

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 23, 1918.

No. 18.

Freedom's Hero.*

BY BROTHER AUSTIN, C. S. C., '18.

(Read in Washington Hall at the Washington Day Exercises,)
February 22, 1918.

FROM the serried peaks of the snowy Alps
To the Baltic's restless stream:
From Russia's weltering blood-red tide
To where the Belgians fought and died;
There lies a land, and its people's pride
Is the pride of their war-lord's dream.

And the sodden clouds hang darkly down,
Where the war-lord's minions fight;
And the lurid glare flames red and blue,
Where the screaming death whirls madly through,
And the bloody sabres hack and hew
To prove that right is might.

From the plains of the sun-kissed southern land
To the frozen northern sea;
From the wild Atlantic's rock-bound shore
To where the western breakers roar,
There's another race, and, waving o'er,
Is the banner of the free.

No boundless dreams of a conquest here,
Where the lights of freedom flame;
No frenzied war-dream hold them bound,
No tyrant heels them to the ground,
Their hero's name is far renowned;
No blemish mars his fame.

Great Washington, what vaunting lord,
In his war-like panoply,
Could boast of shield so fair and white
As thine, O Freedom's noble knight,
Who dared the tyrant's haughty might,
To keep the home-land free.

But thy laurels won were as naught to thee,
Whom the war-lust lured in vain.
Thy life was calm as the river wide,
That rolls its way to the swelling tide,
Too deep for the froth of an empty pride,
Too clear for a bloody stain.

Then sing, ye sons of your noble sire,
As ye battle beyond the sea;
With your star-lit colors waving high,
With a dauntless flash in every eye,
Go forth like him to fight and die,
For God and liberty.

Notre Dame Men in the Army and Navy Service.

The following names have been reported of Notre Dame men in the Army and Navy Service of the United States in the present war. Of this number 243 represent students of last year and this year who have enlisted. The remainder are alumni and the list of these is incomplete. Any one knowing of others who are in the service and whose names do not appear here will confer a favor on the Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C., Secretary of the University, by sending missing names to him.

Ahern, Private David	Carroll, Private Eugene	Dennison, Lieut. John
Arnfield, Lieut. Fremont	Carroll, Lieut. John F.	Denny, Sergeant Harry
Bachman, Charles W.—Navy	Carroll, Private Leonard	Dent, Private Lloyd
Bailey, Private Guy	Carroll, Sergeant, Stuart H.	Derrick, Private Clarence
Barrett, Private Edward	Casey, Lieut. W. C.	Derrick, Private Frank
Barry, Private Paul F.	Cassidy, Lieut. Clifford	Desmond, Private John W.
Baragrey, Wilfred—Navy	Cassidy, Lieut. John	Desmond, Private James
Bates, Private Paul	Cavanaugh, Private John	Devitt, Private James
Baujan, Lieut. Harry E.	Cinden, Private Leo	Devlin, Private James
Beacom, Private Patrick	Clay, Private Odin E. —	Dewey, Private Thomas
Beck, Corporal Severin	Absent on leave	Diener, Lieut. John V.
Beckman, Corporal Edward	Clements, Lieut. W. S.	Dixon, Private John Sherwood—
Benoist, Private Theodore	Clifford, Lieut. Twooney	O. T. S.
Bergman, Lieut. Alfred	Clohessy, Sergeant F. J.	Dolan, Sergeant William T.
Bergman, Lieut. Arthur	Coker, Wallace—Navy Aviation	Dollard, Lieut. Vincent
Berger, Private Alfred	Conboy, Sergeant Columbus	Donahue, Sergeant George
Berkey, Private Kenneth	Conboy, John—U. S. N.	Donahue, Private James
Berteling, Lieut. Charles	Connors, Lieut. H. H.	Donnelly, Private Edwin
Birmingham, Seaman Frank E.	Connors, Private Wm.	Donovan, Private Rupert
Birmingham, Private James A.	Connolly, Private E. J.	Dorais, Sergeant Joseph
Bosshard, Lieut. Royal H.	Conroy, Private Edward T.	Dorais, Private Charles E.
Boos, Sergeant Frank B.	Cook, Private Charles Lawrence	Douglass, Private Walter J.
Boucher, Robert—Apprentice	Coppinger, Private Lucian	Downing, Yeoman W. Poynt
Breslin, Private H.	Corby, Captain Joseph	Doyle, Private Frank—O. T. S.
Seaman	Corcoran, Private Wm.	Dubuc, Private Jean
Breslin, Private John J.—O. T. S.	Corrigan, Jr. Captain Bat	Ducey, W. J.—U. S. N.
Browne, Private Robert	Costello, Sergeant Emmett	Dugan, Private Paul M.
Bouza, Private J. J.	Costello, Private John W.	Absent on leave
Boyle, Stephen J.—Seaman	Coughlin, Seaman Frank	Duncan, Private Archibald
Boyle, Lieut. John	Countiss, Lieut. Fred	Duncan, Private Mark
Boyd-Snee, Lieut. Dr. Harry	Craine, Sergeant James	Dundon, Lieut. Ned.
Bower, Private Fred	Crimmins, Major Timothy C.	Durbin, Francis W.—K. of C. Sect.
Brennan, Private Patrick	Cull, Lieut. Frank X.	Dürch, Lieut. Bernard
Canadian Army	Cullen, Lieut. Rodney	Duffy, Private Drexel
Burke, Private Harold	Cullen, Lieut. Daniel	Duffy, Private Paul
Bullene, Lieut. Jack	Curley, Yeoman William	Duggan, Private Edward D.
Burke, Private Thos. J.	Cusick, Dwight—K. of C. Sect.	Durrell Louis F.—K. of C. Sect.
Burns, Private "Red"	Curran, Lieut. C. J.	Dutrieux, Private Charles
Burns, Private R. J.	Curtis, Lieut. Daniel	Eck, Private Vincent J.
Burns, Lieut. Stephen	Cusack, Major Joseph	Eckel, Private John
Burt, Willard C.—Navy	Daly, Lieut. W. O.	Edgren, Private Paul
Bush, Lieut. Hardy	Daly, Private Eldon	Egan, Lieut. Wm. J.
Byrider, Private George	Daly, Hugh J.—K. of C. Sect.	Egan, Private William—
Byrnes, Private Robt. L.	Davis, C. S. C. (Rev.) Lieut.	(killed in France)
Byrne, Sergeant Joseph	Ernest	Eggeman, Captain F.
Cahill, Private Harry S.	Dean, Lieut. John R.	Eichenlaub, Sergeant Raymond—
Callaghan, John H.—U. S. N.	Deary, Private William A.	O. T. S.
Callery, Sergeant Philip—died in	Dee, Private Allerton S.	Ellis, Private Howard J.
France	Dederich, Lieut. R. J.	Elward, Allen—U. S. N.
Campbell, Captain George A.	DeFries, Private Erich Hans	Erpelding, Private Donald H.
Carey, Private Charles M.	DeGree, Private Walter—O. T. S.	Farrington, Private Frank
Carey, Captain Frank	Delana, Private Edward	Farwick, Corporal Arthur
Carmody, Private Arthur	Dell'Era, Lieut. Joseph	Fasenmeyer, Private Anthony
Carmody, Private Frank	Dehey, Captain Dr. Thomas J.	Feeney, Lieut. Albert

- Feiwell, Private Samuel
 Fink, Yeoman Carl J.
 Finegan, Private Charles T.
 Finnegan, C. S. C. (Rev) Lieut. Edward
 Finnigan, C. S. C. (Rev) Lieut. George.
 Fitzgerald, Corporal Leo
 Fitzgerald, Major C. C.
 Fitzgerald, Private Freeman C.
 Fitzgibbon, Private Gerald
 Fitzpatrick, Lieut. George W.
 Flaherty, Private Frank James
 Flaherty, Maurice—K. of C. Asst. Sect.
 Fletcher, Private Forrest
 Flynn, Sergeant Gerald
 Fogarty, Lieut. Paul J.
 Foley, Private Daniel
 Foley, Private Edmond I.
 Fordyce, Lieut. John
 Fox, Lieut. William F.
 Fox, Seaman Kenneth B.
 Frantz, Lieut. George F.
 Fredell, Lieut. George
 Freistedt, Corporal Herman
 French, Lieut. Jasper
 Fricke, Private Louis
 Friedman, Lieut. John
 Freyermuth, Lieut. John W.
 Gallagher, Private Willard
 Gallagher, App. Seaman Patrick
 Galvin, Lieut. William
 Galvin, Timothy—K. of C. Sect.
 Gargan, Lieut. Joseph F.
 Gerber, Private Clement J.
 Gibbons, Private Hugh
 Gibbons, Private Walter
 Glynn, Private Thomas
 Gooley, Lieut. Philip E.
 Goyer, Private Frank
 Granfield, Private Patrick
 Grady, Private William
 Graham, Lieut. R. J.
 Grant, Lieut. Donald C.
 Grasso, Lieut. Antonio—Italian Army.
 Griffin, Private Joseph
 Grimes Sergeant Chas.
 Grimes, Private A. K.
 Guedelhoefer, Private John
 Guilfoyle, Seaman Lucian
 Haberer, Lieut. Bernard V.
 Hagerty, Private Leo
 Hagerty, Private George
 Halmes, Private George
 Absent on leave
 Hanley, Private William
 Hamilton, Private Donald M.
 Hanna, Seaman John
 Hannan, Private R. E.
 Hansberger, Sergeant
 Hansel, Private J.
 Hardy, Private Russell
 Hart, Private Paul
 Haydon, Lieut. C. J.
 Hayes, Private Thos.—O. T. S.
 Hemmer, Lieut. W. J.
 Henry, Private William C.
 Hilgartner, Private D. E.—Absent on leave
 Hoerr, Private W. K.
 Hodkin, Private Samuel J.
 Hoffman, Corporal Eugene
 Hogan, Private William
 Holland, Lieut. T. V.
 Hopkins, Private Robert
 Horn, Tyree—West Point
 Howell, Charles—Navy
 Hubbell, Private Lawrence
 Hubble, Private Manuel
 Huber, Private E.
 Hughes, Private Arthur
 Hughes, Private Gerald
 Hunter, Lieut. Arthur B.
 Hurley, Apprentice Seaman Ira
 Huxford, Private James
 Hyland, Lieut. Justin E.
 Hynes, Lieut. John
 Hynes, Lieut. William J.
 Irving, Ambrosé—Radio Service
 Irwin, Private Clinton
 Johnson, Lieut. Charles Herman
 Jones, Private Francis
 Jones, Lieut. Keith J.
 Jones, Private James B.
 Joyce, Captain T. M.
 Kane, Private Edwin
 Kane, Lieut. Eugene A.
 Kane, Lieut. Joseph
 Kasper, Lieut. Thomas Cyril
 Kauffman, Corporal D. E.
 Keenan, Joseph—Radio Service
 Keenan, Seaman Philip
 Keifer, Lieut. Louis F.
 Kelly, Lieut. Harry F.
 Kelly, Lieut. C. A.
 Kelly, Private R. J.
 Kemler, Sergt. Major. Wm. P.
 Kennedy, Sergeant John
 Kennedy, Lieutenant William
 Kenny, Private T.
 Keys, Private Arthur
 Kilgallen, Lieut. Michael
 Killelea, Private John
 King, Corporal Frank—O. T. S.
 King, Lieut. Hollis E.
 King, Sergeant Michael
 King, Private Thomas—O. T. S.
 Kiplinger, Private Don
 Kirkland, Sergeant Frank M.
 Kline, Private Clarence J.
 Kowalski, Private Geo. W.
 Kramer, Private James G.
 Krien, Private John R.
 Kremer, Lieut. Frank
 Krippene, Private Kenneth
 Leary, Private Dennis
 Lahey, Lieut. Chas. W.
 Lahey, Private W. P.
 Lajoie, Lieut. E. P.
 Lamb, Private Jack
 Lamb, Private Leo
 Lang, Private Leroy
 Lane, Apprentice Seaman Bernard
 Larkin, Private Arthur B.
 Larney, Private Edward
 Larrazola, Private Octaviano
 Lathrop, Lieut. Ralph
 LaVallette, Private Paul
 Lawler, Private James W.
 Lenihan, Lieut. Emmett
 Lee, Private Jay L.
 Lindeman, Private Ed. G.—O. T. S.
 Lindeman, Private Joseph
 Liseniski, Corporal Casimir J.
 Locke, Private Archibald
 Logue, Private Francis C.
 Lynch, Brennan, Navy
 Lower, Isaac—Aviation Navy
 Lucas, Private Charles
 Luhn, Captain Fred
 Lynch, Captain George A.
 Makielski, Lieut. Stanely J.
 Marshall, Private Guy
 Mason, Private Walter
 McAdams, Corporal G. E.
 McBride, Private Eugene—O. T. S.
 McCabe, Private James E.
 McCabe, Private Edward
 McCafferty, Private James
 McCaffery, John—U. S. N.
 McCarthy, Private Charles
 McCarthy, Private Dennis
 McCarthy, Private Louis
 McCarthy, Vincent—K. of C. Sect.
 McCarthy, Private George
 McCausland, Private Harry
 McConnell, Private Harold
 McConologue, Lieut. Ray B.
 McCourt, App. Seaman Walter
 McDermott, Private Francis F.
 McDonough, Private Andrew
 McDonald, Lieut. Lawrence E.
 McDonald, Lieut. William B.
 McDonald, Private Dewald
 McElroy, Private Leo C.
 McErlaine, Private Maurice J.
 McGahan, Lieut. Leo J.
 McGay, Private
 McGinn, C. S. C. (Rev) Lieut. John
 McGlynn, Private Dan—O. T. S.
 McGlynn, Lieut. Joseph
 McGinnis, Lieut. D. V.
 McGovern, Private Eugene—O. T. S.
 McGuire, Private James Emmett
 McInerny, Lieut. Arnold M.
 McInerny, Private Leo
 McIntyre, Private Harry C.
 McKenna, Lieut. Joseph W.
 McLaughlin, Private T. A.
 McMahon, Lieut. James F.
 McNulty, Lieut. James M.

