WHEN ALL OTHER MEMORIES PASS ... THIS WILL BE TIMELESS IN THEIR HEARTS.
YEAR after year of progressive service has made the name Gilbert's a symbol of quality in South Bend. The individual as well as the garment he wears are ably sustained by the Gilbert's reputation for quality and good taste. Here are featured the names of leading clothing makers, the basis for developing the types of clothes which have remained in high favor and retained their fame for decades.

"One Man Tells Another"

GILBERT'S

813-817 S. Michigan St.
In Retrospect These College Years...

Has it been so long ago? It seems, at times, like yesterday that I parked my bags before the Dome and looked about me strangely, awkwardly. Green, red, purple, yellow—a rainbow of slips for this and that were handed to me. I started on my way to the new ball that was to be my bed for that first night. It was a nervous and restless one; the morning bells, the call to Mass, startled me and I groped sleepily in the darkness. . . . "Ite missa est. Deo gratias." It was a good feeling to meet my God so early in the morning.

Will they ever forget that Freshman his first day at the bookstore? Notre Dame stickers, pennants, letterheads, "T" shirts—everything with the Notre Dame label I bought. I couldn't wait to write to everyone I knew just so they'd read my return address. In high school I had been one of the "Big Guns," and now I was just another one of the fellows, and yet, I felt bigger than I had ever before.

There were those football games when I carried the ball every time the halfback did, and threw every pass and caught every pass. I lived, played the whole game in my heart. Notre Dame was my school, my team. And I felt all good inside to be a part of it. I was exultant in every victory and proud in defeat. Whether I realized it as such, I had it—the invaluable, intangible gift—the Notre Dame spirit.

The days had been those of war and bad news. There was an unnatural air in the skies which always seemed clouded with the smoke of guns and bombs that sighted and boomed across the seas. Many of us never finished—many of us never will. But through it all I plodded, for things were not always cheerful. Our Lady was not always smiling at the way we were living on earth—and dying. Fellows whom we had known were gone, and far too often were the words, "Requiescat in pace," uttered for friends. Notre Dame suffered through the years, but never ceased doing her own part in the Armageddon raging throughout the world.

How I cheered in Washington Hall at the movies on some Saturday nights when a pretty girl appeared on the screen. And how we denounced the villain. And Sunday afternoons . . . much as some of us jokingly teased the girls of St. Mary's we still could be found there—and enjoying their company. Maybe the grind wasn't so grueling after all. I certainly am no worse for it. Indeed, I know I am a far better man than that first day I self-consciously made the trek to the Main Building.

There are happy memories to take home, memories of friends, the Grotto, after dinner têtes-à-têtes in the cafe, the bull sessions in the rooms after lights were out and the difficulty we had keeping our voices down. . . . The pleasant reveries will far outnumber any fears and worries that might once have seemed ominously gigantic. The span of time that has elapsed at Notre Dame is an incalculable matter—as is the spirit that radiates from every heart—as is the memory of the golden dome with Our Lady atop, her arms receptive in welcome and reluctant in au-revoir to Notre Dame.—Jack Stewart
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GRADUATION PROGRAM

February 27, 1946

Processional March, by Orchestra

The Star-Spangled Banner, by Audience

Conferring of Degrees, by Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C.
President of the University

Presentation of Commissions to Graduates of the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps and of the Navy V-12 Training Program, by Captain J. Richard Barry, U.S.N., Professor of Naval Science and Tactics and Commanding Officer.

Presentation of Awards to members of Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps.

Administration of Oath to newly commissioned members of the N.R.O.T.C. and of the Navy V-12 Program.

Address to Graduates, by Rev. Thomas P. Irving, C.S.C.,
Professor of Religion

Recessional March, by Orchestra

Keep up on Notre Dame News—subscribe to the SCHOLASTIC for yourself or for your friends in service—
$1.00 for the Spring semester

Name...........................................................................

Address........................................................................

Clip Blank and Mail to Publications Office—Notre Dame, Indiana
To the Graduates of
The University of Notre Dame:

February, 1946

As an institution, Notre Dame is more than one hundred years old. But the principles for which it stands are ancient historically. The University has taken its educational program from a sacred injunction twenty centuries ago when Christ sent His Apostles forth to teach all nations. In its fabric is interwoven the tradition of the medieval Schoolmen for whom philosophy was as much love of wisdom as love of God. Conscious of this fundamental law of learning, Notre Dame has always promoted that knowledge of God is the beginning of all wisdom.

In these days of rapid and uprooting religious, social and economic changes when man is finding it gradually more difficult to understand himself, there is an imperative need for the stability of fundamental principles. For basic points of reference, for a philosophy of life that will possess equal validity and equal capacity for application to right living despite evolution and change. Such a philosophy cannot be determined as to its meaning and purpose by a particular historical need, but by the broad, essential needs of the inward life of man and by the nature of his destiny in the life to come. Through an unfortunate opportunism we have learned to adapt ourselves too often to weakened patterns of social activity with the result that for each new adaptation we have sacrificed some principle and have lost part of our definition as the free sons of God.

You are now entering upon what the world likes to call a process of readjustment. In this further reconstruction of your lives along maturer lines, permit me to remind you that although man is the measure of society, he is not a law unto himself. He owes allegiance to something outside of himself, bigger even than the cultural environment in which he moves. At Notre Dame, you have received a hierarchy of values backed up by sound reasoning and by a still sounder faith in God and in man seen through the purposes of God. You have learned that man's nature does not find its complete fulfillment within a purely human culture, and that culture to be valid must operate as a means to an end higher than itself. When a culture does not have this for its first guiding principle it has lost the most important phase of its purpose—that of spiritual uplift. Since you have been equipped with a scale of values which rightly places things of the spirit at the bottom as well as at the top of all endeavor, there is no need to fear for your future as long as you do not forget to apply this measure which has been entrusted to you.

