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The Ursinus Weekly, August 23, 1943

Joy Harter
Ursinus College

George D. Miner

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Upperclassmen Rout Frosh Thrice In Hardball Tilts

Freshmen Power Stopped Cold As Jack Yost and Dean Steward Gain Easy Mound Victories

Taking the first three of a best out of five game series, the upperclassmen of Ursinus swept the freshmen right off the diamond in surprisingly well played games for such little practice.

In the first game Yank Yost twirled a masterful three hitter, striking out five and only issuing one pass, and went on to win 11-3. Only one of the three runs was earned, the others coming on three errors in the very first inning before the upperclassmen could get warmed up. On the mound for the freshmen was Ed Hanhausen, who went along nicely for three innings, but, oh, that fourth—eight runs on six hits, a couple of errors, and innumerable walks put the game on ice.

Frosh standouts in defeat were the colorful Dick Gross behind the plate and Don Wickerham at second. E. J. shut his eyes and blooped a hit over first base, and Monk Krasney singled, stole second, and scored on two infield outs. Art Schneeberg and Jim Zeigler collected two hits apiece for the upperclassmen, while Dean Steward, John Trevaskis, and John Kilcullen played good games afield.

Again in the second game superior hitting power behind the fine five-hit pitching of Dean Steward sent the freshmen down again. For the frosh Stan Small took the hill and although shelled in the early frames did not allow a hit in the last three innings. Hitting stars in the game were Dick Fink for the frosh and "Bananas" Trevaskis for the upperclassmen, who broke off two hits apiece. The final score was 6-2, favor of you know who.

The third just proved a repetition of the first two, with the upperclassmen jumping off to an early lead and holding it secure through the rough later innings to win 6-4. Yank again hurled and had a no-hitter for three frames but was gotten to and hard in three. The frosh rapped out six hits, lead by Small, Wickerham, and Helmbreck to show their greatest power thus far.

Five runs in the first two innings drove Hanhausen to the showers, the big blows being a double by Zeigler with the sacks full and Kilcullen following with a single to drive in three runs. Monk Krasney made a good showing at first snaring 2 line drives. All in all, the games were well played and Hank Sutphinn did an admirable job of umpiring, holding arguments to a minimum.

NAVY CARRIES BEAR'S HOPES AS GRID SEASON APPROACHES

One hour's practice three days a week! With sessions that brief, Pete Stevens is determined to turn out a winning gridiron aggregation this fall.

Ursinus' red, old gold, and black will be borne into battle chiefly by navy men stationed here; in a squad of 32, all are sailors except three. The three brave civilians, as you've guessed, are Kilcullen, Steward, and Trevaskis. Pete, so far, has high hopes for these three.

A heavy, powerful backfield, with men like Steward, Rickenbach, Tenewitz, Demi, and Simpson, and a hard blocking line, Pete hopes, will round out a tough team to beat.

Conservative as always, Pete refuses to make any predictions about starting lineups, or about how the Bears will come through the rapidly approaching season.

The schedule is as follows: September 11—Swarthmore, home September 18—F. and M., home October 2—F. and M., away October 9—Naval Tr. Stat., home October 30—Swarthmore, away

2nd Lt. Frederick L. Lurty '40, received the silver wings of an Air Forces Flyer at the twin-engine advanced flying school at Lubbock, Texas, on May 24.

Naval Unit Shows Drill Improvement

Food Rated High By Sailors Transferred from the Fleet

by George D. Miner, Lt. USNR Commanding Officer

Living on a beautiful campus, working with excellent instructors, and possessing the finest facilities afforded anywhere, the trainees assigned to the V-12 Unit at Ursinus are a singularly fortunate group of young men. Last but not least, the food served in the mess hall is excellent. Many of the men who were transferred to this activity from the fleet have remarked that this was "the best Navy chow they ever had."