- McNichols, Lieut. Austin
 McOsker, Lieut. E. J.
 McPartlin, Lieut. J. L.
 McShane, Private John L.
 Madden, Private Harold Francis
 Maher, Lieut. Francis T.
 Mahaffey, Lieut. Fred
 Maloney, Private Patrick
 Malley, Lieut. Edward
 Mangan, Lieut. Dr. Louis A.
 Marillery, Private Ralph
 Marmon, Major Joseph
 Martin, Paul R.—K. of C. Sect.
 Martin, Lieut. John
 Martin, Lieut. Jerome
 Martin, Lieut. Gerald
 Martin, Private Herman
 Martin, Seaman Joseph
 Malone, Private Grover J.—O. T. S.
 Matthews, Lieut. James
 May, Sergeant Sherman
 Meagher, Private John
 Mee, Sergeant Sim T.
 Meehan, Lieut. Edward J.
 Meifield, Private Paul
 Meyers, Lieut. Aloysius P.
 Mileski, Private Frank
 Miller, Apprentice Seaman Ward
 Miller, Private Frank J.
 Miller, Private Pierre A.
 Miller, Lieut. Raymond
 Miller, Private Raymond C.
 Miller, Lieut. John M.
 Miller, Apprentice Seaman Jerry
 Milroy, Private William
 Mills, Private Rupert—O. T. S.
 Mooney, Private Wm. J.—O. T. S.
 Mooney, Private Charles
 Moliski, Private Andrew
 Mollory, Private Adrian S.
 Momsen, Private Gus J.
 Moore, Private Thomas
 Moran, Private Cyril G.
 Morency, Yeoman H. L.
 Mottz, Private Peter
 Mulcahy, Lieut. Frank
 Mulholland, Lieut. Emmett Paul
 Mulqueen, Private Leo
 Murphy, Captain Pierce
 Murphy, Captain John B.
 Murphy, Private John P.
 Murphy, Private Paul
 Murphy, Private George
 Murphy, Lieut. Kingsley
 Murphy, Lieut. Jeremiah E.
 Murphy, Lieut. James
 Murphy, Private Owen J.
 Murray, Private Raymond
 Absent on leave
 Newgass, Private Mitchell
 Niezgodski, Private Stanley
 Niemier, Melchior—Navy
 Norman, (Rev.) Lieut. H. A.
 Nowers, Lieut. Paul
 Noud, Lieut. Reuben
 Nugent, Private John F.
 Nusbaumer, Sergt. F. E.
 Noonan, W. J.—Aviation Navy
 Newman, Lieut. L. J.
 Newning, Lieut. Harry M.
 Newning, Sergt. Sam D.
 Nolan, Private John
 Noonan, Lieut. Gerard
 Norton, Private Edward
 O'Boyle, Private Desmons—
 Canadian Army
 O'Brien, Lieut. James F.
 O'Brien, Lieut. Dr. Wm. A.
 O'Brien, Sergeant S. F.
 O'Brien, Private W. C.—
 Absent on leave
 O'Brien, Lieut. William J.
 O'Byrne, Private Thomas
 O'Connor, Private Earl
 O'Donnell, C. S. C. (Rev) Lieut.
 Charles
 O'Hara, Lieut. Joseph P.
 O'Hara, Lieut. Herman B.
 O'Hearn, Private F. W.
 Ohmer, Lieut. Robert
 O'Laughlin, Lieut. G. L.
 O'Malley, Private
 O'Malley, Sergt. Major John M.
 O'Neill, Lieut. Hugh L.
 O'Neill, Private Henry
 O'Neill, Brigadier General Joseph
 O'Neil, Private Thomas Francis
 O'Reilley, Private Frank
 Ostergen, Private William
 O'Sullivan, Private Clifford
 Ovington, Private Robert
 Parker, Private Eugene—died in
 Camp
 Parker, Private Howard—O. T. S.
 Parker, Lieut. Reed
 Pasquini, Lieut. D. B. Italian
 Army
 Parrish, App. Seaman Varnum
 Paulger, Private Russell D.
 Peck, Private James A.
 Pe'l, Apprentice Seaman Edward
 Pepin, Private Donat J.
 Phelan, Private M. J.—O. T. S.
 Perley, Private Harold Otis
 Perkins, Lieut. Walter E.
 Perrott, Lieut. Samuel Ward
 Phillips, Apprentice Seaman Roy
 Pliska, Lieut. Joseph
 Plunkett, Lieut. Homer
 Powers, Private Harry
 Quinlan, Private Paul C.
 Quinlan, Private Daniel—
 Absent on leave
 Raab, Private John—O. T. S.
 Ramacciotti, Lieut. A. L.
 Rausch, Private L. A.
 Rebillot, Private L. J.
 Regan, Sergt. M. G.
 Richwine, Lieut. Harry A.
 Reeves, Provost Marshal Charles
 Rentschler, Lieut. John M.
 Riley, Apprentice Seaman Wilfred
 Riley, Lieut. John U.
 Riley, Lieut. Robert S.
 Roach, Lieut. James E.
 Roach, Captain Edward
 Roach, Private Robert L.
 Roberts, Sergeant Burt L.
 Roberts, Lieut. Louis
 Robbins, Lieut. James
 Robinson, Lieut. Charles J.
 Robinson, Private Gerard
 Rogers, Private Harry
 Rogers, Lieut. W.
 Rohyans, Sergt. Emmet A.
 Ruell, Private Ulric
 Ruffine, Private Raymond C.
 Rudolph, Private Simon R.
 Russell, Private Leon T.
 Ryan, Private Arthur
 Ryan, Sergt. Paul J.
 Ryan, Private E. S.
 Ryan, Seaman J. H.
 Ryan, Private Frank
 Rydzewski, Private Frank
 Sackley, Private Rigney
 Sanford, James—K. of C. Sect.
 Saunders, Private Fred
 Sax, Private Carrol W.
 Scanlon, Private John
 Scheibelhut, Lieut. Leo
 Schiff, Private Al.
 Schlotzer, Private Ward C.
 Schmitt, Private William F.
 Schmucker, Private Walter
 Schuster, Private George
 Scott, Lieut. Harry E.
 Scollard, Private Stephen
 Scott, Stanley, Navy Engineers
 Shahgnessy, Private Thomas
 Canadian Army
 Shannon, Lieut. Leo J.
 Sheehey, Apprentice Seaman Carroll
 Sheehan, Private Thomas H.
 Sheehan, Lieut. Joseph
 Shelby, Private Norris P.
 Shurte, Apprentice Seaman French
 Schurtee, Private George
 Skelly, Private R. E.
 Slackford, Captain Fred
 Smith, Sergeant Joseph
 Smith, Lieut. Clovis
 Smith, Lieut. Paul J.
 Smith, App. Seaman Delbert D.
 Smithson, Private Forrest
 Soldani, Private Clarence M.
 Somers, Lieut. C. P.
 Stark, Sergeant John—O. T. S.
 Starrett, Seaman Morris
 Sticelber, Private Paul
 Stickney, Sergeant Harold J.
 Steis, Lieut. Gerald
 Stogsdall, Major Robert
 Story, Lieut. Edward J.
 Strickfaden, Private Aloysius

Strong, Private George E.	Trainer, Private Leo Joseph	Walsh, Sergeant James Robert
Struhall, Private Louis	Trudelle, Apprentice Seaman Matt.	Walsh, C. S. C., (Rev.) Lieutenant
Sturn, Captain Leo A.	Turner, Private W. W.	Matthew J.
Sullivan, Private Lloyd	Twining, Simon E.—Investigator	Walsh, Mate William M.
Sweeney, Captain Charles—	Tyner, Private Richard H.—O. T. S.	Ward, Private John J.
French Army	Ulatowski, Private Clement L.	Watters, Lieut. Edmund
Sweeney, Lieut. James L.	VanHeuval, Seaman Howard	Welch, Lieut. Lawrence
Sylvester, Lieut. Ed. E.	Vaughn, Vincent D.—K. of C. Sect.	Welker, Captian Vincent B.
Symonds, Lieut. Edward L.	Valker, Private Leo	Walter, Lieut. Martin Emmett
Symonds, Private Harry R.	Vaughan, Lieut. Robert E.	Welsh, Lieut. Frank B.
Talcott, Lieut. Vaughan	Voedisch, Private Hugo	Whalen, Private Neil
Tighe, Sergt. John F.	Voelkers, Lieut. Carl	White, Captain Carl
Thomas, Private Walter G.	Voelkers, Private Jerry	Wildgen, Private Jerome
Thompson Lieut. Paul R.	Vogel, Lieut. Leo J.	Wilkerson, Captain
Tipton, Private William.	Voll, Lieut. Bernard	Wojtalewicz, Private G.—
Townsend, Private Jerry	VonThron, Private Leonard C.	Killed in France
Tuivell, Private Samuel	Vurpillat, Sergt. Francis J.—O. T. S.	Witteried, Corporal George C.
Truder, Private Thomas—	Vyzral, Private Sylvester	Wolff, Apprentice Seaman James
Absent on leave	Wagner, Private Lee	Wood, Lieut. Frank
Thole, Corporal Joseph J.	Wagner, Private Theo P.	Wrape, Apprenticé Seaman Valda A.
Toole, (Rev.) Lieut. James V.	Walsh, Private Arthur D.	Yearn, Private Peter
Tracey, Private Thomas F.	Walsh, Lieut. Joseph M.	Yates, Private Charles
		Young, Lieut. Jack

Our Athletes in Khaki.

CHARLES W. CALL, '18.

This world war has proved a number of things but none more emphatically than that inter-collegiate athletics, often as they have been questioned in time of peace, have made sinewy and adroit the arm of a nation hastening to the conflict of battle. Greater than that of any other group of athletes has been the service of the collegebred athlete since the United States entered this war last April. Not having learned to capitalize his skill or strength as his professional brethren, he was the first to rush to the colors when Uncle Sam assumed the gigantic task of warring with the Kaiser. In the pink of condition, just entering that decade in a young man's life where mind and muscle co-ordinate for the highest efficiency, he hurried to his biggest game. Taught many a time the value of a good beginning in any athletic event he got away with a flying start, and set the pace for the representatives of other bodies of men who followed after him.

As a corollary of the prominent part inter-collegiate athletes in general have taken in this game of games, Notre Dame athletes have more than held their own with the competitors of their college days. Endowed physically better than most men, coached to do big things in a big way, accustomed to accomplish the thing they set out to do, the brawny Notre

Dame men promptly packed away with the camphor balls their monograms and put on the khaki tendered them by Uncle Sam. Their fitness was soon recognized. The first officers' reserve camps were no sooner history than a large number of Notre Dame men were lieutenants. Brilliant service, and steady promotion have marked their careers thus far, but no one can but believe that these men habituated to fight hard till the whistle blows are just preparing for far greater work to come.

Military men have often commented upon the readiness and eagerness of the Notre Dame man for the difficult tasks in the service. They were not petted or privileged while in school; they ask no particular favors now. Used to discipline throughout their years in college, they find army regulations no great burden now. Fed on competition during their years at school, they welcome the chance to spar for position with their fellowmen in the army to-day. Above all they fight, fight with that relentlessness that asks no quarter and gives none, fight with that good old Celtic dash that made them the wonders in the athletic world, fight because they like to fight, fight because it is their duty to fight.

