

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

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No. 14.

## In My Mirror.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

IN that square of silvered glass  
I can see the birds that pass  
Winging southward window-by.

In that litted beveled square,  
I can see the world in there,  
See the leaves that fade and die.

See the trees, all autumn-sere,—  
There's a little gray-blue mere,  
And a bleak and tall old post;

On the post are bulbs of blue,  
Strands of wires running through,  
Message-singing, coast to coast.

Up a road the wagons go  
Horses champing, plodding slow  
Longing for the nearby grass.  
And at eve, a setting sun,  
And the moon when day is done,—  
All these things are in the glass.

## The Air Service.\*

ITS PLACE IN WARFARE AND THE KIND OF MEN  
WHO ALONE CAN QUALIFY FOR IT.

COLLEGE men are needed for the Air Service.

There, of all places, they are best fitted to serve. There they can use the education and the physique that their peculiar advantages have given them; there they can express their own individuality and be their own directing general.

Picture a battle-plane three to four miles above the trenches, alone in the richness of the skies, ever watchful for a lightning stroke from the enemy, ever eager to swoop down upon an observer below, itself a tiny mechanism less than thirty feet from tip to tip, though powerful with the power of a 200-horsepower engine,

Uncle Sam's advance guard "over there,"—

Or the observer or photographer, soaring down to within a mile or so of the enemy's trenches, seizing upon and recording every movement among them, guiding the big guns behind, locating enemy batteries, directing shells into convoys, guarding friends beneath from treacherous surprise attacks or traps, laying bare the enemy's ruses—

Or the bomber, swooping down to blow up an enemy convoy, raining hundreds of pounds of the world's most deadly explosives from the skies, converting a withdrawal into a rout, winging off across country to cut the enemy's arteries over the Rhine or to annihilate his ammunition center at Essen—

Such is the Air Service.

Warfare in the clouds has become as specialized in the last four months as that on land. It is fought in different strata by different planes. There are the tiny, tough little machines for the flashing air duels; there are the heavier, slower machines for spotting and photography; there are the cumbrous, awkward machines of great sustaining power for all night bombing trips into the heart of the enemy's country. And each requires a different type of man to guide it. Each places before America a different problem in Personnel.

It is pretty easy to say what kind of man is *not* wanted for the Air Service. First of course you do not want a man who has a weak heart or lungs and who might collapse at a high altitude. Nor a man who is timid or cowardly, who might lose his head in an emergency. Nor again a man who is ill-disciplined, unable to obey orders, or to play his assigned role in the great teamwork of the skies. Each and every airman, responsible for the lives of thousands of men on the ground beneath him, the guide of the army and the hope of victory, must be as nearly perfect as is humanly possible.

\* Published at the request of the War Department. A letter of instruction is appended to this article.

This leads us to positive qualities. Besides health, besides bravery, besides conscientiousness, an airman must have brains and judgment. Brains because only a trained mind can master flying, radio, aerial photography, codes, reconnaissance and the kindred sciences necessary to this new science. Judgment because all these powers in the hands of an ill-balanced mind might work a ghastly havoc among the men who are sent forward or held back on an airman's signal.

Let us not think such men are plentiful. Most decidedly they are not. They must be sought with the greatest diligence. And they are being so sought, as can best be shown by figures. Only last week the Air Service turned away two applicants out of every three. The safety of the country as well as of the men themselves demands that the standard be maintained irreproachable.

The one greatest of all places for real airmen is in the colleges. There indeed is the flower of the country, men who having received much, owe much. The proportion of them answering the requirements of the Air Service should be immeasurably larger than among less favored, less fortunate men.

If America breaks the deadlock of three years through the air, if the wings of her new eagles bring victory to the world's democracies, it will largely be the college men who will have the credit of it. Already there is a great fraternity of them in the service, working as they never worked before, in this country, in England, in France, in Italy, in Egypt.

Now is the time, for it will require until next summer for an aspirant starting now to become complete master of the air. The description of how a man is given his wings will be given in another official article on February 2, 1918.

#### WAR DEPARTMENT

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER  
Washington

January 14, 1918.

To: President of the College

Subject: Three Articles on the Air Service, for the College Press.

The Air Service needs aviators—not in quantity so much as in quality. They must be picked men possessing brains, courage, and physique. This can be readily understood when it is realized that the fate of a regiment, a division, even of a battle, may depend upon the ability and resourcefulness of the aviator above the lines. For the most part these men must come from the colleges and universities.

This Department is not unmindful of the fact that since the beginning of the war there has been a decrease in attendance at the colleges and universities of from 25 to 30 percent, and that students are leaving daily to go into some branch of the service.

It is, therefore, not desired to thoughtlessly interfere with the college work of your undergraduates. The wise attitude taken by high officials of the government and leaders of education on this subject is well known, and our program does not contemplate opposition to this stand. Only those men are wanted who are fully qualified and who are able to enter the service at this time. Thoughtless or ill-advised action on the part of the students is not desired in any instance.

It has been considered advisable in this connection to bring before the students of the colleges and universities of the country, information regarding the Aviation Service of the United States Army, and in furtherance of this plan this Department has approved the publication of the accompanying articles.

It is confidently expected that you will assist in presenting the needs of this branch of the service in a manner consistent with the Institution's policy.

Kindly transmit these articles to the editor of the University paper to be released on the dates indicated. If our action does not meet with your approval, kindly return the articles to this office, stating your objections.

By direction of the Chief Signal Officer,

E. Z. STIEVER,

192(R)

Major, Signal Corps.

#### A June Hillside.

A hillside in June, a blue sky with scattered clumps of clouds, the grass long and soft and fragrant, a valley sloping away into the distance and lost in the dark blur of far-away forests, cattle lowing on the plains and the sounding jangle of a cow-bell echoing from afar, a silver ribbon winding through the valley, hidden here and there by thickets of willow. Upon the brow of the hill reclines a young girl. Her dress is the color of a sodden autumn leaf. At her side, with its open pages turning idly back and forth in the breeze, lies a book. She rests upon her elbow and gazes out dreamingly. The cool wind ruffles the tawny brown hair and freshens the calm gray eyes. (Mayhap she is dreaming of Drake's men and the "Golden Hind." The distant forests are tropic isles, the silver river, the white wake of a treasure galleon flying frightened down the long green billows of the meadow. She stands at the helm on the high poop of the "Hind," and her eager eyes see not the long level of the valley but only the swift heaving of the watery green, and the sea-breeze is keen on her cheeks, and the salt tang of the sea is on her lips) dreaming on a hillside in sunny June. G. D. H.

## The Holy City.

BY LEIGH G. HUBBELL, '18.

To Christians, Jews and Moslems alike, Jerusalem has been the Holy City for many hundreds of years. Its recent capture by the British came as a Christmas gift to the Christian world, as a star of hope to the dispossessed Jews, and doubtless as an evil omen to the followers of the Prophet. Its final disposition is no less a matter of concern to the millions of all three faiths, and will constitute an important question at the settlement terminating the war. What, then, are the claims of these religions to this city of ancient and sacred memories?

