

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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## Solitude.

BY JAMES H. MACDONALD, '19.

SWEET solitude, I love to feel  
Thy soft arms press about me,  
Bidding me visit thy still gardens  
And breathe of thy serenity.  
Gardens of boundless acreage  
Unswapt by wild, discordant winds,  
Whose walls are viewless battlements,  
Where alien joy no entrance finds.  
Here with God at evening—  
High fervor crimsoning the skies;  
No murmur moves the garden air  
And I am ravished by His quiet eyes.

## The Training of an Airman.

THE STEPS LEADING TO THE CONQUEST OF THE  
AIR, A COMMISSION IN THE AIR SERVICE, AND  
A PLACE IN THE BATTLE SKIES OF FRANCE.

THE training of America's new airmen is one of the most scientific and the most fascinating courses of study ever evolved. It has every need to be scientific because it provides a general knowledge of the world's newest sciences; it has every certainty of being fascinating because it goes far into the mysteries of flight, of wireless, of codes, of reconnaissance. It is stimulated all the way through, moreover, by that irresistible urge of national service and by the knowledge that every bit of added skill gained will return with interest in one of those forthcoming crises in the skies of France.

The course is divided into three distinct steps,—the ground schools, the flying schools in this country, and the final advanced flying schools abroad. This has been necessary because it provides an admirable means of measuring the men and rapidly and logically sifting out the unfit; and also because it allows

the greatest mobilization of resources,—the big Universities in this country for the preliminary technical work, the new flying fields here with America's good training planes, and the wonderful schools abroad with their supply of fighting planes and seasoned pilots and their atmosphere of battle. Under this system Americans are assured of a composite course based upon the best of everything gained in three years of warfare abroad, and are not held back by the original lack of facilities here.

Immediately a cadet is called into active service he is directed to a "Ground School" at one of the eight large Engineering Universities which have placed their resources at the service of the Government. Here the student aviator is under military discipline, but with all the comforts, the facilities and the atmosphere of college life.

The purpose of this work is twofold: First and most important it provides a fundamental knowledge of the principles of all the sciences of aviation, which gives a rock-bottom foundation to a cadet's training. Second it quickly uncovers those who, both for the good of the service and of themselves, should not go further.

The cadets learn here how to take an engine, a machine-gun, or a plane apart and put it together again. They become so familiar with the mechanisms they will soon be using as to have an instinctive mastery of them. No one of them will be allowed to go up into the air until he understands every phase of the machine underneath him. He will then have all the confidence that an expert horseman has in his favorite mount.

Wireless and the Morse code are also mastered so that the men can talk to their guns from the air as they would through a telephone. Then they are set at "spotting," looking down upon an exact reproduction of a part of the front and wirelessly back the location of flashes made to represent bursting shells. Aerial photography, reconnaissance, air tactics and

the like are also studied, and military drill, calisthenics, and army regulations mastered. By the end of eight weeks the cadet is thoroughly "grounded" in aviation and assured, as far as it is humanly possible to give assurance, that he is prepared to go off the ground.

Then come the flying schools. It is not possible for military reasons to describe them in detail. It can be said, however, that the size of these schools would be startling to the uninitiated, who would see in them a life of which he had hardly dreamed, a life that ushers in the new day of air-travel for man. And he would also see groups of cadets, flying, studying, working, oblivious of time and of hours, fascinated by the romance of their subjects, earnest to prove equal to every test in the realization that the great test of all lies just over the hill of to-morrow.

Picture the thrill of the first flight with the instructor; then the feeling of power that gradually begins to come as the control of the machine is more and more taken over; the exasperation and then the joy as the all-difficult work of landing is conquered; finally the exultation of the first soaring aloft, alone. Bit by bit the airman stretches out his wings, flying a little farther, a little longer, a little higher each day, until he feels himself master of the air. Then with a 30-mile cross-country flight and a 10,000 foot altitude test, he is proved—a Reserve Military Aviator and a commissioned officer in America's Air Army, wearing the coveted wings and shield of Uncle Sam.

One step remains. Final training in evolution, in squadron formation, and in battle practice is given, in France, on the latest, up-to-the-minute machines under seasoned French airmen, in the actual atmosphere of battle. At its conclusion, the aviator is trained as highly as it is possible to train him, is awarded his Junior Military Aviator brevet, promoted one grade and is ready whenever duty calls him.

This is man's work. It requires physique, brains, and concentration. It is worked out upon the principle of complete mastery of every step before another step is taken. It is surrounded with every precaution of safety, as is shown by the fact that not a dozen fatal air accidents have occurred among all the hundreds of men trained. It requires the highest type of college men, not more men, but better men.

The final article in this official series will appear February 9, 1918.

#### Four Pioneers in the Short Story.

BY LEIGH G. HUBBELL, '18.

The short story is literature's youngest child; the epic, the tale, the drama, the essay, and the novel are each older. There are critics who deny that the short-story is a child at all; others admit a new creation, but are inclined to look upon it as a sort of *enfant terrible*, to use the expressive French phrase. Whatever may be the opinions of literary experts, the short-story has won the masses, nor has it lacked men of genius to sponsor it into public favor. The pioneer writers who developed the new form at least caught the world's attention with their artistic experiments, and it is probable that they actually did develop a new literary genre.

If we agree with those who hold the short-story to be a new species in literature, we must follow them in looking back to Edgar Allan Poe as its originator and first pioneer. Tales were told before Poe, and some were told in the modern manner, but it was Poe who first clearly conceived and convincingly stated the power and artistic qualities of the story that aims at "a certain unique effect." He not only conceived and delineated the new species, he gave his theories practical form, illustrating in more than sixty masterly examples the technique and values of the modern short-story.

Before Poe, with sporadic exceptions, the world's story-tellers followed the leisurely, digressive manner of Chaucer. They told a story, to be sure, but they stopped by the way to expatiate on whatever interested them. The result was usually a tale,—a story embellished by little essays, by minor digressions, by disproportionate descriptions, and often by a little moralizing. We have but to recall the tales of the Arabian Nights, of Cervantes, of Scott, or of Irving to appreciate the type. Even Hawthorne moralized in his stories. Now Poe banished all this. For the leisurely manner of the old conteur, he substituted a purposive, economical style that developed the story to one single end. His idea was first to conceive an effect, secondly, to invent and fashion a series of incidents that would lead straight to this preconceived effect. There was to be no dallying, no sauntering, no digressing; "in the whole composition there should be no word written of

which the tendency, direct or indirect," was not "to the one pre-established design." The leisurely, garrulous times were past; the world henceforth was to be occupied by strenuous, purposeful moderns, who should have no time for dallying.

Poe carried out his theories with a ruthless economy of effects. The resulting stories were artificial, but they were vivid, forceful, hypnotic. There were tales of the preternatural such as "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "Ligeia"; of pseudo-science, as "A Descent into the Maelstrom"; of ratiocination, as "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; and of simple horror, as "The Pit and the Pendulum." These tales were translated into French by an enthusiastic admirer, and foreign appreciation of Poe led native by many years. But American and English appreciation has steadily grown and in the words of Professor Canby, "we would hail Poe first as a master of technique, as the great craftsman in English narrative, perhaps the most influential innovator since Richardson."

The second important pioneer of the short-story was Bret Harte. Fatherless at the age of fifteen, he went with his mother to the "Golden West" in 1854. Here, in California, he was successively school-teacher, miner, express messenger, printer and editor. In the August number of the new *Overland Monthly* for 1868 appeared his first study of the turbulent life around him, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The story was at once recognized as a masterpiece; its characters were novel and primitive, its action as incisively sketched as any plot of Poe's. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "Tennessee's Partner" were no less successful, and by 1871 Harte was famous. England, which had been cold towards Poe, liked Harte at once. This sudden fame called him East. In 1878 he was appointed Consul at Glasgow, Scotland, and lived abroad until his death in 1902. He is buried in Frimley Churchyard, England.