Go on, men of Notre Dame, Uncle Sam has greater honors in store for you.

Notre Dame in the Civil War.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS BUTLER, '19.

From its very foundation, the University of Notre Dame seems to have been destined to fulfill the great ideal of its sainted founder—loyalty to God and to Country. As far back as 1859, the martial "Right, Face!" and "Forward, March!" which are now so familiar to our ears, first sounded across the old campus. In that year, when the issues of slavery and secession were being feverishly debated in North and South, Captain William F. Lynch, at the request of Father Sorin, came to Notre Dame to teach the students the rudiments of military science. Two companies were organized. Their uniforms were fashioned after those worn by the soldiers of the Revolution, buff and blue, with elaborate braidings and trimmings. Out of his great reverence for the character and the achievements of Washington and his Continental Army, Father Sorin named the two companies the Continental Cadets.

Military drill was doubtless a very novel spectacle in those days. We may even imagine, indeed, that while the two companies marched back and forth across the broad green campus, passers-by would stop and gaze in admiration at the attractive uniform, and marvel at the strange manoeuvres. Little did these young cadets realize at the time the nearness of war and the actual value of their training in view of the mighty struggle that was coming so soon. Nevertheless, the young continentals must have taken wholesome pride in their drill. Fancy suggests that on festive occasions in the spring and autumn, when the weather was mild and clear, Father Sorin would station himself at some vantage point on the campus while his young charges, proud of their parade attire, and prouder still of their president's approval, passed in review.

For nearly two years the two companies drilled, while the breach between the sections was widening day by day, and a final resort to arms was becoming inevitable. The students were kept well informed on the questions and policies of the hour, and were so well versed in the elements of military tactics, that when war came Notre Dame was a camp of preparedness. Although we can find no authentic statement as to the precise number of the students that went forth in answer to President Lincoln's

first call for volunteers, it seems safe to say that all who were available for military service joined the colors.

Among the first to leave for the front was Captain Lynch. In February, 1862, he entered an Illinois regiment of the "three-months" men and was immediately made the colonel of his regiment. His war record is noteworthy for his noble daring in the capture of Fort Donaldson and for his splendid leadership in the battles of Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, and Yellow Bayou. At the close of the war the Senate, at the suggestion of President Lincoln, conferred upon him in recognition and appreciation of his services the brevet of a brigadier-general.

The late and lamented Timothy E. Howard, who was professor at Notre Dame even in 1862, distinguished himself as a private in the Twelfth Regiment of Michigan Volunteers. Having been wounded in an early engagement, he was forced to retire from actual service. Although his wound incapacitated him for further service in the army, he exerted, by his broad-mindedness and contagious patriotism, a powerful influence on the civil affairs of Indiana.

Colonel Hoynes, our genial veteran and founder and dean of the Notre Dame School of Law, is one of the last survivors of the "Old Guard." The story of his war experiences, told and retold to the generations of students who have gone out from Notre Dame, has kindled in many hearts the fires of love and loyalty to America. That the Colonel's influence and prestige is still most efficient is evidenced by the large number of his students, old and young, who have enlisted voluntarily in the present great cause "to make the world safe for democracy." Many other students of the early Sixties, some in the administrative departments and some in the field and in the hospital service, played a conspicuous part in helping to the successful termination of the Civil War. Although their part may have been less notable, still Notre Dame cherishes them on her roll of honor among the greatest of her loyal sons.

But the high patriotism of Father Sorin reflects better than anything else perhaps the spirit of Notre Dame during the Civil War. Those beautiful qualities of mind and heart which were at all times remarked by those who knew him were never more manifest. The college at that time was but some fifteen years old, and consequently the enrollment was small.

The Know-Nothing movement had aroused throughout the Middle West a frenzy of religious bigotry and antagonism towards Catholics and Catholic institutions. The number of priest-professors constituting the University's faculty was small, and the labors of each long and arduous. Nevertheless, when President Lincoln called upon the religious denominations of the North for field chaplains, Father Sorin hesitated not a moment in his decision, nor did he stop to consider the consequences to his little community when there was question of serving the nation. Father Peter Cooney was in Chicago when word came to Notre Dame of the need of chaplains, particularly for the Irish

Regiment of Volunteers. Father James Dillon was a member of the missionary band which Father Sorin had just organized; but when the Irish Brigade, then being recruited in the State of New York, appealed for a chaplain of their own faith and blood, Father Sorin abandoned his cherished missionary project, and sent Father Dillon for the service. For two years Father Dillon was the great favorite with "his own boys." Then a weakness in health developing from exposure in the changeable weather of Virginia, he contracted consumption and died in 1868. Father Paul Gillen was associated with the Union Army operating in Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi. His warm companionship



FATHER CORBY GIVING THE GENERAL ABSOLUTION TO THE IRISH BRIGADE
AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

regiments. Eager to accompany his countrymen into battle, Father Cooney offered his services, and on October 4, 1861, received a chaplain's commission in the Union Army, with assignment to the 35th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. He served throughout the war, discharging his duties heroically and entertaining his comrades between times with his resourceful wit and his wealth of story.

Father Carrier, a Frenchman by birth, had come to America as late as 1855, just six years before the outbreak of the war. But the haunting desire to take some part in the great struggle was strong in him, and he was given a commission as chaplain in the Sixth Missouri

was eagerly sought by all the soldiers, irrespective of religious opinion. Commenting upon one of his hobbies, Father Corby writes: "He had a singular faculty for finding the Catholic soldiers, and among them he did a remarkable amount of good. His way of going through the army was thoroughly practical, and by his own ingenious plans he had a very successful time of it until Gen. Grant spoiled his fun. The mode of travel adopted by him was this. Having secured a strong horse, he purchased also an old-fashioned, flat-bottomed rockaway in Washington, D. C. From this vehicle he had the front seat removed and from the back seat he drove his faithful horse

whom he called 'Sarsfield.' In this rockaway were transported a few army blankets for sleeping purposes, a small amount of provisions, a chapel-tent—constructed according to his own architectural plan—and a folding altar. In this conveyance he lived. He travelled in it by day and slept in it at night. By turning the 'north-end,' as he called it, to the storm, after the fashion of the buffalo in the West, he could stand against the chilling winds with great security."

We possess very meagre information concerning the war record of the two chaplains, Fathers Leveque and Bourget, which is accounted for by the fact that both, having been enfeebled by the hardships suffered in their war work, died soon after the termination of hostilities.

It was a happy day in December, 1861, when Father Corby received from the Governor of the State of New York, a chaplain's commission with a rank of cavalry officer. He had always been very popular among the students at Notre Dame, and now that he was taken away, his loss was deeply deplored. Entering into that grand army of the Potomac and enduring the varying vicissitudes that befell it during the first years of the war, Father Corby achieved a record which, for all his humility, bespeaks the largeness of soul and the fearlessness in the discharge of duty characteristic of truly great men. In his very interesting volume, "*Memoirs of Chaplain Life*," there is evident on every page his quick wit and his cheerful humor, the ardent spirit and ideals of a crusader, the accurate account of many interesting phases and incidents of the war which have escaped popular knowledge, and the soul-stirring experiences of a man who has known the emotions of battles won and lost; the high-born hopes, the racking heart-aches, and the fond affection which soldiers on the battlefield share generously with one another.

During the peninsular campaign so adverse to the Union Cause, Father Corby relates some singular experiences: "Just after the battle of Fair Oaks, I wished to send word home to Notre Dame. I had no paper, but, after much searching, I found an old envelope, which had no paste or mucilage to fasten it. I found a stamp, however, and on the inside of the envelope I wrote 'The battle is over and we are safe.' I sealed the letter by pasting the stamp on the laps of the envelope. This I addressed to my sister, who handed it to Very Rev. E.

Sorin, then President of Notre Dame. He was so pleased with the real war-like message that he had it read in public to the faculty and the students of the University." Again he writes: "During the winter we spent our time in much the same way as parish priests do, except in this—we had no old women to bother us, or pew-rent to collect." And of the May devotions: "When prayers commenced, the soldiers dropped down on their knees, mud or no mud. Many, however, were sharp enough to provide at least a chip to put under their knees to keep them from sinking too deep in the mud caused by recent rains. . . . Many officers and soldiers came here from various parts of the Army, and it was like a parish service—all except the collection."

At the battle of Antietam, Father Corby performed his most memorable act of heroism. Perhaps there is not on record another case in which a priest advancing with his regiment under fire, knelt beside his fallen comrades and heard their confessions, while from all around him poured the withering fire of musketry and artillery. On the morning of September 17, 1862, the Irish Brigade was commanded to advance "double-quick." Father Corby's description of what followed is of unusual interest: "I shall never forget how wicked the whizz of the enemy's bullets seemed as we advanced into that battle. As soon as my men began to fall, I dismounted and began to hear their confessions on the spot. It was then I felt the danger even more than when dashing into battle. Every instant bullets whizzed past my head, any one of which, if it had struck me, would have been sufficient to leave me dead on the spot, with many of my brave soldiers, as the bullets came from the Confederates at close range."

It is a familiar matter to all who have knowledge of the great events at Gettysburg that Father Corby gave general absolution to the Irish Brigade just before they were ordered into battle. He describes the scene briefly: "Addressing the men, I explained what I was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere Act of Contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing his sins, urging them to do their duty, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers and the noble object for which they fought. . . . The Brigade was standing

at 'Order-Arms!' As I closed my address, every man, Catholic and non-Catholic, fell on his knees with his head bowed down. Then stretching my right hand toward the brigade, I pronounced the words of the absolution."

Commemorating the event there stands on the field of Gettysburg to-day a sculptured figure of Father Corby, his right hand uplifted, his face to the valley, in which "his boys" were kneeling, so many of them for the last time, for the absolution and the benediction of their beloved chaplain.

In the Community House at Notre Dame, ripe in years but still strong of body and cheery of soul are the two survivors among the Holy Cross men who saw service in the civil war, Brother John Chrysostom and Brother Raphael. They have seen our country recover from its great losses, and have viewed with satisfaction the healing of old wounds and the knitting of a firm bond of brotherhood between the North and the South. What a joy it must be to them to know that their services have contributed something toward making our country what it is. What optimistic patriotism must be theirs when they witness to-day the departure from Notre Dame of six chaplains and some six hundred of her students—of the past and present—to vindicate a cause as righteous and as sacred as the one for which they fought a half-century ago.

Such in brief is the story of Notre Dame's part in the Civil War. True, it was but a very modest part in the work of saving the Union, and still it must always be to us of Notre Dame a matter of pride, and in these trying days an unfailing source of inspiration to loyalty and service.

No Sodger.

Yas sah, Ah reckons Ah's twenty-one,
But say, Boss, I can't tote no gun,
Cuz when thah's a fight Ah all run,
No sah, Ah ain't no sodger.

'Sides, Boss, Ah ain't quite all right—
Ah'm off en ma feet, head an' sight,
No sah, Ah ain't no good to fight,
No sah, I ain't no sodger.

'Sides Ah'm a scahr'd o' Liza's flat iron
She's fiercah en mos' eny lion
She shied me unct, Ah thot Ah'z dyin',
No sah, Ah ain't no sodger.

J. S. M.

To the Chaplains.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY, '19.

Yea! it is sad to part
And feel the absence of fond faces fled
From field
And campus and the accustomed haunts so near;
And hard to have in heart
A void—where all but memory is dead,
Memory of hallowed presences so dear.

A clarion call—
That broke the sacred stillness of our air—
And lo!
With unreluctant step and lips well-drawn
You left the hall,
And all the quietude of the classroom there;
With glad faces to the distant dawn.

And now what fears,
And what full plenitude of poignancy
You gave to her,
Gave to the great heart of Notre Dame—
And many tears:
But sweet withal will that proud hoarding be
Of memory of those her lips can name.

Beneath the charging skies,
Braving the bursting of the battle-flame
She sees you—
In sunny fields or in the rich, red loam
With glad, unchanging eyes
And that high love always the same—
Hunger and love for souls yearning for home.

For you are going—
Going with the thoughts of olden days,
With hearts aglow;
Treading the brave paths where Corby trod:
Yea! past wide waters flowing
Going back the valiant, wilding ways
Whence Sorin came for Holy Cross and God.

Tear-Bejewelled Joy.

"Dear mother, do not look so sad;
To-day you should be proud."

"But, son, if you return to me
Wrapped in a starry shroud?"

"If such high glory take from you
Your cherished soldier boy,
Then let your gladdened eyes teem full
Of tear-bejewelled joy."

