

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 2, 1918.

No. 19.

Parting.

THE ranks are marching down the street,
My place is waiting me,
The drums take up the rolling beat,—
Mother, let me free.

Your arms unlock, your lips unpress,—
Mother, let me free;
For it is not I love you less,
But they are calling me.

And I must fight for Country—God—
For home and hearth and thee;
Oh, Mother, wipe those tears and nod
That you will pray for me.

G. D. HALLER, '19.

General Thomas, Our Inspiration.*

BY JOHN A. LEMMER, '18.

PATRIOTISM is a duty for every man who has a country to which he owes allegiance. In the normal days of peace this duty is rather speculative, but in time of war it becomes eminently practical. At such a time, when the very souls of men are tried, the citizen must not only live for his country, he must be ready to pour out his life-blood for it. Then, Abraham-like, must he be animated by a patriotism that is willing to lead his most precious private interests to the mountain of sacrifice, for sacrifice is the measure of love. Now that America has girt her loins with the sword, the manhood of this nation is confronted with a vital question to which it must give an unflinching answer. Is my love for America so deep, so genuine, and so unselfish, that I will generously lay down my life that she may live? In answering that question the true American can take counsel and inspiration from the lives of our country's patriots, the story of whose deeds brightens perpetually her

history. It is of such a patriot, of one whose life may well be our inspiration, that I would speak to you, of a soldier and general, the embodiment of gallantry and devotion, of a man, the personification of American virility and American citizenship,—George Henry Thomas.

In the fairyland of Virginia, not far from the historic river James, in a period when that proud Southern commonwealth was still the mother of presidents, Thomas was born. He was reared to love the name of Virginia and to cherish her history. He thrilled at the story of her achievements and gloried in her traditions. At the age of twenty-four he was graduated from West Point, the first representative from his district to complete the course. After his graduation he saw active service against the Indians in Florida, and won promotion for heroic conduct; he participated in the Mexican War, and again distinguished himself by his bravery and zeal. Twenty years of incessant labor and sacrifice Thomas had thus far given his country, and in those years there had developed within him that love of native land which later so completely dominated his every thought and deed.

Then came the great War of the Sections. In order that a slaveholding confederacy might be established, the dismemberment of the Union was threatened by the secession of state after state. The heart of Virginia was stirred, and when Virginia seceded, the heart of Thomas was aroused, too. He heard his Virginia pleading with him to lead her armies. He saw his companions in arms, Lee and Hood and Johnston, and a host of other Virginians, guided by sentiment and swept on by popular impulse, forsake their country for their state. He recalled again the happy associations of his boyhood and young manhood, and felt again the hallowed

*Oration delivered in the State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis, February 22, 1918.

ties of home and kindred. He heard the impetuous entreaties of his family and his friends to serve the interests so dear to every Southern heart. He saw his brothers shoulder arms for the Confederacy to become his mortal enemies; he suffered the wrath of a saddened father who barred him forever from his house. He heard a fond mother beseech him to be faithful to the cause of the South. He knew in his heart they were wrong, but he was a Virginian, and they were his people. Should he, too, forsake his country for his state?

When Thomas decided he stood almost alone. Almost alone of prominent Virginians did he rise to the sublimity of the occasion in the sublimity of his reply. Thomas loved his family and his home, he loved his state, but he loved his country more. Was it not that country which had been hallowed by his own sacrifices, that country for which he had joyfully immolated so much that makes life worth the living, the tenderness and peace of the home, and for which he had welcomed instead the horrors of Indian warfare? Was it not that country which had been sanctified by the blood of his fathers in the Revolution? Was it not that country which had welcomed and harbored God's persecuted children from every corner of the earth; that country which from the humblest of origins had in his esteem become the most exalted of powers? Was it not the Union with which he had exulted in the days of its prosperity, the Union which had been the splendor of his youth, the boast of his maturity, and the pride of his public labors? And now he saw that Union in danger of destruction; he saw it with its integrity imperilled by treason. He recalled the oath he had taken as a soldier to defend that Union, that country which had been consecrated by the services of Washington and Jefferson and Marshall, all Virginians, and he drew his sword to sustain his oath. Such was the patriotism of Thomas.

How was this heroic fidelity rewarded? Was it requited with admiration and trust, with respect and support? No, on the contrary, it was with accusation and contumely by the South; with suspicion and distrust by the North. Thomas was charged with having offered his services to the Union only after high position had been refused him in the ranks of the Confederacy. Even Lincoln did not repose full confidence in the Virginian, and when promotions were considered, declared

that Thomas could wait. But despite all this, despite the indifference and scepticism of the North, despite the anathemas of the South, Thomas remained true.

He answered those that accused him and those that distrusted him by donning his colonel's uniform of blue to lead his brigade across the Potomac into Virginia and there to fight his old commanders. He answered by precipitating the Confederates at Mill Springs into a riotous retreat, by achieving the first great Union victory of the War, a triumph for which Thomas deserved all the credit and received none. He answered by saving the Army of the Cumberland on the banks of the Chickamauga, the "River of Death." There, deserted by both flanks, Thomas inspired 20,000 battle-wearied men to resist successfully for six long hours the repeated attacks of 60,000 charging rebels, audacious from previous victory. His name sounded on every tongue, but still his superiors withheld promotion. The Virginia soldier, with the laurels of Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga fresh upon his brow, with a record unstained by defeat, was completely ignored, while his junior in years and experience, his inferior in soldiership, General Sherman, was made his commander. To this persistent neglect, Thomas replied with unswerving obedience and with unwavering faithful service. He replied by saving the Union when in the battle of Nashville he transformed the legions of General Hood into an utterly routed rabble.

There is little in all military history grander than this story of Thomas. From his earliest skirmish to his final great battle we find naught but a succession of glorious victories. Contemplation of his life must convince us of the meagre appreciation of his greatness. But he sought not the plaudits of man, and however sincere our admiration for Thomas the soldier, however exalted our regard for Thomas the general, it is Thomas the man, Thomas the patriot, that just now deserves our interest.

