red?

Anyone want to join Ma Bertsch's Junior Bird Man Club for unhappy V-5's? Tear off the corner of the nearest T.S. card and send it to Room 121, Alumni.

Happy thoughts by "Slim" Hoag himself

FANTASY

The knife flashed in the shadowy moon-lit room. A stifled scream cut the humid air, and chilled the sentry on his watch into a motionless statue. The heavy panting of the struggling men labored and heaved; queer, half syllablistic sounds escaped their lips:

Voice one: "Pant, pant! Come on Bill, just one. I gotta have one."

Voice two (fiercely): "No, no. Never. Take my wealth—anything. But not that. No, no. Never, never. NEVER!"

Voice one: "All right then, take that, and that!"

The gleaming knife whipped the air once more. A low sighing groan filled the room. Seconds later a perspiring face was sharply outlined by the sudden glow of a match. Another moment and only quick, satisfied puffs could be heard.

Society Note: There was a slight cigarette shortage on campus last week.

Glee Club Elects Officers

The Notre Dame University Glee Club elected Bob O'Toole their president in a meeting held last week. Also elected were Jim Coyne, vice president; John Caron, secretary, and Dick Ames, publicity chairman.

Teaching Brothers Have Meetig at Notre Dame

Representatives from 15 high schools conducted by Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross held a meeting at Dujarie, Notre Dame, last week-end for the annual education conference. Brother Ronald of the Vincentian institute, Albany, N. Y., presided at the convention.

Brother Lawrence, director of St. Charles, superior of Reitz Memorial conducted a panel discussion at the first session Friday. His topic concerned guidance in secondary education. Heading the discussion Sunday was Brother Charles, superior of Wright's Memorial High School, Evansville, Indiana, who spoke on modern technique in teaching.

Others addressing the conference included Brother Martin, who reported on the publications of the Association of St. Joseph; and Brother William whose report was on the supervision of schools.

—James Keenan.

It's Notre Dame Ticket Time Again--Sports Business Office Gets Aspirins Ready

BY TOM McNALLY
"Scholastic" Sports Writer

Business Manager Herb Jones tilted back in his chair and lit a fresh cigarette. "You see, it's our job to handle the business end of athletics, among other things to buy equipment, take care of railroad facilities for trips and especially to sell tickets for any and all



Herbert E. Jones

Notre Dame sports events. For football alone we mail 250,000—300,000 yearly."

I whistled softly and scanned my hurriedly scrawled notes. Born in Dixon, Ill. secretary to University Presidents Burns and Walsh from 1921-1923.... Student employee of Athletic Association from 1923-1927.... Graduated in '27 with an A.B. degree.... After graduation was assistant business manager to Mr Art Haley, present public relations head, until he took over present job in 1940.... Yes, Herb Jones has led a busy life, and his work now is easily one of the busiest and most nerve-racking on the campus.

His foremost headache at present is the ticket sale for all the football games this season. Orders were taken starting August 1 and these tickets have to be sent out ten days before each particular game. It is this and other like assignments that keep his office humming from dawn to dusk and far beyond in the midst of the season.

Celebrities Request Tickets

Many of these tickets go to celebrities, men of distinction in all walks of life who are also ardent Notre Dame followers. To cite a few we have Bob Hope and Don Ameche of the movies; Jim

Farley, Frank Walker, Bill Cronin, Mayor Kelly, and the governors of Illinois, Michigan, and Indiana of political fame; Hoffman, Insull, Dean, and Bendix representing big business; Jimmy Dykes, manager of the White Sox; and orchestra leaders Bernie Cummings, Kay Kyser, Guy Lombardo, and Tommy Dorsey. However, according to Mr. Jones, so many of these and other public figures have been Notre Dame backers for so long that they are regarded more as friends than celebrities or customers.

With these and thousands of other fans, enough orders have come in already to assure sellouts for the Dartmouth, Army, Navy, and Georgia Tech games with strong gatherings predicted for all the other contests. There is even a chance that if Great Lakes and Notre Dame both have strong teams they may draw as many as the record-breaking 57,500 who watched the Michigan-N. D. game here two years ago, if so, more work for Herb Jones and staff. Other banner crowds who have seen Notre Dame home battles are the 57,000 who were at the Minnesota game, the 50,000 who have more than once viewed Southern California, and the Ohio State game of '36 witnessed by 53,000. Besides these, Northwestern has often attracted over the 50,000 mark.

Often odd requests sneak in with the routine ticket letters. Recently there was one from a man who wanted seats "one-third of the way from the touchdown line"; occasionally requests come in for 60-yard line seats and quite often letters come, specifying the left or right aisle seat to make it easier for an artificial leg. Lately, Jones notes there's been more of a trend toward the end zone seats because many purchasers believe they can see a better brand of football from those vantage points. In fact, one excellent customer who has had season tickets since the stadium was built, always buys a pair of 50-yard line seats for his wife and her guest and two end zone seats for himself and another friend.

Has Fooled Himself

Twice Mr. Jones has found himself in the embarrassing situation of outfoxing himself on his choice of good tickets. Once he took a few seats on the 50-yard stripe for a party of friends and discovered on arriving they were squarely behind a great post which effectively

(Continued on page 19)



SPO

Irish Nine Loses to Iowa Prove Costly; Play G

BY JOE FE
"Scholastic" Sports

The Iowa Pre-Flight School Seahawks cashed in on seven Irish errors and 12 hits to bag their 24th consecutive win, 10-2, at the expense of Notre Dame's baseball nine at Cartier Field last Saturday in a twilight game. Paul Lammers started for the Irish but was given erratic support and Jack Barrett took over in the eighth. Except for a home run by Keith Simon with two men aboard the Seahawk hitting was not markedly superior to Notre Dame's, but the latter's errors presented the Hawks with eight unearned runs.

Scoring started in the second frame when two hits and errors by Mayo and Tree allowed Ratliff and Yohe to tally. Ned Harris, ex-Detroit Tiger, counted a third run for the visitors in the next inning and third-sacker Charley Heck brought in another in the fourth. The Iowa assault continued with an additional two runners crossing home an inning later and ended with a four-run splurge in the eighth.

Meanwhile twirler Ed Weiland, formerly of the White Sox, held the Golden Domers to three hits and no runs for five innings. In the sixth Jack Tree singled and Frank Ciszczon lived on a Hawk miscue, Tree going all the way



It's still American



Irish End Summer Football Practice Tomorrow

BY GEORGE KRAUSER

"Scholastic" Sports Writer

Pre-Flighters as Errors Glenview Field Tomorrow

OF FEENEY

Sports Writer

to third. A moment later he scored on an infield grounder and Ciszczon did likewise on Balbierz' roller. An inning later Bob Cianchetti connected for a single and Tree walked but both were left stranded as Ciszczon ended the threat.

Heck, with four safe blows, was the offensive star of the game while Harris of the Seahawks and Cianchetti of Notre Dame had two each.

