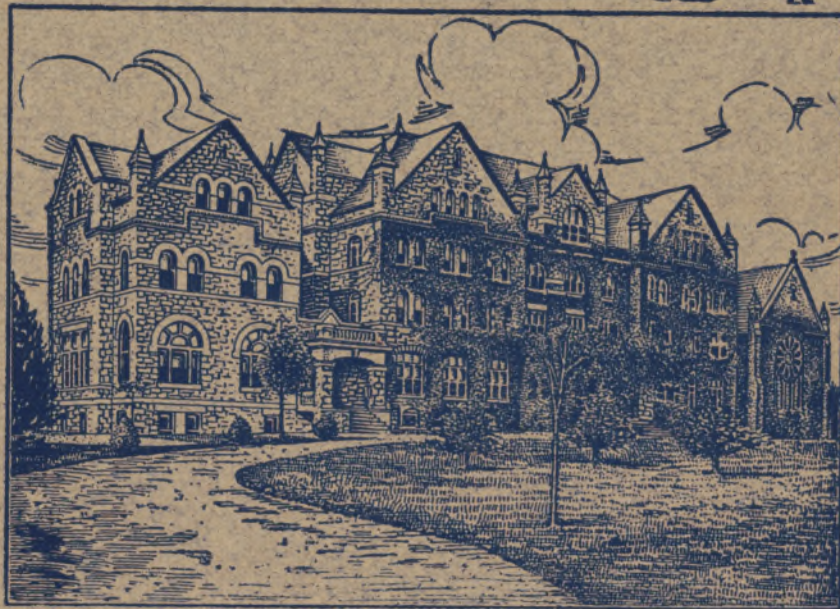


# THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCIS



Vol. 28  
No. 2

Bethlehem, Pa., November, 1918.

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# The Comenian

Volume XXVIII.

BETHLEHEM, PA., NOVEMBER, 1918.

Number 2.



## Augustus Schultze, D.D., L.H.A.

**F**OR more than forty-eight years a professor and for thirty-five years the President of our College and Theological Seminary, Dr. Augustus Schultze was revered and his memory will be cherished by a long line of men in various professions and by the ministers of the Moravian Church throughout our whole country and Canada and in many mission fields. In the case of some of these, sons of his former students were equipped by him for service.

No brief tribute that can be paid in the space here at disposal can do justice to the services he rendered our institution, services that continued

to the day of his fatal accident, for after his resignation in June, he was elected President Emeritus and continued to lecture and retained the general oversight of the Library. It was under him as President that our present fine group of buildings was planned after the Synod of 1888 and he was a member of the Building Committee charged with the carrying out of the plans. It goes with the saying, that he stamped his mind and characteristics on the form of scholarship of our institution as no other man has ever done.

His was a wonderful record and a most un-

usual life, as were his character and personality, his ripest scholarship, his ability to impart knowledge and to stimulate thought. In him these were united with sincere and simple Christian faith and indescribably sympathetic kindness. How many a student he encouraged and so enabled to overcome difficulties of every sort! What a personal interest he took in those he taught—alike during their undergraduate career and in their later life!

He served his Church in very varied capacities during his long life of usefulness—as an editor of Church periodicals as a leader of a large Bible Class, as a preacher, and as a member of its directing board in the North; but we most of all think of him as a scholar and an educator of the very first rank. It was most fitting, and all who knew him approved and rejoiced, when the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Lafayette College, in Easton, Pennsylvania, in 1893, and the degree of Doctor of the more Humane Letters by the Columbian University (the George Washington University) in Washington, D. C., in 1901.

He was a prolific writer in two languages, theology and the history of the missions of the Moravian Church being the subjects most especially elucidated by his pen. His "Christian Doctrine and Systematic Theology" is and will remain a standard text-book with us and in other of our theological seminaries for years to come. Master of several languages of modern Europe, his rare linguistic ability was also shown by his preparing and editing the Moravian Text-book in the Danish language in 1888 and by his accomplishing the extraordinary feat of writing a Grammar and compiling a Vocabulary of the Eskimo Language of Northwestern Alaska by the use of materials received from our missionaries and through correspondence with them as well as with the occasional verbal assistance of those on furlough.

The organizer and President of the Moravian Educational Association, he was for many years the President of the Ministerial Association of the Bethlehems, for he was esteemed and held in high regard far beyond the confines of our Church.

His rich life here has ended. He has passed

on to rest and reward. But his memory will ever live among us, and will prove a stimulus to his colleagues and his former students to seek like him to regard their endowments as a sacred trust and to discharge that trust for the good of others and the glory of Him whose we are through the purchase of His redemption. J. T. H.