What America needs always, and more to-day than ever before, is men such as Thomas, men who love their country, who can promptly sacrifice their most treasured interests for it, who stand ready to die for it. What America needs always is men who will follow the light of patriotism as Thomas followed it, as Moses followed the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. What we need is the

spirit which animated Thomas to animate us, that possessing the same high-minded patriotism which influenced him, a patriotism which ascends far above all that is sordid and selfish, a patriotism which derives its inspiration from on high and leaves infinitely far below the groveling meannesses of ambition, that possessing such a patriotism we may answer wholeheartedly the question challenging us to-day: "America, all that we have and all that we are we give to thee. 'Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born,' the faith which in the crisis of '61 established the dignity of human rights, the faith which in the present great crisis will give democracy to the world. With the memory of Thomas as our inspiration, we offer to thee our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our deeds, as were offered the heart, the hopes, the prayers, the deeds of Thomas."

The Unconquered Banner.*

BY JOSEPH J. THOLE.

The unconquered banner that waves o'erhead
Was bought for the living by the blood of the dead;
Its message is glorious, yet solemn as prayer,
For the hopes of a nation are written there.

The unconquered banner; it knows no retreat,
But marches to victory as martial drums beat;
The emblem of Freedom, it's wreathed in glory,
The deeds of its heroes have written its story.

The trust of a people it guards in its folds,
And peace for the world it sacredly holds;
Unroll it, unfurl it, and hoist it on high,
And up in the heavens there let it fly!

It triumphs in Justice, God's blessing endowed,
And is kissed by the breeze from the lips of each cloud;
Its eloquent silence resounds through the world,
It stirs souls to action to see it unfurled.

The triumphant banner that reigns overhead,
O'er the homes of the living and the graves of the dead,
Is joy to the nation wherever it waves,
Oh, where is the foe that'll conquer its braves?

Yes, proudly we'll stand in the unsculptured years,
When battles have passed with hatreds and tears,
In the land of our freedom, the land that we love,
With the Unconquered Banner in triumph above.

*This lyric appeared in a recent number of *The Catholic Forester* and is reprinted by request. The author was a student at Notre Dame, 1911-1914, and is now a corporal in the 158th Depot Brigade, Hospital No. 2, Camp Sherman.

The Editorial.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

Two thousand years ago, St. Paul might speak "with the tongues of angels" and touch only the handful within the sound of his voice. Demosthenes might strive to shake a throne with his "philippics" and yet stir only the few hundred people before him. Cicero could marshal his arguments in the most polished phrases, clothe his logic in finished figures, and let his words reverberate through the Senate, and yet influence immediately but a few score of people. To-day the editorial writer surpasses all these. His is a greater than "the gift of tongues." He speaks to thousands for every individual in those ancient audiences. And there is no rabble in this modern forum. The editorial attracts only the thoughtful.

It is the primary function of the paper to give news. It is one function of the editorial to interpret the news. The meaning of events is made apparent by the editorial. People who collectively witness the same happening will give different accounts of it; so too, events which come to their attention second-handed are liable to this same perversion, this same garbling, which is but the meaning of the events filtered through the prism of their prejudices. It is the business of the editorial to show which is the wheat and which the chaff in this grist of debatable news. The editorial page thus becomes the expression of public opinion or of what will tend to mould public opinion. The vast power of the editorial will be realized when it is recognized that the newspaper is the chief literature of the American people. As Schopenhauer says, "The newspaper is the second hand on the clock of history." As such it corresponds with the individual who has been referred to as the second hand in the clock of humanity. The power of the editorial lies in its privilege of transferring the writer's thought to his vast audience. There is no power greater than the power to transfer thought and make it effective. Before it prince and potentate quail, and it can make Kaisers fear it as Napoleons have done. No power under Heaven can equal that of transferring and making effective thoughts to millions of minds at a single stroke. News is informative, the editorial is educational. If the influence of the editorial has waned from the palmly days of Greeley, Dana, Bennett

and Pulitzer it is not because the personal abilities of the writer have deteriorated, but because it has become the policy of the metropolitan dailies not to emphasize personalities. They have determined to give the paper a soul, not an owner; to make it an institution, not a puppet. Also, the American of to-day is better informed, more cultured, far less provincial, and very much less disposed to mould his opinions to suit the forceful dynamic idea of the leaders of thought and expression. In a word, the American has become more individualized, yet more cosmopolitan. His outlook has broadened, his opinions become original, not the second-handed offshoots of another mind.

To comment on news is a very human, very natural proclivity, and it is this tendency which is responsible for the editorial. The paper which sees itself as a public servant will carry the editorial page; for the paper that recognizes a duty possesses a soul. That paper which thinks itself but a business enterprise, a soulless machine for the dissemination of news, will have no place for the editorial page. The editorial page gives the paper respectability; for it creates a personality carrying with it the idea of responsibility and imputability.

The objects of the editorial may be grouped under four heads: teaching, attacking, defending, praising. The editorial being interpretative and educational, it teaches. It explains the news, gives its significance, calls attention to the meaning of passing events, predicts their influence and tendencies. Those institutions which it sees to be worthy of support, it defends; it upholds law, order, government, morals. It protects the people from oppression; from plunder by the great trusts and public servants; it protects the home, the family, the church, society itself. It attacks the great abuses; the liquor traffic, the traffic in immorality, violations of law and of morals, of public trust. It attacks the unjust or foolish law. It leads Justice to cause reforms; it is the expression of the public conscience. It holds up as inspiration the noble life, the high ideals.

Every paper has its own editorial policy. This is its character which attracts its friends and disgruntles its enemies. The stronger and more original its policy, the more effective as a leader, the more productive of a loyal following, a larger clientele of readers. Villification and abuse are out of place in the editorial. No gentleman descends to this abuse in private

life; it is not justified in public life; and the paper which aspires to be thought a responsible entity will be as careful as any gentleman not to give offense.