The Jewish feeling for the city of David is manifested in a pathetic and vivid manner. For centuries the more devout Jews in Jerusalem have assembled every Friday by the ruins of the Temple (the famous "Wall of Lamentation") to bewail the evils that afflict their nation. "Here," writes Lady Herbert, "the Jews alone are permitted to approach the walls of their Temple, which they literally bathe with their tears. It is the most touching scene possible, from its intense reality; and it would be as inhuman to go to it as a mere sight, as it would be to pay a visit of curiosity to a house of mourning which death had just visited. Jews of every age and country and of both sexes are there, leaning their heads against the sacred walls; now repeating verses of the Psalms, now sobbing as if their hearts would break!" (1)

Brother L. de Hamme, one of the Franciscan guides in the Holy Land, bears the same testimony: "It is impossible to assist at this spectacle without having our innermost feelings aroused. It is more soul-stirring yet when one considers that many of them are making a supreme effort to live and die in the place where their forefathers committed their Deicide and cried aloud: 'His blood be upon us and upon our children.' Alas! terrible words, of which the still visible accomplishment is an incontestable proof of the truth of the Prophet's oracles and consequently of the divinity of Christianity." (2)

1. Herbert, Lady. "Cradle Lands." New York, 1869. (Call number 915.6H414).

2. Rotthier, M. B. (Translator) "Ancient and Modern Palestine." New York, 1898. (956.9 R748).

Geramb, Baron. "Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai." Philadelphia, 1840. (915.69G311).

Originally, Jerusalem bore the name of Salem, and in the days of Abraham was the capital of Melchisedech, king and priest of the Most High. When the Chosen People came into the Land of Promise they found the city occupied by the foreign Jebusites. It was King David who finally captured the "castle of Sion" and built up the city. Solomon, David's son, erected the magnificent temple that was the pride and glory of the Jewish race; a portion of its foundation walls is all that remains, and in the middle of the Temple site stands a Turkish mosque. The Chosen People did not long maintain their independence, but were conquered by first one neighbor and then another, finally surrendering to the Romans under Pompey some sixty-five years before the birth of Our Lord.

It was by permission of the Roman procurator of Judea that Our Lord was crucified, and forty years after His passion that Jerusalem met the fate He had foretold. Titus with a Roman army besieged the rebellious city, captured its three walls and citadel, massacred or sold into slavery most of the surviving Jews, and destroyed all of the town that was not needed by the Roman garrison. Even the fields were given to the soldiers. A shrine to Jupiter was erected on the site of the Temple. Sixty years later the remnants of the Jewish people again revolted and were put down by the Emperor Hadrian. The whole neighborhood of Jerusalem became a desert; a new Roman city was built on its ruins and called *Ælia*. The very name of Jerusalem fell into disuse, and as late as 325 A. D. the Council of Nice referred to the city as *Ælia*. The Jews were forbidden to live in the new town and this veto applied to even the Jewish Christians. Thus began the long Jewish exile and their centuries of wandering and persecution. After the first fury of Hadrian's wrath had spent itself, a colony of Jews settled near and in Jerusalem, and this colony, now large, now small, has been maintained ever since. During the nineteenth century the Jewish population of the Holy City increased enormously, in spite of the opposition of the Turkish government, and to-day constitutes nearly fifty out of the total seventy thousand inhabitants.

To the followers of Mohammed Jerusalem is Al-Kuds, "The Holy," sacred only after Mecca and Medina. Originally, the True Believers faced Jerusalem rather than Mecca when they

prayed, for David and Issa (Jesus) are among the twenty-two prophets of God named in the Koran. In the Koran, also, is related how Mohammed was borne miraculously to Jerusalem in one night. After the Moslem conquest of the city, in 636, a building was put up on the site of the ancient Temple for the use of those Arabs who went there to pray. In 691 the Caliph Abd-al-malik erected the beautiful marble mosque that still stands on Mt. Moriah and which is known to tourists as the Mosque of Omar. Gradually the whole of the Temple area became covered with minarets, colonnades, minbars (pulpits), and domes, and Jerusalem became a point of pilgrimage for the Moslems whenever Mecca was inaccessible.

The Moslem monuments on Mt. Moriah are all open to the tourist of to-day, and he will be shown, for a proper *backsheesh*, a large number of memorials of David, Solomon, Elias and Mohammed, some of them of purely Moslem invention, such as the "tribunal" of David and the "imprint" of the Archangel Gabriel's hand.<sup>(1)</sup> The large Mosque of el-Aksa stands on the site of the ancient church of the Presentation; a smaller mosque on the Mount of Olives marks the place of Our Lord's ascension. St. Helena erected a church on this spot as early as 327, which, destroyed and rebuilt many times through the succeeding centuries, was finally replaced by the present mosque.

Here, on the Feast of the Ascension, the Franciscan Fathers, by paying the customary *backsheesh*, are permitted to say Mass. On the eve of the feast the fathers decorate the walls of the mosque with tapestries, set up an altar, and commence the sequence of chants and prayers that continues uninterrupted until the following noon. Thus it is at all the sacred places of Jerusalem—Turks on guard everywhere, mosques crowding out churches, permits and *backsheesh* the prerequisites for a glimpse of even the least venerable places. Surprising enough, the actual Moslem population of the Holy City is only eight or ten thousand.

To the Christian world Jerusalem has been the goal of an endless stream of pilgrimages, beginning as soon as there was a Christian world at all, which was achieved only after the Roman persecutions. In 313 the Emperor Constantine legalized Christianity in the empire; at his death it had become the official religion

and was ousting paganism from all but the more rural portions of the Roman world. Churches were built in astonishing numbers, and earnest Christians soon became imbued with the desire of visiting the holy places where their religion had been born, and where the events had occurred of which everybody now read or heard in sermons.

One of the first Christian pilgrims was the mother of Constantine, St. Helena, who came to the Holy City in her eightieth year (326). Jerusalem was still only the unimportant town of Ælia, the Christians few in number, the holy places uncared for. St. Helena found the place of Calvary covered with dirt and rubbish; over it was the temple to Venus that Emperor Hadrian had built. At St. Helena's request the pagan monuments were cleared away, and Golgotha and the tomb of Our Lord unearthed. The rock containing the tomb was carved away on the west, leaving it as a little shrine or chapel standing above ground. Over this Constantine built a round church with a dome, and the present Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre retains the same form. St. Helena surrounded the Mount of Calvary by a silver balustrade, erected a second basilica over the spot where the Holy Cross was found, and caused churches to be built on the Mount of Olives and at Bethlehem, the latter of which is still standing. Constantine had a new "Church of the Apostles" built over the site of the house in which Our Lord celebrated the Last Supper and in which the Apostles were assembled on Whit-Sunday. It is now a Moslem shrine.

The fame of Constantine's basilicas and shrines attracted an ever-growing host of pilgrims. St. Jerome says that in his time (he died in 420) pilgrims came from every part of the world, even from distant Britain. Accordingly, in 451 the Council of Chalcedon made Jerusalem a patriarchal see, the fifth and last in order, and the smallest. But the Patriarchs of Jerusalem did not have long to reign, for in 611 the Persians conquered Syria and took the Patriarch captive. The Christian monuments were burned and the Jews re-established in the city. After the Persians and Jews were expelled, only a few years of peace elapsed before the Moslems arrived, led by the magnanimous Omar. The Christians were unmolested while the Arabic Moslems were in control; the pilgrims came as before, and special hospices were built for their comfort. This pleasant

1. Rothier, p. 349 et seq.

condition of affairs existed for over two centuries; then came the barbarous Turks from Russia, who forbade Christian services, devastated churches and murdered pilgrims. It was the news of these outrages that brought the Crusaders. Jerusalem was a Latin kingdom from 1099 to 1187, when the Moslems regained control, not to be again disturbed until the capture of the city by the British last month. The victorious Turks allowed the Holy Sepulchre, and a few other churches, to be used by the Christians on payment of a heavy tribute, and the pilgrimages have continued down to our own day under Moslem restrictions.