### Walter Clement Shields

THE Class of '04 lost the possibility of a complete reunion on earth some years ago when Gerhard Brennecke, who had just completed his medical studies and was contemplating Mission work in Alaska, was drowned. He was the youngest member of the class and was highly endowed by Nature and by Grace.

The second gap has been made in our ranks by the home summons of Walter Shields.

Shields was the oldest of four brothers, all of whom are M. C. men. His loss is the more sad as it comes almost at the same time as his next brother, "Ted," laid down his life in France, a victim of Influenza. Walter died from the same epidemic thousands of miles away, at Nome, Alaska. Shields was born in the tropics; he was to do his brief life's work in arctic regions. His father was an honored missionary in Tobago, where Walter was born some thirty-five years ago. The family was subsequently transferred to Barbados and thence to the homeland. Walter entered Nazareth Hall and after graduation began his College course with the '04 men.

From the beginning I think we all realized that Shakespeare's characterization of Brutus, which he puts into the mouth of Anthony, was applicable to Shields: "His life was gentle; and the element so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'" He was modest and gentle; he was strong in body and brave in soul; simple in essential goodness, he had a delicacy of feeling which was seen in his considerateness of others and in his intense loyalties. M. C. men will remember him as the Football Captain of the '03 season. He played right tackle. Two of his classmates, Stemple and Gapp, were on the team and another was Manager. He was great at

hurdling the line. He made a splendid Captain in his forthright handling of his men and in the prompt and wise decisions which he made. He would have been a gallant leader in Champagne or Lorraine had he been able to enlist. How he judged about the War may be seen from his poem (for he was a poet), "Far From the Guns," of which the last stanza reads:

Far from the Guns! The glorious, glorious Guns!  
All down the ages have they called to men.  
How solemn sounds their summons once again.  
It may be their last call to Mankind's Sons.  
Their thunder calls! Do MEN delay, and linger then  
Far from the Guns?

Shields was eminently sober-minded, with a good measure of stoicism. He had the courage of his convictions; yet he was tolerant of others' views. There was likewise much geniality and *bonhomie* about him. As far as I recollect, he neither led nor followed in any senseless escapade or unseemly frivolity. But he enjoyed a jest. He was particularly fond of posing as a Hebraist and instructing the rest of us who were foolishly fumbling at that ancient tongue.

At M. C. his principal teachers were: Professors Schultze, Jacobson, Hamilton, Badè, Hauptert, Rondthaler and Schwarze. He was a good student and never scamped any task, though he did not take kindly to every subject. His mental processes were glowing rather than scintillating. He was a very rapid reader with a tenacious memory. It was nothing uncommon to meet Shields in some other fellow's room around midnight rehearsing the contents of some book, discussing sports, quoting voluminous poetry, provoking some literary discussion or chaffing a sleepy neighbor.

After taking his Bachelor's degree, he entered Government service in the Alaska Division of the Department of Education at Washington. Office routine was rather irksome, but he improved his leisure by attending lectures at the University, at which he received full credit for his Moravian B.A., and where he took his Master's degree.

It was obvious to his friends that Shields would never be satisfied to be enmeshed in an office where files, statistics and budgets were dominant. In a very few years Shields was out of that and off to Alaska in person. He became Superin-

tendent of the most northerly School District in the world. Here he worked with unsparing zeal and efficiency on behalf of the natives. He had their confidence and likewise enjoyed the goodwill of the whites. Many a lonely league did he travel, leaving his wife (née Miss Julia Kenley, of York, Pa.) and twin children at headquarters at Nome. Always he had a practical eye to the welfare of the Eskimo; he was untiring at their Fairs, he helped develop their reindeer industry. Within seven years he had travelled 11,005 miles by reindeer sled over the frozen tundras, and his total of miles on land and water in Alaska by all conveyances during the same period was 25,264 miles.

It is hard to believe that this cheery, unselfish, brave Christian schoolman and gentleman is gone from earthly scenes. Yet when the Influenza swept Nome it carried off several hundred victims, and among them, so the *Philadelphia Press* reported, was Superintendent Shields, our classmate, brother alike of the civilized white man and of the greasy, half-heathen Eskimo. Perhaps we can pay our tribute no better than in the words of Horace, "*Cui, quando Pudor et incorrupta Fides, soror Justitiae nudaque Veritas invenient ullum parem?*"—When will Modesty and inviolate Faith, the sister of Justice, and absolute Truth ever find his equal?