G.D.H.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

VOL. LI. FEBRUARY 23, 1918. NO. 18

Board of Editors.

DELMAR J. EDMONDSON, '18
CHARLES W. CALL, '18 JOHN A. LEMMER, '18
JOHN L. REUSS, '18
GEORGE D. HALLER, '19 THOMAS F. HEALY, '19
BROTHER AUSTIN, C. S. C., '18
LEIGH G. HUBBELL, '18 THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19
ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '20

—It is with the loneliness and pride of the patriotic mother that Notre Dame names her brave sons gone forth to battle for home

and country. She has
A Mother's Godspeed. raised them to be soldiers if their country needs them to fight, as now it does. In calling them over she dwells lovingly upon each name as if it were the only one. She appreciates their worth, their spirit, their sacrifice as only the mother can. Every day she prays with her best fervor that God in his great goodness may bring them back every one safe and sound in victory. But whatever fortunes of battle may befall, she bids them as the Spartan mother of old, "With your shield or upon it!"

—The regular life of the army, gives to the soldier, it is certain, a good physical bearing. It squares his shoulders, gives spring to his step, makes his muscles firm
Army Discipline. and sinewy, his eye alert, his movements sure and decisive; but it does much more than this. It takes a flabby and elastic will, and makes it firm too. It teaches him that yes means yes and no means no as nothing else can teach it, and that procrastination and forgetfulness are capital sins in military life that bring sure punishment in their wake.

A common theme in recent years for the lamentations of sociological workers has been the loss of parental authority in the home. The old-fashioned father whose word was law—a law to be obeyed with thoroughness and dispatch, has given place to the tender, pleading parent, who fears to counter the whims of his growing offspring lest he mar that filial affection which is the wine of family happiness. The result is that the father steps down from the position of master, and the son promptly takes the whip in hand and manifests an obstinate firmness of will that would have been admirable in his parent. The life of the army will do much to reverse this condition in the home. An officer asks no favors of his soldiers, and is no respecter of persons. He gives his men a command and they have no choice but to obey. Soldiers must do what they are told to do, and do it when and how they are told, without question or delay.

Their's not to make reply

Their's not to reason why,

Their's but to do and die:

But if they should stop to reason why, the why would be obvious enough. In every organization that is to be effective there must be unity of action. The members must work in harmony and in time. A decisive battle may be lost by a moment's delay in obeying orders. The general in planning his attack upon the enemy makes no allowance for hesitation or indecision in his subordinates. They are cogs in the big army machine, and they must fit in place at a set moment. This promptness and punctuality is the backbone of military discipline. It is not restricted maneuvers on the battle-field, but runs through every moment of the soldier's day. He has a time for everything, a right way of doing everything, and his preferences and dislikes must be thrust aside when there is question of duty. It is not the easiest life to be sure, this life of strict regularity, but it is a life that bears as its fruit big results; and no one can regret the influence it will have upon American young men in the future. When the actual fighting is at last over, there will come back to our cities—to office and factory and field,—a mighty army of men who have learned to rise and retire, to eat and work and play at a regular time, and who can "carry a message to Garcia" no matter what difficulties or dangers beset the way.

✓ The Notre Dame Chaplains.

The stirring chapter in Notre Dame's history that tells the story of Cooney and Corby in the Civil War, was bound to have its modern parallel when the peaceful hum of America's industries became lost in the clank of arms, and the boys of Notre Dame exchanged the cheerful occupations of the college campus for the grim business of war. If Notre Dame could ascend to-day some high mountain from which she might be shown all in one view the cities within the confines of these states, she would see her sons in khaki at every military camp arise to call her blessed. Indiana, Mississippi, California, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Texas, Kentucky, Michigan and New York, every State that claims a military center, has men from Notre Dame, marking time, anxious to spend and be spent for the great cause they call their very own. The old spirit that animated them, when they entered a contest on the gridiron, the diamond or the track, the throbbing energy that stirred them in debate, make them square a shoulder to-day and march steady and confident to what our one-time

campus philosopher, Rupe Mills, admits is the biggest war he was ever in.

It was natural that the men who had drunk in the stories of Corby and Cooney, of Dillon and Carrier, should turn their eyes to Notre Dame in this new hour of strife for chaplains to stand beside them in the field. And they are not disappointed. Behold they come, cheerful and happy, glad to be with the soldier lads, and consoled by the thought that they can minister on the field the good things of God to boys who they know are as eager to be strong of soul as to be strong of body, and quick and alert of mind.

In the summer of 1917 Father Morrissey, the Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross appealed to his priests for volunteers from whom he might select chaplains for the new army. A long list of names was soon in his hands, and when the Government

asked for four chaplains, the Provincial and his council selected six from the list and offered them for service in the army.

The Reverend Matthew Walsh, Vice-President of the University, and professor of history, was the first selection and was assigned by the War



(REV.) FIRST-LIEUTENANT MATTHEW J. WALSH, C. S. C.
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY, CHAPLAIN TO THE 135TH
MACHINE GUN BATTALION, U. S. A., AT CAMP
SHERIDAN, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

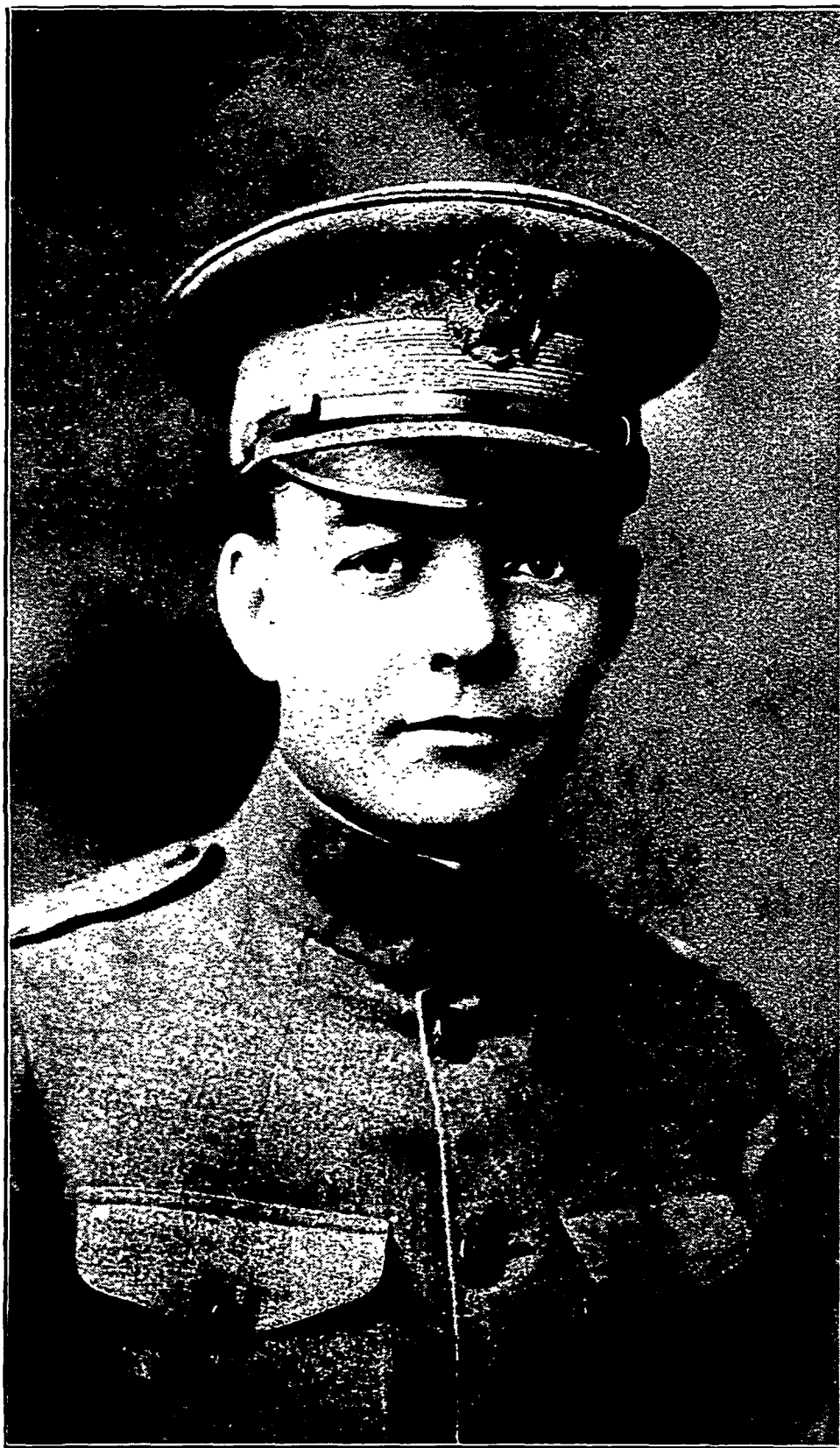
Department to Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala. Father Walsh is universally beloved by faculty and students at Notre Dame. Possessed of rare judgment, a delightful sense of humor and a whole-hearted sympathy with young men whom his work had taught him to understand thoroughly, he brings to his work as chaplain resources that cannot but effect big results. Notre Dame misses him every day but rejoices in the thought that she is giving through him and his fellow priests the best that she has to her country.

To Camp Shelby at Hattiesburg, Miss. were assigned Fathers Edward Finnegan, John McGinn and George Finnigan. Father Edward Finnegan was known and loved by the boys of Notre Dame. As professor, as rector of Corby Hall and Prefect of Discipline, he learned to know young men and to sympathize with them, and he has an enthusiasm for doing things that is infectious. Father John McGinn who was perhaps the most popular professor at Notre Dame, will be everywhere, and will do everything that a chaplain is allowed to do. A man who was never happy without a problem

and who solved it as expeditiously and tactfully as an expert, a man who made the work of charity his daily pleasure, will bring to his care for the boys at the Front a generous zeal, and will infect them with a desire for what is

great and good that they will not easily satiate. Father George Finnigan leaves the Notre Dame mission band for the duties of chaplain. He brings a highly trained mind to his work and a disposition that will endear him to the soldiers.

The last chaplains to leave Notre Dame will be the first to see the scenes of battle. Fathers Ernest Davis and Charles O'Donnell bade good-bye to cheering crowds of students a short time ago to join the Rainbow Division that is now in active service in France. Father Davis will bring to his new duties the same zeal and self-forgetfulness with which he labored at Notre Dame and the men for whom



(REV.) FIRST-LIEUTENANT EDWARD J. FINNEGAN, C. S. C.
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AT THE UNIVERSITY, CHAPLAIN TO THE
139TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION, U. S. A., AT CAMP SHELBY,
HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

he labors will find him the kindest of fathers and the truest of friends. Father Charles O'Donnell will bear to his work on the fields of battle the energetic zeal that characterized his work among

(Continued on page 309.)

Handwritten notes:
p. 309
309
Contd.

Washington Day Exercises.

The annual exercises in commemoration of the Father of our Country were held in Washington Hall this morning. For the Seniors it was the first donning of the sedate caps and gowns—a preliminary to the grand finale in June. Though the customary quota of University Cadets was absent, the celebration was not lacking in martial spirit, for our hearts were with those loyal sons of Notre Dame who have so willingly offered their services that Columbia may be all that Washington had hoped her to be.