What did Bret Harte contribute to the development of the new literary species? The answer is that he illustrated the new form in at least three imperishable classics. He followed, consciously or not, the definition laid down by Poe, and he made the new form known throughout the English-speaking world. So true was this that people began to hail him as the inventor of the new type, and it became necessary for him to answer his flatterers in a public dis-

claimer. (See the *Cornhill Magazine* for July 1899) Finally, Harte showed his countrymen how to develop American local color, and how well-adapted is the short-story for presenting novel situations, strong contrasts, and the peculiar characters of a given community. With Harte the short-story was established, and became the usual rather than the extraordinary tool.

The final stamp of approval was set upon the new instrument when Robert Louis Stevenson took it under his patronage. In 1877 and 1878 he published three short-stories in English magazines that reassured most critics as to the permanence of the new forms. "A Lodging for the Night," "Will o' the Mill," and "The Sire de Malétroit's Door," appearing within three months' time, were finished, polished productions. Stevenson was a stylist above all else, and his gifts to the new form were beauty and grace,—the gifts of an English artist with French leanings. He brought distinction to the short-story, and made it more popular among his fellow-Englishmen.

Stevenson followed his first stories with "The Pavilion on the Links" (1880), "Thrawn Janet" (1881), "Markheim" (1885), and others less important. We must note that he brought from his French studies not only a passion for style, but a point of view as well. All his stories are impressionistic, just as were the stories of his contemporaries in France. What we mean by an "impressionistic" story is best explained by letting Stevenson speak for himself. "There are three ways of writing a story," he told Graham Balfour. "You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or lastly, you may take a certain atmosphere, and get action and persons to express and realize it. I'll give you an example—'The Merry Men.' There I began with the feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the story to express the sentiment with which that coast affected me." The best American impressionist is undoubtedly Henry James, and he began writing short-stories before Stevenson; but the latter to date, has far surpassed him in influence.

We have now viewed three masters,—pioneers as well,—of the short story in English, but we have said nothing of a long line of masters who wrote in French. We have said that the short-story is an American invention, and so,

as a self-conscious genre, it is; yet the French Prosper Mérimée wrote superbly-restrained short-stories before Poe. It was the neglect of the French to appreciate Mérimée's achievement or to attempt to develop the type of compressed narration that he had begun, that made Poe's definition of the form a new idea. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the French were more interested in other forms, as verse, the novel, and the drama, which they had in abundance. Then, too, the tale, or conte, had been with them a long time, and always as a minor species. The advent of Poe, translated by Charles Baudelaire, directed their attention to the excellent work in the new form already accomplished by men like Balzac, whom they had regarded as a novelist, De Musset, the poet, De Vigny, Mérimée, and others.

The Frenchman who took the short-story for his own was Guy de Maupassant. He published his first story, "Tallow-Ball," in 1880; his last in 1891; in the one decade he produced over two hundred. He carried Poe's definition to its highest expression; every story that he wrote goes straight to the "preconceived and unique effect" that the American had laid down as fundamental. The most noted of Maupassant's stories are "Moonlight" (1882), "The Coward," "The Piece of String" (1885), "The Necklace" (1885) and "The Horla" (1887). His talent for minute observation was extraordinary; he constructed his stories with amazing economy.

Perhaps we cannot better conclude our study of these four pioneers than by examining a story from the greatest of the four. Let us take "The Piece of String," in which Maupassant showed how a fascinating story may be constructed from a very simple situation. It will serve, moreover, to demonstrate the entire genre.

The story has to do with old Master Hauchecorne, an economical old provincial, who sees a bit of string lying on the road one morning. He is slipping it into his blouse when he becomes aware that the Harness Maker, an old enemy, is watching him. Fearing his enemy's ridicule, he fumbles about, pretending to be looking for something else, and then goes on to market. Towards evening of the same day the citizens are summoned by drumbeat to the public square. A wallet with five hundred francs has been lost. The Harness Maker accuses Master Hauchecorne, who tells the mayor that it was only a bit of string that he picked up that morning.

The incredulous mayor finally lets him go. He spends the evening explaining to his neighbors, and is not believed. The next day the wallet is found. Hauchecorne is triumphant now, but the citizens merely believe that he tossed the wallet where it would be found. He is aghast at their incredulity. He goes the rounds again, trying to convince them.—But let Maupassant finish:—

"'Those are a liar's reasons,' people said behind his back. He realized it; he gnawed his nails, and exhausted himself in vain. He grew perceptibly thinner. Now the jokers asked him to tell the story of 'The Piece of String' for their amusement, as a soldier who has seen service is asked to tell about his battles. His mind attacked at its source, grew feeble. Late in December he took to his bed. In the first days of January he died and in the delirium of the death-agony he protested his innocence, repeating: "'A little piece of string—a little piece of string—see, here it is, m'sieu mayor.'"

Can concentration for a "certain unique effect" be carried farther?

### Freshman Thoughts.

The will is the whip of life.

Time and the time-clock wait for no man.

Don't watch the boss; he's watching you.

The machine of success is not a self-starter.

Be not merely good; be good for something.

The sea of life has no motor boats; try rowing.

If you wish to get ahead and stay ahead, use a head.

A man without faith is like a man without a country.

A man who is satisfied with himself is easily satisfied.

When a tool is making a lot of noise you know it is not cutting.

Wouldn't it be great if we were all as great as we think we are?

A real man is like a punching bag; the harder you hit him the harder he comes back.

Life to a man should be neither a succession of banana peels nor a succession of comedy reels.

"Nature gave us two ears but only one mouth," and some people have been working ever since to overcome the handicap.

## Varsity Verse.

## LOCAL LIMERICKS.

There was a young Walshite named Farrell,  
Whose shape much resembled a barrel;  
He would not exercise,  
So up in the skies  
He is now, perhaps, singing a carol.

T. J. T.

A barber named "Jimmy Ha-Ha"  
Used to trim us with perfect sangfroid;  
When asked could he shave,  
Said this witty old knave,  
"When a shaver I shaved your grandpa."

R. D.

There's a fellow in Walsh, so they say,  
Who's supposed to eat at the Café;  
He went to a show,  
And blew all his dough,—  
That's why he is falling away.

J. A.

There was a young fellow from Nome,  
Who came to N. D. from his home;  
He thought he was smart,  
And acted the part,  
So they sold him a share in the Dome.

D. E.

A student in Sorin is wise;  
One in Corby is quite otherwise.  
While a Brownsonite lad  
Is supposed to be bad,  
And the beggars in Walsh, wealthy guys.

T. B.

We have a young student named Hope,  
Who some day expects to be pope.  
When he told this to me,  
At once I could see  
That he must be a user of dope.

V. G.

In Walsh Hall there is a sorority,  
Consisting of quite a majority;  
For soldiers they knit  
Nice sweaters to fit.  
On that sport they are sure an authority.

H. S. F.

His eyes were decidedly blinky,  
He stammered and stared, just to think he  
Could not go to town,  
As the King, with a frown,  
Showed him, three times, his name on the dinky.

C. H. K.

## Frank's Début.

BY LEO J. JONES, '18.

"Say, Frank, Mae has a friend visiting her this week and she asked me to bring someone along Saturday evening. What do you say?" Al Boswell was sitting in front of his littered desk, leisurely puffing a fat stogie.