He has left us his swan song in a little volume published by Lowman & Hanford, of Seattle, bearing the title "The Ancient Ground." The framework of the poem is the belief that the paleolithic men of West Europe are the ancestors of the Eskimos of Greenland and Alaska. Of Shields' craftsmanship the reader may judge from the Prelude of the poem:

The land of Gaul! The land of Gaul!  
Far streams its flag, clear sounds its call,  
It needs its champions bitterly.  
Stand up! Ye fighting men, and arm ye all!  
Lead on! Heroes of History!

The fields of France! The fields of France!  
The shattered axe, the splintered lance.  
But hark! The Heralds joyously  
Proclaim again the glittering advance  
Of Bayard and his chivalry.

The tented plains! The tented plains!  
The jeweled bits, the ribboned reins!  
The heathen hosts fly hurriedly.

Arise, Martel! The Saracen remains!  
Come, armed in all your panoply.

The flaming stake! The flaming stake!  
The eyes that weep, the hearts that break,  
The soldiers look on silently.

Thy Voices call! Brave Maid, arise!  
Set free thy land from tyranny.

The battered line! The battered line!  
The bayonets gleam, the sabers shine,  
The guard goes down all hopelessly.  
Yet still awaits, for those from o'er the Rhine,  
Napoleon's artillery.

The ancient ground! The ancient ground!  
The dust-dimmed caves, the moss-hid mound,  
Where primal man died utterly.  
Thy caverns by invaders' shells are found,  
Wake! Stone-man of Antiquity!

E. J. H.



**"Ted" Shields**

AS far as we have been able to ascertain, the first alumnus of M. C. to give his life for his country was Theodore R. Shields, '08, who died in France on October 10, 1918.

It is not the purpose of these few lines to express exaggerated or beautiful tokens of our lost comrade, but merely to put in writing some of the thoughts that have been uttered time and time again by everyone who knew him.

There never lived a more manly man than

"Ted" Shields, and this implies every possible thought these terms contain. His strong Christian character and winning personality combined with an exceptional athletic figure, gained for him the respect and admiration of people with whom he came in contact in all walks of life.

The success of our Basketball Team for the past two years was due to his efficient coaching. Not only did he teach the men to play a winning game, but he also taught them to play a gentleman's game. Every man on the basketball squad profited in a moral way from "Ted's" influence. He was absolutely foursquare.

We are indeed grieved at the loss of so true a friend and loyal alumnus, yet we rejoice in that we feel so certain that he now dwells in the Home of Him whom he served so faithfully while here on earth. The highest tribute that can be paid "Ted" here, is to quote the words that involuntarily burst from the lips of all who knew him when the sad news of his death arrived. They are: "Good old Ted." He was often spoken of in this manner while he yet lived. With a strange feeling of pride and sorrow, we place on our M. C. Service Flag the first Golden Star.

W. H. A.

### **Sergeant Russel J. Rinker**

THE STUDENTS of Moravian College will always think of November 11, 1918, with a peculiar feeling of happiness and sorrow. The day was given over to celebrating our victory, and the evening to mourning the untimely death of a highly esteemed comrade. Sergeant Rinker was afflicted with a disease of the kidneys which brought on his condition of weakness. The long parade in which he took part and the physical exercises on the drill ground proved too much for him. He was taken to his room in an unconscious condition and soon afterwards passed away.

Bishop Hamilton spoke at the funeral and his words conveyed a feeling of reassurance and comfort that did much to console the sorrowing relatives and comrades of our departed friend. Sergeant Rinker was buried with military honors on Friday afternoon, November 15, 1918.

In the short time Rinker was in college he showed himself to be a man in every sense of the word. His capacity for leadership soon became evident and he was given the responsible position of Sergeant. He was respected by men and officers alike and the Moravian College S. A. T. C. Unit has lost a valuable man and a True friend.

W. H. A.

## Spare Moments

### Singing

"Keep 'em singing and you can't lick 'em," was the title of a Moving Picture that was shown in the Lorenz Theatre the week college opened. In fact the news of quarantine reached us just as we stepped inside the front door of Comenius Hall on our way back from the "Movies." It is peculiar that the last picture seen before quarantine should coincide with our subject. This picture showed the work which is being done among all men in the service along the line of singing. The picture was taken at some camp where a singing contest was held between regiments. The winning regiment was awarded a beautiful silver loving cup.

The long and short of all this is we are having "Sings" at M. C. Every Tuesday and Thursday evening for from fifteen minutes to a half an hour, Prof. T. Edgar Shields conducts a singing class in Students' Hall. Printed sheets containing the words of many of the popular army songs, have been issued and this is the kind of classical music we sing. Some of these songs are well known, while others are not so commonly sung. Among the general favorites are: "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Dear Army Beans," "The Last Long Mile," and "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy."