Notre Dame has more than amply fulfilled its mission in teaching you how to live. It is for you to live.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
President of the University
Ray E. Bates, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering
Caruthers, California
Plans to be decided by the Navy

Brendan P. Biggert
B.S. in Business Adm., Cum Laude
Columbus, Ohio
Vice President of the Commerce Forum,
Student Council member
Plans to work in Texas

Calvin J. Blattner, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Cum Laude
Washington, D.C.
Aero Club
Plans—Navy duty

Joseph Breslaw, V-12
B.S. in Mechanical Engineering
Denver, Colorado
Gold Medal for winning interhall tennis team
Plans to attend law school or do other graduate work after discharge

Thomas F. Bremer
LL.B.
Cleveland, Ohio
Glee Club, President of Law Club, staff of Notre Dame Lawyer, Commerce Forum
Plans to practice law in Cleveland

Brother Charles Borromeo Beck, C.S.C.
B.S., Cum Laude
Newport, Kentucky
Presenting the Graduating Seniors...

Thomas Edw. Burns
B.S. in Business Administration
Clovis, New Mexico
Interhall athletics, Bengal Bouts, Knights of Columbus
Plans to enter real estate business with family

Bernard A. Century, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering
Chicago, Illinois
Interhall athletics, Aero Club
Plans to concentrate on living like a human being

Diamond N. Commisa
B.S. in Physical Education
Newark, New Jersey
Interhall athletics
Plans to take Master's degree

John Charles Castelli
B.S. in Accounting, Cum Laude
Midland, Pennsylvania
Student Council, Co-President of Commerce Forum, Vets Club
Plans to enter Harvard Law School

William M. Crilly, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Cum Laude
Los Angeles, California
Track team for two years
Plans—Navy commission

James Ford Combs, V-12
B.S. in Electrical Engineering, Cum Laude
St. Louis, Mo.
American Institute of Electrical Engineers, St. Louis Club
Plans are up to the Navy
Chester Dean Cullison, V-12
B.S. in Electrical Engineering
Newark, Ohio
V-12 Camera Club, Band, American Institute of Electrical Engineers
Plans to be decided by the Navy

Francis L. Foss
A.B. in Iberian Languages, Cum Laude
Toledo, Ohio
Vets Club, President of Inter-American Affairs Club, Baseball team
Plans to go to South America to take Master's degree

Francis J. Dancewicz
B.S. in Business Administration
Lynn, Mass.
Monogram man for three years in football
Plans to take Master's degree later

John H. Graif
B.S. in Business Administration, Cum Laude
Mankato, Minn.
Senior Manager of football for two years, Commerce Forum, Minnesota Club, Monogram Club
Plans to enter retail clothing business

Kaper G. Graff, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering
Garner, Iowa
Interhall athletics
Plans are up to the Navy

Brother Cajetan Holland, C.S.C.
A.B.
Lawrence, Mass.

... of February Nineteen Hundred Forty-Six
Presenting the Graduating Seniors...

John H. Huntzicker, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Cum Laude
Greenwood, Wisconsin
Interhall athletics, Band
Plans—Navy

Arthur R. Kernen
B.S. in Chemistry
Frankfort, Kentucky
Interhall athletics
Plans to take Master's degree

John R. Linsday, V-12
B.S. in Electrical Engineering
Chicago, Illinois
American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Interhall athletics
Plans to join an electrical company after discharge

Paul Johnstone, Jr., V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering
Hollywood, California
Interhall athletics
Plans—Navy

Ronald J. Knapp, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Cum Laude
Lancaster, California
Aero Club, Band
Plans—Navy release and work in West Coast plant

Rudolph M. Lopez
B.S. in Physical Education
Fabens, Texas
Football squad for two years, Interhall athletics, Head Cheerleader
Student Council, Vets Club
Plans to do graduate work and then open night club
... of February Nineteen Hundred Forty-Six

James R. Luken
B.S. in Commerce, Cum Laude
Richmond, Indiana
Commerce Forum, Vets Club, Knights of Columbus

John F. McDermott, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Cum Laude
Akron, Ohio
Aero Club

Michael J. Mack, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Cum Laude
Viola, Illinois
Chairman of Aero Club
Plans to do graduate work after discharge

Lawrence Edw. Merman
L.L.B., Cum Laude
Monroe, Michigan
Secretary of Law Club, and Vice President for two terms; staff of Notre Dame Lawyer, Student Council, Knights of Columbus
Plans to practice law in Michigan

Raymond C. McEnery
B.S. in Business Administration
Erie, Pennsylvania

Kenneth F. Merten, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Cum Laude
Forestville, Ohio
Aero Club
Plans to do graduate work after discharge

Eleven
Presenting the Graduating Seniors...