Frank carefully looked up the etymology of myopia and deliberately deposited the data in the proper pigeon-hole of his cerebrum, before he nonchalantly countered, "Where's Tom?"

"Tom? oh, he's cutting up over in Lawrence at present. Besides, Mae suggested my roommate," returned the other suavely. "I never gave it a thought before, but it is rather funny that we have never been out together, except when you dragged me off to see old Bill Shakespeare's substitute for race suicide."

"I'll go, Al," Frank declared all of a sudden and decisively. "But don't bother me until I finish this dissertation on the termination of Hamlet."

Al dutifully laid out his psychology text and proceeded to a practical application of its principles rather than an investigation of them. For a year and a half the boys had shared their room, but that was about as far as their association had gone. Though both accepted the same motto—"Get the most out of life"—each interpreted it in his own way. Frank was continually striving for the most knowledge, while Al was just as earnestly seeking the most fun. Each envied the accomplishments, though neither noticed the deficiencies, of the other. Al was now wondering how his roommate always managed to "get in" first, and how he was able to banish all thought of his social affairs the moment he opened his books. Some of his own greatest enjoyment, he realized, came with the pleasant recollections of his last entertainment. Finally he abandoned the problem for a brief "skim" over the next day's assignment. He was just planning an attack on the second paragraph, when Frank, discarding his references, interrupted.

"What are we going to do?" he burst forth.

"When?" inquired Al, from his sea of generic images, concepts, and ideas.

"Saturday night, of course."

"Oh, I don't know. It's at the house."

Frank thought the explanation rather vague, but he persisted. "What's her name?"

"Who?" serenely inquired the other; he was absent-mindedly thumbing the pages of his Maher.

"Why, your friend's guest," explained the exasperated seeker of knowledge.

"Oh, Nellie Bently," said Al jerking himself out of his reveries. "She's from out of town, and Mae says she's everything she could be. She dances like Mrs. Vernon Castle and can keep a crowd in good humor at her uncle's wake."

"She'll be all right, I guess," admitted Frank, with the air of a connoisseur. With that important matter settled, the two boys proceeded to "oblivate" their troubles in the land of dreams.

When Frank awoke at his usual early hour his first thought was of Saturday evening to come. In the cold gray morning, some of the assurance of the previous night was lacking. Perhaps, he would fail in some emergency, thereby embarrassing all concerned, and then Al would be sorry that he had been invited. At any rate, it would be no more than fair to inform Al of his misgivings and short-comings, and thus give him a chance to withdraw the invitation if he so desired. Yes, that would be the best way, for Al would at least see him through and probably give him a pointer or two when it was necessary. Still, it would be humiliating to confess that he could not do the latest steps nor sustain a conversation in words of less than three syllables. If Al would only be willing to take a chance on his ability to "get by" with discourses on such topics as the ionic theory or the possibility of a fourth dimension. Perchance Al could guide the conversational flow into channels adapted to his knowledge. Anyhow, he would broach the subject of his rustiness and let Al decide as soon as he awoke. Meditating in this manner Frank consumed the hour which he ordinarily devoted to his Metaphysics.

But when Al did finally sit up and rub his eyes, he was alone in the room. Frank had departed for classes somewhat earlier than usual in order that he might investigate the new displays of cravats at Tobin's Toggery. Nor did the room-mates meet at noon, since Frank was painfully endeavoring to inform the proprietor of the Han Chu Hand laundry that he desired a particularly good job on his best shirt. By evening, Frank was so engrossed in his preparations that the possibility of his not attend-

ing the party had slipped his memory. The following day he persisted in his determination to offer Al an opportunity of retracting the invitation, but the course of the day's events continued to keep the two of them separated.

As Saturday progressed, however, and his anticipations grew accordingly, he decided to say nothing about his misgivings. With his command of English, he would not be discomfited by the light chatter of a couple of girls. He hurried through his supper and arranged his rather prepossessing person in all his recently accumulated finery. Contemplating the result, he was interrupted by Al, dashing in with a "Wonder if I've got a fresh collar?"

"Take that extra one of mine," responded Frank composedly as he dropped onto the bed for a last pull on his old corn-cob.

"Miss Bently, this is Mr. Evans," one radiant vision of feminine beauty was saying and another, still more charming, smiled demurely at the erstwhile student.

"I'm just too enchanted to meet young college men," greeted Miss Bently and Frank felt that the worst was over.

"You know it is a rare treat, Miss Bently for us boys to break away from the musty old jokes of Terence and Aristophanes for a bit of sparkling pleasure like this," rattled the interloper, glibly.

"Yes, Mae has told me all about you and Al," his companion ran on innocently. "I think it is just splendid for you boys to have such good times together at college."

"It is good fun when one takes time to think about it," he admitted, assuming just a touch of ennui. "But it wears on one a little—this burning the candle at both ends."

"Oh, speaking of candles," chanted the girl, "we had had such a lovely time at the Halloween Party last night. You just should have been there. But I suppose you boys had more fun larking than we did at the dance?"

"We did get away with some pretty foolish antics," he modestly admitted, "but," confidently, "Al hasn't quite persuaded me to learn the new steps."

"Why, Frank Evans, you don't dance?" she chided.

"Well, you couldn't exactly call me a dancing master," he confessed.

"Oh, we must teach you, then. I don't think your old college course is complete," she complained.



"I don't think we had better begin to-night," he tried to protest uneasily; but she was already selecting a record.

"Come on, you folks, Mr. Evans has got to be taught to dance," she cried and the others readily joined in.

"Honest to goodness, Nellie," Frank was declaring after half an hour's exertions, "I wasn't kidding, I haven't been on a floor in three or four years."

"You must have been an artist then," she complimented.

"No, I was scarcely mediocre, but I didn't have so good a teacher," he returned.

"That's very nice of you," was the answer as they drifted off into another fox-trot.

"Are you to be in town long?" he inquired.

"Well, that depends on circumstances. Mae insists that I stay two weeks and I don't think I'll be without a good time," she invited.

"Not if I have anything to say about it," he replied confidently.

"Come! Come! Frank, old boy," burst in Al. "We will have to hurry like the very old Harry. Mae will take the head off me if we keep her waiting much longer. Say, you did look contented though!"

"All right, Al! Have you dressed so soon?" answered Frank, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Did you say Miss Bently has light, golden hair?"

"No, I think Mae said she was decidedly brunette."

#### Farewell to the Chaplains.\*

BY JOHN A. LEMMER, '18.

Little more than a half-century ago Notre Dame gave six of her noblest priests to serve a Union, the integrity of which was threatened. She made glorious response to the call of country during those years of civil war, and gave enthusiastic expression to that spirit of genuine patriotism which she has always inculcated and fostered. Again to-day does the professor leave his classroom, as he did in the early Sixties, to go forth with the armies of America in defence of democracy. Again to-day does Notre Dame sacrifice men who have been her leaders, men whose services it will be hardest to replace, that the principles of American government may prevail.

The sincerity of Notre Dame's sacrifice

is well exemplified in the men she sends forth from us. Father Walsh, vice-president of the University and dean of the department of history, who by his teaching has inspired hundreds of young men with an appreciation of history, leaves us to help make the records which will equal if not surpass in grandeur the annals of bygone years. And with him departs Father Edward Finnegan, who has won our affection during his years as professor, as prefect of Corby, and as prefect of discipline. Father George Finnigan, a member of the Holy Cross Mission Band, a distinguished alumnus of our university, who as a student here was distinguished in college activities, responds also to the call of country to-day. We students at Notre Dame appreciate the sublimity of our Alma Mater's self-sacrifice, because we know what these men mean to her, and by the greatness of her immolation do we measure her patriotism.