The style of the editorial is a subject of much comment. The editorial should be simple so that its thought is ready for instant assimilation. In both thought and expression the utmost simplicity is the most effective. It is the language of Lincoln; that straightforward, strong style which reaches high and low, which is within the comprehension of all, giving pleasure to the most fastidious and delight to the unlettered. The law of the economy of attention formulated by Spencer should be cherished and observed by every writer and speaker.

The actual writing of the editorial brings four points up for consideration: beginning, ending, subject, manner and amount. First, remember your audience. Then, the subject must be interesting. It must be something in which the majority are interested, something which is of consequence in their daily lives; something which comes home to them vitally; something which strikes them in their elemental appetites. It must be timely; must strike while the iron is hot; must be some phase of a burning question; some aspect of a topic on everyone's lips. Reading and personal observation will discover to the editor what those topics are. Then, too, the subject must have content, substance. The beginning should be attractive, the headline catchy, the opening lively, pointed, comprehensive and clear. An editorial should only be long enough to tell its story. The shorter one is the more likely to be read, but it has the fault of being without qualifying statements and so is more liable to give a false impression. The writer should stop as soon as he has made his point. Very often the so-called "whipcracker" ending which sums the whole argument in one short, pertinent sentence, is effective.

Style is the individuality of the writer in his writing. It is man plus nature. Above all it ought to be original. As in clothes, the best style is the most inconspicuous. To clutter up your writings with words is to get away from literature. The writing should be accurate in fact and reasoning, and in adaption of tone to content. It should be audacious and straightforward. The editorial writer seeking to improve must read, write, revise. Reading will help style and increase general knowledge. Practice makes perfect. Revision betters the matter in

hand and aids the writer's future style. The editor must always follow the most honest course. As pilot of a public service it is his duty to that public to steer straight. As a writer his power of influence is affected by the size and quality of his vocabulary. The editorial writer must be an analyst, a thinker of broad and high ideas; without bias, prejudice, cunning or deceit; he must be a student of men and events; correct in his premises and clear in argument. He must be foresighted and able to make a plausible prophecy; be possessed of high ideals and noble thought and aspirations, for he is a teacher of men; yet he must be altogether human; and if he be not absolutely in love with his work his place is elsewhere.

The N. D. Monogram Athlete in War.

Say, Eichenlaub, "Jim" Phelan, "Gus" Dorais,
Fitzgerald, Mills,
You who did fling your liberties away,
And with the harness of restraint subdue your wills
When freedom called your name,
Was not the deed that showed your strength of soul
A faithful echo of the self-control
You learned at Notre Dame?

Say, "Rusty" Lathrop, Miller, Jones, and King,
"Pete" Mottz, Malone,
You who now feel no venom in the sting
Of stern command or sharp rebuke or bitter tone,
That would your spirits tame,
Do not those acts that now your manhood test
Recall the days, the dearest and the best,
You spent at Notre Dame?

Say, Baujan, "Bach," and "Big" and "Little Dutch,"
"Slim" Walsh, "Big" Frank,
You who can now enjoy the common touch
Of common manhood, man with man, in file or rank,
Where lies your road to fame,
Is not your fine democracy of heart
An image of the manly, gallant part
You played at Notre Dame?

Say, Carmody, Fitzpatrick, Elward, Kline,
"Joe" Pliska, Grant,
You who are marshalled for the far-off line
Of giant battle in a holy covenant
That may your life's blood claim,
Were you not spurred to honor at this price,—
Were you not fashioned for this sacrifice,
When here at Notre Dame?

Say, Valiant Wearers of the Gold and Blue,
To-day in arms,
Three score in number, faithful, brave and true,
Unterrified by war's wild lust and red alarms,
Keep bright the patriot flame
That fires your hearts with sacred eagerness
In Freedom's cause, and Victory will bless
Her sons of Notre Dame.

M. A. O.

The Scoop.

BY JAMES P. LOGAN, '18.

"Bounced!" said Bill Harmon; "bounced," said his frat brothers, and "bounced," said the faculty, though in a more academic way. William Harmon, Sr., said nothing—just a mere statement on *Tribune* stationery that Bill's allowance was discontinued. The son did not worry much, as there was still a thousand to his credit, and he had a "nose for news," developed on the *Tribune* during spare time in vacations.

A week later Bill had arrived at Beaumont, Wyoming, one of the largest towns in that State, and proceeded to rival the oil kings in his spendings. He purchased a "flivver," lived in the best hotel; but it was not long till he woke up one morning with just a "five" in his pocket. It was up to him to do something for a living. So he proceeded to the office of the *Gazette* and approached the surly editor, and was promised a trial at an early date.

Bill was so delighted at his prospect that he celebrated it with a drive out of town. The air was invigorating and Bill felt in the best of spirits. He sped off into dreams and awoke just in time to avoid a smash with a big car that had stopped in the center of the road. He awoke still more when he had a look at the young lady seated in the car.

"Good morning," said he politely, and it certainly was politely, since that boy Bill was admitted to be somewhat of a "lady-killer."

"Good morning," returned the girl, with an encouraging smile.

"Are you having some trouble?" inquired Bill.

"Yes, we are going to Rawlings; but we have some engine trouble, and have been stalled for a half-hour. The chauffeur has gone to 'phone for one of the other cars."

"Do you mind if I try my hand at fixing it for you?" asked Bill. "We had a car just like that at one time, and I guess I know what's the matter with them pretty well."

"You may try it if you wish, but do not give yourself too much trouble, as the chauffeur will be back in a few minutes."

Bill went to work on the car, and it was not long till he had it hitting on all six. When he glanced up, the chauffeur was coming down the road. Bill shut the engine down, and resolved

to spend the rest of the time in advantageous conversation.

"You're extremely kind," said the girl, "I should not feel the least bit afraid if you were driving."

"Perhaps I may sometime have the pleasure of your company if you will trust yourself to my 'flivver.' May I ask the name and number?" inquired Bill.

"Yes, just call Hollywood, 785, and ask for Josephine. I'll be glad to see you and have a ride."