Weiland gave up seven hits and walked but one. He fanned five. Lammers was touched for 11 safeties in 7 and one-third innings and Barrett one in 1 and two-thirds frames.

Meet Glenview Tomorrow

Coach Jake Kline's proteges tackle Glenview Field's club at Glenview tomorrow in the only activity of the weekend.

On August 19, Bunker Hill Naval Air Station comes here for a return game and the Irish wind up the season by entertaining Fort Sheridan on August 20. In previous games, Notre Dame beat Fort Sheridan, 7-1, and lost to Bunker Hill, 5-4.

The Line Score:

Iowa Pre-Flight	021	120	040-10
Notre Dame	000	002	000-2

Weiland and Baker; Lammers, Ba rett (8), and Laurita.



Favorite Sport!!

Tomorrow afternoon on the green turf of Cartier Field the Irish gridders will bring the summer practice to a close and will hang up their football togs until around Sept. 4. The three week layoff will serve as a resting up period for the pigskin performers before they knuckle down for the hard season ahead.

"During the past week we have been practicing on punting, punt protection, and punt returning," Coach McKeever explained, and also passing, pass defense, and the perfection and smoothing up of plays." Those players who were not given a chance to display their offensive talents were given the opportunity to show off their wares and a few new names have hit the list of players outstanding in practice.

At the left end position Bill O'Connor and 6'5" Tom Guthrie stood out in the daily scrimmages. Continuing with the left side of the line, at tackle, George Sullivan, the 6'2½", 205 pound man from Massachusetts, Pete Berezney, who turned in a great job on defense in the scrimmages, and Johnny Glaab attracted the attention of Ed McKeever. At the guard posts, with the linemen being changed from the right side to the left without notice, Mike Manzo, John Mastangelo, Sal Fatusa, and Jim Dailer turned in creditable performances.

In the center slot Fred Rovai, Art Statuto, George Martz, 17 year older from East St. Louis, Ill., and formerly a fullback, and Dick Bernhardt reared their heads above their competitors for the pivot position. On the right side of

the line at tackles Johnny "Tree" Adams, who is being tutored for the kickoff duties, Ken Schuster, Bob Welsh, and John Fallon caught the eye of Line Coach Walsh. Finishing out the right flank, towering Joe Kelly, Johnny Ray, who pastimed for John Adams High of South Bend who has been shifted from the center spot, and Bob Skoglund are the top-most of the right end candidates.

Besides the afore mentioned linemen, a group of potential backfield stars have been proving hard for the defense to handle. Running from the right half spot, and the No. 1 man for that position, is hard plunging Bob Kelly, who besides standing out in the ball carrying department also excels in the pass snatching profession. Other right halves are Elmer "Stud" Angsman, who turned in some top runbacks of punts, short and fast Don Doody and Doug Waybright. In the tailback, or left half position two former quarterbacks George Terlep and Steve Nemeth showed off with some fine broken field running. Nunzio Marino, "Chick" Maggioli, and Joe Bartos made the defense hustle to catch their fleet moving forms.

In the signal calling department, the two Irish passers, Joe Gasperalla and Francis Danciewicz, hurled the pigskin to all corners of the field with their deft pitching arms. Two other quarterbacks to merit recognition were Ed Clasby and George Ratterman. At the fullback post the "big three," Rudy Krall, Frank Ruggerio, and Jim McGurk are still sweating it out for top honors.



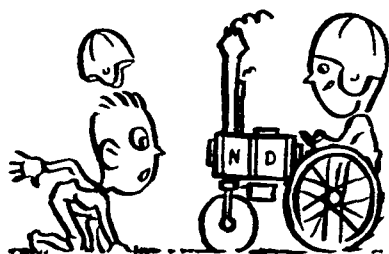
Line Coach Adam Walsh shows the boys how it's done

Football Candidates Discover Road to First Team a Long One, and a Hard One

BY BILL HENRY

"Scholastic" Sports Writer

Jim Starr (a fictitious name) read the notice posted by head coach Ed McKeever in which all men interested in football were called to turn out for summer practice. This was something Jim had always dreamed of, a chance to make the squad of the famed "Fighting Irish," but, like most other young fellows who "lugged the leather" on high school gridirons, he never imagined such an opportunity being presented him.



Jim had been All-State halfback in Massachusetts. He had been offered scholarships to eastern schools but turned them down to join the Naval Air Corps with the intention of winning his wings in fourteen months. Jim had no idea at that time that he would be sent to the tramping grounds of the immortal Knute Rockne and many other great football players of all time.

The next afternoon found Jim walking toward the field house; his usual reckless smile was a dead give-away to the thoughts racing through his mind. They were only of the practice sessions ahead, of playing the game he loved against potential All-Americans, of being guided by the most capable coaches in the country. He was walking on air when he entered the issue room, but was soon brought to earth by a bark he was destined to hear often in the future. The "bark" is well known to the men who participate in athletics at N.D. It belongs to Mr. McAlister, commonly known as "Mac," who is in charge of all sporting equipment.

Because of "Mac's" indifference, it was ten days before Jim got his suit, but the familiar feeling of the clumsy pads made him forget the time he spent waiting. Jim was anxious to get started; he was on the field before most of the other fellows were in uniform. It reminded him of high school days; he had always been first out then. He had been on the field long enough to do three laps before the other boys showed up. "Tree" Adams was the first of them to meet

Jim's eye. The "Tree's" towering six-foot-seven frame made Jim realize what the boys meant when they said, "Notre Dame men aren't only good, they're big."

Ray Nolting called all the backs to one end of the field and separated them into two groups. One of the groups was made up of the men who had already been educated in the tactics of the "T" formation; the other was composed of the new boys, those who were not familiar with it. After an hour and a half of drill McKeever called the boys to the middle of the field, gave them a pep talk, and instructed the coaches to pick out two teams for scrimmage. For the remainder of the afternoon Jim was a spectator.

He watched Frank Dancewicz and Joe Gasparella make the pigskin disappear via the magic of the "T" formation plus the speed of Bob Kelly, George Terlep, Nunzio Marino, Frank Ruggerio, and a dozen other fleet-footed backs as they blasted through the defensive front wall for yards that would be precious come fall. He marveled at the precision of the big line, the capability of its towering ends, Kelly, O'Connor and Limont. These boys were good, plenty good, and those not in action at the time were just as good, as Jim soon learned. They were the choice of the nation and hailed from all its corners.

The next few days of practice consisted of wind sprints, spinning (Jim practiced the spinning an hour each day), passing, and finally scrimmaging. Jim passed with his usual accuracy but had trouble with the spins. He never ran from the "T" before; consequently, his footwork was rough. Jim had considered himself in the peak of condition until then, but the wind sprints made him realize his mistake. He felt right at home in the scrimmages; the thrill of tackling was back. He was hitting hard and often; the coaches began taking notice. Coach McKeever told him to be ready to play some offensive ball the next afternoon.