Notre Dame loves the Stars and Stripes second only to the Cross. She loves the flag under which Corby and Cooney and Dillon served their God and their country on the battlefields of the Civil War. She loves the Flag the more intensely as she sees the Irish Brigade in genuflection at Gettysburg; as she sees her old president and professor, Father Corby, standing there, asking the benediction of the Almighty on his men, and pronouncing the words of absolution. She loves the banner under which her sons of to-day are fighting somewhere in France. She loves the banner under which Fathers Walsh, E. Finnegan, and G. Finnigan shall consecrate themselves. Notre Dame loves the Stars and Stripes, because love of God and love of country are the supreme tenets of her religion.

We pray God to bless the chaplains to whom we bid farewell to-day, to bless with speedy victory our country, for the vindication of whose principles they are offering themselves. We know that the expression of devotion which our chaplains will appreciate most is prayerful remembrance before the altar, and we assure them that in our prayers and at Holy Communion, we will ask for their encouragement in time of danger, and for their safe and early return after glorious victory to many happy, peaceful years at Notre Dame.

\*Address in the name of the students of the University, delivered on the recent occasion of Notre Dame's farewell to her army chaplains.

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—A bread-line is one sight that never fails to elicit the sympathy of those who witness it. Like many another silent procession, it needs no explanation; the

**Remember the Bread-Line.** story of urgent human need is too obvious to be missed. Very true, agrees the student, but what has Notre Dame to do with bread-lines, except perhaps, as a matter for discussion in some sociology class? The bread-line belongs to our crowded industrial centers. But here is where we make a mistake, for Notre Dame has a bread-line, one that is not a mere supposition. Every day, at the university kitchen, there is a line of women and children, with baskets for the Sisters to fill, and this line waits while inside the warm refectory, we students leisurely pick the fluffy centers out of five or six buns, or thoughtlessly appropriate an extra helping of sugar to nourish the bottoms of our cups. The figures as to the bread-line have been obtained first-hand. Every day the Sisters fill at least five or six baskets, and when the weather permits more children to walk out, there are eighteen or twenty to care for. The moral scarcely needs stating. If not from patriotism, then at least out of charity, let us make more effort to cut down our waste at table. Remember the Sisters' bread-line!

—Long before the United States became involved in the present war, governmental censorship had often been advocated as a remedy for the many well-known faults of the press. In time of war much news must for strategic reasons be sup-

pressed. From the beginning of the hostilities with Germany our American newspapers have exercised a rather strict voluntary censorship. Editors throughout the land have been glad to do this "bit" in the cause of their country. They have cheerfully surrendered their time-honored fortress, "Freedom of the Press," and have accepted for the present "Censorship of the Press." Of late, however, there has been much dissatisfaction on the part of prominent journalists in consequence of the severe censorship practised by the agents in France. News concerning our troops there, apparently of no possible value to the enemy, has been systematically withheld from the home country. Our correspondents in Europe are complaining bitterly of the way their writings are mutilated, made unintelligible, or suppressed altogether. They maintain that the present censorship has become a perfect screen for the mistakes that are made on that side of the world by barring all criticism. They urge that if the public, which generally forms a more accurate judgment than individuals, is to be kept in ignorance or is to be deceived concerning its army, we have nothing but failure to look forward to. All this may be exaggerated; and we hope that it is badly exaggerated, but it nevertheless suggests that there is need of a rational compromise between unrestricted freedom of the press and unreasonable censorship.

—Though many do not understand it to be so, some solitude is quite as necessary to the development of the complete man as companionship. Man is by nature a social being, and too much solitude is not good for him, but by far the more common fault is too much sociability. Lovers' quarrels, domestic spats, "cabin fever," and the like, are all violent illustrations of the truism that familiarity breeds contempt. Solitude is the antidote for excess of familiarity. Then too, it is only when we are alone that we have a fair chance to know ourselves. The intrusion into our consciousness of any person, however dear, is a distraction. An hour a day spent in solitude will accomplish in anyone a surprising mental and social orientation. Withdraw into solitude now and then, and study yourself and your relations to your fellows. Try those relations if they be in tune, as the virtuoso tries his instrument before he dares to use it.



## The Navy and College Man.

BY HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

*(Published by request of the War Department.)*

It is vital to a powerful navy to have powerful guns and powerful ships, but they are only so much well-fashioned steel unless they are manned by officers and men with trained minds and hands, with steady nerves and heads. We have to-day in the Navy all the men we need until ships under construction and repair are furnished and put in commission. The greatest need, therefore, is for officers who know how to sail a ship, how to man its guns, how to organize it to fight.

The Navy's reliance upon the Naval Academy for educated and capable officers in peace times is well placed. Since the war began this fine institution, unsurpassed in the world, has been doubled, but to-day its facilities are inadequate to graduate officers as rapidly as they are needed.

But all the normal sources of officers combined did not serve to give as many as the expanding Navy needed, and we turned with confidence to the civilians, with love of the sea and some knowledge of seamanship to qualify themselves for command. Before war was declared there were some reserve officers who had shown talent and are giving evidence of ability, but many of the men initiated into the glorious company of naval officers came direct from civil life, and upon their willingness to learn, their swiftness, and their aptitude we must depend for a large increase in the number of those who are to be given command of our ships.

The Navy has given warm welcome to college students and college graduates. I wish I could personally shake hands with each college man who has entered or will enter the service. I would like to say to each:

"You will touch here with the stimulating traditions dear to all who love the Navy.

"Your country has confidence in you. You will justify that confidence in proportion as you master the work on which you are entering. Its rewards come only to those of good courage whose minds are wholly given to learning the mysteries of modern fighting craft.

"I am empowered officially to welcome the youthful defenders of our country. You come as citizens called to duties of citizenship in time of war. When civil liberty is at stake, civilians become warriors. So to-day the Republic has gone to war!

"As you may be called into service you will go to the fleet, to the patrol, to the transports, to whatever duty you will be assigned with the feeling that you have shown that civilians can do whatever there is need for them to do.

"You are engaged in a righteous war, and when faith in right shall triumph over faith in might, as it surely will, you will share with the veterans of the Navy the gratitude of a people who have never looked to their Navy in vain.

"I do not know what particular service you will be called upon to do. I can not lift the veil. One thing I do know, however, and that is that you will be worthy of the noble work into which you enter. May the All-Wise Providence give you of His strength to bear the world to an early peace—a peace that shall insure justice and right alike to all peoples and all nations."

## Local News.

—Dave Hayes, member of the varsity football team and sophomore in economics, was called to his home in South Manchester, Conn., recently by the death of his father. We extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

—At the next general meeting of the South Bend Women's Club, which will be held February 5, Professor John Becker, head of the Department of Music, will deliver a lecture on "The Making of a Music-Loving People."

—Alexander A. Szczepanik, junior journalist, has been made correspondent of the "Dziennik dla Wszystkich," a Polish daily of Buffalo, N. Y., to "cover" the Convention of the Polish Clergy Alliance, to be held in Chicago, Feb. 6-7-8. Archbishop Mundelein will open the convention with the celebration of Mass. Ignace Paderewski will address the clergy.

—A letter from Yokohama, Japan, states that Father Finner, C. S. C., member of the Notre Dame Mission Band, and Brother Peter, C. S. C., have just left there for Bengal, India. From there they will go on to Dacca, which was their destination when they left Notre Dame in December. They are to engage in missionary work among the natives.

—Professor W. A. Johns, Dean of the School of Agriculture, predicts a flourishing attendance in his course next year, "war or no war." The first year of its inception has proven as successful as conditions warranted hoping for. Next year it will be sufficiently well-known that Notre Dame boasts this agricultural school and a large influx of students is expected.