"Good-day," said Bill, as the chauffeur stepped into the car. Bill tipped his hat and walked toward his "flivver," and as he turned toward the girl the town waved him a farewell.

The adventure had Bill much excited. He had not thought there was such a girl in town; she was so different from the ones he had known, and so refined. The first thing he did on getting back was to busy himself with the telephone directory to find her full name and address. His search rewarded, he started to look over the house of his new acquaintance.

"1123 Spencer Avenue," he repeated again and again, to make himself sure, and suddenly he realized that it was the big mansion directly in front of him. It was the finest house in town, the home of A. E. Mulvain, the millionaire oil man, and his four beautiful daughters of whom Bill had heard so much. "Hard luck, Bill, old boy," he soliloquized as he walked towards his new boarding house.

When luck comes it comes also in bunches, for when he reached home there was a letter from the editor of the *Gazette* asking him to report immediately for his trial. Young Harmon was anxious to make good, and in less than ten minutes he was standing at the editor's desk.

Bill was assigned a few small items, and was given to understand that because there was no one else available he would get a trial at covering the Mulvain reception for some Eastern millionaires, and that if he failed to show up his services would be no longer needed. One of the older reporters sat in his chair, and Bill could see that the expression in his face registered farewell. He knew the assignment was a hard one, but in his own mind it was already planned.

Eight o'clock found him at the Mulvain door in animated conversation with the butler.

"I must see Miss Josephine," said the caller.

"Very well; but you'll not see her here," he

replied coolly. "Step around to the side door."

Josephine came to the door. But instead of the wealth of jewelry and extravagance of gown the reporter had anticipated, Bill found her in a plain black dress and a neat white apron. His surprise was too much for words. But then his luck came to the rescue again. Mulvain came through the room and saw Bill. Josephine did her part explaining that this was the young man who had fixed the car, and as they shook hands Bill made known his mission.

Bill got the story and a "scoop" on the *Republican*. No one knew how he had got the interview, and Bill passed it off lightly. Several of the old men admitted that anyone who could secure an interview with Mulvain deserved a job, and Bill all but owned the office in consequence of his feat. He went up like a thermometer in summer; and then the news reached father.

Bill is in the East once more, but the manner of just how he got his start up the ladder of success is still a mystery to the father.

The Sun's Farewell.

The Light of day
Now fades away
Out in the crimsoned West.
He leaves the sky
With a sad good-bye,
And slowly sinks to rest.

His dreamy gaze
Tells us of days
When first he saw this scene.
When billows rolled
All clothed in gold,
In indigo and green.

From mountain sides
He swiftly glides,
To bid us all adieu.
E'er call of night,
Forces his flight
And hides him from our view.

Round him does stand
A loyal band
Of peaceful sun-kissed clouds.
With gentle hands
They loose his bands
And wrap him in their shrouds.

His parting sheen
On grasses green
He casts without a sigh;
He smiles at woe.
At heads bent low,
And sinks beneath the sky.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

It seems that the path of peace must lead to Berlin.

We haven't anything against the German people, except—

Notre Dame "trimmed" one army last fall, and now for the Kaiser's.

There are few soldiers who would not enjoy the luxury of college discipline.

It is natural to expect that the American eagle will be victorious in the air.

This war is to decide whether the world is to have "Kultur" or civilization.

Who serves his country serves incidentally his Alma Mater at the same time.

If Hindenburg's line gets past "Eich"-en-"Berg's" line, it will fall by DeGree's.

"Soldier's Mail" makes many a mother's heart the battleground for fear and pride.

An N. D. service flag with a star for each of her soldiers would look too much like the Milky Way.

Perhaps Germany is fighting on because she has nothing now to lose but her bare existence.

Prayer and mortification are safety masks that protect the soul against deadly moral fumes.

There must be a spring drive too for the N. D. student who wishes to go over the top intellectually.

Somebody should make it a point to find out just how many stars the *Menace* has in its service flag.

You can bet that "Rupe" Mills will be none the worse soldier for saying his beads every evening at taps.

In your thanksgiving for benefits received, don't forget to be grateful that you are not in the Kaiser's boots.

It is easy to understand how Germany excels with the submarine: no other country could sink so low.

By cablegram we learn that even the Notre Dame bun is doing its "bit" to make the world safe for democracy.

The easiest way to win the war would be to commission Eichenlaub as field-marshal and permit him to choose his staff from the wrecking crew that graced our gridiron in 1914.

If our country is worth the risking of the flower of American manhood, it must be a great, good country indeed.

If the militaristic Teutons could only stop this war as jauntily as they started it, it would have been over some time ago.

It is high time that our watchdogs of liberty were setting up a howl about the ominous number of Catholics in the service.

The bigots are now in a bad way: there seems to be nothing left for them but to accuse the Catholics of too much patriotism.

No one suspected that there were so many Catholics in the woods till the call to arms brought them swarming to the colors.

How long will it take Germany to live down her shame? Time alone can tell, since her iniquity is altogether without precedent.

Maybe the fact that "the discipline is paternal" has something to do with the remarkable number of commissions won by N. D. men.

Good fighting men can't be made in a minute, and perhaps that is why so many N. D.'s have "made good" in the officers' training camps.

With "Eich," "Bach," Miller and company in his line-up, Uncle Sam should have no misgiving as to who is going to win "Over There."

Not a few Americans even will be irreparably disappointed if Woodrow Wilson does not make the *faux pas* they are so impatiently waiting for.

It is somewhat strange if the German people with all their boasted brilliance have not even to this day a suspicion that their overlords are inhuman.

Army life will teach many a business man who has smoked complacently his evening cigar after a "hard day" in the office, that sweeping, preparing a meal and "doing" the dishes are not mere indoor sports.

Three men have made this war: Hegel, who first conceived the New Germany; Frederick, called the Great, who materialized it; and Wilhelm II, who turned the full-grown Frankenstein loose upon the world.