John W. Meulendyk, V-12
B.S. in Mechanical Engineering
Grand Rapids, Michigan
American Society of Mechanical Engineers
Plans to take job in industry after discharge

Francis J. Paulson
L.L.B., Magna Cum Laude
Denver, Colorado
Law Club, Editor of the Lawyer
Plans to practice law in Denver

Brother Bennett Nettleton, C.S.C.
A.B.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Paul Stanislaus Ragan
B.S. in Commerce
Indianapolis, Indiana
Co-President of Commerce Forum, Bengal Bouts, Economic Roundtable, Indianapolis Club

William Ray, Jr., V-12
B.S. in Electrical Engineering, Cum Laude
Chicago, Illinois
Flying Club, Willy’s Club, American Institute of Electrical Engineers
Plans to take Master’s degree after discharge

Theodore C. Rademaker, Jr.
B.S. in Accounting, Cum Laude
Peru, Indiana
Senior Manager of football team for two years, Interhall athletics, fencing in freshman year, Monogram Club.
Robert E. Rock
B.S. in Commerce
Oak Park, Illinois
Senior Ball Committee
Plans to enter production end of some concern

Brother Bartel Rufe, C.S.C.
B.S., Cum Laude
High Bridge, New Jersey

Thomas P. Schreiber
B.S. in Physics, Cum Laude
Detroit, Michigan
Football teams for two years, Student Council
Plans to do graduate work in Physics

Robert M. Rossiter
A.B. in Political Science, Cum Laude
Brooklyn, New York
Knights of Columbus, Economic Round-table, Student Council
Plans to become an insurance broker

William Titus Schmid
B.S. in Business Administration
Dubuque, Iowa
Knights of Columbus, Commerce Forum

Harold Schwan, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Cum Laude
West Allis, Wisconsin
Aero Club
Plans to work on West coast after discharge
Presenting the Graduating Seniors...

Thomas K. Shuler, V-12
B.S. in Electrical Engineering, Magna Cum Laude
Auburn, Washington
American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Willy's Grill Club
Plans sea duty and then—discharge

Donald Strand, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Cum Laude
Minneapolis, Minn.
Aero Club
Plans—Navy

Robert C. Tetens, V-12
B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering, Magna Cum Laude
Davenport, Iowa
Aero Club
Plans—sea duty followed by graduate work

John Keating Stewart
A.B. in Political Science, Cum Laude
Washington, D.C.
American Political Science Association, Flying Club, Bookman's Club, Monogram in baseball, Scholastic Staff, Interhall athletics
Plans to enter Diplomatic Service or join foreign branch of Nat'l City Bank of New York

Marvin L. Tomber
B.S. in Mathematics, Cum Laude
South Bend, Indiana
Villagers Club

Paul Newton Taggett, V-12
B.S. in Chemical Engineering, Cum Laude
Niles, Michigan
Villagers Club as civilian, Band
Plans to work in chemical plant after discharge
Alfred W. Trueax
L.L.B., Cum Laude
McLean, Virginia
Treasurer of Law Club. Before entering the Army he had been admitted to practice law in the State of Virginia

George A. Whittingham
B.S. in Physical Education, Cum Laude
Alliance, Ohio
Baseball team for two years. Swimming instructor
Plans to take Master's degree later

Brother Geran Waninger, C.S.C.
B.S., Cum Laude
Evansville, Indiana

Jack A. Williamson, V-12
B.S. in Electrical Engineering
Topeka, Kansas
Secretary of American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Willy's Grill Club
Plans—sea duty till September

(Continued on page 27)
Night prayer in Walsh Hall Chapel. Left to right, Seniors John Castelli, Rudy Lopez and Paul Ragan.

Introduction to Notre Dame

It is only eight semesters before I go home again and sleep in my very own trundle bed... and perhaps, see again... Bag in hand, mouth open so blackbirds could make landings, am awed by the maze of departments that I have to go through before I'm registered here... initiations at Wauwasee High were easy... Found out that the boat on top of the Commerce Building didn't mean the Navy was stationed there... also found the Caf, Walgreen's, and St. Mary's by myself... saw “Spirit of Notre Dame”... what it needs is more of it... Brother Roman's keys keep me awake in Carroll... joined in the annual mass migration of Saint Mary's... the girls were ready for the invasion... some of us returned maimed... the campus popped out all over with golden chrysanthemums for the first football game... beginning to understand what this spirit is all about.

The Laundry Gets Its Licks In

Graduation day minus seven semesters... met Father Holderith for the first time in Breen-Phillips... nice but means what he says... getting used to frontier life gradually... heard rumors to the effect that bus service would be put in between Caf and B.P... Two midnights a week encourage more home life... getting up on my sewing and letter writing to... even study once in a while but not so seriously as to frustrate primary purposes of college life... make first trip to town to replenish "wash torn" shirts... beginning to realize how nice Indiana weather can be... especially twilight when the church tower deepens into purple against a gold mackerel sky... where'd I get that?

Tempus Fugits for the Sophomore, But Slowly

Time flies and only six semesters between me and that coveted sheep-skin... still at Breen-Phillips... determine to make Sixteen

something of myself... might also add I got a letter from Pop this morn... also one from... but good... from now on with Whitman... Allons! The inducements shall be greater, we will sail pathless and wild seas, we will go where winds blow, waves dash and... etc... Bubbles Cronin baffled at inability to pick himself up by his shoestrings... Big party on Q.T. for John Castelli who received a yo yo and a toy P-47... Elmer Angstrom works up a lather promoting a big dance with St. Mary's... turns out to be with the academy... met some South Bend girls at house party... Wow!... next day helped win campus softball tourney.

Extracts From a

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The Interesting Dunes of Michigan City

Three down and five to go... move to St. Ed's where Father Kelly keeps the keys... Power politics between John Castelli and B.T.O. Joe Delia keep hall excited... Father Kelly breaks up "barn dance" in Ragan's room... ants start a battle of nerves with the students... officially, the battle is denied... candlelight parties in room and weekly traipsings down to Rosie's where it is rumored the spaghetti is served adds adipose... spend weekends at Michigan City. Very interesting dunes around there... make second annual trip to St. Mary's. They ought to hang this up there... "Per me si va nella citta dolente; per me si va nell' eterno dolore; per me si va tra la perduta gente."... St. Ed's Victory Dance a huge success despite Student Council opposition.