There has been a very interesting and exciting transformation in the men who have reported to the Navy for the first time. The transformation has been from boys reporting aboard, with no idea as to what the Navy was all about, the majority of them typically sloppy high school and college boys, to young men who are pretty serious with regard to their responsibilities and their part in the war effort. Their part has been forcibly brought home to them in various ways and it is pleasant to note that the "college slouch" has disappeared, and the boys are beginning to look, act, and talk like Navy men.

Those of you who witnessed the first retreat formation some weeks ago or the first Captain's Review and Inspection at the end of the second week should see these formations today. There is a snap and vigor to the movements which was sadly lacking in the first formations. However, this was to be expected with new, undrilled recruits. An improvement was noted almost immediately and which has been progressively moving toward perfection since. Those of you who are members of the Unit reading this should take note that you are many, many hours of drill removed from perfection, so don't get too proud of yourselves—yet! Perfection in all things is something which we all strive to attain, but which is an elusive sort of thing seldom realized. In the case of military drill, perfection calls for expert execution of each movement by every man in formation.

The college itself can well feel a great deal of pride in the Unit attached here. The vast majority of the men are here for but one reason, to prove themselves worthy of further training which will make them Navy officers. For the most part, all of the men in the unit are very high type young men, and it should be borne in mind that there has been no serious breach of discipline, not a single instance, by any man in this unit.

The relationships between civilian students and Navy students have been very fine. It is to be hoped that these relationships may continue to be harmonious and

(Continued on page 2)

NOTICE!

All civilian men students who expect to be in residence for the winter term starting October 25 will draw for rooms on Monday, August 30. A \$10 room deposit must be made prior to that date. A receipt from the Treasurer's office will entitle the student to draw for a room.

Shreiner and "612" Softball Victors

Heavy Scores in Twilight Games; Shreiner Girls Lead League

Enthusiasm mounted high as Shreiner nosed out South, 15-14, in the opening game of the girls softball series for the summer term on August 2. The second game, August 6, saw Shreiner win again as they downed 612, 7-2, with Ann Harting pitching and Kitty Harbach and Glen Stewart keeping up the batting average for the victors. Games on August 13 and 16 were forfeited to Shreiner by South and 612 respectively.

Thursday of last week saw 612 give South a beating with the score at 18-5. Anne Eysenbach and Barb Parkinson alternated at pitching with Janet Wierbach holding down third base. Sensation of the game was Anne Eysenbach's spectacular slides to the home plate under the catcher's mitt to net three more runs for the Main Street gang. Tony Ridgeway held up South's end with her pitching and Doty Waltz did her best to keep South on the line. To date, Shreiner leads in the series by two victories and two forfeits. The remaining games are as follows:

- August 23—Shreiner vs. South
- August 30—South vs. 612
- September 3—Shreiner vs. South
- September 6—Shreiner vs. 612
- September 10—South vs. 612
- September 13—South vs. Shreiner
- September 17—Shreiner vs. 612
- September 20—South vs. 612

URSINUS ALL-STARS DEFEAT NAVY SOFTBALLERS, 5-1

A sterling pitching exhibition by John Rorer, borrowed from the Navy for one night, led the Ursinus All-Stars to a well-earned victory over a team of Navy V-12 trainees, by the score of 5-1. Pitching for the Navy was Bill Shegda, who had the localites baffled for two innings but two walks and poor support led to his downfall in the third. Ed Lamberson relieved and pitched good ball.

John Rorer twirled a five hitter and Tom rapped out a long base hit. Holding the Navy scoreless for five innings, John eased up and allowed one run in the sixth, but with two men on and two men out he struck out Pete Tenewitz to end the game.

A BABE RUTH CALLED INTO COURT ON CHARGES OF TENNIS RACKET

By a guy who's just learning to play tennis:

My pal takes me to Philly, where he shows me a nice racket (tennis). I buy it. As long as I have an oversized fly swatter, I might as well learn to use it. My pal has corns, or sumpin', so I search Curtis until I find a poor, unsuspecting, innocent fellow who says he will be glad to show me what he knows about the sport.

He takes me to the court (tennis), explains what those white lines mean, and gives me a few hints. I don't know what in heck he's talking about, but I smile and say, "O.K." He serves, and I take a wicked swing. I hit the ball. This makes me very happy until he informs me that home runs don't count in tennis.