Jim's spirits were high as he showed; he was singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" when George Terlep came over and greeted him with a "Nice going, fellow." Coming from George this made Jim's spirits even higher. He saw a good friend in the number one left halfback.

(Continued on page 16)

Tennis Team Still Wins; Defeats Lawrence 8-0

By JIM CAREY

"Scholastic" Sports Writer

Bowling over Lawrence College of Appleton, Wisconsin, by the one-sided score of 8-0, the Notre Dame tennis team grabbed off the first victory of the summer season on Saturday, August 5. Playing on their home courts, the inexperienced Lawrence freshmen could offer little resistance against the stalwarts of the Intercollegiate Championship team.

In the singles matches, the best play of the day was afforded when Dick Flam of Lawrence gave Chuck Sampson a tussle for the singles crown. Because the match was played on concrete courts, it took the Notre Dame star a few games to become accustomed to the new surface. But Samson soon settled down and the final count stood 6-4 and 5-2.

While Bill Tully ran over Lawrenceman Boam, 6-0, 6-1, Jerry Evert helped the Irish cause by subduing Dickenson, 6-2 and 6-2. By erasing Bud Herman 6-0 and 6-1, Jim Griffin kept the Notre Dame slate clean. Carlos Rodriguez, who hails from South America, found the Hoosier too much for him, and he bowed to Bart O'Brien, 6-2 and 6-1. In adding the final point in the singles round, Joe Wood crushed Van Gaitham, 6-2 and 6-4.

Because of a serious case of boils, Jerry Evert, Notre Dame star, was forced to withdraw from doubles play, and Samson was paired with Jim Griffin against Dick Flam and his frosh mate Boone. The Griffin-Samson clique proved too great, and when the dust of battle had cleared, the final score showed the Wisconsin athletes in second place, 6-1 and 6-2. Bill Tully and Joe Wood combined to capture the final doubles marker in true Irish fashion by rolling over Bud Herman and Dickinson, 6-0 and 6-2.

After taking a short rest, the Langfordmen will return to action with the Detroit Tennis Club, on August 26, on the Detroit club's courts. The following Saturday will give Notre Dame students an opportunity to see the famous club perform against Lawrence College in a return match.

Chaplain Burke is Visitor

Lieut. J.J. Burke, C.S.C., U.S. Navy chaplain, is visiting the University of Notre Dame on leave from his station at Bethesda, Md. Father Burke, on leave of absence as prefect of discipline at the university, left here at the end of May to undergo chaplain training at William & Mary college, Williamsburg, Va.

THE GREEN BANNER

BY JIM CASEY

A WORD TO THE WISE

When a more notorious character is made, born, or launched, (however they are created) than Bill McNeil, we want to be on the sidelines to observe his actions. 'Cause, brother, that glunk will be a rare one, indeed, indeed. Mac has talent. Not just as an architect or bike snatcher; but he has a knack for talking fruit stand proprietors out of water-melons, especially when their backs are turned.

But these attributes are minor when adjudged alongside of his fondest hobby, which is arranging and planning to the smallest detail, *blind* dates for his buddies in Sorin Hall. Have you ever seen one of McNeil's blind dates? You haven't! Well, you probably saw the picture, "I Wake Up Screaming!" There, we knew that you would follow us! But these are even more so.

Through his generosity Bill has nearly lost several very old and dear friends, namely, Joe Kelly, Jack McGrath, Bill O'Connell and Ace Purcell. But before we go further, 'tis best that we describe one of his blind dates (and some of them are), in order that you might recognize one:

Should your back be turned, you will be able to distinguish a McNeil blind date by her girlish laugh. It is something unearthly, like Murphy's. OK, so you dart down an alley, as it is better to observe her—and safer too. Quickly you hide behind some barrels (Hmm, what am I doing at Sweeney's back door?). But quiet, here she comes . . . Yes, her legs are larger than Bob Kelly's . . . Those shoulders!!!! And you thought Creighty Miller had a pair! That waistline—McNeil's is lovely when compared to hers!!! As she passes, you recognize hair like Frank Kent's, only shorter, and shoes that were borrowed, surely, from John Adams!!! Naturally, she has been clothed by Omar, the tent maker . . . "That face," you say, "But I thought that Gargantua was with Ringling, this year!!!"

Don't let us discourage you, now, brother, but after all, we are presuming that you are interested in something more than a gruesome experience. Of course, there is nothing more convincing than talking to McNeil and getting fixed

up, if you care to learn the truth the hard way.

QUIET, PLEASE

Walt McDermott is one fellow who takes his golf seriously. While putting on the fourteenth green the other day, he insisted that the boys cutting the lawn a short distance away turn off their automatic lawnmower until he had finished his shot.

IT HAPPENED HERE

Joe "Bud" Walker is normally a quiet, peaceful and collected individual. When under fire, he responds with fire, as he did the other day in Mr. Birder's speech class. At a loss for words, and in the middle of a speech, our hero suddenly became disgusted with his failure to dig down and produce the words that would have crowned his efforts and his argument and his speech. And what do you think he came up with as a rugged substitute vocabulary? Mr. Birder insisted that there are other means and other words to take the place of Satan's hideout.

LEGAL EAGLES

Speaking of scholarship, we are reminded of the local legal lights about the campus, and their scholarly attainment during the past week. Jim Chrisovergis, Merman, Wolhorn, Wlekinski—all clever, you understand—think so highly of Merman that they threw all their hopes on his ability to brief certain cases in preparation for an *International*