The greenest recruit might read us a useful homily upon the words of the centurion in the Gospel: 'I also am a man subject to authority, having under me soldiers; and I say to this one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to my servant, Do this and he doeth it.'

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTORIS VIVE QUASI CPAS MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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

VOL. LI.

MARCH 2, 1918.

NO. 19

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

—The contending armies in Europe are rushing their preparations for the spring conflict. Anxious leaders are grasping every advantage that nature and science offer them. They are hurrying over the frozen roads before the thaw. They are hurrying great guns and heavy loads of ammunition supplies, in order to have at hand sufficient resources before the spring thaws make doubly difficult the passage of the army vehicles. The wise student, too, will use strenuously these days that precede the thaws. The May cometh in which no student can work. She comes with wooing airs, with the seductive song of birds, with blossom of tree and shrub, with languorous sunshine that make the student's room dark and cheerless, and draw him irresistibly into the open. The will, frozen to its purpose to do a year of hard work, seems to thaw under the warm influence of the budding year and lead the mind from the regular routine of daily work to the idle enjoyment of nature and her charms. There are yet two months during which one can work indoors easily and efficiently, and he is prodigal indeed who will dream through these days and leave till the end necessary study that might be done more thoroughly and with less labor now. The chilly days of March, the long rainy afternoons of April have their advantages for the worker. They cut off the distractions that make the study room unattractive; they give to the prudent worker opportunity for putting behind him scholastic duties which if completed now will give him later the leisure to enjoy with a clear conscience the perfect days of spring. On with the spring drive!

—The Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette* for last Sunday had the following editorial on "The Spirit of Notre Dame":

The priests and teachers of Notre Dame University have an enviable record of patriotic service on the battlefields of the republic and never a finer record than that which they are writing at this hour. The vice-president of the university, Rev. Matthew Walsh, has been made chaplain of the 135th Machine Gun Battalion; the Rev. George Finnigan, the Rev. Edward Finnegan, the Rev. John McGinn, have all been assigned, and the Rev. Charles O'Donnell and the Rev. Ernest Davis are now on their way to join Pershing's men. These members of the faculty of Notre Dame are but living true to the fine traditions of the university. In the early days of the Civil War, Father Corby, of Notre Dame, and another member of the faculty, while in New York, decided to go with the Irish Brigade, commanded by the brilliant and famous Thomas Francis Meagher. The story of Father Corby furnishes some of the most stirring stories of the bloody battlefields of that struggle. Perhaps the most celebrated picture that has come down to us concerning this remarkable man is that on the battlefield of Gettysburg, just as his men were waiting for the order that would hurl them against the enemy. All about the battle was raging. Near by the shells were falling. Death was in the air. And realizing that many of the boys would never emerge alive, Father Corby decided to give the final absolution. As he raised his arm the men fell upon their knees. While the major part were Catholics, there were many Protestants in the regiment, but in the hour of death the divisions of creed seemed insignificant and many of the Protestants knelt beside their comrades of another faith. General Hancock, who witnessed the stirring scene, removed his hat and stood and watched it with tears in his eyes. A moment later the men rose, the order came and the boys swept across the field—many never to return. That picture has been reduced to canvas and is one of the most beautiful of all the pictures of the great civil strife. And so it would be strange if the spirit of Father Corby did not hover over the men of Notre Dame. It is men like Corby that impart to universities the soul that determines their attitude toward their country and mankind.

—From the *Indiana Catholic and Record* of February 15, we quote an article written by our President, Father Cavanaugh, for the Patriotic League of America. The editor of the *Indiana Catholic and Record*, commenting editorially upon the article, says: "The League could not have gone to a better authority or to one whose opinion on this subject would carry more weight among the men of his race." The article in question follows:

Let me begin by saying that love of Ireland and her people has been one of the great passions of my life. Among the millions of the scattered children of the Gael, I doubt if there are many who love with more

impassioned ardor the old country, the old people, the old hero tales, the old saints and scholars, the old glories and traditions of that beautiful people. I believe I would do as much as any man to liberate Ireland from her ancient thralldom. I hate (that is exactly the word I want to use) England for her treatment of Ireland, and the hardest duty I ever had to perform was to line up with England in this war.

But all of this has nothing to do with the case. America is my country first, last and always. I was born in America, and I imbibed from my good old Irish-American father and mother a patriotism as true and strong as any that ever claimed kinship with the revolutionary fathers. In all that relates to this world, America is my holy land, Washington is my sacred city. America has no rival in my allegiance and affections; there is no second and no third. America is above and beyond comparison with any other.

The lingering home-sickness for Ireland in the hearts of her banished children and their children for many generations is itself proof that when once he embraces American citizenship the man of Irish blood is constant and faithful. It is a part of his religion when he becomes an American, to place loyalty to America above every other civic loyalty without exception whatever. His Church makes that plain and strong beyond the possibility of misunderstanding or cavil.

Now, here and there is to be found a man of Irish blood who has lost his bearings under the tremendous strain of these destiny-laden days. Czars are being banished, Kaisers muzzled, Kings sobered, and in this hour of revolution and change and emancipation old dreams have started up and ancient hopes revived.

May they all be realized, but not even for so much as one moment at the cost of our loyalty to America! Every people in the world is debtor unto this heaven-appointed land, but the ardent soul of the Irishman will make him feel that for the hospitable welcome she gave him during the horrible years of famine and persecution in Ireland, he owes her a special loyalty and devotion. America has been good to the Irish, and, take my word for it, the Irish will not fail in kind.

And have men of Irish blood shown any sign of failing? Read over the lists in the camps and see whether Kelly and Burke and Shea are not still to the fore? Hear the impassioned exhortations of bishops and priests and laymen of Irish blood when the opportunity comes for patriotic utterance or appeal! Might not the wraith-like armies of the old Civil War, speaking with strong Irish accents, and the great Shades who were once Irish-American generals and colonels in that mighty army, might not these great old figures rise out of the past to acclaim Irish-American loyalty in this tragic hour?

Personal.