I learn rapidly. In no time I've developed my own secret shot. It's accomplished, when a fast one comes straight for me, by holding up the racket to protect me, shutting my eyes, and thinking vile thoughts about the - - - on the other side of the net.

The net, incidentally, is my biggest handicap. It's ruining my game; that is, it and that big wire screen around the court.

Now I'm getting so good that I think I'll play (tennis) with a girl. So I pick a nice one (day student), and she agrees to play a game or so with me, apologizing for the fact that she's a simply awful player, and hasn't touched a racket since eighth grade. This makes me very joyful. "Aha," I think, "I'll make a big hit with her because I'm such a fine tennis player, and she's so poor." So we play tennis. After winning two sets, she feels that I've made a big enough impression, and she wants to go home. I insist that she stays until I win a game, so when we finally go home, I remark that it's been a lovely day, and she points out the big dipper to me.

After playing tennis all day with these beautiful damsels, I go to bed and dream about stardom on the tennis court. Gee, someday you'll be glad to know me.

Supply Store Enlarges To Handle Increased Business and New Services

Assembly Sessions Are Well Attended

85 Laymen and Ministers Present for 36th Meeting

"Nothing in the world is worse than not to belong," according to the sermon of the Reverend Pierce E. Swope, D.D., of St. Stephen's Evangelical and Reformed church, Lebanon, as he urged concern for fellow men at the thirty-sixth Colledgeville Summer Assembly, Sunday, August 9, in Bomberger hall. The Sunday morning service closed one of the most successful assemblies in recent years with approximately eighty-five laymen and ministers in attendance during the week.

At the morning lectures, Dr. George Dunkelberger, professor of psychology and education at Susquehanna University discussed the topic: "The American Family and Democracy," "The Changing Family and Its Problems," "The Place of Religion in Family Life," and "Parent-Child Relationships." His studies regularly preceded the expository lectures of Dr. Gordon Potat, biblical scholar, traveller, and teacher, whose powerful presentations thrilled his listeners.

All softball games for the week of the assembly were cancelled to accommodate the seven o'clock sunset service held from Tuesday until Friday at the end of the hockey field under the big oak tree. The Reverend F. S. Kuntz took charge of these meetings while local ministers and clergy guests delivered devotional messages. Following them Canon Leonard Hodgson, D.D., requis professor of moral and pastoral theology and canon of Christ church, Oxford, England, spoke to the assembly in Bomberger chapel.

The guests, who were served at special tables in the upper dining room a half hour later than the college students, lived in three girls' dormitories, Maples, Glenwood, and Clamer. Aside from the mental and spiritual stimulation found at the Assembly, recreation was provided by croquet on the West Campus and many spent their entire afternoon in conversation under the trees. Many alumni meet annually at the Assembly to reminisce.

Civilian Students Slated To Enter Med. Schools

With 80% enrollment in all medical schools, with the exception of Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, devoted to the armed forces, chances for civilians to be accepted are growing more difficult. In spite of this fact, the pre-medical enrollment at Ursinus has nearly reached fifty for the summer term. Of these, sixteen are already accepted by medical schools, and the others are filing applications under the supervision of Dr. J. H. Brownback of the Biology department.

Those accepted include: Richard Clover, Hahnemann, October, 1944; Joseph Derham, Long Island University, October, '44; Richard Edwards, Hahnemann, October, '44; Marion Grow, Women's Medical College, September, '44; William Hamilton, Penn, October, '44; Kitty Harbach, Women's Medical College, September, '43; David Heller, Jefferson, January, '44; Stanley McCausland, Penn, October, '44; Warren Miller, Jefferson, January, '44; Ellis Promisloff, Temple Dental School, August, '44; Robert Rank, Hahnemann, January, '44; Arthur Schneeberg, Hahnemann, January, '44; Carl Schwartz, Penn, January, '44; Edward Smith, Jefferson, October, '44; Mary Tershowska, Temple, January, '44; William Walling, Long Island University, January, '44; Beatrice Weaver, Penn, October, '44.