During the nineteenth century the Turkish government sought to please the European Powers by granting more privileges to the Christians of the Holy Land. Churches, convents, hospitals and schools were increased to such an extent that Jerusalem almost lost the appearance of an Oriental town; the Jews came back in large numbers; and there are no cities of the Turkish Empire where Moslems are so little in evidence as in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth. In 1847 Pope Pius IX. consecrated a new Patriarch of Jerusalem and ordered him to take up residence in the Holy City. After the failure of the Crusades the patriarchate had become merely a titular see, and the interests of the Catholic Church in Palestine were assumed by the Franciscans. These fathers heroically kept to their posts during six long centuries of isolation and of persecution, clinging to Catholic privileges at the holy places, keeping our altars there in repair, sheltering in their numerous hospices Catholic and non-Catholic pilgrims alike, and again and again earning a martyr's crown. To-day the restored Patriarch has the oversight of Catholic interests in the Holy Land, and convents of other orders abound, but our debt to the Franciscan friars can never be forgotten.

The Catholics are outnumbered in Jerusalem by the Greeks, who are also represented by a patriarch. The Greeks possess the central portion of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and take their turn with the Latins and Armenians in saying Mass in the Sepulchre itself. There are seventeen Greek monasteries in and around Jerusalem, and various hospices, schools and hospitals. The Russians have an enormous group of buildings outside the city, a gorgeous church in Gethsemane and another on the Mount of Olives, but the Turkish government

has never granted them rights at the Holy Sepulchre. The Protestants have begun to build churches in Jerusalem only since the middle of the last century, and the Protestant colony is still very small. Their largest church is the German Evangelical Erlöserkirche, built in 1898 on land given by the Kaiser.

Such are the historic and the present claims of Christian, Moslem and Jew upon Jerusalem; what, now, of the future? Assuming that the British retain their hold on the city until peace is made, what disposition shall the Allies make of their sacred prize? To hand Jerusalem back to the "unspeakable Turk" is clearly out of the question; the day has passed when the Sublime Porte must be supported in power for the sake of a despicable diplomatic policy based on mutual jealousy and distrust. Nor does it seem more equitable to restore the Holy City exclusively to the Jews, for if they have important rights there, so have we Christians. A far more satisfactory procedure will be to place all of Palestine under international control, thereby assuring the fullest protection to residents and pilgrims of every creed, including the Moslem. Let us hope that a new order of things is beginning for the Holy Land, and that in this new order the Christian world may atone for its past neglect by recovering the love for the scenes of our Lord's birth and passion that animated Constantine and St. Helena, Godfrey and Baldwin, St. Jerome and St. Francis.

### The Beaver Dam.

Just a mile north of Winfield as you follow the river there is a beaver colony. Among the beavers there are no delinquents, no pensioners; all are day-laborers. Other animals may have alternating seasons of activity and of rest, but a beaver works all the time, building and repairing his dam, seeking and storing up food. Yesterday I saw them building and testing a new dam. They worked sedulously above water carrying driftwood, below water searching for reeds and brush with which to bind together the rough framework. They labor, knowing that in the spring their work will be utterly wrecked by the logs coming down stream. Yet they must have shelter. This they know with keen instinct. As I watched them strengthen their dam, it seemed they were building, not for a winter, but for all time. T. F. B.

## Varsity Verse.

## SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Somewhere in France the moon is clear to-night  
 And eyes I love are sleeping where it beams,  
 Somewhere in France a Yankee maiden bright  
 Will linger in a soldier boy's white dreams.

Somewhere the sun will sail day's silver sea  
 And a brave heart will hail the new born-day,  
 And hands I love will fight for liberty,  
 Somewhere in France—It seems so far away.

Somewhere in France where feet have seldom trod  
 When sombre twilight drapes the world in grey,  
 A Yankee lad will lift his eyes to God  
 And God will join our spirits as we pray.

H. F.

## TO A HOMING BIRD.

Happy bird of velvet wing,  
 Through the autumn dusk home flying,  
 In that star-height where you sing,  
 Tell me, is there blood and dying?

Here 'tis night before the noon  
 With our looking back and fretting;  
 Eyes of ours grow dim too soon,  
 We are so alert for getting.

Darkling, through this autumn even  
 Lo the wide-flung field of stars!  
 Tell me if in that far heaven,  
 Blood and flesh are spent in wars?

B.

## THE PASSING YEAR.

Gone are the days that were yesteryear's,  
 Swept to eternity.  
 Gone are its laughter, sighs and tears,  
 Gone are its joys and hopes and fears,  
 Lost in a boundless sea.

Out on its bosom, misty gray,  
 Many a soul is tossed.  
 Souls that were with us yesterday,  
 Souls who loved this life of play,  
 Out on that sea are lost.

Passed is the year, and still the throng  
 Swirls to that boundless sea.  
 Swiftly it glides with heedless song,  
 Swiftly life's river sweeps it along,  
 Out to eternity.

B. A.

## A Lone Mourner.

Pedro sat on his haunches and gazed down at the old man's tear-stained face. Then with his peculiar canine instinct he licked the weather-beaten jaw.

The octogenarian did not seem to mind the action. "Doggie," he simpered, "we've been faithful and true to each other. During our four years together many things have happened. Three Christmases ago Dave went, last Christmas Jack died, and this Christmas,— here, Pedro, good doggie, best in the world," and the old man clasped the dog around the neck. Evidently his mind was wandering. "Three Christmases ago Dave went, last Christmas Jack died, and this Christmas—"

The old man stopped and let a fair-sized stone roll down the incline. When it had gone about fifteen yards, he patted the dog and said "Get it, Pedro."

Pedro obeyed, but slowly. This was a novel task, and willingly as the faithful animal always was to do the least bidding of his master, he did not understand any too well just what was wanted of him in this instance.

The old man held something clasped in his hand. Then the loud bang of a thirty-two rang out. Pedro was scared, he was unused to such sounds. He scampered back to where the old man lay, and with his wonderful canine instinct guessed something was wrong.

Pedro again sat on his haunches and gazed down at the old man. Then he licked the blood-stained face, and looking up at the sky, howled mournfully.

J S. R.

## A Lost Opportunity.

A cold, fierce wind moaned without, and a hot, raging fire roared within. Outside, the light flakes were falling; inside, the sparks were rising. Mr. Mornon, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, sat musing by his inviting fireside. Little did the blizzard trouble him. He heard, indeed, the rioting winds howling like a pack of hungry wolves at the corner of his well-protected mansion. But instead of alarming him, they made him rejoice the more that he had a secure and comfortable place where he could defy the elements and be thankful that necessity did not require him to be abroad.

A knock came to the door. Did his hearing



deceive him? Could it be possible that some poor wretch was compelled by circumstances to wander forth on such a night? He opened the door, and lo, there before him stood a human form, thinly clad and ragged. He pleaded for shelter from the cutting winds. Mornon saw the poor man's need. But he saw also the man's dirty clothes and he thought in his selfishness of the harm that might be done to his velvet rugs and downy cushions. He felt the cold winds chill him almost to the marrow as he stood there for a brief moment. Prompted by this selfish thought and by a selfish desire to be back by his fire, he ordered the unfortunate man from his house and then slammed the door in his face. "In the name of Christ of Bethlehem have pity—" these were the last words he heard. He hurried back to his fireside, but what a change! His own fire seemed to mock him and refuse its heat. It seemed to say, "Did you think I could not make heat enough for two?" He was stung by remorse. He no longer cared for his rugs and cushions. If he could only do it over; but no, the opportunity was gone. It cut him to the heart to think that the man might die, and that he might so easily have saved him. Who knows, thought he but that it was the Master Himself that had been so mercilessly driven away. What you do to the least, you do to Me.