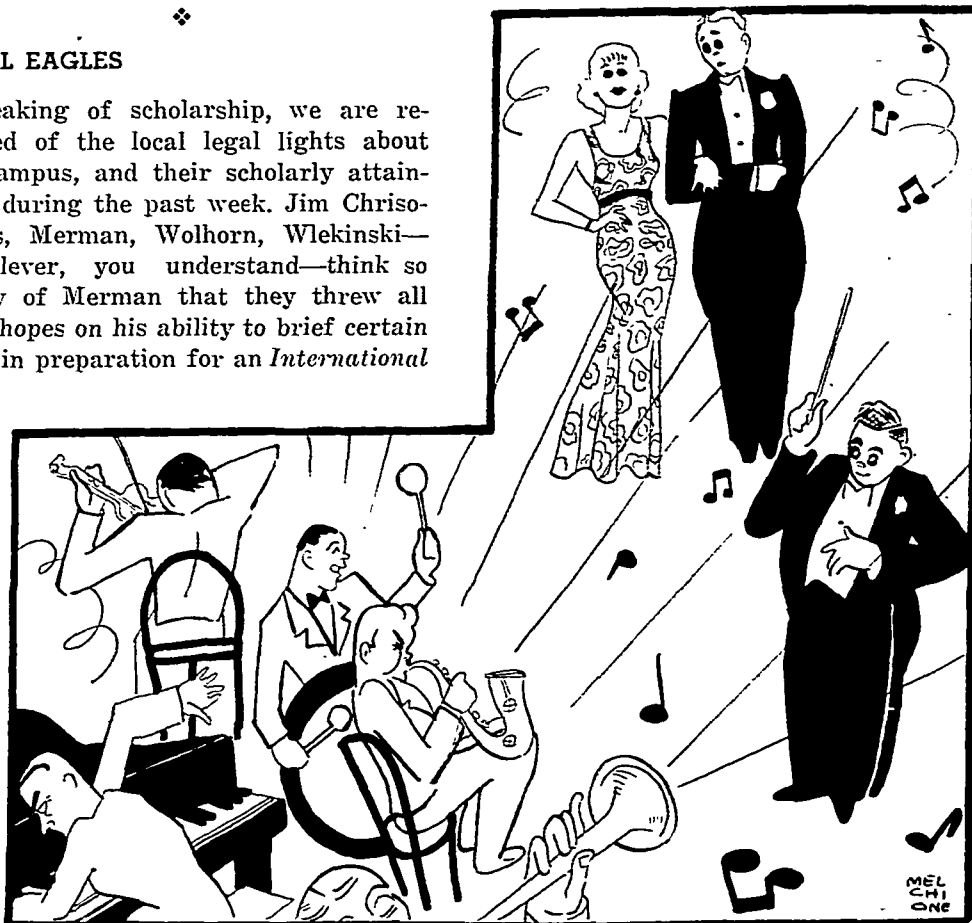
Law quiz. Well, the upshot of it was that we are all wrong regarding their scholarly attainment—because they all flunked the quiz. Merman briefed the wrong chapter, so the group explained as they reached for shotguns and started out in search of their erstwhile leading legal light. Now they are turning their attention to *Criminal Law* to discover just how far they can proceed against the man.

HE LOVES HIS WORK

Frank Kent has the laugh on his Sorin companions, and on some of the others about the campus. He has the best hot weather job yet devised for man or beast (and he has a little of both). The explanation: he works at a downtown industry. Information and particulars may be gathered from the man himself, as we don't care to spoil a very good thing.

Johnny Homan and Jim Thomas are now at the Presbytery, and report that it is the garden spot on campus, what with the menu, the hours and even the personnel involved.

Dick Murphy has resigned from the cafeteria. We have not inquired as to reasons, but strongly suspect CIO influence, post-war problems, and the old, old principle of supply and demand (the cafe supplying the labors and Murph demanding fewer hours and longer week-ends). Well, anyway, Murph is



My, but you Lawyers are noisy, dear.

looking elsewhere for a spot to eat up his leisure time.

HERE AND THERE

Mayor Gary of Dogpatch has issued his latest *communiqué*, naming Tony Bristol Sanitary Commissioner. When informed of this latest honor, Bristol nodded *a-scent*. Together they should clean up . . . Dick Ames and Tex Pequigney are better known as the Aristotle and Plato boys. What your profs don't know about the classics, they will . . . Rumor has it that they are going to come out of their rooms and go to the cafeteria for a meal some day this week.

FOR THE LAW BALL

Word has just been issued to all prospective socialites that the hand of the Law will welcome the elite, but deal swiftly with the recalcitrants. Therefore, come early and come orderly to the Rockne Memorial. No gym trunks will be issued that evening, according to latest bulletins from McAllister's equipment room. Top hats and white ties and tails will be in vogue—but they really aren't necessary, nor half so comfortable as a pleasant summer suit, or a pretty girl—if experience means anything, and we think it does. But, come what may, don't miss out on the fun. It promises to be gala and glorious. And bids can still be obtained.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

And why aren't you going to the Ball, you glunk?

Glasses Correctly Fitted

Est.



1900

J. BURKE

W. G. BOGARDUS
E. C. BEERY

Optometrists and Mfg. Opticians
228 S. MICHIGAN ST.
Evenings by Appointment

Campus Centenary Publications

Notre Dame—100 Years.....\$4.00

Collected Poems of
Charles L. O'Donnell.....\$2.50

... at the Bookstore



By PETE BROWN

Lt. Frank Leahy paid a coaches' tribute to two men on the '29 National Championship team of Notre Dame, while showing the pictures of ND's championship teams to some guests in his office. He singled out Ted Twomey, tackle, and Tim Moynihan, center, for the manner in which they kept the opposition busy. Because of this the spectacular Jack Cannon, the guard between them, could roam at will gaining the attention that usually comes only to Irish backs and ends. Then Leahy concluded that he was not berating Cannon, but only praising the great work of Moynihan and Twomey. Leahy was a member of the team himself and could appreciate their work more.

During the week from July 30 to August 5 there were 55 home runs hit in the major leagues. Thirty-nine of them were hit in the National League and the other 16 in the American. On Thursday, August 3, there were seven hit in the NL, while the AL got none. You can see what the lack of Yankees in the AL can do.

There is a tendency in naming racing horses, these days, to give them names spelled backwards. For there is a horse running at Washington park in Chicago called Rekrab (Barker). Imagine spelling football players' names backwards. Last year's ND team would have been a gold mine. At ends there were Rokanoy and Tnomil (Yonakor and Limont), tackles, Etihw and Iksbarzc (White and Czrabski), guards, Yellif and Okrep (Filley and Perko), and center, Nameloc (Coleman). In the backfield we have Illetreb, Kcajul, Rellim, Hcticokyr and Ollem. You figure them out for yourself. Radio announcers have enough trouble as it is, so there is no more use adding any more misery to them.

At a press conference with General Manager James Gallagher of the Chicago Cubs, some newspapermen were discussing Stan Hack. This was before Hack had returned to the Cubs. Somebody remarked that it was too bad that Hack wasn't playing third base for them, this year. Some other gentleman of the press then said, "Yes, and isn't it too bad that Hack didn't play for the Cubs last year." At this point Gallagher stood up and shook the gentleman's hand.

Last Monday night Joe Baski and Lee Savold, prominent heavyweights, fought at Wrigley Field in Chicago for their third meeting. The previous Tuesday Beau Jack and Bob Montgomery, both members of the Army, met for the fourth time. This seems like a lot of fights, yet Jack Britton and Ted Kid Lewis of the "good old days" fought so many times that the record books could not keep up with them.

THIS NAVY LIFE

(Continued from page 8)

been asked that morning of 3 July, he probably would have let out some remark and kept on walking. It seemed to him that he had walked the whole distance of Indiana before he finally found Zahm Hall.

As he proceeded to his room, he heard the old familiar cry, "Report to the medical office—on the double." Once again he broke into a run—perhaps the "doc" would confine him to sick bay so he could get some rest. But no such luck. He was told he didn't have to report, because he was a transfer.

