Elmore Smith paid his last visit to Notre Dame this summer. Two days after arriving in Korea he was killed, the third Notre Dame casualty of "World War III."

A good student, a graduate of Scarsdale High School, Bronxville, he won letters in baseball, basketball and football. After serving with the Marines during and after World War II, he entered Notre Dame.

For four years Elmore Smith was a daily communicant. His well adjusted personality showed the happy combination of being a "good Joe" and a good Catholic. As a matter of fact, he was not only a good Catholic but one of the best, truly a representative Notre Dame man.

"Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth, where the rust and the moth consume and where thieves break in and steal. But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven." Elmore took that message to heart. He opened up a bank account in heaven the day he received his first Communion. When he entered Notre Dame he continued to store up for himself grace and merit. Daily Communion was his key to God's storehouse of grace.

There is no doubt in our minds that Elmore has received his reward. As you live, so shall you die. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered Into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him." (I Cor. 2,9)"

The Spiritually Bedridden Classified.

"No Visitors Allowed." For the sick, if this includes God, God help them. No Matter. The Good Shepherd seeks that which is lost, not without cause, oftentimes with great effect. Our one hope during the Novena for the Sick is that among the specimens of flesh and blood, bedridden with known and unknown types of spiritual viruses who don't pray or give other signs that they are conscious (of having a soul that is), there may be some, maybe many, who would get up and walk if the Little Flower would pin a Rose of Grace on their lapel. She is credited with countless conversions among the heathens. This gives us reason for encouragement for the following:

1. Those who know more than Pope Pius X about daily Communion, more than the Sacred Congregations about books on the Index, more than St. Augustine about occasions of sin, more than Alcoholics Anonymous about heavy drinking.

2. The guileless victims of tin-horn intellectuals.

3. The ground squirrels, for whom every girl is the nuts, and whose eyes and imaginations never rise above a plate of mashed potatoes.

4. The loafers, who idle away days and nights and then yelp to high heaven about the dirty so-and-so who flunks them.

5. The gripers, who can't disagree without being disagreeable.

6. The scavengers, whose tongues drip filth, blood brothers of the Devil's Advocates who lead others into sin—including those who circulate foul literature.

7. The bluffers, who turn chicken and howl for a priest when they get the mumps.

8. Those who would make intelligent Catholics if they would use their brains.

Prayers: (deceased) K.I.A, Tom Greer; friend of Jack Nashert (Cav). Injured, Bill Cuddy, '52, Ill, friend of Phil Meyer (Alu); brother of Fran Romance. 2 conversions.