Esther Kumjam '41, joined the WAVES on July 31, 1943. She is attending Officers Training School at Smith College, Middlebury, Conn.

Staff Schedules Opening for Early Part of September

Within the past few weeks, time and change have been busy. The dispensary has been moved, and, to a symphony of a chugging cement mixer, a screaming buzz saw, and pounding hammers, the enlargement of the supply store has progressed. Like a mushroom, the new building has sprung up almost over night.

As things stand now before completion, what do we see? Well, cement block walls, a green roof, and windows. High windows, low windows, ordinary windows—and the window! The window has drawn numberless stares and volumes of comments. Both students and faculty have made remarks ranging from ridicule to constructive criticism. One professor even branded it a menace to the organized personalities on campus. But all these may cease their comments and allay their fears, for, according to a recently released report, the window will be replaced with one which is less startling.

In addition to what we see now, there will be much more in the new supply store. Student manager, Frances Tisdale, tells us that an entirely new arrangement is forthcoming. In the first place, a partition will separate the mailboxes from the rest of the building; hence, access will be had to them at any time. Then, too, it is expected that a soda fountain will be added to the refreshment facilities. Tables and chairs will also be provided, but table service is definitely not included. Primarily, the tables and chairs are intended to support those individuals who heretofore have "leaned" through the showcases. Regarding dancing, no hope is extended, at least not in the immediate future.

The principal reason for the extension of the supply store is the inability of the present quarters to cope conveniently with the greatly increased business. Not only does the staff have to act under the stress of extended business hours, but it must also handle new services, services which before were handled by others. These include handling the laundry of the sailors, selling the newspapers, dealing with a much larger volume of mail, and carrying a greater variety of goods than in previous years. The additional space will provide both more facilities for ordinary business and enlarged storage space in second floor and increased shelf space.

With the assistance of the "side-walk superintendents" and the "over seers" on the second floor of Bomberger, the workmen hope soon to complete the construction. The supply store staff expects to move into the new quarters in the early part of September in order to extend open house to all members of the college sometime the same month.

1943 WEEKLY EDITORS ANNOUNCE ENGAGEMENTS

Almost simultaneously were the engagements of Weekly editors Marion Bright '44, and Robert Tredinnick '43, announced the early part of August.

Tredinnick, who prior to his departure for the Naval Air Corps at Norman, Oklahoma, was the Weekly summer editor, is engaged to Elaine Loughin '46, who will be remembered for her performance last year in "The Cat and the Canary." Tredinnick, a Cub and Key member, was treasurer of the class of '44.

Marion Bright, who is Weekly editor for the coming year, is betrothed to Gilbert Bayne '43, now studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Marion, an outstanding athlete, is secretary of the class of '44. Bayne was president of the Beardwood Chemical Society last year.

Pvt. Robert Nissley, a member of the infantry, is stationed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

The Ursinus Weekly



EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR Joy Harter '46
 SPORTS EDITOR John R. Yost, Jr. '44
 EDITORIAL ASSISTANT Francis Tisdale '46
 ASSISTANT IN SPORTS Richard Clover '46
 FEATURE WRITERS — Theodore B. Bachman, John McClellan, Fred Kniერიem '46, Glen Stewart '44, Anne Styer '46.
 NEWS STAFF — Regina Fitti '46, Dorothy Graninger '44, Henry Haines '46, Walter Hunt '46, Robert Quay '46, Jeanne Wisler '44.

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 CIRCULATION STAFF Galen Currens '43
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MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1943

HE TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF

Every day we read about men in the armed forces who risk their lives for us, men such as Pfc. C. L. Mohler, who scaled the fortification walls at Kasba-Mehdia, French Morocco, and diverted the attention of the enemy with his rifle fire enabling our troops to enter the main gates of the fort. Pfc. Mohler's actions were not the result of orders from a commanding officer, but they occurred because he took it upon himself. In other words, he felt personal responsibility.