There is no "Oh, I can't sing" in the army. Everybody can yell, and we were told that if we can't sing we can easily learn how. It makes no difference if our voices grate enough to shake down the building or disturb the neighbors, every soldier must learn to sing, and under the able instruction of Prof. Shields, the M. C. S. A. T. C. men are progressing rapidly. We haven't quite passed the yelling stage, but we are coming.

Prof. Shields deserves a great deal of credit for the way in which he has taken up this important work. As many of our readers know, he teaches singing at the "Fem. Sem.," so naturally the contrast between the gentle warbling notes that find their origin in the throats of the fair sex, and the rough shouts of soldiers must be very striking. But that is the least of his troubles. His real difficulty, if indeed it can be so called,

lies in the fact that he is not very familiar with some of the army songs, since they are seldom sung in the church where he is organist. He told us that he ruined his reputation at the music store by buying ragtime music. Can the reader imagine an ardent admirer of Bach purchasing a copy of "Over There"?

There is a better spirit among the boys since the "Sings" were started. All during free time a bunch may be heard singing in or around the building. Keep them singing and they will sing their way to victory.

### Letters

"Has the mail come yet?" "Gee, I ought to get a letter today." "Freshman, get the mail." Everything at M. C. has not changed. The old mail box is still here and the crowd hangs around at the end of the third period waiting for the mail, just as in former years. The only difference is that the crowd is larger than usual.

A worthy alumnus of M. C., now married and happily settled down, once made the statement that prior to the ringing of the bells, he wrote to the fair one who now represents his better half, two or three times each day for a period of several weeks. Heretofore we could conceive of no other condition that would produce this form of mental derangement, but it has recently been discovered that there is another germ which brings on the same effect, and its name is "Quarantine." Never before at M. C. has there been such a steady stream of letters, both coming and going. Prof. Bill bought a hundred stamps and they went like peanuts in a scramble. He purchased another hundred which went even faster than the first lot. Dr. Rau laid in a supply and it soon vanished. The mail box on the corner is filled nearly every day.

Letters are peculiar things. They can be humorous, sad, long, short, interesting, dry, fat, thin, good, bad and indifferent. What a widespread influence a letter may have. Probably the most welcome letter is the one from home, telling all about the folks and the news of the town. And sometimes there is enclosed in this letter, making

(Continued on page 21)

# THE COMENIAN

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## The Courteous Spirit

At times it would seem as if common ordinary politeness were a thing of the past. It is said that the Americans, as a nation, are quite indifferent to some of the universally accepted forms of courtesy. Whatever may be lacking in our national makeup, there is no doubt that as college men we are woefully deficient in that respect.

The military courtesy now required will undoubtedly do much toward reviving the chivalrous spirit, and impress that side of manliness upon us permanently. We often associate the term manliness with only the rougher, aggressive, and virile elements of manhood. The man who elbows his way through life, determined to get there, regardless of anyone else, brings discord

wherever he goes. Are we not a little too self-centered, negligent of the rights of others, and swayed by moods?

The courteous spirit has as its basis an unselfish and fitting regard for the rights and feelings of those with whom we are brought into contact. Its possibilities are clearly demonstrated by those in public service, who are effectively using common courtesy to make the machinery of life run smoothly. This need not be carried to extremes or become hypocritical—observing the forms of courtesy with a spirit of deep contempt, merely to keep a false self respect. To be able to think in another man's place is only possible after continuous and earnest practice. It is that quality out of which comes so much genuine courtesy.

In our speech and manner we are exceedingly lax. We may mean more than we say, but we depend too much on our hearers for the interpretation of our meaning. For example, we express our approval of a statement regarding drill or the weather by the hackneyed expression, "You bet!" Is the choice of the English language so meager that we have to stir around in the garbage pail of expression for proper words and phrases?

Real regard for others, as well as true self-respect means restraint from disreputable or unworthy speech and conduct. The fellow who has this fundamental thoughtfulness for others—which is the dominant characteristic of a gentleman—proclaims his real politeness by his actions.

Then, also, are we not a little too free with our morals? It doesn't take a great deal to cause our moral natures to become warped. It is very easy to allow our intimate conversation to become coarse and vulgar. The chivalrous student finds no place in his conversation for shady stories or cheap gossip which lowers his own as well as others' standards. Are we strictly honest with our neighbors and ourselves? But there is no need of worrying about speech and manner if our morals are right. Our inner life will determine what our outer expression shall be. Let's brace up and get a new hold on ourselves! Let us endeavor to make our speech and manner worthy of that great country we profess to honor.