D. P. M.

### The Old Mill.

Over there behind the willow trees stands the old Red Mill. It is all faded and rickety now. But years ago before the big government dam was built up the river you could see the farmers and their wives coming down the road there in their green grain-wagons heaped high with wheat or barley or golden corn. You could hear the big wheels grinding in the deep ruts of the sandy road. You could hear the jolly miller calling at the top of his voice, "Whoa, Billy! whoa, boy!" while two great horses tugged at their load and pranced along the edge of the mill's platform. You could see the barefooted lads, fishing pole in hand, stretched out at full length there on the bank watching the waters of the mill-race whirl and leap down to the river. And sometimes you could catch sight of the miller's wife, a neat and nervous little woman, driving her geese down to the pond behind the mill, the pink streamers of her

sun bonnet fluttering as she went. And there came from early dawn till late dusk the sound of the tireless turn of the big, iron mill-wheel churning the steady flow of water. Ah, but we were happy in those old days!

The wheel is broken and rusty now. Its years of service are long since finished. The miller and his wife are gone. Two stray pigeons, you see, are perching there on the weather-cock, the only sign of life.

Listen! That's the whistle at the big government dam. We must be going home. T. F. B.

### In a Garden.

The white blossoms are falling from the gnarled old apple trees. They lie in the green grass like the light, lonely foam on a summer sea. The sunshine is pouring through the overhanging boughs, glinting softly here and there. A lulled wind dreams through the branches and a fresh shower of the white petals drifts down through the sunbeams. In a rustic seat is an old man, whose silver locks play in the faint breeze. He leans back, musing, with faraway fancies in his eyes. A rose-tinted blossom kisses the sombre black of his coat. Curled at his feet is a slender young girl with red-gold braids that fall to her knee. The sleeves of her sea-green dress hang in long deep points, the bodice is smooth, with square-cut collar showing a necklace of dull, massive gold. She is reading from a bulky volume in leather, embossed and heavy with iron stiffeners and bucklers of beaten brass. 'Tis a story of a vanished love; the tale of a maid and a knight of old, and of a faith that was broken, of a world that was false and cold, a story of how the soul of the maid that was sad crept into the breast of the lone Pewee, and ever cries in the golden June, with a strange unrest, for something lost in the afternoon—and the young girl sighs and the old man stirs—musing in a garden on this summer afternoon. G. D. H.

### Dusk and Dawn.

Slowly sinks the weary sun,  
Dusk is here to woo the stars  
Peeping shyly, one by one,  
Through cloudy prison bars.  
Night has passed, her duty done,  
Dawn appears to thrill the blue,  
Twinkling eyes before the sun  
Vanish with the morning's dew. P. S.

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NO. 14

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LEIGH G. HUBBELL, '18 THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19

—Have you ever cultivated successfully the art of getting up? Do you ever afford yourself the pleasure of seeing the sun rise? If made a matter of discipline, the

### The Art of Getting Up.

habit of rising regularly at a reasonable hour will prove an efficient stimulus to the strengthening of the will and the development of the determination so necessary to real living. In the opening sermon of the year Father Cavanaugh observed well that there has not been a complete failure in the history of the world that has not been due to moral weakness. We are now in the days in which character is formed, those vital days of later adolescence when our every habit engrains itself deeply in our character. Now is the time to mold a little metal into our moral make-up. "Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to stay in bed," sings Harry Lauder. That is just the point. When the alternative is so pleasant, at the hour when the will is weakest and consciousness most evanescent, then is the time to make the struggle. The civil war victories were won by the army "there fustest with the mostest men." Win your victory over self early in morning—be there first,—and later the bigger battles of life will be easier. Do not begin your day with a surrender. Train your will now, and as James the psychologist advises, "Be systematically ascetic and heroic in little points, for no other reason than you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may not find you unnerved and untrained to

stand the test." And Rudyard Kipling expresses well the effect of such self-discipline:

If you hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the will which says to you, "Hold on!"  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!

## Patriotic Farewell to Chaplains.

A rousing demonstration of friendship and patriotism marked the farewell ovation given on Saturday morning to Fathers Matthew Walsh and Edward Finnegan, the first of Notre Dame's priests to leave in response to the call for chaplains. In spite of the difficulty encountered in heating Washington Hall the students turned out to a man, their enthusiasm suggesting anything but a cold theatre.

After the first prolonged applause which greeted the appearance of the two newly commissioned chaplains in uniform, Father Cavanaugh made the opening address in which he declared that the men selected represented the best offering of which the University was capable and that they were fully able to carry on the splendid traditions of the past. Frank Monighan, in the name of Father Walsh's history classes, presented him with a chaplain's kit as an appreciation of his efforts in their behalf. John Lemmer, speaking for the University students, pointed out the high example of Notre Dame's former patriots, and confidently asserted that the glories of the past were in safe hands. He promised the chaplains that the students of Notre Dame would not cease to pray for their speedy and victorious return. Charles McCauley then sang a patriotic song composed by Father Eugene Burke for the occasion. The song and its rendition deserved and received an enthusiastic encore.

Father Walsh responded, testifying how deeply he was touched by the heartiness of the demonstration and by the kindness and regard of his students. He expressed himself as fortunate in being selected as a chaplain and spoke highly of his brethren in the religious life who had volunteered their services almost without exception. Father Finnegan then drew a humorous parallel between camp life and life at Notre Dame, promising, by reason of his experience as Rector of Corby and Prefect of Discipline, to take care of whatever Notre Dame boys should come under his charge.

Rev. Andrew Morrissey, Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross in the United States,



spoke the final words in the name of the community which he described as sorry to lose its best, but proud to see them giving their all for their country as has ever been the spirit of Notre Dame. A special dinner was later given the departing chaplains and the faculty, and the final words of farewell spoken in the University parlor. Father George Finnegan, the third chaplain, arrived from his home in the East too late to take part in the ovation which was also meant to be in his honor. The three chaplains have been presented with kits by admiring friends. All in all, it was a typical Notre Dame farewell.

### The College in the War.

(A Special Article for College Papers.)

BY HERBERT HOOVER.

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATOR.

To the college men of America I address myself with confidence, a confidence born of unforgettable experience.

In the relief of Belgium, most of the actual work of the Commission in the occupied territory was done by young American collegians. Each time a call was made for volunteers many more than asked for offered their services. And those that were chosen performed their duties; not only efficiently but with a spirit of devotion that made their service beyond praise. They combined idealism and efficiency. It is the combination that moves the world forward.

To-day all the young college men of America face a special responsibility and duty. At no time in the world's history has the technically trained mind been at a higher premium. And this need for it and demand on it will continue after the war is over. Hence the young man in college is faced with a serious problem. He must ask himself: Is the immediate need of me by my country in my present stage of training greater than this need will be later, and when I have acquired a higher training? This is a question the clear answer to which can not be indicated for all by a single formula, because the young men in college find themselves under varying circumstances. Yet an answer in general terms of some helpfulness may be made.

To the younger men, the lower classmen, only beginning their professional training, I say: Keep on with your college work. If the war lasts long you will be needed more later than now; and you will be qualified to fill the need then. If the war ends soon, there will still be urgent need for your help in the necessary work of reconstruction and rehabilitation. The more advanced your training, the more mature your judgment, the more valuable you will be. So try to possess yourself in patience and stick to your college work.

To the upper classmen, I would say: Hold yourself ready to respond to your country's present need at any moment. Where you see your way clear to make your training useful, do not hesitate to follow the way.

But you, too, should remember that every additional month or semester of training will make you a more effective helper to your country in this time of its emergency, ever growing more critical. So be willing and ready to go out, but go in no thoughtless hurry, nor merely to satisfy the natural restlessness of the moment.