We live today in a world of harsh realities, but, even in this world, the word responsibility has a grating sound. There are too few people in the world who feel a personal responsibility and who are willing to take something upon themselves. It is much easier to let George do it. Poor George! He is such an overworked person but he is always willing to take on more. He always ends up with everyone else's responsibility to worry about.

We can all start to take responsibility at the bottom. Our work can be completed daily instead of letting it go till tomorrow. We can take it upon ourselves to see that our dorms are kept neater and that our belongings are in order.

The time is coming when we must all face a crisis. This week, we are facing a minor crisis in the form of exams, but it is inevitable that we ultimately face a major crisis. For the men students, that time is close at hand when they must venture into a new experience, an experience full of excitement, danger, and death. They will enter into that new experience with their eyes open, knowing what is in store for them. They will go into it knowing that some of them will not return, but there will be no evading of responsibility. There will be no opportunity to evade responsibility. Women students, too, will have to face their crises. There will be new tasks to assume, larger burdens to carry, and, perhaps they, too, will come face to face with death.

With the assuming of responsibility comes the ability to see things done where they need to be done, or in other words, the ability to step in and take it upon oneself. This is the ability which makes heroes of the little guys who are merely performing what they feel to be their duty.

Let's form the habit of assuming responsibility right now. Let's begin by taking it upon ourselves to pass those exams and then let's take it upon ourselves to win this war, shall we?
 J. H. '46

TEMPUS IS FUGITING

"Get up, the time is flying" is more appropriate now than "Get up, the sun is shining" for a calendar, and semester exams, reviews, written exercises, or whatever you prefer to call them show that half the session is a finished chapter. Another brief eight weeks remain in which to prove your worth.

Can you raise those marks? Do you have the "stuff" to push yourself to do as much as you're capable of and to finish near the top of the heap? Or have you given up the ghost?

Once you slip into a lazy, don't care attitude, the cause is lost. One of the unwritten mottoes of Ursinus is "Try, try again." Show that you are making an effort and everyone will come to your aid. It's the listless, don't-give-a-hoot pupil who is the forgotten man when marks are tallied because, despite an attempt to act without bias, profs are human, too.

Formulate the right attitude and half the battle is won. You know you can conquer the "stuff" since the faculty certainly doesn't stay up nights to devise obstacle races for their courses. Pave the way with the right attitude, "get on the ball," hit those books intently for the time is short.
 F. T. '46

REVEILLE

by OTTO

My name is Otto. You have never heard of me before and if the editor doesn't like me you won't hear of me again.

I usually hang around the scuttlebutt or just lean on a tree in the shade, never working or doing much of anything worth while. People like me because I'm always doing what they've always wanted to do. My only ambition is to be first in the chow line—so I can get through in time to go through again—and to be the boy who's never caught when he skips morning exercises.

I have only one request to make of whoever might read this column. If you have any complaints to make about this column, do not turn them into the editor. She's a very busy girl and such things upset her. Complimentary notes are quite in order though.

Odds and Ends:

"Gunder Hegg" Alsnauer unable to be consoled since our morning jaunts were stopped . . . Mott—anybody's nightmare . . . Nichols—his able assistant . . . Ogden—Oh well, boys must be boys . . . "Zoot" Metzger trying to look as salty as Hank in his tight trousers . . . Levine—a Charles Atlas product . . . Weaver loves the Navy to the tune of the "Beer Barrel Polka" . . . Glamour girl a la Smythe—Glamour boy a la Polis . . . Peery is tired . . . "Charles Boyer" Ebel is just carrying on an old Navy tradition . . . Meagher, the WAC killer . . . "Little Adolf" McEachen's membership in the country club he's so fond of is liable to expire if he doesn't obey the rules . . . Pechman—too horrible to be mentioned . . . By special request we mention Middleton.

Have You Met—

Have you met Fitzgerald? If you haven't, come on over and shake his hand. He's a six foot four inch bomb (block-buster model) who hails from Trinidad where he was a gunner's mate aboard a Navy blimp. Fitz is one of the most friendly, likable fellows on the station. As leader of the third platoon in the second company, his popularity has grown by the day.