C. J. H.



**Supervised Study**

If there is any place where a man learns to take things as they come and make the best of everything, it is in the army. Affairs at M. C. proceeded very smoothly along military lines, until one eventful day, when for a brief spell there was a general upheaval. Dr. Schwarze announced at the dinner table that there would be supervised study for two hours each night, six times a week. So now every night, except Saturday, from 7:15 to 9:15, all men in the S. A. T. C. gather in the two classrooms at the south end of Comenius Hall, for the purpose of study. A Lieutenant sits at a desk in the hall between the two rooms and sees to it that everybody works for two hours.

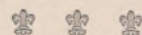
This was a bitter pill to swallow, especially for the old men, who have been used to the freedom of college life in normal times. It reminded some of the years spent at Nazareth Hall, and others of the restrictions at various schools where their preparatory work was done.

But after all Uncle Sam knows best. This medicine had a bad taste, but, like many unpalatable doses, the bad taste soon wore off, and the result has been entirely for the best. One thing is certain, and that is the professors no longer put up the old cry of unpreparedness. We get our work done. The first bitter taste is all gone, and now before starting to study, a few rousing songs are sung, thus putting all concerned in a good humor and in a suitable frame of mind for two hours hard plugging.

On November 7, when probably the entire world was thrilled by the news of Germany's surrender, excitement at M. C. was as great as anywhere. The M. C. Unit was to march in the impromptu parade, and oh the plans that were made for a glorious night down town. But alas, after supper, Lieutenant Jacobs announced that the report of Germany's surrender was unofficial and that we would have regular study hour. Ordinarily such a disappointment would have been barely suppressable, but the men got together, sang for half an hour and settled down to work without a word of complaint.

Such is the spirit of army life. If discipline were the only advantage of military training, that in itself would be worth the experience.

Soldiers are not only taught, but in some cases even compelled to be optimistic. W. H. A.

**Humor**

Humor, the great essential in the life of man, is very often found to be lacking in many individuals. This is due possibly to overwork, troubles and worries. Unnecessary applications carry many a man to his grave in the prime of life. Through life's struggles no better relaxation can be found than a good laugh or a smile caused by some other man's witticisms. The day's worries, the strain of a busy man's mind will instantly sink into oblivion if humor can be appreciated.

Is this a new idea, a twentieth century cure? No! We read of kings in days of old who required their witty court "fool" to make them forget some pressing difficulties. The eighteenth century gentlemen of England needed their "Tattler" and "Spectator." Even the peasants of the middle ages very often gathered about the neighbor's fireside to exchange pleasantries and thus make light of the week's toil and hard labor.

Were these the only advantages of humor, they would be well worth striving for. Other benefits, however, will also be derived. Humor broadens the sympathy for a fellow human being and teaches one the true value of love. Thackeray states that humor is wit and love. Can anyone afford to disregard this important principle which is so indispensable to every person's future welfare, success and happiness?

The American Army teaches every man to smile, thus overcoming seemingly impossible tasks. What are the results? You have witnessed them in the recent war. Although not compelled to smile and be happy as a civilian, why not force yourself?

Some people never smile; never see the humorous side of any question. Are they aiding their fellow companions in any vital way? Do they really enjoy life? You can easily guess the answer to this question yourself.

The humorous side as well as any other important factor in life can also be carried to extremes. But if not abused, truly humor is the spice of life. P. D. H.



# POLLYWOGS



## PLACE FOR HALF-WIT.

A recruiting officer in Germany determined that no prospective soldier should elude him. One man said he was too old, but the officer replied: "Von Hindenburg is seventy-two and he's in. Get a gun."

Another man with one arm came up to claim exemption, and the officer said: "The Kaiser's in. Get a gun."

Finally a woman brought her half-witted son, and the officer said: "No matter; the crown prince is in. Get a gun."

"The Kaiser has sunk so low that he will have to take an aeroplane to get to Hades."

Bender: "If there was a fire in a deaf and dumb asylum, how would you inform the inmates?"

Guy: "Give it up."

Bender: "Ring the dumb-bell, you prune."

Gardner, who is a member of the S. A. T. C., picked up a Latin book the other day, and after "leafing" through it, exclaimed: "Gee, Latin is easy. Wish I had taken it. Look here:

"Forte, dux in aro—Forty ducks in a row.

"Passus sum jam—Pass us some jam."

Thomas: "Nonne, what are the most eloquent stable foods of today?"

Nonne: "Hay, corn and oats. That's what 'dad' feeds our horses."

"The reason Ireland is the richest of countries is because her 'capital' is always Dublin."

"The most wonderful flight on record is when the chimney flew."

"Sunday is the strongest day of the week, because all the rest are week-days."