—Preparations for the Senior dance is always a harbinger of spring. At the last meeting of the seniors of all courses a committee of seven was elected to adjust all the details of the social event of the year. They are:—David Philbin, Charles Williams, Leonard Mayer, Thomas Clark Kelley, Raymond Murray, and James Logan.

—There is one hour to which the Minims look forward each week. This is the Story Hour under the direction of Brother Raymond on Sunday afternoons. Besides the telling of stories the time is devoted to the discussion of the best juveniles, especially those by Catholic authors. An opportunity will be given from time to time for the youngsters to tell about their favorite story.

—The University of Wisconsin has kindly lent to the preparatory department a large collection of very fine lantern slides to be used for illustration in Professor Worden's class in physiography during this semester.

—As the first of a series of speeches by prominent orators and public men, arranged under the auspices of the Men's Sodality of St. Ignatius Church, Chicago, Father Cavanaugh delivered an address in the Loyola college auditorium, Tuesday evening to the members of the parish. His subject was "The Vacant Throne," discussing the decay of authority in the home and nation.

—On February 22 the SCHOLASTIC will issue a special number dedicated to the Notre Dame boys now in the service. It will give the complete data, in so far as it is possible to obtain it, of every Notre Dame soldier and sailor boy. Students are requested to furnish any information which they possess as being of possible use in the preparation of this number and are also urged to make arrangements for extra copies before the edition is printed.

—A brisk sale of tickets is reported for the Annual Sophomore Cotillion which takes place Wednesday Evening, February 6, at the Oliver Hotel. The Sophomore social event has a patriotic tinge this year as the net proceeds are to be contributed to the Notre Dame Ambulance Fund. That this commendable attitude is meeting with unqualified approval may be deduced from the general rush for tickets. The program committee is working overtime preparing musical surprises for the event.

—Father Timothy Maher, the venerable and beloved Dean of the Faculty, was the guest of a faculty reception held in his honor on his feast-day last Thursday week. Father Cavanaugh in the name of the faculty wished Father Maher a happy feast, and assured him of the high regard and reverence in which he is held by his colleagues. Father Maher in return expressed his appreciation and gratitude. Father Maher celebrated his sixty-first anniversary as a member of the Congregation on Friday, Jan 25th. Next year will be the golden jubilee of his ordination.

—Father Charles C. Miltner, C. S. C., late of New Orleans, has been added to the staff of the department of philosophy. Father Miltner received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy here in 1911 and following that spent

four years in Rome at the Gregorian college where he added the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Bachelor of Theology. At Laval University, Quebec, he received the degree of Doctor of Theology. After several months' work in the Sacred Heart parish, New Orleans, Father Miltner was called to Notre Dame where we feel certain that his charming manners and agreeable personality will win him many friends.

—The Carroll basketball team defeated the team representing the Holy Name Society of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, last Wednesday evening in the big gym by a score of 27 to 7. The Carrollites were outweighed by their opponents and in the first half only succeeded in getting eight points to their opponents' 4. In the second half, however, the youngsters ran all around their heavier rivals, piling up 20 points while the South Bend team was gathering a lone basket and a foul. The game was full of "pep" from start to finish.

—The Frosh Frolic, the get-together meeting of the first-year men was held Monday evening in Walsh Hall. The SCHOLASTIC's "Sherlock Homes,"—no, not Alex. Szczepanik,—deduced this from sundry evidence remaining upon the scene the next morning, certain suspicious papers, cigar stubs, tell-tale burnt match ends, etc. Reports go that the entertainment was voted a big success, the audience even being in favor of another performance sometime before Lent. Messrs. Blum, Kenney, Gooley and Morier, the first-year men's quartette, caused much merriment. A well-liked vocal selection by Lawrence Ott and an excellent reading by A. Sweeney finished the program. A dance is to be held after Easter.

—The 1918 DOME is to be dedicated to Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., rector of Brownson Hall. This was the unanimous decision of the Seniors of all courses. Brother Alphonsus came to Notre Dame as a Minim, and left Carroll to enter the Novitiate. He has been rector of Brownson for more than fifteen years and through his inflexible observance of the rules which does not however forget to be kind and human, has won the respect and regard of thousands of students. He is known throughout the West as an ornithologist and is vice-president of the State Audubon Society. He is also the founder of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society. This is the first time the Dome has been dedicated to a brother and it could not

have reflected more honor upon itself by any other choice.

—The Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce, under its capable director, has succeeded in bringing to the University a number of notable men to deliver addresses on interesting and instructive subjects. These speeches are all of general interest, and the organization would be pleased to have more college men attend. The last speaker to be brought here was Charles L. Baine, of the national committee engaged in launching the War Savings Stamp Loan. Mr. Baine in his address to the Chamber Monday afternoon, remarked concerning "War Finance" that "the object of the government in this War Savings Stamp plan is not so much to raise the two billions involved as to teach the people of the country to save." The money that would have been spent for non-essentials," he said, "is the money to be put into these Stamps. A country that has learned thrift is a country that will never know defeat."

—Woe to the Germans! Notre Dame buns have made their appearance upon the battlefields of France. One wonders what were the feelings of the censor when he opened the package. Did he think them a new and particularly atrocious German bomb? And what memories they brought back to the son of Notre Dame who received them! Did he recall hiking across the winter campus to fill up on countless cups of coffee and our "Only Originals"? Did they recall memories of skives as perilous then as the raids in No-Man's Land now? Who sent the Buns? Will Mr. or Mrs. Anon., please step forward and acknowledge? Whoever the sender, we know the buns had a safe voyage. Here is the evidence:

France, Europe, Jan. 28, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,

Buns received. Regards to all.

A. M. McInerny.

—In a rather well-delivered and interesting lecture in Washington Hall last Friday, President Powell of Hobart College, N. Y., related some of his experiences and impressions received while touring England and France in an endeavor to study the effect of war upon the schools and universities of those countries. "The colleges of England and France," he said, "are empty of men students while women are twice as numerous." This he accounted for by the realization on the part of the girls that to many

of them marriage as a career is no longer open and they must carve other careers. The Doctor also related a dramatic experience he had in Paris with a woman, a noted spy of the Kaiser's. The peroration of his speech was as follows: "Young students, this is your war and I give you this ideal,—Noblesse Oblige... Others have saved us from Belgium's fate; now it is our turn to go over the top, not only to save ourselves, but because we understand the words of the Savior,—"Greater love than this hath no man that he lay down his life for a friend."

—We append the following brisk report of a recent event as set forth in *La Prensa*, of San Antonio:

#### FIESTA EN LA UNIVERSIDAD DE NOTRE DAME.

En el Teatro Washington de la Universidad de Notre Dame, tuvo lugar ayer, a las 11 de la mañana, una importante ceremonia, con objeto de dar la despedida a los RR. Padres Mateo Walsh y Eduardo Finnegan, quienes han sido nombrados Capellanes del Ejército americano, y están designados para ir a Europa, a cumplir con su deber.

A la hora fijada en el programa, el Director de la Universidad, Rev. Padre Juan Cavanaugh, hizo una apología de los nuevos Capellanes, llamando la atención sobre que Notre-Dame, ahora como en otras ocasiones anteriores, ha respondido al llamado de la Patria, y se ha desprendido, no ya de sus estudiantes, ya no de profesores, sino de sacerdotes que integran la Comunidad, para ofrecer sus servicios en aras del bien común.