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Tempus Fugits for the Sophomore, But Slowly

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Graduate’s Diary

At Last — An Upperclassman

The half . . . just a breather, not much happens . . . K. C. Ball highlights semester activities . . . reconnoiter around the campus and find many interesting things . . . strange how blind a fellow can get to something so near to him . . . take, for instance, that statue of Father Sorin out in front of the campus . . . must have been a powerful man . . . looks like he knew what he wanted . . . wonder where they got the huge slabs of stone to build the grotto with? . . . if they ever let the big bell really go, wonder what it would sound like? . . . the gold-leaf on the dome is flaking off but the statue of the Lady remains as bright as ever . . . nothing, the winds nor the rain seem to touch her . . . wonder if there is some meaning in that . . . V-12 in a swell spirit of camaraderie invite civilians to dance to Vaughn Monroe.

Life in Tradition-Steeped Sorin

Three semesters . . . just barely less than a year . . . move over to Sorin with its traditions, its tower rooms and French architecture . . . Father Forrestal, very solicitous for our spiritual welfare, invites us to visit the chapel at 5 in the morning . . . decide to sit out the semester on the tattered swings of Sorin . . . Phil Luppi attracts attention playing piano on the porch . . . a number of students circle around for fear this is a booby trap . . . Bengal Bouts bring lights up to new heights as John Treve slugs to victory . . . tragic news of F.D.R.’s death stuns campus . . . many a fellow feels an urge to stop at Sacred Heart and put in a word for a good Joe . . . Victory in Europe is a big relief.

V-J Day Celebration

Graduation just around the corner . . . R.O. vacates Walsh Hall . . . the reconversion program is in swing . . . met Father Holderith again . . . still a nice fellow, still means what he says . . . V-J Day puts mild South Bend into hysterics . . . beer flows everywhere as perfect strangers become old acquaintances and take a cup of kindness for auld lang syne . . . Notre Dame students hysterical, too, but in a moderate way . . . nothing to break the pledge to speak of . . . bright colors become noticeable as Navy blue begins to fade away . . . made my third and last annual trip to St. Mary’s . . . well, they certainly have a nice tower there! . . . Commerce Forum throws a Victory Dance . . . Anywhere else this would be a declaration of war.

And Then Comes the Last One

One leetle semester left . . . campus breaks into bad-tasting print across country . . . couple days after, everyone realizes that wasn’t the way . . . Father O’Donnell gives the speech of his life and proves he’s boss yet and the students cheer . . . long Christmas vacation gives me a chance to discuss Book of the Month Club selection with she thinks I’m solid . . . Sophomore Cotillion brings formals and orchids back to N.D. dances . . . Senior Ball proves a success after much misgivings . . . begin to auction off my furniture . . . remembering how once as a freshman I bought the curtains around my bed in Carroll and how I gave toward keeping the dome shined up, I ante the price on the chair . . . last look at finals . . . all this, and an accelerated college course too . . .

Graduation . . . it’s much harder to go than one would think.
LETTER TO NEW ALUMNI

Gentlemen:

Becoming an alumnus of Notre Dame is too frequently looked upon as a new experience, bringing a new identity. And as a result the alumni are considered as differing entirely from students or faculty or administration or any of the more immediate forms of Notre Dame life. A false isolationism is consequently thrust upon the alumnus that brings unnecessary handicaps in its wake.

Graduation from Notre Dame actually is more like a birthday in a family, having a little more significance perhaps than ordinary years.

But it marks only a new progression in an order in which you are already established. You were established in this order the day you decided to be a Notre Dame man. (You have read from time to time the very impressive stories of boys who never actually came here, but whose spirit was Notre Dame spirit in a very real and strong way.)

You grow in this order as you progress through your college. Many Notre Dame men have not had the opportunity to finish, for one reason or another. Among many of these men—and they, too, are alumni—there is frequently a spirit enriched by their regrets. And not infrequently the added determination of this first failure to achieve a goal has resulted in achieving many later ones most successfully.

But you are finishing your course. And by that fact alone you become an alumnus—one of some 13,000 persons holding degrees from the University. These degrees have grown in importance as well as in numbers, as the various colleges and departments have commanded increasing prestige. The great popularity of Notre Dame, reaching far beyond the actual family of those physically connected with the campus, is in itself an asset granted to you with graduation. You are expected to add to this popularity by your contribution in the channels to which you will turn, just as graduates like you have gone ahead and prepared this good will bonus for you.

The Notre Dame athlete is not supposed to be just another athlete. He is looked to for the qualities of a champion. Not always a winner, perhaps, but always a champion in spirit and conduct. So all Notre Dame men are looked to by ever widening circles to perform in personal life, in business and professional life, in spiritual and cultural and intellectual life, as champions setting example. Not always, again, as winners, particularly in a material sense, but always as champions in spirit.

The Alumni Association, then, is not just another routine, fraternal society, bordered by records and money raising. It is rather an organization that since 1867 has sought to preserve in the alumni segment of the whole Notre Dame the same fine quality, the same dynamic performance, the same popular appeal, the same contribution to American life in all its phases that have made the University known out of all proportion to its size or its material wealth.

There are records, of course. And there is the Annual Alumni Fund. You must receive many things by mail that have heretofore come to you by personal contact and by bulletin board. And the University program needs more and more support as its opportunities and achievements multiply.