"Vacci-nation is the most warlike nation, because it is always in arms."

"Cowardly soldiers are like tallow candles, because when exposed to the fire they run."

There are meters iambic and meters trochaic,  
There are meters in musical tone;

But the meter  
That's sweeter  
And neater,  
Completer,  
Is to meet 'er

In the moonlight alone.

The reason for Bahnsen's lateness at mess the other day is, that, he fell down and rocked himself to sleep trying to get up again.

Barber to Hoffman: "Hair dyed, sir?"

Hoffman (bald-headed): "Yes, it died ten years ago."

P. Randall: "Say, Neff, what kind of fruits do you like?"

Neff: "I like a date with a peach."

Bright Freshman: "How do you say automobile in French, Mr. Hoffman?"

Grimes Stocker, jumping from his seat, cried out: "à la joy cart."

Quite a bit of confusion was displayed the other evening, when everyone thought a radiator was leaking. Upon investigation, it was discovered to be Potts eating soup in the hall.

"I say, that 'Guy' will 'Harm' that 'Horn(e).'"

"The war has made everything go up, except my Geometry mark," says Lambert.

"Splies, please leave the room."

"Well, I couldn't take it with me."

## REPORTS FROM PADDED CELL 11.

First Knutt: "What are you doing?"

Second Knutt: "Sewing fringes on the shades of night."

Third Knutt: "Pretty soft. I'm going to sweep the room with my glance."

C. Helmich: "The world seems to move faster and faster all the time."

Bernecker: "Nonsense! During the Revolution we had minutemen! Now we have four-minute men."

Passing a hand over his forehead, the worried drill-sergeant paused for breath as he surveyed the knock-kneed recruit. Then he pointed a scornful finger at his victim.

"No," he declared, "you're hopeless. You'll never make a soldier. Look at you now. The top 'alf of your legs is standin' to attention, an' the bottom 'alf is standin' at ease."

"Stop talking, Hauptert, the ice is melting too fast."

Matheson, on sentry duty, late in the evening: "Who goes there?"

"The officer of the day."

"Then what are you doing out at night "

"It doesn't pay in the end to buy cheap things."

"You're wrong. Last summer I bought cheap grass seed, and I didn't even need to buy a lawn mower."

## Locals

The quarantine is over and we are allowed to leave the campus in free time. The fellows who live nearby have been spending their week-ends at home and a good many others have been visiting relatives and friends.

Allen and Hassler spent Sunday, the 10th, with Rev. Henkleman in Schoeneck and the week-end of the 17th with Rev. Trafford in New York City.

Mayer spent the 17th at his home at Riverside, N. J.

Bender visited his home town, Canadensis, on the 9th and 10th.

Warriner spent Sunday, the 17th, visiting his grandfather in Wilkes-Barre.

The Reverends Trafford and Van Cura attended Dr. Schultze's funeral and also paid M. C. a visit.

H. E. Holtmeier, who has been a missionary in Alaska, has come to Moravian, where he will finish his theological course and expects later to take up work in the States.

Hauptert and Coullard have been exploring the city of Bethlehem. Up to the present time they have succeeded in getting lost only a few times.

On Sunday, the 17th, Fulmer preached in Alburts, Pa.

Ruprecht, Sem., '16, has resigned his pastorate and has temporarily taken a position at the Bethlehem Steel Works.

Carl Helmich spent Saturday and Sunday, the 9th and 10th, in New York City, visiting Rev. Trafford.

Dr. Schwarze, on November 3, conducted services in the Reformed Church, South Side, and on the 17th occupied the pulpit of the Second Church, New York City.

THE COMENIAN is authorized to announce the engagement of B. Y. Landis, '18, to Miss Dorothea Oppenlander, of Coopersburg. We extend our heartiest congratulations.



### C. L. S. Notes

The first meeting of C. L. S. was held on October 26. The President made the usual inaugural address, after which the regular program was carried out.

The first declaimer Mr. Richter gave a parody on Abou Ben Adhem, after which the essayist, Mr. Nonnemaker, read his essay entitled "The Immortality of the June Bug." Mr. Weber chose for his declamation the "Hero of the Guns." The reader, Mr. Fulmer, read "A Bewitched Ship" by W. Clark Russel. This was followed by a musical number by

the quartette which is composed of violin, clarinet, saxophone and piano. The reviewer, Mr. Van Horn, then had the floor for ten minutes. Mr. Meinert, the narrator, gave "A Comedy of Errors." After the three minute recess the editor, Mr. Hassler, read his paper entitled "The Moravian College S. A. T. C. Via Lucia."