Finally, to both lower and upper classmen, and to the great army of American college and university graduates, I would say: The country looks to you for justification of the advantages it has given or is now giving you. You are a privileged class. All special privilege brings special responsibility and special duty. Yours is the advantage of the expanded mind and the uplifted spirit. Your knowledge of the conditions and needs of your country, and your understanding of the real meaning of patriotism should be beyond those of the many denied your privilege. Therefore, your response to the call of your country's need should be quicker, more insistent, more persistent and more ready to adapt itself to any form of this need than that of the unprivileged many. You have already responded nobly to the call to the colors. But not all of you can now march to battle; not all of you should try to, but all who should not or cannot, and all who are sticking to the work of making themselves fitter for their future service can still serve, and serve now. There is very much that you can do right now.

I would call your attention to just one of the many ways in which you can help, and help importantly. It is the way to insuring the absolutely necessary food supply to ourselves, and to our Allies.

Especially must the matter of the food supply of our Allies be stressed. The vital world problem of food is not generally understood. The popular view is too self-centered, too selfish—to use an ugly word. It does not look across the sea. The back-wash of Europe's misery does not carry to our shores. We do not know, and hence can not feel, the pangs of hunger and the pain of hunger weakness that are everywhere in Europe. They are pains felt by our Allies as well as by our foes. We must make this known to all our people, that all our people may understand the great and indispensable and immediate role they must play in this all-important part of the war situation. You who can readily understand must help.

You can impress on the people around you, and wherever you go, the fact that the critical phase of the world food problem is now, not the question of high or low prices, but the question of producing and saving and sending enough food to our Allies to keep them alive and strong and steadfast in war. The critical question now in this war is the question of the actual physical strength of the fighting nations.

You can understand it, and you can explain it. You can help us let the people of this country know that our Allies depend absolutely on us to maintain their food supply. They, themselves, simply can not do it. If it is not done for them by us the end of the war is near, and it is a bad end, an inconceivably bad end. From every American college man the country expects the truest devotion, the truest patriotism and the highest service. And it will get it. You will give it.

## Notre Dame Ambulance Fund.

The first mile-post in the Notre Dame Ambulance Fund Drive has been passed, and it is hoped that the second will be reached with as much, if not more celerity than was the first. Considering the comparatively small number of donations, the prospects for success are most encouraging. If every student would make it a point to place his name upon the list for any amount, however small, it would mean a speedy attainment of the sum necessary for the purpose.

Owing to the departure of Rev. Matthew Walsh for Camp Sheridan, Rev. Thomas Burke has been appointed treasurer of the Fund, and all donations in the future should be directed to him.

J. J. McGraw, \$100; O. F. Brady, \$100; J. J. Reuss, \$100; E. Sattler, \$50; L. Sattler, \$50; E. F. Dunn, \$50; J. H. Hayes, \$50; J. F. Peschel, \$50; J. H. Ryan, \$50; M. P. Gooley, \$50; A. Rodriguez Castro, \$50; James Hoskins, \$50; Senior Class, \$25; Hy. A. Vallez, \$25; Donald Fitzgibbons, \$25; W. N. Oehm, \$25; P. L. Bryce, \$25; James Wheeler, \$25; Geo. Slaine, \$10; John Birdsell, \$10; W. P. Hayes, \$10; James Donovan, \$10; Rosa C. de Arles, \$10; Jos. Berra, \$10; Jose Gonzalez, \$10; Mrs. J. L. Rogers, \$10; Dewey Rosenthal, \$10; Thomas Daley, \$5; B. Parker, \$5; C. E. Dean, \$5; Mrs. M. Balle, \$5; G. J. Daley, \$5; Martin Kennedy, \$5; James Docley, \$5; Dale Vohs, \$5; P. J. Conway, \$2; A. K. Bott, \$2; Clarence Wilhelmi, \$2. Total, \$1036.00.

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Obituaries.

After an illness of nearly a year Mrs. Michael Healy, mother of Mr. Thomas Healy, Holy Cross Seminary, passed away at her home in Limerick, Ireland, on December 3. Tom is a member of the Junior class and has been an editor of the SCHOLASTIC for the past year and a half. To the bereaved son and to the other members of the family we extend our sincere sympathy and prayers. *R. I. P.*

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Vernon H. Burke (B. S., '86; LL. B., '86), passed away at his home 2064 East Eighty First Street, Cleveland, Ohio, two weeks ago following an operation for appendicitis. He was 52 years old. Mr. Burke had served as State Senator for four years and had made a notable record. He was a powerful orator and an expert on automobile law. We extend condolence to the bereaved wife and son.

## Local News.

—Mr. Nelson of Chicago, a representative of the Portland Cement Co., delivered an interesting and instructive lecture here to the students of the engineering courses last week on the subject of concrete boats.

—There is a vacancy in the principalship of a high school in a town in Wisconsin. Our informant writes, "We are willing to pay a good salary for a No. 1 man." Anyone interested may apply to the secretary of the President.

—On last Sunday evening the usual bi-weekly meeting of the Holy Cross Literary Society took place. Mr. Muckenthaler gave a recitation, Mr. John Casey a short-story and Mr. Hanifin a clever impersonation. An original sketch, the hit of the evening, was given by Messrs. Comeau, Lisewski, and Calay.

—The regular term examinations will be held in all the classes next Monday and Wednesday. Students are urged to utilize the few remaining days in brushing up on those subjects in which they are weakest. A little added effort now may make unnecessary all the worry and trouble that comes of taking conditioned examinations.

—It is rumored that the most exclusive organization on the campus is soon to hold its annual banquet—the first one in several years. The organization boasts the most rigid admittance conditions of any college body and its membership is consequently limited to a very few who are, needless to say, the cream of the college. Further details later.

—On the morning of Friday, January 18, the members of Sorin Hall attended Mass and received Communion for the repose of the soul of Thomas Spalding, who was killed in a wreck while returning to his home in Springfield, Kentucky, for the Christmas holidays. The members of Walsh Hall received Communion for the same intention last Tuesday morning.

—A list of all the Notre Dame men in the service is being prepared for publication in the Washington Day number of the SCHOLASTIC, and, to help make the roster as complete as possible, it is requested that anyone knowing of old students that have recently gone to camp will kindly leave the information at the Students' Office. Father Moloney would also

appreciate it, if those who receive letters of interest from N. D. men in the service, and more especially from the ones in France, would leave the letters with him to be kept in the archives of the university library.

—The chemical apparatus which had been temporarily installed in the old Carroll gym after our last year's fire, has been transferred to the new Chemistry building. The Carrollites expect to be using their old quarters soon and the change will probably have a great deal to do with the revival of handball, one of the most popular games here in times past.

—January 12 was the second anniversary of the death of the revered and lamented Sister Aloysius, who for so many years presided with such a strong hand and loving heart and clear head over St. Edward Hall. This great religious was remembered prayerfully on that day. Her name will be honored and cherished at Notre Dame as long as any of those live who knew her.

—Father John McGinn, C. S. C., has just received by telegram from the War Department at Washington his commission as a chaplain in the National Guard, with the rank of first lieutenant. Father McGinn will leave for his post of duty at Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Mississippi, sometime within the coming week. Fathers Edward Finegan and George Finnigan have already joined their respective regiments at Hattiesburg.

—The following notice has been sent out relative to the annual banquet of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago. We gladly publish it as being of interest to many at the University: "The annual banquet of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago will be held at the Hotel Brevoort, 120 West Madison Street, Chicago, on Saturday, February 2nd, at 6:30 P. M. Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Coach Jesse Harper and his assistant, Knute Rockne, will inform the alumni and former students of what Notre Dame is doing to-day. A large number of Notre Dame men have signified their intention to attend, and a good crowd is expected. Tickets can be secured from Fred L. Steers, 1350 First National Bank Building, and Francis H. Hayes, Otis Bldg. Come and renew old acquaintances and refresh fond memories with the old boys."