Muy aplaudido fué el Padre Cavanaugh, y los Capellanes Walsh y Finnegan, que aparecieron vistiendo elegante uniforme militar, fueron objeto de cariñosas manifestaciones de simpatía por todos los estudiantes de la Universidad, que llenaban por completo el Teatro Washington.

El señor Juan Agustín Lemmer Profesor de inglés de Notre Dame hizo, a su vez, una sentida relación de los trabajos de los Padres Walsh y Finnegan; se dirigió a ellos para pedirles siguieran el ejemplo de sus antepasados, Walsh y Corby, en la guerra civil, y obtuvo una calurosa ovación al final de su elocuente discurso, cuando, invocando el nombre de su patria, exclamó:

Id vosotros, misioneros de Cristo, a cumplir con vuestro deber, que el amor a la Patria, y el amor a la Bandera, son los primeros amores que proclama vuestra Religión.

Los Capellanes Walsh y Finnegan dieron las gracias al cuerpo facultativo y a los estudiantes de la Universidad por la demostración de la simpatía de que se les había hecho objeto, y, con emoción vivísima, se despidieron de sus camaradas, esperando que una victoria completa de los ideales de este pueblo, eviten el que sólo puedan verse reunidos otra vez, en el campo del honor.

Algunos números musicales fueron cubiertos por el "Glee Club," de la Universidad y por la Orquesta de la misma, los cuales fueron aplaudidos.

### Letters from Camp.

Through the kindness of Father Moloney, the Secretary of the University, who is gathering all available information concerning the Notre Dame men in the war service, we print the following letters from former students and friends now in the various camps.

Camp Funston, Kansas,

January 2, 1918.

Rev. William Moloney,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:

I saw a letter written by you asking for information concerning all the N. D. boys in the service. I am a regular old soldier now that I have been at it for six months. I am due to go over before long, and I am all set for it. It's going to be great sport "Over There." Tell all the boys and faculty "hello" for me, and that I will be back among them after the war.

There are only a few N. D. fellows out here. "Sis" Hopkins, Paul Hart, E. Manuel Hubble, "Red" McConnell, and myself, are all of us. Bill Egan was at Fort Riley with me last summer after he got his commission, but he's in Texas now.

Wishing you a Happy New Year,

Tommy Glynn.

American Ex. Forces, France,

December 12, 1917.

Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Father:—

I enlisted in the army last spring and for the past five months have been in active service here in France. Since my arrival I have had the pleasure of meeting several Notre Dame men, such as Joe Gargan, Joe Ryan, Charles and Louis McCarthy, and Walter Gibbons. It has afforded me much pleasure on these occasions to refresh my memory with reminiscences of the old days.

This morning I received a letter from Matt Williams, of South Bend,—with which were enclosed several newspaper clippings concerning the work of the football team. Allow me to congratulate you on behalf of the team for the strenuous and successful season.

At the time I enlisted in the army I was woefully misinformed about the military organization, and in my hurry to get to France I passed up the Officers' Training Camp for the rank of sergeant in the Q.M.C. After several months' experience I found that the chances to rise from the rank of an enlisted man to that of an officer is somewhat difficult. I thereupon applied for an examination for the position of Army Field Clerk and am at this time working in this capacity. As the salary and rank of a Field Clerk is higher than that of an enlisted man I am of the opinion that my chances for advancement are better.

It is my intention, when the opportune time presents itself, to make an application for permission to enter one of the army training schools here in France and thereby receive a commission or to take an ex-

amination for such a grade in the Quartermaster's Department. This latter position would require only business experience and not military training. At present I am unable to state just what branch I will try for, as my decision will be influenced by the circumstances which arise in the future.

I am informed that a university degree will be a factor of some importance in the selection of men for the above-mentioned positions, and I therefore ask that you kindly send me an official certificate showing that I received a LL. B. at the University of Notre Dame.

If it is not too much of an imposition upon your conscience—I would appreciate very much a letter of recommendation from you in addition to the certificate.

Kindly extend my best wishes to any members of the faculty who were at N. D. during my time.

Wishing you a very Merry Christmas and continued success in the New Year, I am,

Very truly yours,

Simon F. Mee,

Army Field Clerk.

U. S. A., P. O. 702, c-o Hq. L. of C.

A. B. U. S. DISCIPLINARY BARRACKS,  
Governors Island, N. Y. City.

January 16, 1918.

Rev. Wm A. Moloney, C. S. C.

University of Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Father Moloney:

My work at Governors Island is entirely taken up with prisoners, so that I have very little opportunity of coming in close contact with the enlisted personnel.

However, if I meet any Notre Dame men I will make it my business to acquire all possible data about them, and I will forward the same to you.

I deeply appreciate your kind offer of prayers, as we shall need all the spiritual assistance we can get during these stirring times.

With best wishes, Sincerely in Christ,

George J. Waring,

Chaplain 11th Cavalry.

CAMP MACARTHUR, Waco, Texas

Knights of Columbus, Building

December 22, 1917.

Rev. William Moloney, C.S.C.,

Notre Dame, Indiana,

Dear Father Moloney:

I received your letter some few days ago, but as we have been so busy preparing for our Christmas entertainment I could not possibly answer sooner.

No doubt by this time you know that I am now acting as Assistant Secretary to General Secretary Louis F. Durrell in the Knights of Columbus Building here at Camp MacArthur. We are accomplishing a great deal in our work. We have an extensive program for Christmas Day and New Year's Day. An open-air midnight Mass will be held on Christmas just outside the K. of C. building. A chapel car will be used for the Mass and will undoubtedly be a treat for us men from the North, as we have never experienced a Mass of this sort before. The chapel car is to remain at the camp and will be sent from one

place to another on Sundays for services. We are planning on giving a little package of "smokes" to every boy that enters our building on Christmas Day. A large Christmas tree will be placed in the center of the room and presents will be given from there. Dances, musical programs, and boxing matches will comprise our program for the holidays. Our Masses are always largely attended and the soldiers are very attentive in their devotions and in receiving Holy Communion.

I have always been a great admirer of the SCHOLASTIC, and shall greatly appreciate its being sent me at the above address.

Yours sincerely,  
Vincent D. Vaughan.

CAMP GREENE, Charlotte, N. C.

December 19, 1918.

Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Reverend and dear Father:

Father Stephenson has referred your letter to him to me for reply and it is a real pleasure to be able to renew old acquaintances in this way. All of us and I in particular will be only too glad to do anything possible to help you in the work of serving the Notre Dame men in the army.

... All the troops that were here when I first came have since been moved, and consequently I cannot help you much on the men in the 41st Division. I met John Carroll and John Martin, both students of recent years. Both are lieutenants. Carroll is with a machine gun outfit in the 41st Division and went from here to Camp Mills, Mineola, Long Island N. Y. He may be across by this time. Martin was transferred from this camp to some outfit at Waco, Texas. Stephen Scollard, LL. B., '14, is a bugler and was in one of the Oregon national guard regiments. What the designation of his outfit is since the reorganization I do not know. The same is true of Frank Kirkland, the hurdler, who enlisted in the Oregon Engineers, and was for a time detached on recruiting duty, but who has since joined his regiment and is, I think, headed for France. Lieut. Steis, of South Bend, was here for a time. You have probably learned his address through local channels. I also met a Notre Dame man named Bailey in one of the medical outfits. He was at Notre Dame in '06 and '07 and afterwards went to Michigan. He has been in the drug business out in Portland in recent years.