—Jacob R. Geiger, alias "Jake," was ordained deacon in Mount Saint Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, on February 23. We beg to offer him our best congratulations.

Obituaries.

We regret to record the death of another Notre Dame alumnus, John J. Cooney (LL. B., '01). For several years after his graduation Mr. Cooney successfully practiced law in Woodstock, Illinois. First he was affiliated with the firm of Barnes and Cooney, and later he was the senior member of the law establishment of Cooney and Lang. For the past six years, until the time of his death at his home in Woodstock on January 7th, Mr. Cooney has been prominent among the practitioners of law in Chicago. At all times serving only the best interests of the public, and striving always to please those with whom he came in contact, Mr. Cooney made many friends for himself. Throughout life the deceased was a devout Catholic gentleman, so in death he must certainly enjoy that reward of eternal bliss which comes after a well-spent life. THE SCHOLASTIC condoles with the bereaved members of Mr. Cooney's household, and promises prayerful remembrances for the repose of his soul.

* * *

The sympathy of the University goes out to Mr. Rigney Sackley (Ph. B., in Journ., '17) and his family in the death of his father, which took place at his home in Chicago, February 22. Mr. Sackley was an ideal Christian gentleman, and a citizen who enjoyed universal respect. There will be many prayers for the repose of his soul.

* * *

The sad news of the death of Dr. Arthur B. Eustace (old student) reached the University during the week. Death took place in Phoenix, Ariz., where he had resided with his wife and son since last October. THE SCHOLASTIC unites with the many friends of his student days at Notre Dame in offering to the bereaved wife and children the most sincere sympathy. The funeral was held Monday from Holy Angels' Church.

* * *

THE SCHOLASTIC extends the sympathy of the entire University to the bereaved family of Mr. Henry J. McNichols, who died recently in Chicago. Mr. McNichols was a faithful friend of Notre Dame, and his two sons, Lieut. Austin and Harry, are remembered by students of the past seven years. May his soul rest in peace.

Coach Rockne.

The announcement that Coach Knute K. Rockne is to succeed Athletic Director Jesse C. Harper when the resignation of the latter becomes effective in June, gives assurance that the high standard of Notre Dame athletics will not be lowered by the change of directors. Rockne, as no other man, seems ideally fitted for the directorship of athletics at his Alma Mater. He was a brilliant football and track athlete during his days of competition and he has proved to be an exceedingly good assistant under Coach Harper.

Rockne first came to Notre Dame in the fall of 1910, reaching the heights of his football prominence in the seasons of 1912 and 1913. He captained the eleven in his last year, the team that some critics are inclined to believe was the best that ever represented Notre Dame. As an end Rockne had few equals. He was a sure tackler, and one of the best handlers of the forward pass in the history of the modernized game. While he was captain Notre Dame defeated the Army, Pittsburgh and Texas.

In 1914 Coach Harper finding the work of coaching the different Notre Dame teams unaided too arduous a task, employed Rockne to assist him. Rockne since then has been invaluable as an assistant football coach and a track instructor. The linemen of the Notre Dame football teams the last four years have been the equal of any in the country. Rockne seems to have the ability to impart his knowledge of the game in such a way that the man he is instructing immediately grasps what he is being told. With the track teams Rockne has been no less successful. He has developed a number of men who have had no previous track experience. Notre Dame has fared well in dual meets during Rockne's régime, while his relay teams of the last two years have been most noteworthy.

Rockne has been an unprecedented success thus far because he has been an insidious student of human nature. He tries to understand thoroughly each man whom he is instructing. He counts each athlete as his personal friend, and his assistance does not stop when the athlete gets into civilian attire. He has been paid back a thousand times in increased effort

for all the pains he has taken with his men.

There is every reason to believe that Rockne will be quite as successful at the head of the athletic department as he has been as an assistant. He has the will to succeed, and his energy and enthusiasm are common knowledge.

Captain Charles Sweeney.

"A German trench at dawn. Sudden, gray-clad figures lolling about; gray, haggard faces; gray mud; gray choking fog. A rumbling echo across crater land. It is not shell-fire, nor the approach of a barrage. Thundering, groaning, clanking, the sound swelling, the earth rocking. The soldiers stand open-mouthed, eyes-straining. Then looming monstrous through the fog pitch the giants, smashing entanglements, grinding posts to dust, careening over hole and hill,—now spitting fire with roar and crash. Bullets, grenades, strike harmlessly against the sides of the insatiable demons. Terror-stricken the Germans flee, or crouch gibbering in the trench corners."

Such are Captain Charles Sweeney's terrible pets, the tanks in action. Captain Sweeney was a student here in 1898-'99. He is a graduate of West Point and has been in the heart of the fighting with the Foreign Legion since the start. He mounted to a Captaincy from the ranks in two years, and because of his refusal to renounce American citizenship, is the only foreigner who ever held a commission in the regular army of France. His uniform is brilliant with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre, the Medal Militaire, and every order in the bestowal of the French Government; decorations awarded for daring deeds and valor; one exploit being the capture of a German machine-gun and its crew of six men, single-handed. Only picked men man the tanks, and for his success with them, Captain Sweeney was put in charge of four batteries of four tanks each. Before the attack, the tanks are crammed with ammunition: rations, water, first-aid kits, gas masks also are taken for the trip may last days. The French Government has sent Captain Sweeney to this country to instruct our troops in the art of tank warfare, and to assist the ordnance experts in constructing 'tanks for the Yanks,' and we are certain the "Yanks" will not disgrace their tutor.

Oratorical Contest.

John A. Lemmer, senior in philosophy, won second place in the Indiana State Oratorical Contest, held at Indianapolis, Friday evening, February 22. "General Thomas—Our Inspiration" was the title of the oration delivered by Notre Dame's representative. That it was enthusiastically received is evidenced by the decision of the judges who placed him within six points of the winner, David Hillenthal of DePauw University, speaking on "The Mission of the Jew." Mr. Lemmer won the Breen Medal at Notre Dame last fall with the same speech and is worthy of the highest praise in sustaining the reputation of the Gold and Blue in oratorical circles.