But there is that added sense of values which never are confined to statistical or financial measurements.

You are welcome as alumni, not as new and unknown, but as familiar members of the family simply celebrating a birthday with a new suit.

As alumni, you will learn what you have known to be true as students on the campus, that first things will continue to be first. You can be a good alumnus just as easily as you were a good student. And frequently those who missed the significance of being a good student have the privilege of catching up as good alumni.

Your Alumni associations, with many practical as well as social and sentimental values, will repay you in proportion to your own investment of interest, enthusiasm and participation.

The Alumni Association, official channel for these activities, is, with many facilities of the University, at your service for your continuing life as a Notre Dame man.

James E. Armstrong, Alumni Secretary

Fifty-Four Receive Degrees Next Week

Father Irving to be Commencement Speaker

Out of a graduating class of 83, only 54 will be present, February 28th, to receive their degrees from the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, Ph.D., President of the University of Notre Dame. The Commencement address will be delivered by the Rev. Thomas P. Irving, C.S.C., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics.

The 54 graduates who will receive their degrees next Thursday will comprise the last class which will graduate under the accelerated war-time program. Of the 83 degrees to be presented, the College of Arts and Letters will confer 32 degrees, while 9 will be awarded by the College of Science, 24 by the College of Engineering, 5 by the College of Law, and 13 by the College of Commerce.

Approximately two-fifths of the degrees, 32, will be awarded with honors, 14 by the College of Engineering of which two will be Magna Cum Laude, and twelve Cum Laude, five Cum Laude by the College of Science, five Cum Laude by the College of Commerce, four Cum Laude by the College of Arts and Letters, and one Magna Cum Laude and three Cum Laude by the College of Law.

The College of Arts and Letters will confer seven Bachelor of Art degrees, three Bachelor of Science degrees in Physical Education and twenty-two Bachelor of Naval Science degrees. In addition to six Bachelor of Science degrees, the College of Science will confer one Bachelor of Science degree in Chemistry, Mathematics, and Physics. The College of Engineering will confer the following Bachelor of Science degrees: two in Mechanical Engineering, six in Electrical Engineering, two in Chemical Engineering, and fourteen in Aeronautical Engineering. The College of Law will confer five Bachelor of Law degrees and the College of Commerce will award thirteen Bachelor of Science degrees in Commerce.

The Convocation will start with a professional followed by the singing of the National Anthem. After the degrees are conferred, Father Irving will deliver his address and the convocation will end with a recessional.
NOTRE DAME LOOKS AHEAD—For Notre Dame the period of transition is a significant moment between a glorious past and potent future. Though the glorious may sometimes prefer to rest on laurels, Notre Dame does not propose to remain static. Its educational program is progressive, contributing all it can to the present but planning simultaneously for more expansive horizons in the future. An important part of the plan of Tomorrow are the buildings represented in the following pages. The SCHOLASTIC is proud to reveal to the students of Notre Dame some glimpses of things to come.

CHEMISTRY BUILDING—This building which will carry out the fond hopes of Father Julius A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., synthetic rubber discoverer, is meant to increase provisions for undergraduate study and promote expanded research work.

LIBRARY—Since the present library has also to house the Wightman Memorial Art Gallery, one of the finest private collections in the United States, it has been hampered by this double occupancy. The ever increasing proportions of the book collection demand that a new building be erected soon.
FINE ARTS BUILDING—This will answer the particularly urgent need for auditorium space. It will also provide housing facilities for the Departments of Music, Art, Speech and Dramatics.

GRADUATE HALL—Notre Dame’s growing reputation for graduate study makes it necessary that a hall be provided expressly for graduate students so that they can meet and live together in a congenial atmosphere.
UNION BUILDING—This will be the social hub of the campus, a laboratory for social abilities. In it will be united the activities of the various Notre Dame clubs, organizations, and publications.

FIELD HOUSE—The new Field House which will dwarf the present one is to provide complete facilities for intramural and intercollegiate competition.
The Navy V-12 Unit's contribution to the February list of graduates from the university is indeed an interesting and a curious one. These 23 men, engineers now, were three years ago normal, happy, and reasonably intelligent young men. But they are receiving degrees and commissions to convince themselves and their peers that they have made some progress in the direction of education and a career. Don't ask them how they made it because they probably couldn't tell you. They can tell you, however, that there were a great many more than 23 who started out July 1, 1943, toward commissions and possible degrees. They represent the first group of V-12's at Notre Dame to complete a regular navy curriculum of eight semesters to receive degrees and commissions.

Taking the department of engineering, in order of the size of the group, we have first the aero structures boys, ten in all. There is within this group a smaller group who hold the name of Wisconsin very close to their hearts. One may hear at regular intervals from Crilly, Century, Huntsicker, Knapp or Schwan, who spent their first two V-12 semesters at Wisconsin, about the virtues of that wonderful place. From what we have heard, all of the virtues there are not scholastic. Oh well...

Then there are the marrying boys, Struble and Tetens, who are now living together on the campus so much. There is within this group a smaller group who hold the name of Wisconsin very close to their hearts. One may hear at regular intervals from Crilly, Century, Huntsicker, Knapp or Schwan, who spent their first two V-12 semesters at Wisconsin, about the virtues of that wonderful place. From what we have heard, all of the virtues there are not scholastic. Oh well...