—In looking over the list of those who have signified their intention of trying out for the debating teams one misses the names of a number who might very well attain success in that line.

Some of our students forget occasionally that Notre Dame has a reputation to uphold in debating as well as in football or track. War conditions have depleted our debating as it did our athletic material and the same co-operative spirit is necessary if we would do as well mentally this year as we have been doing physically. Although the lists have been published they are not closed to those who may still wish to enter. Remember, some of Notre Dame's best debaters and orators of the past developed in spite of handicaps much greater than those which confront you. Hand in your name!

—The University band, under the direction of Professor Parreant, gave its first concert of the year in Washington Hall Saturday night. Although small in numbers the band is doing exceptionally well and the program was enjoyed by all. With a band of unbalanced instrumentation, Prof. Parreant has done wonders, and before the close of school the organization should surpass in quality any band Notre Dame has ever had. Prof. Parreant rendered two numbers on the viola after giving an interesting talk on the instrument and the compositions he played. The program was:

March	"St. Louis Cadets"
Intermezzo	"Mona"
Cornet Solo	"Beneath thy Window"
	(By Dillon J. Patterson)
One Step	"Cotton Time"
Viola Solo	"Rosary"
	(By Charles Parreant, Unaccompanied.)
Selection	"The Blue and Gray"

—Preliminary arrangements for the annual debate with Holy Cross Seminary were made at the regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society last Thursday night. "Resolved, that the city-manager form of government should be adopted in all cities of the U. S. under 500,000 inhabitants," was the subject proposed, but as it will probably be overworked by Varsity debaters who are studying on the same subject, committees from the two societies are to choose a new subject. The debate will be restricted to Freshmen, and each society will be represented by affirmative and negative teams. The debate will be held in the latter part of March.

In addition to the debating arrangements, Dave Philbin, vice-president of the society, gave an interesting talk on "War Rumors." Joseph Riley, president of the society last year, clearly

outlined the work of Catholic priests among the soldiers, in a discussion on "Army Chaplains." Emmet Sweeney gave a brief resume of "The Efficiency Movement in American Cities," and John Kenney recited Ingersoll's description of the tomb of Napoleon. The society is, aiding considerably in the development of extemporaneous and forensic eloquence and under the direction of the critic, Prof. Farrell, have accomplished quite satisfactory results.

—The following letter from Father Cavanaugh was printed in the *News-Times* recently relative to the placing of the names of two Notre Dame students in the list of those who failed to return their questionnaires:

Notre Dame, Ind.

Jan. 17, 1918.

Editor *News-Times*:

I notice in the list of those who have failed to return questionnaires the names of two former Notre Dame students, Roy Phillips and Doroteo Amador.

Roy Phillips left the University about the first of December and is now actually wearing the khaki in Camp Grant, near Rockford, Ill. He makes a bonnie brave soldier boy and he would not thank the officials who listed him among the slackers.

Doroteo Amador was a Filipino student who was graduated in June and who has returned to the Philippine Islands. I cannot say without inquiry whether Filipinos are properly subject to draft regulations, but in any case it would not have been possible for the questionnaire to reach Mr. Amador in the Philippines and be returned in time.

I make this statement in justice to two very honorable and deserving young men, whom I have never known to be backward in performing any duty.

JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,  
President of the University of Notre Dame.

—The first preliminaries for the selection of a debating team to represent the University will take place on the afternoon of February 4. Father Bolger, as director of debating activities, has arranged that the forty odd candidates, who are trying for a place on the teams, may appear with as little delay as possible after the trials have begun. Any new aspirants will be welcomed and given a place on some one of the dates given below. The program and contestants, as arranged for at present are as follows:

MONDAY FEB. 4, 4 P. M.

AFFIRMATIVE	NEGATIVE
J. Lemmer.....	John Abbott
Louis Finske.....	Edward Kelley
G. O'Meara.....	Thomas Duffy

SECOND—MONDAY, FEB. 4, 7:30 P. M.

Lawrence Stephan.....	B. Carney
John Buckley.....	F. Boland

J. L. Meyers.....	T. Hanifin
Emmett Sweeney.....	

THIRD—TUESDAY, FEB. 5, 4:00 P. M.

T. Beacom.....	S. Liszewski
P. Conaghan.....	T. Hurley
A. Cusick.....	P. Beaghan

FOURTH—TUESDAY, FEB. 5, 7:30 P. M.

F. Wyss.....	G. Harbert
C. Palmer.....	B. Lopez
J. Sullivan.....	T. Healey
F. Holderith.....	B. Murphy

FIFTH—WEDNESDAY, FEB. 6, 4:00 P. M.

W. Kelley.....	T. Tierney
J. Murtaugh.....	P. Loosen
J. Hogan.....	E. Hunter
	F. Dressel

SIXTH—WEDNESDAY, FEB. 6, 7:30 P. M.

A. Ryan.....	A. W. Slaggert
R. Switalski.....	V. Nagel
C. Morrison.....	J. Riley
	A. Schenden

### Quarterly Examinations.

January 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.

Christian Doctrine A, B, C, and I, will be examined January 27th at 7:30 p. m.

Christian Doctrine II and III will be examined January 28th at 7:30 p. m.

Monday, January 28th—Classes taught at 8:10 and 10:15 a. m., will be examined at 8:10 and 10:15 a. m., respectively. Classes taught at 1:15 and 3:05 p. m., will be examined at 1:30 and 4:30 respectively.

Tuesday, January 29th—Professors holding examinations on this day will announce to their classes the time and place of the examinations.

Wednesday, January 30th—Classes taught at 9:05 and 11:10 will be examined at 8:10 and 10:15 respectively. Classes taught at 2:10 will be examined at 1:30.

Students taking up new classes for the second term, which begins January 31st, should make arrangements for these classes between January 28th and 30th.

Classes Beginning January 31, 1918.

SUBJECT	TIME	ROOM
Astronomy	3:05	328
Accounting I	10:15	Commercial
Accounting IV	11:10	Commercial
Analytic Geometry	10:15	123
Analytic Geometry	11:10	Science Hall
Algebra I	1:15	230
Breeds and Market Classes	11:10	327
Calculus III	8:10	Science Hall
Chemistry II	10:15	Chemistry Hall
Chemistry II	1:15	Chemistry Hall
Chemistry III, IVa, IVb, V		(see bulletin in
Chemistry VI	9:05	Chemistry Hall)
Chemistry XIII (Physical)		
Construction III	10:15	Science Hall
Economics VI (Principles of	1:15	222
Economics VII-(Trn'pr'tat'n)		
Monday & Tues	10:15	Library
Economics VIII (Trusts		
Monday and Tuesday	8:10	Library

Economics IX (Bus. Law)	3:05	219
Economics XI (Am. Trade Unionism) Wed. & Sat.)	8:10	Library
Economics XIII (Insurance Wed. & Thurs.)	10:15	Library
Economics XIV (Com Geog) Fri. & Sat.)	10:15	Library
English II (The Essay)	1:15	Library
English III (The Novel)	9:05	123
Embryology I	1:15	Science Hall
Geology I (Principles of)	8:10	Science Hall
Horticulture II T. V. S.	11:10	327
History of Art IIIb	8:10	Arch. Room
History Ib (Rome)	1:15	117
History IIb (Modern)	11:10	Library
Journalism III (Adv's'ng.)	10:15	Library
M. E. VIb (Elm Steam Eng.)		
M. E. IX (team Eng. and Boilers)	11:10	Chemistry Hall
Mechanics of Materials	11:10	Shop
Pathology I	11:10	Science Hall
Philosophy II (Logic)	9:05	Science Hall
Philosophy IXb (Ethics Col. of Law)	11:10	123
Philosophy X (Ethics Co. of Eng. & Science)	10:15	227
Politics II	1:15	219
Politics V; M.T.W.	1:15	112
Physiology I	10:15	Science Hall
Physiology I	11:10	Science Hall
Physiology (Col. of Science)	11:10	Science Hall
Surveying II	1:15	Science Hall
Surveying VII	2:10	Science Hall

### Personals.

—Lieutenant Thomas L. Moore is now a member of the Staff of Instructors of aviation at Forth Worth, Texas.