Again gaining control of himself, he decided this would be a good time to get his gear to his new quarters. So, once again, he piled the 130 pounds of gear on his shoulders and began the long journey back to Zahm. After an hour of struggle he deposited himself and the gear in his lovely large room. "My," he thought, "a private bath and shower." Thinking this a good time to cool off, he decided to take a shower.

Just as the first spray hit him, a cry "Fall in!" was heard. Only by his terrific speed was he able to make the formation on time. As he stood there, half wet and half dry shivering from head to toe, the "sarge's" voice hit him. "You men simply must learn discipline and I'm going to see that you do. Now then, there are two ways of doing things: the correct way, and the Navy way. You're going to learn both."

This with a little marching and more chow lines thrown in comprised the rest of the day. When Mac hit the sack that night (yes, it finally came), he was still dreaming of his great future life aboard ship, despite all the trials of the day. If he knew he'd have to wait three days to get his class cards, he may have thought differently.

But it is almost certain that if you ever met Mac, he'd say with a sigh, "This Navy has a great future. Join the Navy and see the world—and women. Yup, this is the life for me."



"OK Gyrenes, let's go,
Here comes the Gizmo!"

SCENE AROUND CAMPUS

FIRST, Eddie "Andy" Andersen blowing like mad on his horn, in fact, knocking himself out. And then, "the boogly-woogly-bugler-boy of Co. B," Lou Twardzik, gives a mean blow-job too. Everyone crowds around his room during the 60 seconds between evening-muster and nite-study-hours screeching, "Oh Lou, send me fella!" In no short time the Duty NCO will have arrived, and all are sent—back to their billets.

SECOND, Bill Berk peddling a bicycle borrowed 'from Dogpatch across the way,' with Frankie "Man-Mountain" Amato in frenzied pursuit. (It is now rumored in unofficial circles that each Marine will shortly be given his choice of roller-skates or bike for use in getting to chow. Frankly, if a change is needed, I'd rather see the boys just amble over; like the sailor OD from Zahm).

AND, the usually faultlessly dressed Gyrenes, minus their field-scarves. "Gosh, it sure is nice, breathing again."

MARINES. PATRONS OF ART!

"Mah boys" have taken to reading novels, but with fervor! Since W.W. "I-am-the-mouth" Smith's lady-friend sent him a gift-copy of "the book that Boston mobbed," all the boys want to read it. Right now, Paul "the desirable" Rice is avidly reading W.W.'s copy of *Strange Fruit*, and some of the other fellows; namely "Jake" Maher and Bobbie McMasters are patiently waiting their turns. As the desirable says, "I got the intellectual curiosity, and can youse blame me?" Why no Paul; read and learn!

The Notre Dame Marine's Hymn

"From the ivy walls of Cav'naugh Hall,
To the chow-line down the street,
There resounds the thunderous echo of
Two-hundred marching feet.
We're serving in the colleges
Midst the academic scenes
To raise the mental average of

*The United States Marines.
We're the flower of the nation,
Future leaders in the fray,
Uncle Sammy's delegation
To preserve the college way.
"Help maintain the universities!"
Is our stirring battle theme,
And to this we dedicate ourselves,
As United States Marines.*

*Fearlessly we face the future days
And the dangers in our path;
Offenses, both class B's and A's;
Naval Orgy, Chem and Math.
When the records of this war are writ
And we're asked where we have been,
We will proudly say we did our bit
As College-boy Marines!"*

Except for minor changes, credit for this unique version goes to a Dartmouth Marine V-12er, Pfc. R. J. Cummings, USMC. Clever, isn't it?

THE GIZMO TO THE PERISCOPE SAYS:

"A columnist's feud, we think is grand,
A suggestion to the Periscope:
DON'T GET OUT OF HAND!"

ROCKWELL GOES INCOGNITO

No end of comment has been made about Sgt. Rockwell's new mustache. Some think he looks like Foo-Man-Shoo, others say he favors Clark Gable. But most think he still looks like Rockwell, and that's pretty good too!

By the way, who has seen, Le Bien?

WELCOME, MRS. NCO!

The lovely lady proudly on the arm of Supply Sgt. Ray Blunt is his wife, just moved from Chi-town to be with her hubby. With her is their little son, Ray Blunt, III. As we say in our circles, "We're glad to have you aboard, Mrs. Blunt!"

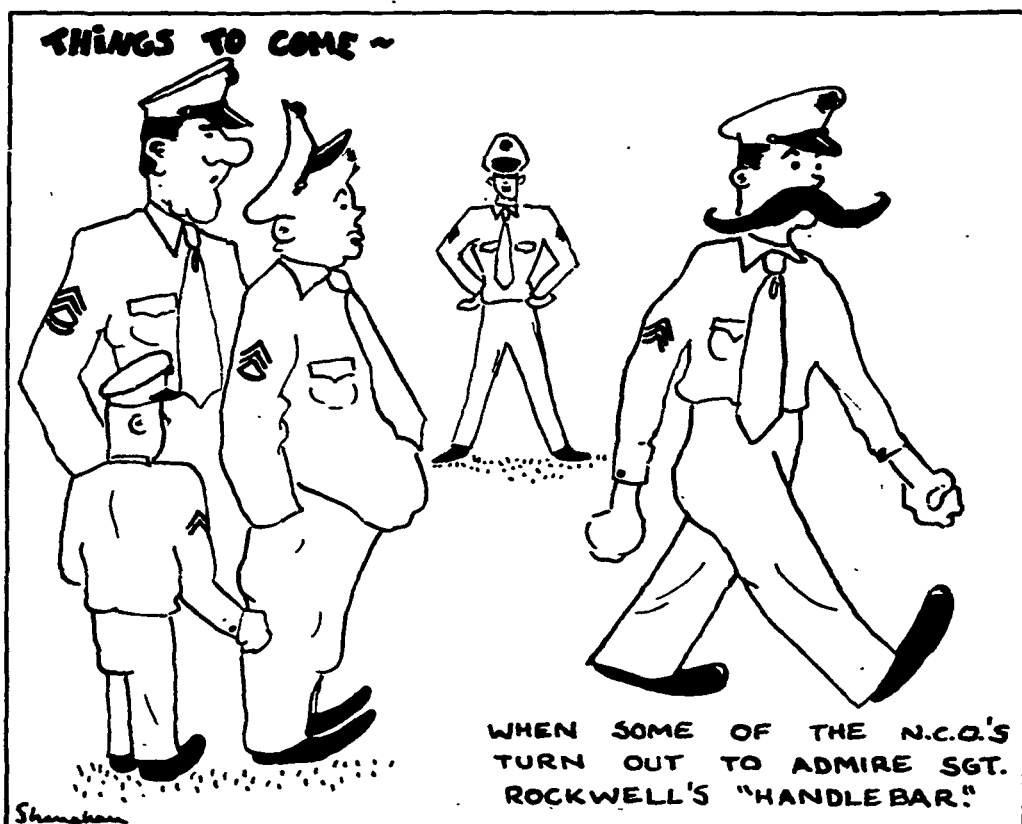
HAVE YOU NOTICED?