Following a selection by the orchestra, Charles Call, representing the class of '18, presented to the University the Senior Flag. His speech which follows was well delivered:

Just a month before this class, three and a half years ago, assembled for the first time beneath the golden dome of Notre Dame, the more important countries of Europe had plunged into the mighty conflict which has not yet spent itself. Peacefully we took our places in the ranks of a great educational institution while the young men of Europe were filling up the ranks of the greatest

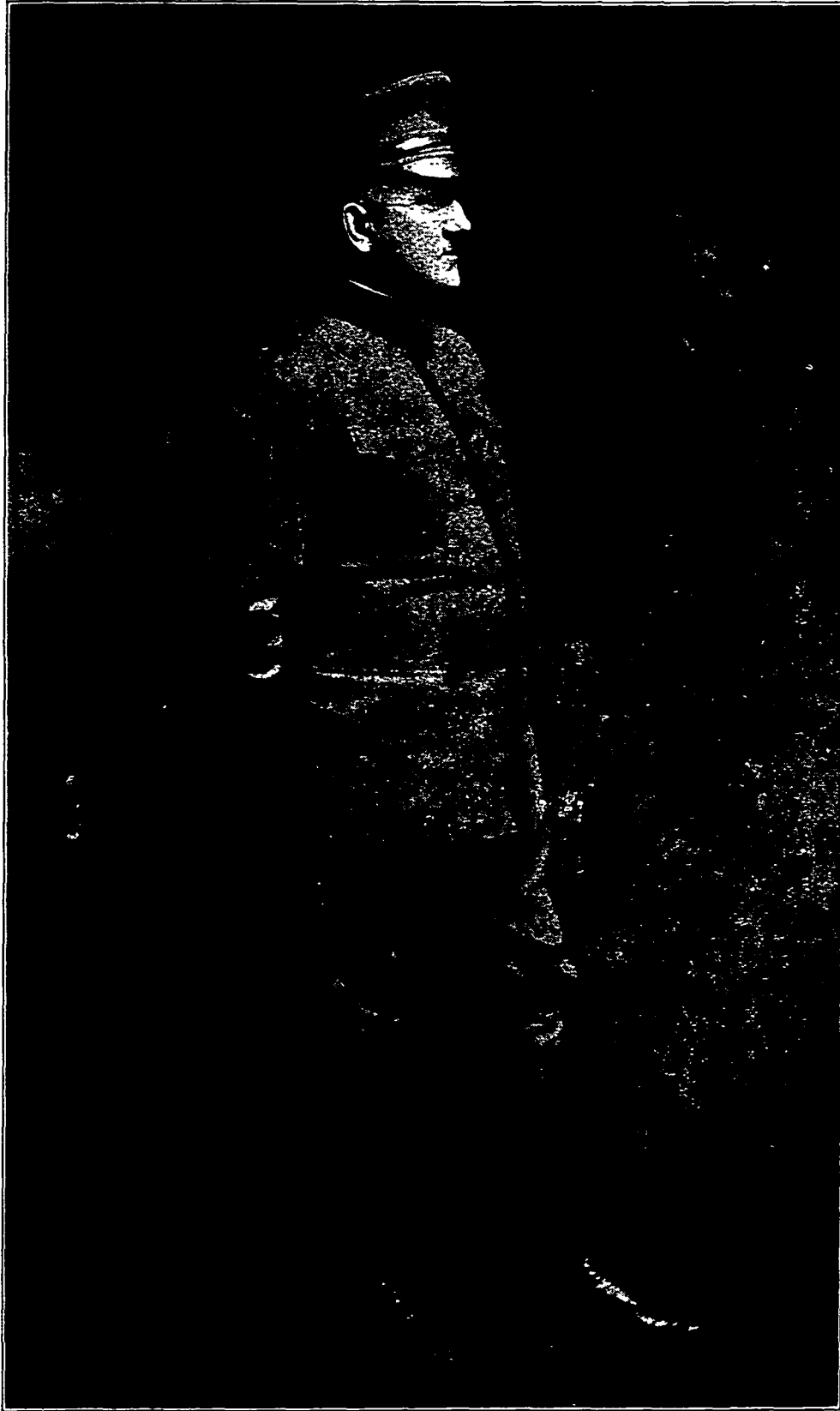
armies this world has known. Whilst we were gathering to learn; they were mobilizing for the great death struggle.

For some three years we remained spectators of the tragedy that was gradually enlisting every civilized nation of the Old World. Then about a year ago came

the severance of our diplomatic relations with Germany, and a little later our declaration of war upon the intolerable autocracy of the Teutonic Powers. The wrongs necessitating our entrance into the world war are well known to everyone. They have been admirably stated several times by our great President, and for us to review them here would be a waste of time. Suffice it to say that history will surely vindicate the justice of our cause for taking part in this struggle. Now we are fighting, and are going to keep on fighting to the day of victory, that history may just as surely record our triumph in this great battle for human rights.

Patriotism in time of peace is a more or less negative thing. It is decidedly negative as contrasted with the positive demands made upon the citizens of a nation prosecuting a great war.

Then patriotism worthy of the name must be practical, spontaneous, sincere, unselfish, and effective. Just such patriotism is now being displayed in abundance by the American people. The great Washington, the prince of American patriots, whose birth we commemorate to-day, would, were he alive, be proud of



(REV.) FIRST-LIEUTENANT JOHN C. MCGINN, C. S. C.

PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY, CHAPLAIN TO THE 113TH
SANITARY TRAIN, FIELD HOSPITAL SECTION, U. S. A., AT CAMP
SHELBY, HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

the patriotism of the people who honor him as "Father of his Country." That people are now being called upon to make sacrifices such as they have not known before. With an enthusiasm unparalleled in the history of any people, they are making those sacrifices, and are ready to make whatever greater ones the need of their country may require.

This is essentially a time of service, a time when our American men and women are co-operating as never before in one huge, perfectly concerted effort to win this war. On every side are the insignia of service, the signs of what each citizen is doing for his country. Among the actual fighting forces of the nation, the title, the cord, the stripe, distinguish one from another. Outside the service, the button, the badge, the medal, tell of what each patriot at home is doing for the fighters at the Front. But all these varieties of service are but distributions of the one great service in the cause of America. Over and above them all, co-ordinating them all to the one great purpose, are the Stars and Stripes, emblematic of the American Republic and of all our American ideals.

We, the members of the class of 1918, in keeping with one of the most cherished traditions of Notre Dame, have gathered here on this birthday of the great Washington to present to the University as our class flag the banner of our country. We ask you to accept it, Father Cavanaugh, with the best wishes of our class as a token of the great gratitude we owe to you and to the University. We ask you to accept it also as an earnest pledge of the loyalty and service which, under God, we pledge to our country and to our school.

And now, members of this war-ridden class of 1918, just a word about the sacred responsibility which this presentation imposes upon us. We are facing a future, nay, almost a present, in which our souls may be tried most severely. Within the coming months many of us, possibly all of us, may be called upon to risk our lives in the fiercest struggle ever waged, to die, perhaps, in defense of the flag which we are now presenting to our Alma Mater as a

pledge of our loyalty and our patriotism. Shall we be equal to that trial? I have not the slightest hesitation in answering "Yes" for every member of the class. It has been the steady purpose of Notre Dame to educate us for life and for death, in whatever form they may come, and it is our ambition to prove that she has not labored in vain. Many of our classmates are already in the ranks. It is for us to follow at our earliest opportunity in their footsteps.

Let us never forget that we are from a school whose patriotic zeal has ever been one of her chiefest glories.

The best patriotism of which we are capable will be unworthy enough of the school which has voluntarily sacrificed her vice-president and five other of her ablest priests for the service to which she has educated us so carefully. Here in this hallowed hall, under the beloved flag we are giving to Notre Dame, let us take to heart seriously, bravely, and proudly, the grave responsibility which our act involves. And let us resolve, one and all, that we shall live up to that responsibility through thick and thin; that this sacred banner shall never be dishonored in the slightest way by anyone of our number, and that—after the example of our brave Alma Mater herself—this flag may, regardless of cost, be carried to triumph in the justice of its cause by that invincible American patriotism which Notre Dame and Notre Dame men have so consistently illustrated.

An unexpected feature of the program was the presentation to the University of a huge Notre Dame Service

Flag, the materials for which were furnished by the New England Club, while the flag was completed by the girls of St. Mary's College. The flag with its service star and 243, symbol of our part in the world struggle, was presented by Miss Ruth Beatty, '18, of St. Mary's with the following words:

In one of the rooms of the new Library is a picture with which you are all familiar of Father Corby giving absolution to the soldiers of the Irish Brigade before



(REV.) FIRST-LIEUTENANT GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, C.S.C.
MEMBER OF THE HOLY CROSS MISSION BAND, AND
CHAPLAIN TO THE 137TH FIELD ARTILLERY,
U. S. A., AT CAMP SHELBY, HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

the battle of Gettysburg. This, I believe, is Notre Dame's first service flag. There is no Paul Wood among us today to see with an artist's eye and to paint with an artist's skill the color and form of the light and the life which, since last April, have gone forth from Notre Dame to the defense of our nation, in the persons of its six army chaplains and two hundred and fifty students. Nor would the facts and the spirit behind the facts yield to artistic reproduction or facsimile. They are not only the fruit of your legacy of heroic patriotism from the past but the consecrated inheritance of the students of Notre Dame for all future time. In the colors of our country and with the emblems of faith and hope we have tried to symbolize this vigorous and hallowed patriotism of which your University has given such glorious expression during the past year. And we deem it a privilege, unique and unprecedented, to present to Notre Dame, in the name of St. Mary's, its second service flag.

We do not forget for a moment the tremendous drama of which this day's ceremony is but a passing scene—I mean this grow-

ing miracle of your school—whose impelling force is the spirit of your great founder, Father Sorin, whose enveloping action is religion; whose theme is educated Christian manhood. Father Corby and your other soldier-priests and students of former wars have spoken the stirring prologues to the greatest

acts which are to come. The knighting of the Priest and the finding of America's Holy Grail are scenes for which you have supplied and trained the leading actors. And as we anticipate the final triumph of the Holy Cross, we rise to honor the men, priests, and students, from this University who have made that

triumph possible, and we offer this service flag, their tribute and ours, to Notre Dame, the Mother of Men.

As a fitting accompaniment to the offering of the Service Flag, Mr. George Harbert, Law '18, made the formal presentation of the Notre Dame Ambulance. He said:

Reverend President of the University, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We of the Class of 1918, privileged to return to Notre Dame this year, while so many others have been called to the defense of our country, have felt that we too should render some service to that cause. When we decided to raise the funds to place an ambulance in the field, it was with a feeling that in no other way could we better prove our patriotism. To-day, aided by the hearty co-oper-

tion and generous contributions of our fellow students and friends, we are able to consummate our purpose. To you, Father Cavanaugh, we present this ambulance as a token of our sentiment, as a mark of the devotion which we bear to our country, as an appreciation of the patriotism of the Notre Dame men who are already



(REV.) FIRST-LIEUTENANT EARNEST A. DAVIS, C. S. C..
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AT THE UNIVERSITY, CHAPLAIN IN THE 42ND
DIVISION OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE.

enlisted in the service of the nation, as an emblem of the affection we feel for our alma mater.

With this ambulance goes our hope that it will carry the name of Notre Dame wherever the battle rages the fiercest, wherever the wounded lie the thickest, wherever the need is the greatest. May it serve in a small measure to prove that we partake of the spirit which has prompted our fellow students to enlist in this great cause of liberty, which has prompted our heroic chaplains to abandon their pleasant home in our midst for the rough life of the army camp and the perils of the battle-field, and to align themselves among the defenders of our land. To the Notre Dame men already in France, and to the many more who will be there before the war is ended, may it be a message of cheer, a word of encouragement from the Notre Dame men in America. To them and to all the other brave soldiers who are fighting our fight, may the Notre Dame ambulance be an angel of mercy.

To you, Father Cavanaugh, on behalf of the class of 1918 and the other students of Notre Dame, I present this check, as the seal of our pledge of patriotism.

Father Cavanaugh in accepting the flags gave the following address:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The beautiful exercises of this day constitute one of the oldest and sweetest traditions of this University. For a quarter of a century each succeeding senior class has made this offering of a large American flag on Washington's Birthday. The sincerity and fervor with which the custom is perpetuated and the genuine patriotic emotion with which the air is each year vibrant, makes this one of the most treasurable and inspiring memories of Notre Dame life.

Next Commencement on the morning of Baccalaureate Sunday, this beautiful flag will be gathered up lovingly in the hands of the Senior men, will be brought into the sanctuary of the college church, where for a few minutes it will lie close to the feet of Christ. It will be blessed with pomp and chant and ritual, and then

loving hands will lift it to its place on the great flag-staff where for the next year it will fling its folds to the free winds of heaven; a symbol of the lessons of patriotism taught in this ancient school, and of the loyalty and love of Notre Dame men wherever they are.

Gentlemen of the Senior Class, on behalf of the University I accept this flag. With something almost of the tenderness and reverence with which I take into my hands the sacred host, I gather the folds of this flag mystically into my arms and I wrap it about the

heart of Notre Dame. Fittingly will it rest for a moment in the sanctuary at the feet of Christ; fittingly will fall athwart its glorious colors the shadow of the cross of Christ, for as the cross is the most sacred symbol of religion that humanity has ever known, so is this beautiful flag the sublimest emblem of human liberty that ever gladdened the hearts of mankind. All flags look beautiful when seen through the eyes of love, but this flag is peerless and alone. Jealousy itself dare not rise in its place and deny that of all the banners that fly under the breezes of heaven, of all the standards that have all the standards that have ever assembled mankind to live or to die under their colors, there has been no other flag since the dawn of history so innocent of human blood, so chaste in its purposes and aspirations, so sublimely dedicated to human freedom. As the Son of God was born and lived and suffered out of infinite love for all mankind, so that beautiful flag was born of a divine fury against injustice. It never waved over a battle-field where men fought



(REV.) FIRST-LIEUTENANT CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.
PROFESSOR OF POETRY AT THE UNIVERSITY, CHAPLAIN
IN THE 42ND DIVISION OF THE AMERICAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE

for an unworthy end—for land, for money, or for hatred. As from the midnight skies of Bethlehem there fell upon a wondering world the music of angels and the promise of "peace to men of good will," so with the first appearance of that flag in the heavens came the fullest evangel of human liberty, its own dedication to the sublimest ideals of human life, its promise of friendship and brotherhood and peace to men of good will.