Men of the Navy at Notre Dame

The southwest corner of the second deck of the engineering building has produced six of the twenty-three graduates this term. EE's have always been regarded as somewhat abnormal, but there is nothing about our EE's to substantiate that opinion. After all, no one but normal, intelligent men like Ray, Williamson and Shuler would develop such a taste for "phomp jackets," would they? And none but an old salt like Jack Lindsay could tell us all how much we look like "boots" when we drill, could he? We could use many more words on Lindsay and his attraction in Chicago, but in his own words (after a weekend there)—"hubs, hubs!" Only Combs and Cullison seem to be sane, dependable individuals, although we wonder about Cullison when he gets in the EE lab. Remember the "scooter" of instruments? All of us wish the inventors in the Pierce-Arrow (the "bus") a lot of luck. They'll need all they can get too, if late reports of operational difficulties are correct.

We are back into the Aero department again to peer at our four aero engines men—McDermott, Blattner, Mack and Merten. These four have been seen together on the campus so much that they are regarded by many as inseparable. But a check of their liberty activities reveals otherwise—right, Mac? We should all get together and get Cal Blattner a nice new note book for graduation. He says that one of these days he is going to separate those notes on that fabulous clip board into high school and college notes. Or we could get Blattner and McDermott each a carton of book matches for taking data. The matchbook cover now in Blattner's wallet has space for the data of just one more experiment. Jack "Rah, Rah, Notre Dame" McDermott never will get over the N. D.-Navy game last fall. He says we was robbed. We was. A book could be written about the two roommates Kenneth "A.B." Merten and Mike "Max, Smokey, Buckwheat, George" Mack, but we shall leave such a mighty task for talents greater than ours. The amazing thing about those two, though, is that in spite of having each other for roommates, they have both gained honors scholastically and otherwise.

We have two of Mr. Egry's finished products with us in the persons of Joe Breslaw and John Meulendyk. Say, John, what's so important in Grand Rapids that demands your weekly attention? Yes, it's a woman, we know. And say, Joe, what is the liberty uniform for V-12 now?

From across the way, over in the Chem building, comes the lone Chemical engineer of our group. We should nominate him the man most likely to blow himself to bits before 1949, but we have more confidence in him than that. Just be careful what you stir up, Paul.

Having thus made our imprints in the everchanging sands of Notre Dame, we shall toss the flaming torch to our successors and then scram before someone catches us and makes us go eight more terms.

—K. F. Merten and D. E. Strand

NAVY BULL SESSION—Taking life easy on the bunk on the left is John Meulendyk. and on the right bunk are Cal Blattner and John Lindsay. Seated, left to right, are Tom Shaler, Jack Williamson, Ed Ressler, Bill Ray, Ken Merten, Mike Mack and Art Niessen.
EXTRA SCHOLASTIC COPIES FOR GRADUATING SENIORS

The SCHOLASTIC's "going away" gift to the graduates, extra copies of the Commencement Issue, can be picked up at the Publications Office, 118 Main Building. The lovely Varga girl behind the Publication's desk who goes by the same name—Marguerite Varga—will be handing out the copies. Thank her prettily, grads, when she bestows the magazines and her friendly smile on you. The going away gift is her idea.—EDITOR.

Congratulations to the GRADUATES

Among your memories of Notre Dame will be an occasional thought of the many times YOU stopped at —

THE HUDDLE . . . On the Campus

Congratulations to the NOTRE DAME GRADUATES

and

BEST WISHES FOR EVERY SUCCESS

INDIANA ENGRAVING COMPANY

DESIGNING  COMMERCIAL  ENGRAVING
ILLUSTRATING  PHOTOGRAPHY  ELECTROTYPING

IT WAS GOOD TO KNOW

It was good to know
That this was yours
All of it.
And you were a part
Of the whole,
And no one could ever,
Ever take away any
Intangible part of it—
Not one.

You had come here
Many years ago—
Or so it seemed,
And at times
You thought you'd
Never get through
And finished,
And the whole
business over with.

Right now you
Are too near
To feel everything
You knew you would
Be feeling in years
to come—
But you had
A hint, which was
Not to be denied.

Even when you were
Gripping the worst
You knew that
Each word—each
Moment—each test
Was building that
Which no one could
Ever destroy,
But it just didn't
Seem actualized yet—
Not yet.

And you
Don't expect it to
Very much
Until
You're far away
And
Someone asks you,
"What's your school?"
And you'll say,
"Notre Dame."
And feel glad
You can say it.

Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction . . .

The sofa sagged in the center
The shades were pulled just so.
The family had retired, and
The lights were burning low.
There came a sound from the sofa
As the clock was striking two.
And he slammed his textbook shut
With a thankful, "Now I'm through!"

Twenty-three
What to do with your football shoulders (after the season)

They inspired female sighs during play, but now that you’re back in tweeds—what can you do with ‘em?

Simple. Squarely between those shoulders set the perfect-fitting Arrow Collar that comes attached to every handsome Arrow Shirt.

Under that collar, slip a colorful, smooth-knotting Arrow Tie.

Southeast of your lapel, you’ll find a pocket. Tuck a matching, man-size Arrow Handkerchief into it.

There! Now you can get the sighs without the scrimmage! Ain’t clothes wonderful?

P.S. If your Arrow dealer hasn’t the one you want, try him again.

ARROW SHIRTS and TIES
UNDERWEAR • HANDKERCHIEFS • SPORTS SHIRTS

SENIOR BALL

Candlelight... Soft, smooth music...
A delicious dinner... The “one and only.”... A perfect atmosphere...
The Senior Ball, 1946...

Sixty Notre Dame seniors will remember Saturday night, February 16, a long, long time after they have forgotten many other nights spent here during the past seven or eight semesters. The trite phrase, “the night of nights,” is no longer a hackneyed utterance for the men who dusted off their formal attire—which has been stowed away during the war—and invited their choice of the choice to this last social fling at the University.