How much like our column the Periscope has become? Well, the Marines usually do set the pace. And to Hairy Le Bien:

"'Tis better to be a schloomp,
Than 'tis to be a swabbie;
No one knows how a schloomp
passes time,
But we all know the sailor's hobby!"

SAY, IT ISN'T SO?

Some of the fellows are still awed to see "the voice," Georgie J. Nutil, emerge from his billet each morning wearing a weird contrivance around his hair. To those who still don't understand, the Gizmo unravels the mystery by saying: IT'S A HAIR-NET! But George, we thought only sailors used them!



INTRODUCING

By JIM HECK

BILL TULLY

One of the most dangerous men on the tennis team is Bill Tully, V-12 trainee from Bronxville, N.Y. Eighteen-year-old Bill is a handsome, blonde, 165 lbs., six foot sophomore.

Bill went to Dona Prep in New Rochelle where he earned three monographs in tennis and four in basketball. Here at Notre Dame, he has garnered one in track and one on the clay court. He was also a member of the basketball squad but failed to gain a letter.

During the spring tennis schedule, Bill didn't lose a match. He won eight straight. At the NCAA tennis tourney he advanced to the second round before he was ousted by R. A. Davis, a top-flight racketeer from Annapolis. His specialty on the track team was the mile or the half-mile, being equally skillful in both.

Bill lives in Alumni Hall and is majoring in philosophy. His sports idol is none other than the great Frankie Parker. Bill's favorite pastimes are eating and sleeping. Steak and French fries, Tommy Dorsey and "There Are Such Things" are tops among his likes. His top sports thrill came when he won his first college race.

We expect big things from Billy during the summer tennis season as well as the Notre Dame Open, which is now in progress.

JIM GRIFFIN

The only member of the Notre Dame tennis team from NROTC is No. 4 man, Jim Griffin. A product of Evanston, Ill., Jim attended Evanston Township High school where he earned three monographs in tennis, two in swimming and two in basketball.

During the spring tennis season, Jim lost only one match while winning eight. He and either Buck Samson or Bill Tully were always ready to take on all comers, so far as the doubles matches were concerned. At the NCAA meet, Jim advanced to the third round where he was upset by Nick Buzolich of Pepperdine College. He was a member of the basketball team for the first few weeks but studies interfered, thus he dropped out.

Six foot, two inch Jim who is eighteen and tips the scales at 167, is in his fourth semester here. He is majoring in Naval Science and Tactics and hopes to become an ensign someday. He makes

his abode in the spacious and luxurious Walsh Hall.

Besides tennis, Jim likes to spend his time on dates or listening to dance music. Steak and French fries are his favorite dish; he thinks Benny Goodman is tops but he also likes "Concerto for Clarinet," by Artie Shaw. His sports idol is Bob Davies, former all-American basketball player from Seton Hall. His biggest sports thrill came when as a junior in high school, he played a major role in winning the season's biggest game.

It looks to us like Jim Griffin already has his future mapped out for him here at Notre Dame as a tennis and basketball personality.

All-Campus Volleyball, Softball Play Begins

By Jack Miles

Softball and volleyball leagues are now in full operation, having started this week. The formations of the leagues are very much the same, even to the occupation of the same playing site, as they were last semester.

Volleyball, under the direction of Mr. Gil Burdick, started Wednesday and will continue into the latter part of September. During September, the games probably will be held in the Rockne Memorial. The seven teams in the league will play a round-robin series and the victorious club will be presented with an interhall trophy. These games are scheduled for 4:15 on Tues-

days, Wednesdays and Thursdays at the Biology field. Any club, unit, naval or marine company or hall is eligible to compete under the present set-up.

Softball, with Mr. Francis Maxwell as supervisor, also employs the Biology field for its fracas. Games are also scheduled at 4:15 on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. In this case, however, only civilians are allowed to enter. There are eleven teams, necessitating two leagues, one composed of six teams, the other five. Teams of each league will play in that league only, and at the end of the campaign, the victors in each division will meet in a "Little World Series." The team to win two out of three will be the recipient of an interhall medal signifying the cream of the Notre Dame civilian softball crop.

FOOTBALL ROAD HARD

(Continued from page 12)

The following evening the squad was split and Jim went with the lower bracket; his chance for the offense went with him. For the time being, he would have to set aside his higher aims and work hard to prove to Coach Nolting that he had the first rate stuff necessary for a more respected berth.

Jim's experiences have been repeated over and over again in the history of Notre Dame football. The outstanding high school performer appearing on the scrimmage field for the first time, learning the "Irish" technique, and then applying his past knowledge and the new pointers into a coordinated method which later may earn him a place on the team.

19 Trains Daily to CHICAGO

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.

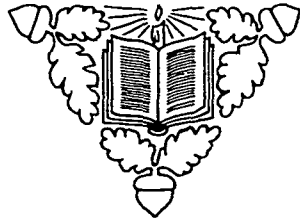
CHICAGO SOUTH SHORE & SO. BEND R. R.



Bob Morrissey Reviews Santayana's New Book

By ARNIE SKLARE
Bookmen Publicity Chairman

When the Bookmen held their regular bi-monthly meeting on August 2, in the Architecture building library, Bob Morrissey presented a reading on George Santayana's book, *Persons and Places*.



Santayana, former philosophy professor at Harvard and recognized litterateur and critic, sets down unique ideas and criticisms in this book, his autobiography. Morrissey's review suggested Santayana's discontent with American society, and his constant seeking for lasting values.

Four new members were welcomed at this meeting, a V-12 sailor, Brian Buckley, and three civilians: Jim Clyne, Dick Martin, and Frank Paulson.

Ben Ames Williams latest novel, *Leave Her To Heaven*, will be reviewed at the next meeting by Bob Riordan. Williams has written five stories and novels centered around the theme of the seven deadly sins, and this latest is a novel of jealousy.

On Sept. 13 the Bookmen will have an open meeting and everyone on campus is welcome. A prominent faculty member, Dr. Waldemar Gurian will address the group on a yet unannounced subject, and general discussion will follow.

Please watch for notices.

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE
at
South Bend's Leading Jeweler

LAUSON'S

A wide selection of
Desirable Gifts
on display.

Use our lay-away plan.

Chiefs on "Sea" Duty; Go Fishing in Local Lakes

By SEAMAN AL BROTEN
"Scholastic" Associate Editor

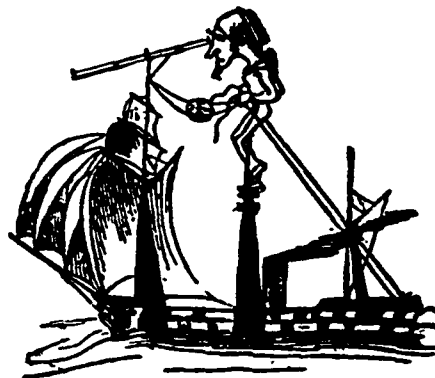
"We want sea pay" is the current demand of a certain group of Notre Dame chiefs, it was reported to the *Scholastic* today by a "stool pigeon" chief who during recent weeks had made the rounds to determine what was new among the four-stripe specialists.