Of the men who are here now I can give you more definite information, but unfortunately Notre Dame men are scarce in this camp at present. Lieut. Scheibelhut, '11, is with the 59th Infantry. I was very much surprised and pleased to learn from yesterday's SCHOLASTIC that "Jerry" Murphy is now with the 58th Infantry, which has recently come here from Gettysburg, Pa. I will look him up to-day. Lieut. William O'Brien, 59th Infantry, U. S. A., Camp Greene, N. C., was at Notre Dame for a short time in 1903. Leo Hagerty of South Bend is also in this camp. He is a brother of Charles Hagerty and you probably have his address; however, I will get it and send it on soon. From now on I will keep careful watch on the N. D. men and will get their addresses and forward

the same to you as soon as I get them. I am sorry that this information is so indefinite. If I can help N. D. in any way I am at your service.

With every good wish for Notre Dame and all my old friends there and with the best of Christmas wishes for yourself, I am,

Very sincerely yours,  
Tim Galvin.

Block D, Barrack 34, Service Co. No. 1.

Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida.

December 15, 1917.

Rev. William Moloney,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father Moloney:

I was indeed surprised this afternoon to have your letter referred to me for consideration. You may feel assured I will personally see that the notices mentioned in attached letter are posted and the Notre Dame men here rounded up in the best and quickest way possible under the present unsettled conditions prevailing at this post. Camp Johnston is just under construction and probably will not be completed before the middle of next month. The commissioned and enlisted personnel will, however, reach here before that time. I will, under those circumstances, try to have the names of every Notre Dame man at this camp sent to you by February 1.

My presence here is the result of enlistment in the Regular Army at Washington, D. C., on November 22. Soon thereafter I was assigned to duty in the Administration Headquarters at this post. So far I have enjoyed army life, although I would like to be back at Notre Dame to finish my class work.

The University has in the past year made wonderful progress in the East. The football victories over the Army, and Washington and Jefferson certainly were fine. Greater still was the announcement published broadcast last week that six Notre Dame priests, Fathers McGinn, Davis, Walsh, Edward Finnegan, George Finnigan and O'Donnell are ready for Chaplain service in the Army. Every N. D. man certainly can feel proud of the part taken by the University, its priests, instructors and students in this war.

Catholic services at this camp for the time being consist of confessions Saturday afternoons and evenings, Masses at 6:15 and 9 o'clock Sunday mornings. During the week we listen to lectures by prominent men and enjoy many amusements in the large Knights of Columbus building.

Assuring you of my return to Notre Dame after the war is over, I am, very respectfully yours,

Francis J. Clohessy,  
Corporal Q.M.C., N.A. 353d Infantry Med. Dept.

CAMP GORDON, Atlanta, Georgia.

January 6th, 1918.

Rev. William A. Moloney,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

My dear Friend:—

Rev. J. A. Horton, our post chaplain, informed me this morning of your desire to know what N. D. men are at Camp Gordon. You may rest assured that we would be glad to do anything you might ask.

I doubt very much if there are many of our men here.



Announcements were made at all the Masses this morning,—we have six each Sunday—and only two men gave their names to me. One, R. C. Ruffing, 307 Field Signal Corps, Camp Gordon, was at N. D. in 1914 and 1915. The other, Adrian S. Molloy, Divisional Headquarters Troop, Camp Gordon, was at Notre Dame in the years 1906-'07-'08. Then there is another man in this neighborhood whom I think you may remember. His brother used to cause the disciplinary staff about as much trouble as I myself. His name in full is Arthur R. Carmody. At present his address is Georgia Tech. Aviation, Atlanta. He will be there for two months.

All of the above goes to prove that the world is small. I found Art sitting in my place at the mess table one evening. We sure have had some grand "buzzing bees" since. I also visited Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell's sister in Atlanta. I am informed by her that I may hope to see Father O'Donnell soon.

This being mixed up in the war game is a great life. It's the only place that has seemed like home since I left the greatest spot the sun ever shone on. But, you see, "I should worry"; I have the bullet-proof job. I am one of those slackers Teddy became so furious about some time ago. Seriously, Teddy is right. I do not suppose that I shall ever experience such disappointment in all my life to come, as I have in the last nine months. I have tried time after time to sneak by, but these miserable eyes of mine hold me up. Friday and Saturday I made a few more attempts: twice in different branches of the navy, twice in the aviation, once in the regulars and once in the marines. Now, as my last hope I am communicating with the Quartermaster General of the Army. Surely there should be some place for an N. D. man, even though his eyes are crippled.

If the reports I get are true, the gold and blue is shouldering her share of the burden. One evening in Toledo, after a celebration in front of the Federal building, an officer of the Toledo Regiment of the Ohio National Guards halted the audience to tell them of the great number of N. D. men that were enlisting or had enlisted after the graduation exercises in June. It sure felt good to be able to say, "That's my school."

Out of the thirty-four thousand men we have here ten thousand or more are Catholics. We sure are opening up the eyes of some of these Georgia "crackers" whose highest type of literature has been for the most part the rot that Tom Watson belches forth. On Sunday mornings our building is nearly torn down by the men attempting to get in to hear Mass. It nearly stupifies these people, who thought Catholics had horns, hoofs and tails.

There is only one N. D. man residing in Atlanta as far as I know. I refer to Fay Wood, former basketball and football player. He coaches a high school team, I believe, and practices law on the side. There is no fun in the law with the big game going on, even though I am sitting on the bench, as it were.

I shall not take up more of your time. I am going to insert a notice in the paper relative to N. D. men in the camp. When there is anything else I can do for you or the school, let me know. With best wishes to you and all my friends, I am, very sincerely,

Dwight Cusick, Gen. Sec. K. of C.,

### Athletic Notes.

Wabash proved too strong for Notre Dame in the local gymnasium last Saturday evening. The "Little Giants" scored ten points at the outset of the game, before Notre Dame had caged a basket, and the visitors increased their lead throughout the game. It ended 34 to 16 in their favor. Wabash, though possibly not as strong as the Stonebraker, Bacon, et al., combination of recent seasons, seemed to possess all the characteristics that have made her a shining light in the basketball world of late years. Hunt and Manson were the objectives for a unique style of passing that kept Notre Dame at bay through the two halves, and the two tall gentlemen accounted for twenty points between them.

There was a tendency among the visitors to stretch the rules governing the game just a bit, and Referee Haggerty had his troubles making them behave properly. He had to remove Schanlaub from the game for the commission of four personal fouls, and Klendsworth lacked but one offense from joining Schanlaub on the Wabash bench. In all, the visitors committed a dozen fouls, but according to the way Notre Dame was (not) profiting by the consequent free throws they might just as well have committed a score.

Bahan and Brandy formed a great contrast alongside of the "Little Giants." They were at a great disadvantage among their long-geared opponents, and found it exceedingly hard to make any baskets. Stine scored first for Notre Dame with a pretty field goal. Pearson became sick just before the game and Hayes took his place at guard. Hayes worked hard, but was baffled by the extensive system of passes Wabash uncorked before the game had hardly started. Hogan, O'Connor, Bader and Smith were injected into the game at various intervals in an attempt to stop the opposing quintet, but it always was simply a case of only hindering it. Notre Dame showed a surprising flash of strength at the start of the second half, but it was short lived when Wabash retaliated with a rapid tattoo on her basket with shots that generally went through for goals. Wabash made nearly every opportunity for a shot count, and the shots of some of her men were remarkable. Notre Dame, it must be said, did have much hard luck on long shots, for the ball repeatedly

bounced from the basket after it apparently had hit the desired spot.