To Co-chairmen Bob Rock and Brendan Biggert go deserved laurels for a masterful job of planning and guiding the memorable evening along its delightful course. Every detail was carefully handled, and the result of meticulous preparation for the function was shown in the smoothness of the evening’s events, from the beginning of the dinner to the last of the soft notes Jack Davies and his orchestra played.

The seniors were unanimous in their exuberant praise of the music procured for the ball. The muted trumpets, the melodious saxes and the catchy rhythm section of the Davies music-makers were the stars of the evening, and their renditions were the hit of the party.

Everybody arrived late; everybody stayed late. Dinner began at seven o’clock, and was served by the light of a minimum of candles. The Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel, gayly decorated in a St. Valentine theme, was the scene of the proceedings. Turkey with all the trimmings was on the menu.

Co-Queens for the ball were Miss Mary Carmody, the guest of Bob Rock, and Miss Patricia Sheehan, escorted by Brendan Biggert. Like many of the other queens invited by other seniors, the young ladies were “imported” from other sectors, but most of the guests who came were from the local crop of pulchritude.

Patrons for the event were the Rev. Joseph A. Kehoe, C.S.C., Lieut. and Mrs. B. E. Hummon, and Mr. and Mrs. Le-Clair Eells.

Seniors serving on the committees that added so much to the success of the party were: V-12 Chairmen Dean Cul- lison and Kenneth Merten; Decorations Committeeen John Graif, Rudy Lopez, Ted Rademaker and Frank Foss; Publicity Chairman Jack Stewart; and Reservations Chairmen Bill Schmid and Tommy Burns.
Sincere best wishes to the Notre Dame Graduating Seniors.

Best of luck to you, Graduates!

Congratualtions to the NOTRE DAME GRADUATES

You will be very well dressed in Adler-Rochester Clothing—or Parker-Winterrowd Custom Tailored Clothing

WILLIAMS, THE FLORIST
West of the Oliver Hotel
Phone 3-5149

PARKER-WINTERROWD
115½ N. Main Street
Appointment by phone—3-6318

Refreshment coming up

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY OF SOUTH BEND
College Parade - - -

By THOMAS M. HIGGINS

While a German prisoner, one of the undergraduate vets at the University of Texas provided ways for prisoners to escape by mass production methods. He cooked up a box of jello and let it cool in a flat pan. Then he laid a map, traced in ink, face-down on the cooled jello, which absorbed and retained the ink. When a blank sheet of paper was pressed against the gelatin, a map was reproduced. This crude form of hectographing allowed him to run off more than 500 copies at one time. . . . Now we can understand the inky taste in the Dining Hall jello—someone is planning to escape!

As this is the Graduation Issue, we culled this tip from the Annapolls Log to pass along to the grads, to be taken for what it's worth:

SHE: You deceived me before our marriage. You told me you were well off.
HE: I was, but I didn't know it.

At Kansas U, one enterprising ex-G.I. has solved his own personal housing problem. Instead of shopping around to rent a room, the lad went out and bought himself an eight-room house. . . . We print this for two reasons. If the grads are contemplating something big, it's for them. If the girls from SMC are still on the prowl, there is an eligible bachelor. (Don't forget, girls, the subscriptions expire with this issue—are you lucky! How's the plug, Maggie?)

Definition dedicated to our seniors who next week will be clutching sheepskins:

RETREAT: What a senior doesn't do after you have treated him to a drink.

After having attempted for the past four months to instill a tinge of the humorous to lighten the long, dreary semester of the average student, please pardon us this hour of sobriety as we
try to pen a piece that will fit into the general spirit of this issue.

This week's edition of the SCHOLASTIC marks the last issue that many of the students at Notre Dame will read as undergraduates. The College Parade will again be right across our own campus this week. We are sorry to see them go, and we know they are sorry to be leaving. Soon their college parade will be but a memory—the visits to the Grotto...football games in the stadium...spaghetti at Rosie's...sunbathing by the Lake...George's...great basketball teams...Tiny's...those perpetual card games...Steaks at the T.C...interhall rivalries...Sunday Benediction...The Palais...The Ramble...sing-songs on Sorin's hallowed porch...Sundays at the Dixie...the girls at "the Rock"...these are the memories that bless and burn, the real foundation of student life at Notre Dame. With a heavy heart, then, we bid them a final farewell, and fear that the day is all too fast approaching when we must also leave forever the shaded campus of the University of Our Lady. Good luck to all of you, and God-speed.

Graduates of 1946
(Continued from page 15)

John R. Murphy
A.B. in History
Monson, Mass.

Glasses CORRECTLY Fitted
J. BURKE
W. G. Bogardus—E. C. Beery
OPTOMETRISTS AND MFG. OPTICIANS
228 South Michigan Street
Evenings by Appointment

For Notre Dame Men!

Congratulations

We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to each member of the Notre Dame graduating class, and our sincerest best wishes for many years to come.

The Notre Dame Scapular Medal
$1.95
with chain

To CHICAGO—and BEYOND

The South Shore Line sells tickets over any line beyond Chicago. Ask us about fares, routing, stopovers, travel time to any section of the United States. Call C. W. Veach, Ticket Office, 301 N. Michigan St., Phone 3-3111.