According to "stooly," the men of the foiled anchors have become very proficient with the fishing rod in St. Joseph's Lake. Between classes (notation for the benefit of Ens. Brewbaker), the chiefs have succumbed to their Isaac Walton instincts and turned the lake into a deep sea fishing area.

Alleged members of the fishing group are Chiefs Clark, Broderick and Scharf, and Sgt. Redahan. Chief "On Your Back, On Your Stomach" Broderick appears to be the leader of the pay movement, according to the none-too-reliable sources.

On Wednesday of last week, Chief Clark caught two fish, claimed by some to be bass, others, to be carp. At any rate, Clark, former national diving champ, plans to stuff the fish and place them with the rest of his trophies.

After Clark had set the pace, two



other fishermen shoved off from the shore on the following day aiming at a new record. Those who saw the exhibition now wonder as to why it wasn't more successful. Acting as Chief Bos's Mate and Navigator was Chief Broderick; wielding the rod was the seagoing Marine, Sgt. Redahan. Without too much adieu, the sergeant, backed by the directing abilities of the "Boats," caught a fish, which to this day must go down in the books as a non-descript. "But," says Broderick, "it was a large one."

Chief Scharff also is reputed to have landed one or more of the natives of St. Joe Lake, but no definite rumors are available as to details of his fishing experiences.

MEET THE NON-COM

By GEORGE NUTIL

First Sergeant Theodore S. McHale, U.S.M.C., was born in Shelby, Montana, not so many years ago. During his six years he has been a distinct compliment to the corps.

McHale enlisted in 1938, and received his boot training in San Diego; from there he went to sea school. After being graduated, he was stationed aboard the U.S.S. *Idaho* and in March of '39 he was at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. He came back to the States aboard the U.S.S. *Bridge* and was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, from July 1939, to February, 1942. During this time he attended the Naval Academy Prep School.

On March 1, 1942, McHale was sent to the Marine Detachment on board the U.S.S. *Dakota* and participated in the two naval engagements which the *Dakota* fought in the South Pacific; the Battle of Santa Cruz on October 26, 1942, and the Battle of the Solomons on November 14 and 15, 1942.

After this duty he arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in February, 1943, and was sent to First Sergeant's School in Philadelphia. From there he went to the College Training Program at Quantico, Virginia, and then to his present position with the Marine Detachment at Notre Dame.

Aboard ship, Sergeant McHale served in the upper handling room and was a gun captain and then a mount captain. A gun captain has charge of one gun, and a mount captain has charge of two guns.

As far as the V-12 program is concerned, he believes that it is the best source of officer material that the Marine Corps has had. The Notre Dame position is very much to his liking. Tennis is his favorite sport, and he enjoys reading very much. In Portland, Oregon, he enjoyed his best liberty next to Notre Dame.

Last but not least, First Sergeant McHale, after his recent acquaintance with Lt. (j.g.) Virginia Negus, U.S.N. W.R., is a happily married man.

NOTICE!

After Monday, August 14, the office of the Director of Students' Accounts will be in a new location—in the former Brownson Study Hall, one floor above present site.

230 New Navy Men

The tenth class of approximately 230 specialists arrived Monday for a two months training period at the Notre Dame midshipmen's training school. About 200 came from preliminary training at Asbury Park, New Jersey, while the remainder came from the University of California at Los Angeles. After completing the required course here they will be graduated as ensigns in the United States Navy.—James Keenan.

Professor Rescues Two

Friends today credited Prof. Donald Plunkett, of the University faculty, with saving the lives of two ten-year-old girls about 2 p. m. Sunday at New Buffalo, Mich., when he dived into the waters of the backwash from Lake Michigan in the Galien river and dragged them from the swift current after they had gone down twice.

According to faculty friends present, Prof. Plunkett swam 40 yards to bring them to shore. After recovering from the shock, the girls ran off without giving their names.

At first thinking he had only one of the children, other professors said, Mr. Plunkett began to swim to shore. Upon arriving there, however, he found that he had grabbed the arm of one and

chin of another and thus saved both. The backwash is said to be very deep and especially dangerous because of the undertow created by the Lake Michigan surf.

LAWYERS MAKE FINAL PREPARATIONS

(Continued from page 3)

has also granted 2:00 a.m. permission for dancers which will make it possible for the lucky couples to enjoy the danceable music until the small hours. On the other side of the same announcement is the requirement that all students not attending the affair be in their rooms by 9:00 p.m. This means no midnight will be granted to anyone not attending the ball. Such an announcement is indicative of the prominence of the dance, and many campus-wise Notre Dammers are "importing" their dates for that night of August 18 when social life returns for the civilians of Notre Dame.

Tickets for the event are moving briskly and Ticket Chairman Charles Boynton urges purchasers to get the precious tickets as soon as possible as only a limited number of couples can be accommodated in comfort in the Rockne and the number of tickets to be sold is rapidly diminishing. He warns anyone expecting to attend to get tickets before August 16 as all indications point to a sell-out after that date. Included with

the ticket for the minimum price of \$3.50 is a cleverly worded legal subpoena which is used to summons the student's dancing partner.

Date Bureau Established

Another innovation that the Lawyers have introduced for the affair is an official dating bureau established by the Notre Dame Law Club. Its sole aim is to provide new students an opportunity to meet girls of their choice and this feature has been made possible only after careful investigation and classification. Co-chairmen Ted Ryan and Sam Alonzi have urged all new students who have not met suitable girls in South Bend to avail themselves of this feature. All that is necessary will be to purchase a ticket at the Law Library on the second floor of the Law Building and tell the salesman that he would like to avail himself of the dating committee. This, as well as the summons is included, for those who care to use it, in the price of the ticket.

With tickets and dates still available at the Law Building or from any member of the Law Club there is no reason why any Notre Dame man should have to be in his room at 9:00 p.m. instead of dancing with a bundle of feminine pulchritude until 2:00 a.m. to the strains of a great band at the social event of the semester.—Francis J. Paulson

TAILORS

CLOTHIERS

PARKER-WINTERROWD extend to all Midshipmen an invitation to call at our store and shop and inspect our tailor made uniforms before placing your orders for officers' uniforms. Each and every garment tailored to your measure and garments measured and fitted in our own shop.

PARKER-WINTERROWD

115½-117½ N. Main Street (Upstairs)

North of the Oliver Hotel

Phone 3-6318 for appointments

COLLEGE PARADE

(Continued from page 2)

Flags are flying at half mast for the man who went to the top in his chosen field and gave his life for his country.