Math is his pet peeve and P.T. his greatest pleasure. Although he's had very little past experience he's out for football in a big way.

On the Serious Side:

Since we reported to this station July 1st we have all made changes. The first and the most noticeable change was from civilian clothes to the U. S. Navy uniform.

That uniform doesn't seem like much. It is made of the same material as were our civilian clothes. Yes, it's true our civilian clothes were more comfortable and we felt more at ease in them, but the uniform we wear is the one the American people respect more than any other. The navy is this country's first line of defense and the men in the navy uniform are the men on whose shoulders that responsibility rests.

It's true we're not in the thick of the fight, but we are now preparing ourselves for the day, not very far off for many of us, when we will be in it.

The uniform of the U. S. Navy is a symbol dear to the hearts of the American people. If we respect the uniform we wear we will command the respect of everyone with whom we come in contact.

An Added Note:

I once heard military training defined as a moulder of high and uncompromising standards of character and conduct . . . of educated gentlemen, thoroughly indoctrinated with honor, uprightness, and loyalty . . . of healthy minds in healthy bodies, capable of upholding personal and national honor whenever and wherever it may be necessary.

What do you think?

Dorothy Charlesworth '43, was married on August 17, 1943, to Eugene Smolly at Falmouth, Mass.

Constance Hopkins '43, and Elizabeth Knoll '43, are attending the summer session at Columbia University, N. Y.

Pfc. Raymond Duncan '43A, is serving with the medical detachment at Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Pa.

Looking 'Em Over
 By YANK

HERO OF THE WEEK
 (one corpuscle Hopkins)

When one gets into a financial jam, Is there a better way to get out of the mist Than to share your red corpuscles with Uncle Sam? "One pint," quote the nurse. "It won't be bad." So our Jim just clenched his mighty fists And gave nine tenths of all he had.

After hours and hours of intense and scientific practice on the courts, it would be a shame not to have the buds bear a little fruit. How would the men of Ursinus, civilians and navy trainees, react to a tennis tournament in the near future? All the winner is guaranteed is a paper doll to call his own, but all those interested should give their names to Stan McCausland by Monday, August 30.

Casual observance from the sidelines has resulted in the opinion that Pete Stevens made a good move when he inserted some plays from a double wingback position into the Bear's repertoire. With three fast halfbacks in Ralph Demi, Pete Tenewitz, and Paul Richenbach; Simpson to block; and Dean Steward moved to the tail-back spot to either kick or run, the formation has plenty of power. Even in the first scrimmage huge gains were realized.

Diamond Dust — The best sacrifice of the season . . . Anne Eysenbach sliding home like mad as 612 trounced South; then upon returning to the dorm finds that she "gets the neck of the chicken . . . All the hot water is gone" . . . So Joe DiMaggio is in the army, is he? You wouldn't have thought so if you had seen Larry Ogden diving on his stomach to rob Tom Rorer of a base knock during the All-Stars-Navy hardball game the other night . . . Hats off from this corner to "Curley," a mighty fine ball player . . . The sooner the freshmen realize that they couldn't even beat the 612 scrub team, the better off they'll be.

NAVAL UNIT

(Continued from page 1)
 profitable to both groups. Each group should remember that members are here for the same purpose, that of fitting themselves in the best possible way to be of service to their country in this time of need. Every effort should be made to gain this fitness in the most economical and expeditious fashion.

Civilian students should bear in mind that the Navy has never had any intention of "taking over" the college, but rather, the attitude of disturbing the regular college routine and customs as little as possible. Navy students must remember that the college, and the civilian students, are acting as hosts and hostesses to the Navy during the life of this program and that they must be treated as such. They are doing a grand job of it!

There is a marvelous opportunity for both civilians and Navy students to gain not only educational benefits here, but to make as well, contacts which will be valued throughout life. By diligence and perseverance, by honesty and loyalty, let each one prepare himself or herself for the rigorous, tough years that lie ahead.