To-day the presentation of the flag is invested with a strange and wonderful solemnity. To-day for the first time in many years that flag is carried into foreign lands; it floats under alien skies; it moves at the head of the greatest army ever assembled in the name of America. Its summons is a call to battle,—to battle for the same principles of liberty which gave it birth and strength and glorious achievement in the past, and which in the providence of God are destined to give it glorious perpetuity. And as the Stars and Stripes represents that summons to honorable battle, so the Service Flag represents the answer of Notre Dame men to that call to the post of honor, of danger and of duty. Six crosses, the sacred signs of faith and love and courage, symbolize six gentle priests, leaders of the host of God, who a year ago to-day assembled with us to pledge their fealty to the flag, and who are now in humble imitation of Corby and Cooney and Dillon and Gillen sharing the hardships and perils of the soldier's life. The star represents the sign in the heavens which appeared to the upward gazing students of last year and which they followed faithfully into foreign lands as the Magi followed the Star of Bethlehem. Of those who gathered here with us a year ago, two-hundred and forty-three are known to be wearing the uniform of our country. How many others are not yet recorded we do not know; how many more will answer the summons in the coming months, we cannot say, but in the heart of every Notre Dame man there arises a feeling of gratitude and of solemn pride that in this hour of destiny the men of Notre Dame have answered so nobly this heroic call. That beautiful flag we shall cherish till the last shred of it has been consumed by the teeth of envious time. It comes to us from the hands of pure and devoted womanhood; it comes to us from the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the students of Saint Mary's College. It comes trailing clouds of glory after it, for of all the noble and devoted religious orders who have served God and country in war, as well as in peace, there is none in America whose record is so noble as is the record of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Of all the schools in America which taught beautiful lessons of patriotism and duty in peace and illustrated them heroically in war, there is none whose story is so brilliant as the story of Saint Mary's. As among men, the bravest are the tenderest, so among women the tenderest are the bravest, and when the roar of cannon has ceased and the smoke of battle has been lifted from the ruins of Europe, the one sweet memory of this monstrous conflict will be the remembrance of the mothers and sisters and friends, who in their own way and in their own place, helped to win this titanic struggle and to re-establish liberty on earth. As the stars and crosses on that flag symbolize the courage, the faith, and the duty of the men who went into battle, so every loving touch bestowed on that flag, every line of beauty added to it, every stitch that went to the making of it, represents the courage, the loyalty of the noble mothers and sisters who first inspire men with lofty ideals and then fill them with courage to fight and to die for them. This exquisite Service Flag—the most beautiful, I believe, in all America—presented with sweetest womanly eloquence, I accept in the name of our absent heroes and in the name of their brothers here who will

cherish it, not only for the brave men it commemorates, but also for the noble women whose love and devotion make it doubly beautiful.

And, finally, I pay my tribute to the generosity which impelled the students of the University to provide an ambulance for the care of our stricken soldiers on the field of battle. War means death; it means wounds; it means bloodshed and suffering. It is the most brutal manifestation of human life, but side by side with its monstrous ugliness there is a manifestation of sublimest Christian virtue,—faith, courage, unselfishness, charity. The ambulance represents human science and Christian mercy. It is your way of saying to the boys who have gone out to battle. We can't fight beside you, but we can at least be grateful. By a little sacrifice here we can help to assuage the pain and heal the wounds you have received in battle for us. From over the sea we send up this shout of sympathy and brotherhood. Across the waste of waters we send you this sign of sympathy, and should the hour come in the providence of God when you feel the anguish of wounds received in battle, may the sight of a Notre Dame ambulance recalling our love for you and our pride in you help to mitigate your sufferings. And as a token of the brotherhood of all good men the world over, we shall inscribe upon the tablet which identifies this ambulance, these words: 'From the men of Notre Dame to Cardinal Mercier of Belgium, the noblest moral figure manifested in this war.'

Old Glory to represent the courage of men; the Service Flag to represent the sympathy, the applause, the gratitude of women; the ambulance to typify all that knowledge and mercy can bring of comfort,—how wonderfully they betoken the enthusiasm and cooperation with which American faces this great crisis! The worst mistake that we could make would be to underestimate the gigantic struggle that lies before us: we are face to face with the greatest engine of war that the world has ever known. The next most lamentable error would be to over-estimate the crisis; one thing is absolutely certain, we are going to win this war! It is sheer insanity to think that *Schrecklichkeit* can terrorize civilized men. Its only effect can be to nerve the arm of resolution more and more. It is no great credit to say of any nation that it excels in the monstrous business of war, that it leads the world in brutality and terrorism. The Turks were brutal and terrible and they succeeded in arousing, not the fear, but only the disgust and hatred of mankind. The Iroquois Indians practiced *Schrecklichkeit* and they did terrorize other Indians, because they were savages; but brutality cannot terrorize civilized and Christian men. Courage is a spiritual and not an animal quality, and it is one of the noblest victories of the spiritual that it lifts men above physical terror. America can lose only through the failure of the spiritual quality in her men.

God grant that this beautiful flag may never fly over an unworthy people. God grant that every century until the end of time that spotless flag may be more and more worthy of the love of God and the loyalty of noble men.

The oration of the day was delivered by Con-

(Concluded on page 308.)

Letters from Camp.

CAMP SHERIDAN, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
February 1, 1918.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Editors:—

... The Notre Dame men fortunate enough to be in the camps to which the six Holy Cross priests have been assigned as chaplains can guess my surprise and pleasure a few days ago at having a tall man in the olive drab overcoat and barracks cap—whom only at second glance I recognized as none other than Father Walsh, our vice-president at old N. D.—walk into the office of the 135th Machine Gun Battalion—of which I am the acting adjutant—and say: “Here I am, your chaplain—where are you going to put me?”

I can scarcely realize yet my good fortune in being on the same staff with Father Walsh, in being near him in his work, and, if we are lucky enough to go into action and lucky enough to return, in having been an eye-witness to such incidents, mayhap, as brought renown to the brave Father Corby in the Civil War.

Can you imagine me, who used to come shivering into Father Walsh’s room for permission to “go to the dentist”—in reality to go to the Orpheum—being now his superior officer? Can you imagine Father Walsh now coming to me for permission to go to town? Can you imagine Ray Miller, who “subbed it” on the football team when “Eich” was a whirlwind, now being the superior officer of the vice-president of Notre Dame, with authority to give or refuse him “per.”

[Editor’s Note:—We take the liberty of interrupting Adjutant Miller’s letter at this point to present our readers the evidence that said “per” has been secured at least once. The card below is a copy of a recent pass issued by the Adjutant.]

CAMP 135th MACHINE GUN BATTALION

January 27, 1918.

To All Military Police:

Pass First-Lieutenant M. J. Walsh, Chaplain, 135th Machine Gun Battalion this date. Business under exceptional circumstances.

Ray L. Miller,
First-Lieut. Adjutant
135th Machine Gun Battalion

As to the details of the interview and the difficulties involved we refer our readers to the VALVE of this issue.]

Is it not as strange as “From a Canal Boy to a President,” in three reels?

As Notre Dame men in this camp are not numerous and as there was need of some to give the finishing touches and atmosphere to the 37th division, the War Department simply sent down the vice-president of Notre Dame to make up the whole deficiency. He arrived on Friday and that night was in the harness, leading some men out of the 135th to a big general singing class. Because he comes from

Notre Dame he was immediately made athletic officer of this battalion.

And still another wonder—who ever imagined that Father Walsh smoked cig—[deleted by SCHOLASTIC censor]—and that I could smoke one with him in his own quarters after every meal? Father and I eat at the same table, and we have no wheatless, meatless, or sweetless days. You N. D. men can envy us. Father Walsh, being a staff officer, will be mounted, and I understand that his knowledge of horses would fill a volume as large as an unabridged dictionary. . . .

He has now been on the job a week and is quickly adapting himself to military life and to the customs of the service. He salutes with exactness and generally has all his buttons buttoned. We do have some trouble still in getting him out for reveille, but he knows which of the calls means mess and obeys it with perfect promptness.

We have very few Notre Dame men in this camp; for a while I thought I was the lone representative, but later I found Ed Beckman, Harry Rogers, Rodney Cullen and Captain Wilkerson. I seldom hear of another camp, however, except in reference to Notre Dame men. I have come to the conclusion that it is the loyalty and patriotism Notre Dame instils into her students that has caused them to respond so numerous and so enthusiastically to the country’s call.

Sincerely,

Ray T. Miller,
Lieutenant-Adjutant 135th M. G. B.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE AMERICAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE.

January 26, 1918.

Reverend John Cavanaugh,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Father:

A few days ago while looking around a little shell-swept village I found a Ritual, which I am sending you. The pile of stones where I found it must have been the Curé’s home, as beside it lay part of the church steeple and the face of the church-steeple clock. The book was in part of an old bookcase, which I forced open with a stick I was carrying.

If a year ago some one had told me that I should be here at this time, I am certain I would not have believed him. But here I am anyhow, living for the present in a hole in the ground and quite often wishing the hole was deeper. And as a room-mate I have a lieutenant who left DePauw University last spring, as I left Notre Dame, for the training camp. So being Hoosiers, we spend much of our idle time talking of things “back home.”

I am becoming quite proficient in French!—with the help of my hands. I find that the gestures and expression of the face constitute about half the language. I hardly think Father Doremus would classify me as a French scholar, but I am getting so I can get along very nicely with the French officers.

France is surely a nation of soldiers. In England one can feel that the country is at war, but not as you do in France. Here you sense it in every walk of life not as a hardship, but as a gigantic task that is grad-

ually being accomplished. The British have a wonderful army, but that of France, man for man, is its equal. I spent four weeks at a British school and a week in their lines, and so have seen something of both armies; and I am convinced that the Allemand has just a little bit more than he can handle. But you people back in the States know more about the war than we do. I have not seen a newspaper for nearly three weeks.

That reminds me of something I must tell you. You know we have Paris editions of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Herald*. About the middle of December I was reading a *Herald* and ran across a piece quite familiar in style. And I am quite certain it is by "Stue" Carroll of the *Lilacs* and *SCHOLASTIC*. Since I have the piece I will send it along hoping it will find its way to Father Eugene Burke and the *SCHOLASTIC*.

I came over with three of last year's graduates, Charles Reeves, Arnold McNerny and Leo McGann. Reeves is deputy Provost Marshal at the First Infantry School, but I do not know what has become of the other two.

I send my regards to the Faculty and hope to some day see Notre Dame again.

Sincerely yours,

Lieutenant Frank Woods,
1st Brig. M. G. B., 1st Div., A. E. F.

CAMP SHELBY, HATTIESBURG, MISS.

Feb. 11, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh,
Notre Dame, Ind.

My dear Father:—

... To begin at the beginning, Father Ed and I arrived Jan. 25, the feast of St. Paul, and as I said Mass that morning in New Orleans I thought it auspicious that we should become army missionaries on that day.

At Headquarters we were received most kindly by Major White. He went out of the room to see about our appointments, and an officer stood up and said he was at N. D. back in Father Sorin's time. His name is King. ... He was at N. D. in the early nineties.

Major White gave us, to a certain extent, our choice of work, naming the places that were open. Fr. Ed had heard that Major Carpenter, head of the 139th Machine Gun Battalion, wanted a priest and so he asked for that place and got it. Then I chose the 137th Field Artillery. A car was brought and we were carried over the hills to the last camp about a mile away. I didn't in the least know what awaited me. What was my surprise to find myself ushered into the office of Colonel Freyermuth, of South Bend. He had wanted a priest from Notre Dame and received me most cordially. Everyone has been kindness itself.

One of the finest surprises I had was to find two Notre Dame men among the officers. Lieut. James McNulty and Lieut. Eddie Meehan, and surely two better Notre Dame men never walked. I can't tell you, Father, how much they have helped me. They live together a few tents from me. I was wishing you could have seen Jimmie McNulty a few nights ago. It was cold. Eddie came up to my tent and then I went down with him. There was Mac outside their tent standing over a hot stove. The pipe had fallen

apart and he had picked up the whole stove and walked out with it. They fixed up the pipe, and carried the stove back in as though it were a stove drill, an everyday occurrence.