Local News.

—N. D. showed remarkable improvement in her last game against Wabash, but was defeated 18 to 14. The score at the end of the first half was a tie at nine points.

—Badin Hall social activity was again evidenced in a smoker and talent affair held at the Badin recreation room, Wednesday evening of last week. Unusual versatility was uncovered among Father McGarry's charges.

—While the Notre Dame and Illinois tracksters rested for a brief spell Saturday evening, Corby and Walsh staged an exhibition relay which went to Walsh by a short distance. Corby, bereft of her star, Hayes, was handicapped considerably.

—In accordance with governmental policies, the proprietors of the Notre Dame cafeteria, have posted the newest orders of the Hoover Food Administration. The proprietors are especially solicitous in co-operating with the orders of the administration.

—Father Cavanaugh delivered a patriotic address to the members of the "Boys Working Reserve Society," a branch of the National Council of Defense, at Fort Wayne, February 22. Father Cavanaugh's talk was enthusiastically received by a large audience.

—Several of the faculty and a few student friends of Professor Leonard J. Van Noppen, were recipients of autographed copies of his augmented translation of Vondel's "Lucifer." It is a scholarly work and will undoubtedly

become well known in modern classical literature. Prof. Van Noppen, who held the chair of Dutch literature at Columbia University and lectured at Notre Dame on several occasions, was recently appointed naval attaché to the embassy in Holland, and is now in the Hague, according to recent dispatches.

—March is the month that sees the return of the first spring song birds, and while the number is small, it is the best time to make their acquaintance. Brother Alphonsus will be glad to have any student accompany him in his daily walks to look for birds.

—The Washington Hall Club tendered an enjoyable smoker and luncheon to its members last Thursday evening. Informal entertainment was provided by Dillon Patterson, José Corona and others. C. Eigelsbach evidenced his ability by supervising the entire arrangement for the affair.

—Dr. John B. Berteling of the South Bend Council, delivered an interesting address on K. of C. war activities before the Notre Dame chapter in the Walsh Hall council chambers, Monday evening. After the main address, Rev. William Lennartz, C. S. C., of Holy Cross Seminary, gave an instructive talk.

—Subsequent to Father Cavanaugh's vigorous endorsement of the Thrift Stamp plan, in a patriotic talk delivered to the students recently, literature explaining the movement and encouraging purchase of the stamps has been distributed throughout the residence halls on the campus. Father Cavanaugh, in lauding the movement, encouraged students to invest their surplus change in the stamps.

—Edgar A. Guest, member of the Detroit *Free Press* staff and one of the best column writers in America, delivered a humorous philosophical talk, interspersed with several original poems, to an appreciative audience last week. Mr. Guest more than sustained his reputation made last year when he delivered a similar talk, subsequent to David Starr Jordan's war theme dissertation.

—Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., who has gained for himself a reputation as an ornithologist, reports that only six specimens of birds put in their appearance at Notre Dame during the month of January, among which were the tree sparrow, bluebirds and nuthatches. Owing to the severity of the weather, the usual twenty specimens were notably reduced and only the

most common visitors ventured this far north.

—At a meeting held in the Sorin law room Sunday, President Tobin of the Sophomore Class appointed committees to begin arrangements for a smoker to be held in Walsh Hall in the near future. Thomas Devine was named the general arrangement committee's head and J. Lyle Musmaker, chairman of the Program Committee. It is the purpose of the program to bring out the versatility hibernating in Sophomore circles.

—Plans are being completed by the sophomores for a smoker and entertainment to be held in Walsh Hall next week. The program committee, under the guidance of J. Lyle Musmaker, and B. Devine, chairman of the arrangements committee, report that all details of the "get-together" affair are well under way. Discussions as to the further aiding patriotic measures will constitute the serious business of the evening.

—"A Tailor Made Man," based on the theme of a recent dramatization of the same name, was the title of an excellent reading given by Mr. Arthur Fischer, editor of the *Personality Magazine*, last week in Washington Hall. Mr. Fischer is adeptly talented in portraying characters of widely varying types and his efforts were enthusiastically received by the audience. Mr. Fischer delivered another reading, "The New Henrietta," on Tuesday.

—Notre Dame engineers desiring employment should communicate at once with the secretary to the President, Notre Dame, Ind. There are also applications for teachers as follows:

Physical director, \$1600; mathematics, \$1400; Science, fifty-three positions from \$1000 to \$1800; English, \$1500; mechanical drawing, \$1400; history, \$1350; athletics, \$2000; high school business manager, \$1800; commercial, twenty-seven positions from \$1000 to \$2000; agriculture and manual training, unlimited demand from \$1000 to \$2500.

—Some time in April Washington Hall will be the scene of a three-act comedy dealing with Notre Dame life which will be staged under the auspices of the Senior class. The direct management of the affair is in the hands of Delmar J. Edmondson, author of the sketch and 1918 DOME editor-in-chief. Earl Clark and Father Eugene Burke have completed the arrangement of several song features based on local themes which are to be used in conjunction with the comedy. The former will take charge of the

musical side of the entertainment. The proceeds of the play will be turned over to the Red Cross and Knights of Columbus funds in accordance with the patriotic policy adopted by the class.

—As evidence of the spirit with which the Notre Dame chaplains have entered into their work we submit the following program of Lenten Services recently posted at Camp Shelby:

FRIDAY EVENINGS, 8 O'CLOCK.

February 15—"The Riddle of Life"

Lieut. J. C. McGinn, Chaplain Division Trains

February 22—"The Test of Time"

Lieut. G. J. Finnigan, Chaplain 137th Field Artillery

March 1—"The Wages of Sin"

Rev. G. Schellinger, Post Chaplain

March 8—"The Confessional"

Lieut. E. J. Finnegan, Chaplain 139th M. G. B.