MASS PRODUCTION GALORE

From the *Indiana Daily Student* we quote some figures obtained from the war department:

Since December, 1941, 4,000,000 troops have been moved to 127 ports.

With the 63,000,000 tons of supplies which were moved overseas, more than 18,000,000 were dispatched to the European theater alone.

Within this period of 2 and one-half years, the biggest shipping record of all times has been accomplished. It meant mass production of ships and supplies and the conversion of civilians to army and navy men on a mass production scale. And at this job of mass production the leaders in all fields have co-operated: the engineers in the defense plant, the ship-builders, the army and navy departments, the labor departments and all other transportation facilities.

It would seem that this war has advanced the mass production age at an extraordinary fast pace.

REVIEW OF POLITICS

(Continued from page 4)

products of plans laid during the first World War. In an examination of the background of present war planning, Dr. Redlich shows that under two little men, Josef Koeth and Wichard von Moellendorff, as well as under the better known Walter Eathenau, how the problems of the first War caused these thinkers to conceive a method very much like those of Socialism and Communism for organizing the economic life of the nation for the peace and the war. This note

has particular importance today when it is claimed that the German leaders are already planning for World War III.

"A Forerunner of Lenin: P. N. Tkachev," by Professor Michael Karpovich of Harvard University traces the activity of a less famed Russian who anticipated many of the plans and ideas which have become associated with the name of Lenin and the Revolution of 1918. By an examination of each man in his times, Dr. Karpovich points out that "there does not seem to be such a wide difference between the revolutionary strategy of the 'Marxist' Lenin and that of the 'Populist' Tkachev." The final article of the *Review* is a hitherto unpublished study of the origins of the word "nation" by the late Guido Zernato, a member of the cabinet of the Austrian Chancellor Schusnigg. The book reviews are by Professors Gurian, Hermens, and Fitzsimmons, Lieut. (jg) William Shanahan, USNR, and Fathers Mark Fitzgerald and Thomas T. McAvoy.

TICKET TIME AGAIN

(Continued from page 10)

screened all sight of the contest. Still another time he obtained two tickets for a friend and himself at the Army game of '29 which turned out to be a thriller with Jack Elder making a winning 98-yard touchdown dash. However, Herb and friend didn't see over one-fifth of the game. Why? Another broad obstacle—this time a sign!

Another duty of Herb and company is supervision over the parking situation, reputedly one of the finest in the country and also charge of everything in the stadium, including vendors, concessions, and ushers. In the latter he is indebted to the Notre Dame Ushers Club, a group of South Bend men who have been helping him out since 1933.

Scalpers constitute another headache but this has been adequately stymied by a group of plain clothesmen who pick up any scalpers they spot and place them in the stadium jail until after the game. Without exception, the culprits are caught holding tickets which may have cost them up to \$200. One or two such experiences generally discourage even the most daring because the experience hits the scalper where it hurts most—the pocketbook.

Mr. Jones is assisted in his work by two of the most efficient women in any business. Flora Smith, his secretary, celebrated her sixth year with him July 24 while Mrs. Robert Cahill, wife of former Assistant Manager Bob Cahill, now in the Pacific, is his competent bookkeeper. Besides these two employees there is a so-called "swing shift" of South Bend men who come in after work to help out in the offices during the busy football season.

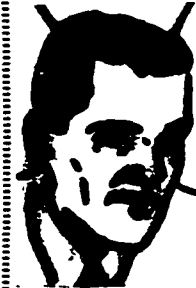
Specializing in the examination of the eyes.

Dr. E. J. Cain
OPTOMETRIST

*Prompt Lens or Frame Repair
service in our own laboratory.*

212 S. Michigan St.
Phone 4-8251

HOLD THAT HAIRLINE!



BUSINESS AND SOCIAL SUCCESS DEPEND ON YOUTHFUL, VIGOROUS APPEARANCE. LET OUR TRAINED GRADUATES EXAMINE YOUR HAIR AND SCALP... TREAT THE REAL CAUSE OF RECEDING HAIRLINE. FREE EXAMINATION. TREATMENTS \$1.00.

Phone 4-1481

HARPER METHOD MEN'S SHOP

DR. ROBERT F. LUCAS

GENERAL DENTISTRY
X-RAYS AND CONSULTATION

DISEASES AND SURGERY OF MOUTH AND JAWS
TELEPHONE 4-5661
702 J. M. S. BUILDING SOUTH BEND, IND.

DRS. PROBST AND SINGLER DENTISTS

503 SHERLAND BUILDING
PHONE 3-1254 SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

SOUTH BEND X-RAY LABORATORY

825 SHERLAND BUILDING
L. E. FISHER, M.D. M. J. THORNTON, M.D.
TELEPHONE 3-4269

ROSE DENTAL GROUP

LEONARD A. ROSE, D.D.S.
CYRIL F. ROSE, D.D.S.
PETER J. ROSE, D.D.S.
623-629 SHERLAND BLDG. SOUTH BEND, IND.

DR. O. J. GRUNDY

REGISTERED PODIATRIST
FOOT AILMENTS

406-408 TOWER BUILDING PHONE 3-2574

"9 in 1" NIX VITAMINS

HIGH-POTENCY TABLETS

VITAMINS A-D-B₁-B₂ (G)-C-B₆

E-Niacin-Calcium Pantothenate

As Dietary Supplement ONE TABLET A DAY Will Supply the Full Daily Minimum Adult Requirement of the Vitamins of Which the Requirements Are Established.

Each small Nine-Vitamin Tablet Contains—

AS MUCH "A" as 4 Pints Whole Milk

AS MUCH "D" as 1 lb. of Butter

AS MUCH "C" as 2 ozs. Orange Juice

AS MUCH "B₁" as 35 ozs. Raw Cabbage

AS MUCH "B₂" as 40 ozs. Raw Green Beans

AS MUCH "B₆" as 30 Grs. Brewer's Yeast

AS MUCH NIACIN as 1/2 lb. Lean Meat

AS MUCH CALCIUM PANTOTHENATE as 150 Gms. Carrots

AS MUCH "E" as in 5 mgm. wheat germ oil

90 TABLETS THREE MONTH SUPPLY \$3.50

FOR
ADULTS
OR
CHILDREN

CAROLE LANDIS STARRING IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE "BY SECRET COMMAND"



*What your boy
wants most...*

Letters from home
Cigarettes that
SATISFY

Carole Landis

Back from the war zone, Carole also says...
"I saw thousands of cartons of cigarettes given
to our boys overseas and can say without res-
ervation Chesterfield is always a favorite."

Discover for yourself the meaning of Chesterfield's
5 Key-words to more Smoking Pleasure . . . RIGHT
COMBINATION WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS.

IT'S
CHESTERFIELD

**FOR MILDNESS
and
BETTER TASTE**