... As to my religious work: it began the first Sunday. I had Mass in an empty mess shack. ... At nine o'clock Church Call was sounded for the Regimental Service. ... Then Colonel Freyermuth introduced me to the regiment. (He had already introduced me to the officers at the Officers' Training School). He urged them all to come to the chaplain for advice and in all spiritual difficulties. I spoke to them on the need of religion, the founding of the Constitution of the U. S. on religious principles, how it was in keeping with these principles that chaplains were appointed. I told them I was a Catholic priest, but that at the Regimental Service nothing would ever be said to offend anyone's religious belief. ... On the second Sunday I said Mass in the Y. M. C. A. They came to me and offered me the hall. ... Say Father, I wish the Catholics of America could understand what the K. of C. are doing. Their big hall is crowded every night. The boys love that place. They go there to write and talk, and read and sing. It is very homelike. ...

We have organized a Lenten Service for Friday night there. We have chosen our subjects for talks and are going to advertise it. But my! we ought to have three more K. of C. buildings. There are six Y.M.C.A., and only one K. of C. But what's the use of talking? I suppose our people are doing all they can. But why don't more of our rich Catholics put up a few buildings? ...

Father McGinn came and is living near the Hospital. He is to be in charge of all the Trains (Medical, Supply, and Ammunition) when we move. Maybe it didn't seem good to see him. I go to the K. of C. every morning for Mass and meet him and Father Ed there. Father Ed is living with the high-brows at Brigade Headquarters.

There are several French officers here teaching. I met two of them, Fortière and Primard. They are graduates of St. Cyr, the West Point of France, and are splendid Catholics, never missing Mass and going to the Sacraments often. This delights me and makes everyone sit up and look.

... Please remember my work in your prayers. There is much to be done and I want to do it, but I realize more than ever before that prayer alone can do many things. Give my best to all the Fathers and Brothers. I appreciate beyond words the *SCHOLASTIC* and *Ave* that Brother Albinus sends me every week. Please have a few copies of both sent to the K. of C. building each week. They will surely be read. ...

Yours devotedly in Holy Cross,

George J. Finnigan, C. S. C.,
First Lieutenant Chaplain, 137 F. A.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, FRANCE.

January, 8, 1918.

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

Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:

Your most welcome letter of December the Fourth arrived to-day and I was indeed pleased to hear from

you and all about Notre Dame. This is the second letter I have received from you since my arrival in France and as yet I have not received a SCHOLASTIC, which I dearly long for.

Before I get married, Father, if I ever do, there are two things that my wife will have to agree on with me. They are, that the day Notre Dame plays West Point and Commencement week at Notre Dame belong entirely to me. This is all I shall ask for and I will have to have it. Those two celebrations belong to me. You will never be able to realize, Father, how much joy a victory by Notre Dame over West Point brings to me. I shall try to explain it.

You see, all the officers in the regulars with me are graduated from West Point or Annapolis. I am in the best fighting body of regular troops that Uncle Sam has over here. Everyone admits that the marines are the best. Well, I am first-lieutenant and acting-captain of the Ninety-fifth Company of Marines, which proves that Notre Dame can hold her own with either West Point or Annapolis in military matters.

Now, imagine if you can, a little school like Notre Dame in the Middle West, coming East and beating West Point in football, and West Point usually beats the Navy. This further goes to prove what I have always told these boys—that Notre Dame is the mother of real men."

... I have received Communion once a week since I have been in France and shall continue as long as God spares me. I have never enjoyed better health in all my life, and I am perfectly happy and prepared for death, if that be my lot. I love this life and I am getting along fine and would not change for anything. When I wrote you that letter to which you referred, I was doing a "hitch" up on the front with the British. Within six days I shall be on the front again, but this time we are to be in for ourselves. We expect to lose a good many men, but you can bet your last cent that if I am among those that are lost, I shall go with that old Notre Dame spirit, and the word "fight" is tame when one has the conception of Notre Dame spirit which I have. Every Boche that we kill means that the war will be over that much sooner, and this is our motto.

By the way, Father, I never told you about calling on my grandmother. Well, I did, and there she was, a paragon of virtue, a colossal monument of beauty! She greeted me with the same outstretched arms and tenderness that her daughter greeted me at Notre Dame some six years ago. I felt that I was the only one that really belonged there, and a strange feeling came over me and the tears welled in my eyes when I looked up at my grandmother again. There seemed to be a look of pity and tenderness on her face and an expression of sorrow for us all. I left there feeling better and stronger for the visit I had paid her. It was the famous old Notre Dame Church of France.

While we fully realize that on account of being the first up on the line that we shall lose a great many men and officers, there is something that seems to tell me to go on and that I shall not "get mine," but even if I do, what harm?

Please remember, Father, that I am not in the engineers' corps, the ambulance corps, or that half-

baked army, and that I am not a reserve officer. Our one purpose over here is to fight, and I am with a fighting unit. It makes us boys that are in the regulars a little sore to see the boys at Fort Benjamin Harrison getting all the write-ups in the papers. . . . The engineers who do not even carry arms, the ambulance drivers who stay behind and wait for our hospital apprentices to carry back the wounded, get all the credit and they don't even know we're alive.

Well, Father, give my regards to Father Hagerty, Father Corcoran, Father Crumley, Father McGinn, Brother Alphonsus, and "Mac," and to all the priests and brothers and students of old Notre Dame.

Wishing you and Notre Dame the best of luck, I remain, your sincere friend,

Lieut. Joseph F. Gargan,
95th Co., 6th Regt. U. S. M. C.,
Am. Ex. Force, France,
c-o Postmaster, New York City.

P. S.—The enclosed snap-shot will show you I have been up against it a little bit. But come what may, I shall be in at the finish. Don't forget the *Regulars*, and *please write soon*. Good-bye, Joe.

(Concluded from page 305.)

gressman John F. Miller native of St. Joseph County, and at present a representative in Congress from the State of Washington. Mr. Miller's address was as interesting as it was impressive.

At the conclusion of Mr. Miller's address, Brother Austin, Litt. B., '18, read an exceptionally well written ode to Washington. Thomas Hoban of the Senior Law Class then delivered with much feeling the Farewell Address of Washington. The program, made all the more appropriate by the present national crisis, was completed by the singing of the Notre Dame Song by the entire audience.

Local News.

—On account of lack of space this week we have to postpone several news items until our next number.

—The Notre Dame Preps demonstrated their ability by defeating the fast Fort Wayne Catholic High quintet in a 23 to 15 fray last Sunday. Kirk and De Sio starred for the Preps, showing frequent flashes of varsity form. The Waynites, with a good support built around Hogan, formed a worthy opposition.

—The several committees of the Notre Dame Ambulance Fund launched a further campaign to swell the fund to its required amount, \$2,000, by March 1. The combined contributions to date amount to \$1,428, \$553 of which was given by Walsh Hall. The personnel of the Notre

Dame Ambulance fund Committee includes: John Reuss, James Hanlon, Frank Monighan, Edwin Harbert, Leonard Mayer, Joseph Riley and Frank Cullinan.

—Spring is here—or ought to be. Brother Alphonsus reports that the first robin arrived on Monday. We don't know much about ornithology, but we have a suspicion that since Tuesday night's cold wave, the robin in question is winging it back to the South several miles an hour faster than he came.

—"General Thomas—Our Inspiration" is the title of the oration John Lemmer, Senior in Philosophy, delivered in Indianapolis Washington's Birthday, February 22. The Interstate Oratorical Contest has eight entries this year including among others representatives from Indiana University, Wabash, and Notre Dame.

—Badin Hall was the scene of the Iowa Club's initial social activity, Wednesday evening, February 14. The event was in the nature of a smoker-luncheon, with the various members of the club contributing to the entertainment. Harry Godes welcomed those assembled, and also assisted the soloists of the evening, Messrs. Weinrich, Walsh and Heide. The Western organization is planning several innovations for the future in the attempt to arouse interest in State club circles.

—Mr. Arthur J. Stace, Managing Editor of the Grand Rapids Press, delivered an excellent lecture on "The Relation of the Editorial and Circulation Departments of a Newspaper" to the journalists last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Stace traced the dependence of both the circulation and, subsequently, the advertising departments upon the calibre of the Editorial Staff. In addition he illustrated the methods used by big papers in gleaning scoops, by a detailed citation of the famous Dr. Warren Waite mystery.

(Concluded from page 301.)

the students as Prefect of Religion and as professor of English, and from his beautiful poet-mind he will bring forth good things to console, encourage and delight those whose eyes must look upon the ghastly scenes of war.

Notre Dame chaplains! Every day you are near us in prayerful thought—you and the fine fighting men you now call your "boys." God speed your return to these fields of peace!

Personals.

—From Keyport, New Jersey, Mrs. Vincent J. Eck has informed us that her husband, who in '15 graduated from the Architectural Course, is now a member of the Coast Artillery Corps, Company One, Fort Hunt, Virginia.

—Corporal Ward C. Schlotzer, sophomore last year, Camp Sherman, Ohio, has been united in marriage to Miss Jessie Gibson, Rochester, New York. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations to the newly-married officer and his wife.

—Word has recently been received at the University that Mr. Early, student in '03, who for the past few years has been a professional skater in Riverview Park, Dubuque, Iowa, has enlisted in the 163rd Depot Brigade at Camp Dodge, Iowa. Severin Beck is also in the same camp, but in a different company.

—William McKenna, member of the class of 1921, is Notre Dame's latest contribution to the colors. "Mac" left for the Great Lakes Training Station to enter the Pharmacy Department of the Navy. Although his residence here has been short he leaves a host of friends who wish him every success in doing his bit for America.

—Lieutenant Arnold McInerny, who for several months has been attending an officers' school in France, recently sent a message to his mother in South Bend, stating that he was safe, well, and happy. The message seems to indicate that "Mac" has already been exchanging shots with the Germans. Lately, Lieutenant McInerny, on a tour of inspection with his regiment, spent two nights and a day in the first line trenches.

—"Nig" Kane (C. E. '14) has already experienced one encounter with the enemy, having been on board the *Tuscania* when it was torpedoed by a German submarine. We have no doubt that before long he will be in the first line trenches repaying this little debt to the Kaiser. Soon after landing on the Irish coast Lieutenant Kane sent the following cable-message to his mother in Williamsport, Pennsylvania: "Safe over seas, Eugene."

—Arthur D. Walsh (B. S. in Chem., '12), in responding to the notice that recently appeared in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC asking for information regarding the Notre Dame men in the service, has written the following concerning himself: "I am a private in Company

G, 311th Infantry, Camp Dix, New Jersey. I have been here three months now and like the life immensely. I have gained twelve pounds since my arrival, and I have never felt better in my life."

—Lloyd Morency, who is now profiting from the military experience that he accumulated at Notre Dame, visited here last week. Lloyd is in charge of a training squad at the Great Lakes Naval Station, Illinois.

—Drexel L. Duffy and his brother Paul V., old Notre Dame students, are members of the K. of C. Hospital Unit which recently left Kansas City, Missouri, on its way to France. They are now in Camp McPherson, Georgia, awaiting the mobilization of one hundred nurses who are to accompany the expedition when it sails for service on foreign fields.

—The SCHOLASTIC gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following item from an old student, J. B. O'Connor, M. D., of Oelwein, Iowa: "I wish to inform you that Paul Jules La Vallette, of Oelwein, who was a Freshman Lawyer at N. D. in '15-'16, is now in France. He is in Company C, 13th Engineering Corps, Regular U. S. Army, A. E. F. via New York."

—Francis J. Clohessy, sophomore in law last year, has been promoted to the rank of Sergeant, First Order, and has been transferred from Camp Johnston to the Raritan River Ordnance Depot, situated near the city of Metuchen, New Jersey. While in Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida, Frank met "Shorty" De Fries (LL. B., '15), who, as a member of a receiving company, is doing duty in a warehouse at that camp.

—Clement J. Gerber of Chillicothe, Ohio, former student in Architectural Engineering, enlisted at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, and is now a member of Company D, 25th Engineers, Camp Devens, Mass. "Clem" expects to be sent to France soon. "Red" Regan is also at Camp Devens. In a recent basketball game between Companies F and G, "Red" was a prominent point-getter for Company F, which registered a victory over its opponents by a 15 to 9 score.

—The Irish coast may be a long way off, but it has certainly helped to bring the war closer to Notre Dame. On board the same transport with Lieutenant Kane was Kenneth Krippene, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, who, as a Minn and a Carroll Haller, attended the University from '11 to '14. "Nig" and "Ken"

were at Notre Dame together, although the former's college career was rapidly closing when the latter's was only beginning. Both, however, suffered simultaneously in the same U-boat attack, and now, to complete the story, it but remains for both to be enrolled in the same U. S. Contingent that strikes the decisive blow for democracy.