The summary:

WABASH 34	NOTRE DAME 16
Schanlaub.....	L F..... Bahan
Klendsworth.....	R F..... Brandy
Manson.....	C..... Ronchetti
Hunt (Capt.).....	L G..... Hayes
Larson.....	R G..... Stine

Substitutions for Wabash—McKinney for Schanlaub; Naber for Manson; for Notre Dame—Hogan for Hayes; Bader for Brandy; O'Connor for Ronchetti; and Smith for Bader. Baskets: for Wabash—Schanlaub 2; Klendsworth 2; Manson 6; Hunt 4; Larson 2; Naber. Baskets for Notre Dame—Bahan 3; Ronchetti 2; Stine 2. Fouls thrown—Hunt 0 out of 3; Ronchetti 2 out of 7; Brandy 0 out of 2; Bahan 0 out of 1; Smith 0 out of 1. Referee—Haggerty. Timer, Rockne. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

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There was no mistaking the superiority of Corby against Brownson in the inter-hall relay race between the halves of the Wabash game. Corby travelled around the gym track six times "on high," and the supreme effort of Hayes on the last relay-all but enabled his team to break the track record. Corby's time was 1:38. Walsh appeared with a flashy sextet and had no trouble in humbling Badin in the good time of 1:40. Father Farley's pets will give Father Haggerty's hounds an awful battle when they meet.

#### INTERHALL.

Badin opened up the Interhall season with a well-earned victory over Walsh, Sunday morning, in a 27 to 22 fray. Maier, the Badin star, was in a class by himself, playing a consistent, heady game throughout. Flick, Kennedy, and Duffy for Badin, and Kirk and Bluhm for Walsh, comprised the balance of the afternoon's headliners. From the classy fight presented by Badin Sunday it is evident that the newcomers in interhall ranks intend to cop a trophy to dedicate their new recreation room. Brownson defeated Corby in a fast game in the afternoon, garnering 28 points while Corby was stacking up 22. Vohs, Brownson's big forward, caged seven baskets with ease, Foran and Hoar piling up the balance. Lombardo, Gilfillan, and Sanford were the stars for Corby, distributing the markers between them.

\*\*\*

Under the tutelage of Coach Andrews, the Prep. basketball team is fast rounding into shape. McDade and De Sio are making the strongest bids for the forward positions. Andrews will pick the other three men from the

following list of candidates: Susen, McGrath, Butler, Wood, Kirk, Thompson and Grace. The Preps will sojourn to Plymouth next week to take on the local high school. Andrews will announce the men to make the trip Saturday.

A. W. S.

#### Annual Report of the Notre Dame Weather Station for 1917.

The mean temperature for 1917 was 45.6°. The maximum monthly mean was 70.7° during July. The minimum monthly mean was 19.2°, during February. The highest temperature was 96°, on July 31 and August 1. The lowest was -12°, on February 12. The greatest change in temperature occurring on one day was 39°, on April 23. The total precipitation (rain, hail and snow) was 24.87 inches. The largest monthly precipitation was 6.40 inches in October, and the least was .26 inches, in November. The maximum rainfall for 24 hours occurred October 17 when 1.85 inches fell. The total snowfall for the year was 29.8 inches. The maximum monthly fall, 11.2 inches, occurred in December. During the year, there were 114 days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation took place. There were 136 clear days, that is, days on which the cloudiness did not exceed three tenths; 158 partly cloudy days, that is, days on which there was from 3 to 7 tenths cloudiness; and 71 cloudy days. The latest heavy frost in the spring was on May 14 and the first heavy frost in the fall was on October 9. The direction of the prevailing wind was southwest.

In comparing the data for 1917 with the data gathered during the five previous years, it is found that the mean temperature was about 4° below the average and that the precipitation was about 16 inches below the average.

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#### SUMMARY FOR JANUARY, 1918.

The mean temperature for the month was 10.2°, or 17.5° below the average for the last five years. The maximum was 35° on the 25th. This was the only day during the month on which the temperature went above freezing. The minimum temperature was 21° on the 12th, the lowest temperature recorded at the local weather station. On twelve days the temperature was below 0. The total precipitation was 2.96 inches and the total snowfall 25.6 inches.

T. P. I.

## Safety Valve.

Study is the curse of the loafing classes.

\*\*\*  
QUARTERLY EXAMS.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these "You've flunked again."

\*\*\*  
Some students seemed about as comfortable at the recent examinations as the man who went to bed on a zero night and found the bed clothes were too short to cover his feet and shoulders at the same time.

\*\*\*  
Spare the food and starve the child.

\*\*\*  
All shirk and no stay makes Jack a Walshite.

\*\*\*  
Nobody loves a fearful flivver.

\*\*\*  
Oh, what is so raw as a day in Feb.!

\*\*\*  
"Yes," he said in that knowing way that characterizes Sorinites, "it's much like 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a perfectly wonderful paregorical tale."

\*\*\*  
WHY NOT?

You never let me have my way,  
You're cruel as can be,  
If I insist I like the neck  
You give the wing to me.  
You've never granted me a thing  
I've asked from you all year,  
I'd like to know sweet little one  
Why can't I bite your ear?

I never liked to kiss a girl,  
It seemed to me unwise,  
I never cared to hold her hand  
Or look into her eyes;  
But you have been to me sweetheart  
Than all the rest more dear,  
So tell me pretty little maid  
Why can't I bite your ear?

I wouldn't want to bite your hand  
For, dearie, you might die,  
And no one ever thinks of biting out a person's eye.  
But it has always seemed to me  
To be so very queer,  
That you have never asked me, love,  
To bite you on the ear.

\*\*\*  
OLD STUFF.

"Yes," he said, in a grave solemn tone as he toyed with his watch fob and paused between the words to make an impression on the girl, "when I die I'm going to leave my brain to some medical school."

She turned her flashing black eyes upon him and said in the sweetest way "Oh! you stingy thing!"

Half the profanity in the world to-day has been caused by the inventor of the collar button.

\*\*\*  
"No, I'm not a slacker, I just don't want to get shot, that's all."

\*\*\*  
AT LEAST NO ONE HAS CLAIMED IT.

He stood at the window of one of the back rooms of Sorin looking out into No Man's Land.

\*\*\*  
PRESENCE OF MIND.

(From a Freshman Story.)

"She has refused him a date. He slapped the receiver into the hook, left the telephone booth and entering the natatorium he held his head over the swimming pool and began to weep."

\*\*\*  
MY HERITAGE.

She promised that night as I held her white hand  
And slobbered my kisses thereon,  
That she'd never forget me as long as she lived,  
That she'd think of me e'en when she'd gone.  
And I love to remember those heavenly eyes,  
They just seemed to be dancing with youth,  
As she turned all her loveliness full in my face  
And willed me her last golden tooth.

It was only a molar, but oh! it was dear,  
For it came from her little white jaw,  
And she got it first hand for it never was used  
By an aunt or a mother-in-law,  
And it chewed all the candy and meat that she ate—  
For I'm certain she told me the truth—  
So I'll treasure that token as long as I live  
That last golden, glittering tooth.

\*\*\*  
THE DAILY LETTER.

Dearest Lyndon:—  
Whose little oozie woozie are you?

Babe.

\*\*\*  
Harry was a poor little boy whom nobody loved because he had flat feet. Harry couldn't help it, however, as he lived in a flat all his life. The girls who would have admired crooked noses or who would have been delighted with dislocated ears would not look at Harry because he had flat feet. Harry couldn't talk about his "little pinkies" because they were flat. Trench feet would have got by but flat feet never. People who like pigs' feet won't ever consider flat feet. Harry left the flat to live in a house but he couldn't leave the feet without being defeated in his walk in life. And so, dear reader, Harry was scorned by people who had double chins, crossed eyes and scared brows because he had flat feet.

\*\*\*  
I MUST GO HOME.

My grandmother died in Chicago,  
For weeks her condition was low,  
But she's gone, and she's going to be buried  
The day of the big auto show.