For various reasons the initiation for the new men was not held and the new men were merely voted into the society and signed the constitution.



### Spare Moments

(Continued from page 17)

it all the more welcome, a little slip of paper, on which is printed "Pay to the order of, etc."

But the letters that produce the most varied feelings are those written by a feminine hand. If this type of letter is big and fat, the smile it creates usually lasts for days. But if, on the other hand, it is short, with the usual excuse, which after all is no excuse, that there is nothing to write about, gloom overspreads the countenance of the recipient. Never write a gloomy letter. It is like a dose of poison. Every gloomy or indifferent letter written to a soldier detracts just so much from the cause of the Allies and adds to that of the Huns. Cheerfulness is an essential attribute of a successful life and of the military life especially. There is necessarily a great deal of darkness connected with the war, so don't add any more by writing dry or gloomy letters to a soldier. Nor should the soldier cast a shadow over those at home who are keeping the home fires burning, by pessimistic accounts of the inconveniences which he must put up with.

A good letter acts like a tonic. It puts a fellow in good spirits and he drills, studies and does everything with much more credit to himself, and in the end to his country. So if your soldier boy writes a gloomy letter, you know he needs cheering up, so write him a long letter, and for your country's sake make it cheerful. A good letter is a better gift than a five dollar bill. A five dollar bill can buy a couple seats at the theatre, but a good letter produces that important psychological effect which cannot be bought with many five dollar bills.

The trouble with most people who find it difficult to know what to write about is that they

think a letter must contain something special, or an extraordinary circumstance. They entirely ignore the commonplace things which after all are the everlasting essentials. The soldier away from home wants to know all about the little details of home life. The small events that take place in the neighborhood are of intense interest to him. Tell him about them. The writer's home is many miles away from Bethlehem, but he is kept in constant touch with the surroundings of his childhood, through the weekly letters which tell of the changes that occur during his absence. Could these letters be anything but interesting?

You may take all this for what it is worth, but do two things in connection with letter writing: write often and write cheerfully.

### Dreams

We usually think of a dreamer as one who is never "at home." There is always present that hazy, far-away look which is a "Simon pure dead give-away" that though the dreamer's feet may be on earth, his head is in the clouds. This is a very common type of student, and M. C. has nearly always been well supplied with one or two of such individuals.

Then there is another kind of dreamer. This is the kind that only lasts until the mid-year exams. Such a dreamer always hunts for a Morris chair, sinks himself in its comfortable cushions, allows his hand to dangle over the arm, and with a cigarette drooping from the corners of his mouth, stares into space. The first type of dreamer is thinking. He makes his brain work. The second type merely lets the old machine run, with the inevitable result that the aforesaid old machine runs up a telephone pole, the cigarette is smoked up, the lights go out, the old machine ceases to run and the dreamer is asleep. The bell rings for class. The dreamer stirs slightly as though some annoying thought had attempted to force its way into his consciousness. Perhaps it might have been the ghost of Cicero, since the bell had rung for Latin class. Dream on in peace, oh dreamer, and may no ill dreams disturb thy rest. After all the world owes a debt to the dreamers.

But, sad to relate, our dreamers this year are disturbed most dreadfully by ill dreams. There

is no place in military life for the first two types of dreamers, but the third type seems to flourish. Every day brings fresh tales of dreamlife experiences. The more recent alumni will remember "Johny Stocker." Alas, poor "Johny" must needs have his well-earned rest molested by dreams. One night he saw a street car approaching with incredible speed and he was standing on the track. He must escape quickly, dive through the vehicles and reach the sidewalk, so as to be safe from the unrelenting traffic. With one tremendous effort "Johny" jumps for his life, when a rude shock, a blast of cold air from the open window, and a startled roommate's exclamation disturbs his slumbers and now "Johny" finds himself on the floor beside his bunk.

Another individual, a Freshman, must have been dreaming that he was about to drown, judging from the blood-curdling yells of "Get a rope, get a rope" which were heard during the small hours of the morning several days ago. Perhaps this Freshman might have been dreaming of lynching or even of ending his own misery, for who will doubt that oftentimes the life of a Freshman is anything but happy. But this year the Freshmen have had an easy time, because military life does not restrict hazing to first year college men. Also the ten o'clock bed-time takes away the spice of a midnight class fight. Rest easy, innocent Freshmen, your time is still to come. The Sophomores have not been dreaming these months without avail. Some Freshmen have been dreaming also, judging from the action of one of the aforementioned species, who took great pains to see that his bayonet was always under his pillow at night. The plot thickens, the crisis must come soon.