—We quote the following from the February *Columbiad*:

Patrick Granfield, a star athlete of Notre Dame University, has been added to the secretarial force of the Knights of Columbus War Work, and has left school that he might go to Camp Dodge to take up his duties there. Notre Dame is well represented in this patriotic work, having a number of men who are serving as executives of the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities, and in the camps. Notre Dame also has hundreds of men in the service, and six members of the faculty, including Rev. M. J. Walsh, C. S. C., vice-president, have applied for chaplaincies in the National Army. Thus is the patriotism of the venerable Father Sorin being perpetuated by the sons of the University which he founded seventy-five years ago.

—Again Timothy P. Galvin goes on record for his loyalty to Notre Dame. "Tim" is general secretary of the K. of C., Camp Greene, North Carolina. After scouting around the camp in an endeavor to locate the N. D. men that were there, "Tim" has sent the following names to the Secretary of the University:—Sergeant Frank Kirkland '17, and Sergeant Joseph Dorais '17, Ordnance Depot Company, and Corporal Herman Freistedt, student '15-'16, Company C, 61st Infantry, Camp Greene, N. C. "Tim" mentioned in his letter that "Kirk" and "Dory" have recently been promoted, and that Freistedt is in line for early advancement. It might be well to add here that Charles "Gus" Dorais (LL. B. '14), brother of Joe, is also in the service. "Gus" is in Company 2, in the Third Officers' Training School, at Camp Dodge, Iowa.

—We publish the following extract from a letter addressed to the Rev. Father Cavanaugh, C. S. C., from Paul Martin, a faithful alumnus of Notre Dame: "Enclosed is a copy of an insert which will form one paragraph of the general letter which we are sending out today to all Knights of Columbus camp secretaries.—The Publicity Department directs the attention of secretaries to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, the official paper of Notre Dame University, will devote its issue of February 22nd to the Notre Dame men in the army and

navy. The co-operation of Knights of Columbus secretaries is desired in this matter, and it will be greatly appreciated if a notice be posted on all bulletin boards urging the Notre Dame men in your camp to send information regarding themselves to the Editor, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana. Announcement of this fact should also be made at all Masses. Those wishing extra copies of this number of the SCHOLASTIC should order them in advance." Mr. Martin is a member of the Supreme Board of Directors, Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities, Washington, D. C.

Notre Dame Ambulance Fund.

In an effort to close the campaign for the Notre Dame Ambulance Fund on March 1 with \$2000.00 in the treasury, the committee started recently a new drive which was in a measure successful. Many have responded, but many more that should be on the list of donors are still missing. It is hoped that the final list will show the name of every student in the school. Donations may be made to any of the following men: Father Thomas Burke, John Lemmer, Frank Monighan, Frank Cullinan, Joe Riley, Leonard Mayer, Geo. Harbert, James Hanlon, John Reuss.

J. J. McGraw, \$100; B. R. Brady, \$100; J. L. Ruess, \$100; Frank Purcell, \$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; Mrs. E. J. O'Brien, \$50; Paul Ryan, \$50; Earl Jeannett, \$50; Senior Class, \$25; Arthur Vallez, \$25; Donald Fitzgibbons, \$25; W. N. Oehm, \$25; P. L. Bryce, \$25; James Wheeler, \$25; Geo. Slaine, \$10; Maj. T. F. Crimmins, \$10; John Birdsell, \$10; W. P. Hayes, \$10; James Donovan, \$10; Rosa C. de Arles, \$10; Joseph Berra, \$10; Jose Gonzales, \$10; Mrs. J. L. Rogers, \$10; Dewey Rosenthal, \$10; Lieut. M. E. Walter, \$10; Thomas Daley, \$5; B. Parker, 5; C. E. Dean, 5; Mrs. M. Balfe, 5; G. J. Daley, \$5; Martin Kennedy, \$5; James Dolley, \$5; Dale Vohs, \$5; Ned F. Barrett, \$5; John Lemmer, \$5; L. Musmaker, \$5; L. A. Musmaker, \$5; Clancy Bros, \$5; R. S. Welch, \$5; Harold Foley, \$5; A. B. O'Brien, \$5; John Moran, \$5; John Malloy, \$5; L. J. Welsch, \$3; H. Crockett, \$3; J. P. Delaney, \$3; G. L. Sullivan, \$2.50; L. Momsen, \$2.50; A. J. Cusick, \$2; Gregorio Velasco, \$2; K. G. Pfeiffer, \$2; S. Velasco, \$2; J. Meersmon, \$2; Wm. Ong, \$2; L. L. Ward, \$2; Paul Ting, \$2; H. McEllen, \$2; H. Goddes, \$2; L. Goldcamp, \$2; H. P. Nestor, \$2; John Jennings, \$2; C. H. McDonough, \$2; Edw. W. McFeely, \$2; P. J. Conway, \$2; G. La Blanc, \$2; A. K. Bott, \$2; Wm. M. White, \$2; C. Wilhelm, \$2; O'Neill de Sio, \$2; Wm. Sherry, \$1; Chas. Williams, \$1; J. L. Trent, \$1; D. McDevett, \$1; O'Toole, \$1; H. C. Grabner, \$1; R.

Mayer, \$1; E. J. McEllen, \$1; C. J. Kramer, \$1; A. Uebbing, \$1; C. Billeaud, \$1; G. Billeaud, \$1; R. Billeaud, \$1; F. O'Neill, \$1; Joe Mullin, \$1; E. J. Shanahan, \$1; K. G. Pfeiffer, \$1; R. B. Kremp, \$1; Phil Dort, \$1; J. Rick, \$1; C. Morrison .50; Aloy Heck .50; F. D. Watson, .50; E. F. Burke, .50; G. J. Hoar, .25; T. F. Farrell, \$5.00. Total—\$1433.25.

John L. Reuss,

Chairman of Committee.

Book Review.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION: A STUDY OF CONDITIONS, By the Rev. J. A. Burns, C. S. C., Ph. D., author of "The Origin and Establishment of the Catholic School System" and "The Growth and Development of the Catholic School System." Longmans, Green and Co. Price \$1.50.

In this stimulating, informing and suggestive volume, Doctor Burns presents educators and the general public with some of the most valuable essays ever written on Catholic Schools, their conditions, prospects and problems. The range of topics is wide and every problem touched upon is vital. It is long since so pungent and piquant a book has been published on the subject of present-day education.

Naturally, Doctor Burns is a friendly critic. He uncovers weak spots with admirable frankness, but his devotion to the cause of Catholic education is so evident, as well as his sympathy with the noble men and women whose self-sacrifice makes Catholic education possible, that the criticism not only avoids giving offense, but even arouses the enthusiasm of those whose work is under discussion. So great is the power of tact!

It would be a pleasure to summarize the more important conclusions arrived at by Doctor Burns in this interesting volume, but that would require a long article. There is less verbiage, more originality, sincerity and "stuff" in the work of Father Burns than in that of any other writer on educational topics in our time. He is an enemy of platitudes and of padding. Also, he never gets excited. He views all problems from dispassionate heights of imperturbable calm. He is absolutely honest intellectually, and he is about as emotional as a table of logarithms. A volume like this is worth a hundred of the gushy, saccharine volumes on education that clog the presses nowadays and ulcerate the public mind.

We are already indebted to Doctor Burns for two volumes which constitute the authoritative history of the Catholic school system in the United States. This makes a trilogy, and while it cannot be said to be the most valuable of the three, it is unquestionably the most readable and suggestive. Doctor Burns' contemporaries at Notre Dame—he is A. B., '88, LL. D., '17—in the old days when he was Varsity catcher; his old students, when he was professor of chemistry in the University, and his loving, loyal slaves during the years when he was rector of Sorin Hall, will all want this book. No one interested in present-day conditions of Catholic education can afford to be without it.

Safety Valve.

Time: Jan. 27, 1918.

Place: Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

(Lieutenant Adj. Miller is seated at his desk reading "Bright Days in No-Man's Land.")

CHAPLAIN WALSH (entering) Pardon my interrupting you Adj., but I'd like to have a pass through the Camp. I have important business in the city.

ADJ. MILLER (surprised) The city again? Why it seems to me you were in the city yesterday or the day before.

CHAPLAIN W. (confused) Yes, I was, but this is really something that must be attended to at once. It's business, not pleasure.

ADJ. M. (gravely) I understand that perfectly, but there is business here at camp that must be attended to. I'd rather see you devote all your energy here and pay no attention to the city. It's simply a distraction that takes your mind off camp duties.

CHAPLAIN W. (irritated) But this has all been arranged for. I really can't back out now. It's very important that I go.

ADJ. M. (in astonishment) All arranged for? You certainly don't mean to tell me that you arranged for something without first obtaining permission. What kind of discipline would the army have if every soldier made his own dates and insisted on keeping them? Can't you see it would work havoc with army discipline.

CHAPLAIN W.—Yes, I see that. In special cases, however, that can't be foreseen I should—

ADJ. M.—It seems to me I didn't see you around at roll call this morning?

CHAPLAIN W.—No. I had a late Mass for the men off duty. They wanted it, and—

ADJ. M.—That's all very well, but you should have reported for roll call just the same.

CHAP. W.—Yes, I suppose I should have, but the long fast would—

ADJ. M. (picking up letter)—You are reported here for missing two of the staff meetings. Were you excused?

CHAP. W.—I was quite ill that day and did not dare venture out.

ADJ. M.—The hospital is the place for the sick. We don't consider an officer sick who goes to bed in his quarters.

CHAP. W. (peevish)—Really, Adj. I wish you would write me out that pass. I am nearly due in town now.

ADJ. M. (hesitating)—Well, I'll do it this time, but remember that in future you're to get permission before making appointments. Remember also that your first duties are here at camp and the less you have to do with town the better. Be on hand for all the meetings, etc., etc., (writes out pass and hands it to him) there you are, and don't be out later than ten o'clock.

CHAP. W.—But Adj. I can't possibly—

ADJ. M.—Ten o'clock, no later.

CHAP. W.—But listen, I must—

ADJ. M.—Ten o'clock.

CHAP. W. (goes out mumbling)—And to think I taught that fellow history and passed him with a grade of ninety. If I only had the chance again wouldn't I rub it in. Why, that fellow never knew any history.

I bet he couldn't name the crusaders right now. His grade should have been about 32%. I've never seen such ingratitude.

ADJ. M. (to himself) Important business! that's all rot. Why I went to that same Father Walsh one day at the University and told him that I had made an appointment with the dentist, that it was business and not pleasure. What did he do? He simply smiled at me like the villain in a melodrama and said, "old stuff! Your classes are the most important business you have. See me Thursday."

CURTAIN.

AT CAMP.

(A number of soldiers are gathered in the K. of C. Building talking. One of them happens to mention Notre Dame.)

SIMON DEGREE (entering)—You from Notre Dame?

PRIVATE—Yep.

S.—Notre Dame's a pretty fine place, isn't it?

P.—Yes, I liked it.

S.—Way ahead of camp in every way, eh?

P.—Well, I wouldn't say that, I—

S.—Don't have to get up at midnight at N. D. and wash while you are fast asleep, eh?

P.—I like to rise early.

S.—Prefects don't wait for you with a gun when you skive, and demand "who goes there?" at the point of the bayonet when you're coming home.

P.—That's very necessary in the Army.

S.—No one here in camp to bring coffee and buns when you're in bed on a cold morning.

P.—No, but it's better perhaps.

S.—Don't have to walk all day with a fool gun at N. D. and get blisters on your feet.

P.—But the drill is necessary.

S.—No fool setting-up exercises at N. D. That work is all done by the coal heavers and steam fitters.

P.—But think of the hard classes and the worry?

S.—Yes, the classes were hard—at least they were hard to find. I only found where two of mine were taught last year. But there wasn't any worry except the worry that a fellow might miss the last car and have to walk out from town.

P.—I don't mean anything like that. I mean the worry caused by the thought that you would probably fail in the examinations.

S.—No worry about that. I never failed in an examination, in fact I never took any examination. I used to go to Hullies on Exam days.

P.—But you certainly never passed doing that, did you?

S.—Passed? Why of course I did. Ain't I here at camp with the rest of you? Don't I race around from morning till night like a maniac with a gun on my shoulder, turning this way or that according as a lunatic shouts at me? Don't I dig ditches just like a sewer digger and haul wood and work myself into a sweat? What d'mean, didn't pass?

P.—I mean you never got a degree.

S.—Why, I got that the day I was born, though I didn't know what kind it was till I was christened.

P.—(to friend) Call a guard. He may get violent.