Need We Mention That--

College students are supposed to be future leaders and to conduct themselves as such. We hope that the recent outbreak of "crimes" such as the removal of several physics papers and the "borrowing" of costly diagrams from the biology department is certainly not indicative of the behavior of our leaders of tomorrow.

Attendance at the weekly Vespers services has decreased each week despite the hard work of the Y committee to improve them each Sunday.

Pvt. Stanley A. Clayes, ex '44, is attending the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor under the Army Specialized Training Program.

Pvt Dave Krusen, ex '44, with the Army Medical Corps, is stationed at Camp Pickett, Va.

The Commentator

LIVE UNSELFISHLY

The Y.W.C.A. welcomes you freshmen to our campus. We all have an unusual privilege in being able to attend an institution like Ursinus in times like these. Since you've been here now for almost eight weeks, you already know that college, like all worthwhile things, entails good hard work, but offers other advantages which more than offset this work—the advantage of growing socially and spiritually, and the advantage of beginning to live a creative, active, unselfish life.

At this time, when a few men can meet to determine the contour of the world to come, we must not be carried away by the emotionalisms of the times, but must weigh and evaluate and keep the ideals which we feel are worth fighting for. We must keep our feet on the ground, but yet lift our eyes to the stars.

The Young Women's Christian Association of this campus—now your "Y.W.," offers you the opportunity of making it your means of active, creative, useful living during your years here at college. The real, underlying purpose of the Y.M. and the Y.W. is to promote greater fellowship, improved cooperation, and better living on the Ursinus campus.

Prove to yourself that there is no finer, no truer, no more American, and more Christian way of life than that of living unselfishly. The Y.W.C.A. will try to give you a glimpse of this through its various activities. The Christian organizations will always stand ready and willing to assist you in any way possible to make your college life pleasant and successful.

LOIS A. FAIRLIE, Pres., Y.W.C.A.

IN A CHANGING WORLD

Everything is changing but God. What an appropriate statement to be made to a nation and to a little college at war. We do have a war at Ursinus. Our war is not one of gory encounters, politics, or economics, but a battle of distinctions, prejudices, and tensions.

When we first heard the announcement that we were to be honored with a naval training unit, we experienced a wonderful feeling. Wonderful because we felt that this new experience would be a pleasant surprise, but the pleasure was distorted as soon as it became realized.

The Navy arrived and then we came. We saw the new men in white get their books, we turned our lights out at twelve o'clock and then, our blood began to boil. We didn't think, of course, that it would be much easier to serve the majority first nor did we pause to realize that turning lights out at twelve would be a big step in conserving a vital electrical supply at a crucial time. Like a pack of beaten sheep we retired to our little corner of the pasture and set up a fence or tension which cannot and will not be tolerated by any fair or square American.

That feeling of inferiority has passed over. We realized our job was lighter but then it is a little tougher, too. We've got a job to do and we'll do it, and, in the meantime, we'll live and work together and love it. We will again build up the old Ursinus spirit and get fighting for our one, our only, our common goal. This time the red, old gold, and black will win the game . . . and we'll know the reason why.

CARL SCHWARTZ, Pres., Y.M.C.A.

ODE TO MORNING BUGLE

Early in the morning dreary, as we wander weak and weary
 Over many a quaint and curious article lying on the floor;
 For the bugler gives the warning
 That it's six hundred in the morning,
 So we have to start adorning our physiques with trunks and shoes.

Then a second call comes sounding and through all the dorms rebounding
 In addition to the bugler's call, a most appalling cry;
 But there's just no use complaining.
 Neither is it worth explaining
 That we'd rather hit the sack for another hour or two.

Presently the lines are forming, and a battalion soon comes storming
 Over the dewy dampened grass not very far away;
 For a while we keep enduring
 With all our energy procurring,
 Until we somehow get a break returning to the dorm.

No, there is no ghastly raven; only gobs there quite unshaven,
 And whose particular forgiveness I do hereby now implore.
 Though we curse the morning bugle—
 'Tis the bugle, not the bugler—
 And as Edgar Allen Poe says, "Merely this and nothing more."