—Frank McDermitt, flashy forward of last year's basketball team, is now acting captain of Camp McClellan team at Anniston, Alabama.

—Lieut. Francis Patrick ("Caesar") Mulcahy (Ph. B., '14) of the Aviation Corps of the Marines has been transferred from Minneola, L. I., to Lake Charles, Louisiana.

—Lieut. Charles Reeve, who came to us from Plymouth, Indiana, is now with the American Expeditionary Force in France. He has been made assistant of police over 140 men.

—Roy Phillips of Cadillac Hall last year, and now a soldier at Camp Grant, returned to us the other day to look over his old haunts. He has again resumed his duties at camp.

—Albert J. Kranz (LL. B., '17) announces that he is now engaged in the practice of law and is associated with the P. J. Kranz Co., 223 Gardner Building, Toledo, Ohio, and the

law firm of Brown, Hahn & Sanger, 1007-1016 Nicholas Building, Toledo, Ohio.

—Friends of Dan McGinnis (LL. B., '13) will be glad to learn that he is a first lieutenant in the Regular Army. At present he is in the 10th Regiment at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

—"Pat" McCourt, "Matt" Trudelle, and "Jerry" Miller, all of whom live in the memories of present-day Sorin Hallers, have joined the Naval Reserves and are at present stationed in Cleveland, Ohio.

—Mr. James Cahill, captain of the Varsity basketball team in '13-'14, became the happy father of a baby girl, Mary Devise Cahill on January 7. No doubt later in life Mary will register as a student at her mother's Alma Mater, St. Mary's College.

—Even while at N. D. Lieutenant Mark L. Duncan was somewhat of a high flier, so we are not at all surprised to hear that he is now a member of the Staff of Instructors at Kelley Field 2, Ground Officers' Training School, San Antonio, Texas.

—James Murphy, former Corbyite and now a first lieutenant at Camp Shelby, visited the University recently. James speaks highly of army life and his general appearance bears out his words. His brother, Jerry, is also a lieutenant in the service.

—Rex King, who was in Brownson Hall last year, has resigned as a member of the mounted police at Camp Dodge, Iowa, and has joined the Officers' Training Camp at the same place. Grover Malone and George L. Murphy, pitcher on the Varsity last year, are stationed at the same camp.

—Announcement comes to the SCHOLASTIC that Captain Frank J. Carey (Ph. B., '17) was married on Dec. 26th to Mable Georgiana Evans, of Boston, Mass. Captain Carey is now located at Louisville, Kentucky, Camp Taylor. The SCHOLASTIC, in the name of his many friends, offers congratulations.

—Word has been received from Seattle, Washington, that William D. McAllen has passed the examination required for entrance into the Signal Officers' Reserve Corps. "Billy" is a graduate of Columbia University, Portland, Oregon, and is a former Notre Dame student. He is the fourth son of the McAllen family to join the service.

—Old students and friends of Professor Burt Kelley, who while here had charge of the shop work, congratulate him on his rapid rise from a factory employee to the position of General superintendent of the Savage Tire Co. in San Diego, California. This is but another demonstration of the axiom that diligent application always assures success.

—A very pretty wedding recently took place in Missoula, Montana, the marriage culminating a friendship which began at Notre Dame, Indiana, where the bride, Miss Juliet Deschamps, attended St. Mary's College, and the groom, Mr. Keith K. "Deak" Jones, captained a championship football team in 1914 at Notre Dame, University. Congratulations!

—Camp McClellan now claims Rupert F. Mills (LL. B., '15), former Varsity baseball, basketball, football and track man, and Ray Eichenlaub's stage partner, "pal" and roommate in Sorin, as an enlisted member of her Third Officers' Training Camp. After leaving Notre Dame, "Rupe" distinguished himself as first baseman of the Newark "Feds."

—Ernie LaJoie is a glutton for enlisting! Having attained the dignity of lieutenant in the United States Reserves, he hurries off to join the Army of the Benedicts. On January 15, the marriage of himself and Miss Jane Catherine Murphy took place in Oak Park, Ill. After January 25, Lieut. and Mrs. LaJoie will be at home at Battle Creek, Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. LaJoie visited the University recently.

—We clip the following complimentary notice from a local paper regarding the recent activities of William Bradbury (LL. B., '16):

The law firm of Bradbury & Gaines announces a change. Hereafter the firm name will be Bradbury, Gaines and Bradbury—William Ethelbert Bradbury having been added to the firm. William E. is a graduate of the University of Notre Dame, having obtained the degree of Bachelor of Laws in June, 1916, in this noted institution, immediately after which he passed the State Bar Examination at Chicago, since which time he has been practicing his profession in the firm of Bradbury & Gaines. He is a very active young man, and were it not for the fact that he will probably soon be serving his country he would no doubt be of great assistance to this old and reliable firm.

—Rigney Joseph Sackley, class of '17, left Chicago recently to begin work for the Ordnance Department at the Columbus, Ohio, Barracks. His appointment comes as a result of his military efficiency acquired here and at

the Officers' Reserve Camp at Fort Sheridan. Rigney will be glad to hear from the Notre Dame boys. His brother, Edward, is with him in the service at Columbus, and another brother, Dyer, is a sergeant in the Aero Construction Squadron at Morrisson, Virginia.

—In a letter to Professor Cooney, our genial Louis P. Harl (Ph. B., in Journ., '16) writes that he is affiliated with the *Messenger*, a daily paper published in Owensboro, Kentucky. Judging by the tone of the letter, Louis is making good in the newspaper game. To quote from the epistle: "A few days ago I had my first opportunity to get out a paper. Mr. Woodson, my employer, was very complimentary about the way I handled the situation, but frankly, after the training I had received at Notre Dame, I felt that I should have done better." Furthermore, Louis is enlisted in the Good Samaritan Base Hospital Unit 40 which received its initiation from Dr. David Barrow, an eminent physician of Lexington, Kentucky.

—Although Charles P. Somers is a married man, he did not hesitate to answer his country's call to arms. When that call came Charlie was a successful corporation lawyer, but now he is a lieutenant of Company D, 351 Infantry, Camp Dodge, Iowa. In an enthusiastic letter to Brother Alphonsus, Lieutenant Somers wrote that he had the pleasure of calling on John Hynes (LL. B., '15), who is practising law in Des Moines, and who is rapidly rising in the profession. Charlie also wrote that he met "Gus" Dorais, our All-American quarterback of a few years ago, who has entered the Third Officers' Training Camp at Camp Dodge. Furthermore Lieut. Somers says that "Peaches" Granfield is Secretary of War Activities at the same camp. And Charlie didn't forget to add that the SCHOLASTIC is a very welcome visitor at his house. Just before going to print word was received that a prospective N. D. student arrived at the Somers' home on Dec. 19.

#### Athletic Notes.

With the mercury "hobnobbing" somewhere between zero and thirty-two degrees in the gymnasium last Saturday afternoon Notre Dame slipped over a victory on Western State Normal college, 17 to 14. Owing to an edict of one Mr. Garfield, fuel plenipotentiary of the U. S. A., no steam could be used for athletic



contests, but the game once under way everyone forgot the absence of the aeriform fluid.