One enthusiast works out his geometry while asleep. He has often been heard repeating, "The square on the hypotenuse is equal to the square of the other ten sides." This particular individual's range of dreams is singularly wide. Sometimes he thinks he is back in the old home town, with the same old girl, and his love ditties bring tears of homesickness to the eyes of his sleepless roommates. Then again the scene changes and the dreamer is on the football field, shouting signals, etc." With a sudden rush the game is on, the covers fly, the bed springs crack,

frightened roommates remonstrate. Suddenly all is quiet, the game is won, the dreamer rearranges his covers and rests peacefully for the remainder of the night.

Two of the characters spoken of in the above are from the State of Ohio. We wonder if all Ohio students are like these.



### Athletics

At the beginning of the college year it was extremely doubtful whether or not Moravian would be able to turn out a football team. However, these doubts were removed when the Lieutenants took hold of the matter. We owe what sport we got from the practices and games to them.

The first Saturday of quarantine a game was arranged between the two platoons. The second platoon was victor, both in the number of points scored and pep and fight. Three men in consequence of the game were on the sick list for several weeks, while several others were bruised up a bit.

A few days later a call was issued and eleven men responded for practice. Several boxing bouts with the second team, aided by Bethlehem Steel workers, put our bunch in a fairly good condition. Lieut. Jacobs took command, delegating Walmsley to the ranks. The very next day we were sent in against the Lehigh Scrubs. Considering the disadvantage of being without football togs, the team played very well, and the coaches had reason to look for a smooth-running machine before the end of the season.

Three days later we met the strong Temperance Club Team and were defeated, although hardly outplayed. Several of our best men were injured in this game, but pulled through in a very creditable manner.

We used all our spare time—fifteen minutes every other day—to perfect our team-plays. We had endeavored to put a team in the field to meet Stroudsburg Normal, but owing to adverse circumstances were obliged to cancel the game at the last minute.

#### LEHIGH SCRUBS, 27; MORAVIAN, 0.

After a day's practice we went over to Lehigh to play a schub team, consisting of several scrubs and a sprinkling of Varsity men. Our men were handicapped by having no cleats on their shoes and also by lack of knowledge of the game. At the end of the first half the score was 21-0, but with Lieuts. Jacobs and Price in the lineup during the second half we easily held our own. Lieut. Price, Doster and Stewart played good football in the line. In the backfield Lieut. Jacobs and Ganey excelled, while Schonhardt in his spectacular uniform won the unanimous applause of the gallery.

#### Line-up for Moravian:

L. E., Stewart	R. T., Neitzel
L. T., Bernecker	R. E., Randall (Corcoran)
L. G., Allen (Price)	Q., Schonhardt
C., Doster	L. H. B., Ganey
R. G., Gardner (Helmich)	R. H. B., Snyder (Jacobs)
F. B., Walmsley (Capt.)	

#### TEMPERANCE A. C., 12; MORAVIAN, 6.

We met the Temperance A. C. on our field, losing by the score of 12-6. Although they were outweighed, they proved to be a fast, well-coached eleven, depending entirely on forward passes, with which they had astonishing success. The absence of Lieut. Jacobs in the line-up was felt keenly, but the team fought to the last minute.

Their two scores came as the result of a fumbled punt and successive forward passes. This was their only mode of gaining, as our line was playing a support game on the defensive, Doster and Stewart showing up especially well. Our score came as the result of an intercepted pass by Walmsley, who then rushed the ball over on an end run.

#### Line-up for Moravian:

L. E., Stewart	R. T. Neitzel
L. T., Neff	R. E., Randall
L. G., Allen	Q., Schonhardt
C., Walmsley (Capt.)	L. H. B., Ganey
R. G., Doster	R. H. B., Lieut. Price
F. B., Bernecker	

Substitutions: Walmsley for Schonhardt, Doster for Walmsley, Helmich for Doster.

We are sorry that we are unable to give the lineup of the opposing teams and a more detailed account of the games, due to the absence of a reporter.

I, personally, wish to thank the boys for sticking by the torpedoed ship as long as they did, and wish the next year's team better luck.

H. P. WALMSLEY, Captain.



### Exchanges

While reading the "Ogontz Mosaic," we happened upon a short article written in French. The story may be good, but our objection is that it is hard to read because so few people are well enough acquainted with the French language to be able to read such an article without the use of a dictionary. We would suggest that a clue to the meaning or trend of the story be given at the outset or at some other convenient place, which would greatly facilitate its reading.

The arrangement of the material in "The Lesbian Herald" is very good and adds greatly to its attractiveness.

Exchanges received this month: "Ogontz Mosaic," "Lesbian Herald," "The Hall Boy," "The M. P. S.," "The Eskimo."

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