CHICAGO SOUTH SHORE & S. O. BEND R. R.
As the day of departure approaches we remember certain people and certain incidents which have been associated with the years at Notre Dame. To all of us who are now ready to make our way in the harsh, cruel world as Daniels thrown into the lion's den, comes the realization, perhaps too late, that college life hasn't been half bad. We are cognizant of the fact now, or will be, that these years have been artificial ones, not at all indicative of the years that will ensue. True, there has been competition between students, adversities and disappointments. But then too there have been irresponsible days of happiness and the acquaintance of carefree existences. Life never moves backward—always and eternally forward, so let us take a peek in retrospect at some past events and the graduates connected with them.

I will never forget that day at baseball practice when Frank Foss was pitching batting practice. His control had been poor that day and the batters placed themselves in jeopardy every time they approached the plate. Finally, Frank asked to have a few warm-ups and then announced, "I have my control now." The next batter was John Dee, or Pete Castelli. Foss took his warmed-up wind-up and let it fly—straight into the side of Dee, or was it Castelli? He had his control all right.

There were those pre-game sessions in Bill Schmidt's room before the football games when the room looked more like a bureau more resembled a . . . . But why say more? We all remember.

Can anyone ever forget Art Kernen's vivacious, if not wise, direction of the Sorin-Sub Sappers out on Badin Bog as his battling crew of football heroes grumbled and did little in the way of demolition.

Then there was Brendan Biggert who took the onerous task of working in Zero Deck when the cigarette shortage was on. With the end of smokes rationing he quit. He was constantly in the companionship of Bob Rock and Francis Paulson for those Saturday p.m. sessions at the Town Club.

Because of his attachment to George's, Tommy Burns decided to forego further entrances into the Bengal Bouts. And there was Nick Commisa who would, when prevailed upon, perform one hand push-ups in the D.A.V. While Nick was thus exerting himself, Rudy Lopez was trying to ingratiate himself with some "sweet young thing" over in a corner.

Never saying very much but leaving the testimony of his presence on the gridiron was Frank Dancewicz, Notre Dame's All-American quarterback. The inseparables, John Graif and Ted Rademaker, should have paid room rent for the amount of time they spent in the fieldhouse, and should be canonized for their dealings with "Mac."

Ragan, Luken, and John Castelli were always cooking up something. Commerce men that they were, they always knew what the price of eggs was. Between football, physics, and St. Mary's, Tom Schreiber was ever occupied. I wonder if he ever recovered his date? Another science school man, "Bud" Wilson seemed to have time enough to squire a certain very attractive little "WAVE" around town.

Then there was the horticulturist, Tom Bremer, and his money making operations. A colleague of his, The Vir-
Virginia Gentleman, Al Trueux, was another operator.

Politician Bob Rossiter couldn't have selected a better major, Political Science. A very tough man to argue with, and much deeper than the Gowanus in his convictions.

But where we will all be some ten years from now, and in what straits, only God knows. Will the Commerce men have forgotten all about their Market Management, and the Arts and Letters ex's no longer conscious of what knife and fork to use? It has often been charged, of course, that A.B. men will never have the wherewithal to buy food. But, one must remember that we "cultured" men can always devour the contents of a good book, and then can sit back—satiated. The science school men are doomed to a diet of atoms, protons, molecules, and vitamins. One of them should come up with a good ersatz edition of Drewry's and make it a little more dry. Will our lawyers be destined to chasing ambulances, and foreclosing mortgages on poor, little gray-haired widows like Gravel Gertie, or will they go to Hollywood and protect the defenseless cinemolls?

Who knows?

Notre Dame has given us the training. We have reaped only as much as we have sowed, and the failures, if any, will be our own. No longer will we be under the aegis of Notre Dame, but rather its bearers. If only we comport ourselves like true Christian gentlemen we will reflect full credit upon ourselves and upon Notre Dame.

At LOWER'S
You'll find any and all types of Greeting cards.

128 N. Michigan St.
(Across from the Frances Shop)

About 7,000 miles of coaxial cable will be added to our plant during the next few years. Inside each cable are six or eight copper tubes—each pair a broad communications highway over which two television programs or nearly 500 long distance telephone calls can travel. Giant plow-trains will "plant" much of this cable deep in the ground—safe from storm and fire.

This construction is but a part of our activity in the television field. Now in an advanced experimental stage are plans to link coaxial cables and high frequency radio relay systems to provide a nationwide television network.

Our part in television is the transmission of programs from one station to another. As this new industry develops, the Bell System will be prepared to provide whatever network facilities are needed.
ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG

Yet barely the morning runs
Clean and blue through your veins . . .
Youth, face the dawn!

Between the stars in the distance
Laid like a blade and burnished to challenging
Is your road.

Unleash the eager hooves of your ambitions,
Let them beat a rhythm
Into the silent, expectant surface.
A rhythm something like to singing,
Something like to thunder
To break asunder
The quiet spaces in the dawn.

Youth: . . .
You are the dawn and the spring together.
You are like trees in spring
Suspended in that quickening, pregnant interval
Between life and death
That is the difference between harvest
And the anguish of arid limbs.
What empires are burgeoning at your finger tips!
What nations march like a pageant,
What banners come and go in your blood.

What matters it that your road is grooved deep with pain.
That life’s daggers lie upright and hidden
To bruise the naked impatience of your feet,
So long the stature of your soul
Grows bright at the summit
From brushing against the core of the sky,
And your eyes catch their ambitious fires
At the furious edges of the stars.

Young runner in the dawn . . .
The early winds stinging radiance into your limbs . . .
There is nothing that can outdistance your desires,
Nothing that can resist
The strong, exultant lyrics
Spring sings in your blood.
Scoop all your ambitions,
Hurl them like a golden powder into your gun
And fire at the sun for plunder.