Notre Dame scored first. Long shots through the basket in rapid succession by Hayes and Bader, and an additional point by Ronchetti from the foul line, made it five for Notre Dame before the Kalamazoo representatives had located their basket. Goals came few and far between for both teams, the combination of coolness and close guarding proving a severe damper to the attempts of the different forwards. Only twelve points were scored by both teams during the first half, but Notre Dame accounted for two-thirds of that number.

Olson, who is accustomed to run rough shod over all opposition, met a worthy foe in Ronchetti throughout the game. At the half-way mark the Kalamazoo center had accumulated three personal fouls, and he was warned by Referee Cooper that another infringement of the rules would carry him to the sidelines. Olson's play could not be characterized as dirty by any means, and during the latter half he dispensed with all of his annoying tactics, and not one foul was called on him.

Eight men were employed by Harper to put over the victory, Brandy, Smith and McGrain getting into the fray after it was started. McGrain did not appear until the fag end of the contest, but it was he who slipped in the basket with just 65 seconds to play that meant sure victory for the Gold and Blue.

Harper has done much good work with the material available for a basketball quintet. When it is considered that every man outside of Pete Ronchetti is absolutely a newcomer the good showing of last Saturday seems all the more noteworthy. An improvement in shooting baskets will add at least 50 percent to the strength of the team, and with a hard week's work on this department, there should be plenty of trouble for Wabash latent in the Notre Dame squad when the two teams take the court this evening.

The score:

KALAMAZOO 14		NOTRE DAME 17	
Angell.....	L F	Hayes.....	
Westgate.....	R F	Bader.....	
Olson.....	C	Ronchetti.....	
Houston.....	R G	Stine.....	
Vroag.....	L G	Pearson.....	

Goals: Hayes, McGrain, Bader 2, Ronchetti 2; Angell, Westgate, Olson 2, Houston. Fouls: Ronchetti 4 out of 6; Olson 4 out of 9. Substitutions: Notre Dame—Hayes for Pearson; Brandy for Hayes; Smith

for Bader; McGrain for Smith. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Cooper, Springfield Training School. Timer—Rockne.

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The revival of relay racing—always the most entertaining of track contests—proved unusually exciting between the halves of the basketball game with Western State Normal College last Saturday. It marked the first public appearance of Hayes, sprinter extraordinary and winner of the 100 and 220 yard dashes at the Junior National Championships last fall. His last lap for Corby proved the undoing of Brownson after a 12-yard lead had been accumulated in the early laps of the race. Harbert, Saallan, Sweeney, Conrad, Van Wonerghen and Meredith represented Brownson; Donovan, Dooley, Sheehan, Kennedy, Gilfillan and Hayes took good care of Corby's honor. The time for the half-mile was 1:40. C. W. C.

#### INTERHALL ATHLETICS.

Interhall track and basketball competition promises to portray the same keenness which characterized football activities this year. The interhall thinly-clads have not as yet received a schedule from Coach Rockne, but each hall has a generous representation loosening up in the gym daily in anticipation of future track frays.

Under the direction of Athletic Director Harper the following basketball schedule has been arranged: Jan. 27—Badin vs. Walsh; Corby vs. Brownson. Jan. 31—Sorin vs. Walsh; Feb. 3—Sorin vs. Corby; Brownson vs. Badin; Feb. 10—Walsh vs. Brownson; Corby vs. Badin; Feb. 14—Sorin vs. Brownson; Sorin vs. Badin; Walsh vs. Corby.

#### PREP ATHLETICS.

At a meeting held last Thursday afternoon the newly formed Notre Dame Preparatory Athletic Association elected the following leaders for a term embracing the balance of the year: president, Ben Susen; vice-president, James McGrath; treasurer, William McLaughlin; secretary, Edward Bailey.

Basketball mentor Andrews is putting the Preps through regular workouts in anticipation of the formidable schedule which he has arranged. Among the basketeers the Preps will meet this season are: South Bend H. S., Mishawaka, Elkhart, Plymouth and Culver. Coach Rockne and Call will supervise the tactics of the track men who are scheduled to meet various neighboring high schools teams.

## Safety Valve.

## STUDENT LOGIC

—If food will win the war why don't they give us more of it?

—A prefect is only a prefect, but a cigarette is a smoke.

—Why don't they put a radiator outside of every window to warm the air before it comes in through the cracks?

—Wherefore should I go to the army? I can get hash and beans right here at school.

\*\*\*

Neither do we know what toe-nails are for except to ruin socks.

\*\*\*

## THE ONLY WAY.

You may be as learned as Socrates, you may write erudite articles and deliver scholarly speeches, but you'll never have a million unless you invent a can opener or a paring knife.

\*\*\*

What has become of the student who used to work out his own problems?

\*\*\*

Most students seem to think it a sign of bad bringing up to be able to write legibly.

\*\*\*

Why, no, Gerard, an antelope is not a muskmelon, and you ought to know that bathos is not a house where people take baths.

\*\*\*

It's a wonder they don't close the knowledge factories for five days. Think of the intellectual fuel that Walsh Hall would save! Had went, etc.

\*\*\*

## FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

Dr. Garfield ought to raise h——. As far as we can find out there's no shortage of fuel there.

\*\*\*

The student who thought a procrastinator was a thing to make coffee in, would probably have to be told that a radiator was not the driver of an air ship.

\*\*\*

## NOBODY'S NOSE. HOW BAD I FEEL.

You've been a queen to me dear girl

I'm grateful as can be,

I treasure up the kindnesses

That you have done for me.

You've let me stroke your snowwhite hand

As often as I chose,

But dearest you have never let

Me kiss you on the nose.

I've gone to dinner to your house

You've treated me sublime,

I've played, and sang and danced with you

We've surely had a time.

I was as happy as could be,

But now at evening's close  
I recollect you've never let  
Me kiss you on the nose.

The songs we sang have died away,  
The dancing now is o'er,  
But do not tell me dearest one  
We shall not meet once more.  
The day has been a lonesome one  
But e'er I seek repose,  
I pray that you will let me come  
And kiss you on the nose.

I never cared about one's eyes  
And chins are always queer,  
And no one ever thinks of lov-  
Ing people on the ear.  
Cheeks are quite common nowadays  
And fingers much like toes  
But say the word and I shall spring  
And kiss you on the nose.

\*\*\*

Registrar—"You tell me that you never swear, or smoke, or chew or whistle; that your marks have always been above ninety; that your conduct has been unimpeachable."

New Student—"Yes, indeed, sir, quite so."

Registrar—"We'll you'll have to learn sooner or later, so I'll put you in Rockefeller Hall."

New Student—My! how delightful! With the millionaires."

\*\*\*

The N. D. catalogue describes  
The beauties of the school,  
It tells about the massive halls  
The Gym and swimming pool.  
It lauds the paintings to the skies  
And raves about the Dome,  
But doesn't say a single word  
About a "letter home."

They send a letter home to dad  
Each time I draw my breath,  
The letter's worded so the folks  
Will think I've stoned to death  
A little child, or stabbed a boy,  
Or done some heinous crime,  
They certainly are showing me  
And Father a good time.

\*\*\*

## FOND RECOLLECTIONS.

"Did I know Joe? Well, you bet I did. Didn't we both live together in Corby Hall where they wear track shoes in the corridor to keep from skidding; didn't we both eat out of the same stew dish at the table and sleep in the same history classes and—  
No, you're wrong. He was expelled two weeks after me.

\*\*\*

"Yes, indeed, Reginald had two very good qualities. He never talked in his sleep and, so far as I have been able to find out, never burned down any of the University buildings.