March 15—"The Bread of Life"

Lieut. G. J. Finnigan, Chaplain 137th Field Artillery

March 22—"Woman, the Great Inspirer"

Lieut. J. C. McGinn, Chaplain Division Trains

Good Friday—"No Greater Love"

Lieut. E. J. Finnegan, Chaplain 139th M. G. B.

EASTER SUNDAY MORNING, 9 O'CLOCK

"The Risen Christ"

Rev. G. Schellinger, Post Chaplain

—It was with profound regret that the students and faculty of the University learned of the serious illness of Father Morrissey on Tuesday evening. Father Morrissey was taken sick while returning from New York, after accompanying Chaplains Davis and O'Donnell to that city. He returned home immediately and is now in the Community infirmary. The members of the Community, who have learned to love him as their Provincial, and the many students, who remember him as the genial president of their college days, will continue to offer up fervent prayers for a speedy and entire recovery.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society elected officers for the latter half of its fourteenth year on Thursday evening, Feb. 21, in the Columbus room of the Main Building. Brother Alphonsus, the founder and sponsor of the society, was unable to be present as is his custom upon the semi-annual election of officers, but expressed himself as being highly pleased with the spirit and work of the society this year.

Dave Philbin was unanimously elected presi-

dent. The other officers are: August Van Worterghen, of Rock Island, Ill., vice-president; Lawrence Stephen of Fort Wayne, Ind., sec-treas.; Alden Cusick of Green Bay, Wis., serg-at-arms. Each of the new officers enthusiastically addressed the meeting, the society's big Oregonian leader giving a "Go get 'em" speech, in which he outlined a policy of having every member speak as much and as often as possible. President Philbin then appointed ex-president Ward as the society's publicity agent, and also authorized Mr. Schenden to read the constitution at the next meeting. The yearly debate is being arranged between the debating societies of Holy Cross and of Brownson. This contest is to be restricted to freshmen and has become a custom of the two societies. Another debate for the upper classmen of the society is being considered.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME vs. ILLINOIS.

In a meet replete with thrilling competition, Notre Dame barely lost her initial track meet of the season to Illinois last Saturday by a score of 43 1-3 to 42 2-3. The final count was a question until the relay race had been run, the Illinois quartet taking the event in fair time. The Gold and Blue took the lead in the first event, the versatile Gilfillan and Philbin landing first and third places. This lead was held throughout the meet, Illinois falling before the wizardry of Notre Dame's tracksters in the major portion of the events.

Gilfillan, the classy sophomore, supported every prediction of track dopesters. The ex-Joliet high star alone garnered 21 points, taking first in the shot put, high hurdles and high jump, and third in the 40-yard dash. Gilfillan, with a magnificent leap, smashed the Notre Dame gym broad jump record, clearing 21 7 1-2 inches, a quarter inch better than the mark set by Irons of the C. A. C. in 1910.

Call was second in stellar honors, taking first in the mile and 880-yard dash. In the mile event, the Senior marathoner, stepped into the lead in the second lap followed by Van Worterghen and Sweeney. He loped across the line in 4:42 2-5, a quarter lap ahead of Chapman who barely edged "Hick" Sweeney out of second place. The half mile was a walk-away for Call who was never pushed during the race.

Kriedler was the star for Illinois, taking the

quarter-mile in 53 4-5, besides placing third in the hurdles and cinching the relay race for Illinois. Capt. Mulligan was the victim of a clever boxing manoeuvre which robbed the fleet dash man of a possible place, Miller placing third in the event.

Lang vaulted 11 ft. 8 in. for a first place and also beat "Joe" McGinnis out of second place in the broad jump, following Gilfillan's leap with a mark of 21 ft. 9 in. "Teddy" Rademacher tied Utt for second in the vault, both men scaling the bamboo 11 ft. 6 in.

Carroll, the Illinois premier dash man, gleaned six points with a second in the 40-yard dash and the 40-yard high hurdles, rounding out a successful evening's work in a snappy quarter on the Illinois relay quartet.

It is reasonable to expect that if the two-mile event, which Illinois asked withdrawn, had been run the Illinois scalps would have been in the Gold and Blue's trophy case, for in Van Worterghen, Murphy and Harbert, Coach Rockne has a trio of long distance men of exceptional calibre. Notre Dame is apparently weak in quarter milers, but the blonde "chief" will undoubtedly round a real 440-yard man before the Wolverine meet. Barry, Lockard, Patterson, Miller and Mulligan are the possible contenders.

Catchy renditions by the University orchestra under the direction of Dillon Patterson added much to the enjoyment of the event.

The officials of the meet were: Timers, Messrs. Elbel, Farrell and Mayr; finish judges, Messrs. Anderson, Slagle and Edwards. Following is a summary of the events:

40 yard dash—Mulligan, N. D., first; Carroll, Ill., second; Gilfillan, N. D. third. Time 4 2-5 sec.

440 yard dash—Kriedler, Ill., first; Emery, Ill., second; Miller, N. D., third. Time 53.4 sec.

880 yard dash—Call, N. D., first; Gardiner, Ill., second; Lewis, Ill., third. Time 2:06 2-5 sec.

One mile—Call, N. D., first; Chapman, Ill., second; Sweeney, N. D., third. Time 4:4 2-2 sec.

40 yard high hurdles—Gilfillan, N. D., first; Carroll, Ill., second; Kriedler, Ill., third. Time 5 4-5 sec.

Pole vault—Lang, Ill., first; Utt and Rademacher tied for second. Height 11 ft. 3 in.

High jump—Gilfillan, N. D., first; Duscher, Ill., second; Lang, Ill., third. Height 5ft 8 in.

Broad jump—Gilfillan, N. D., first; Lang, Ill., second; McGinnis, third. 22 ft. 7 1-2 in.

Shot Put—Gilfillan, N. D., first; Weiss, Ill., second; Philbin, N. D., third. Distance 41 ft. 2 1-2 in.

Relay won by Illinois: Kriedler, Carroll, Emery and Gardiner; Notre Dame: Lockard, Miller, Barry and Call. Time 3:40 2-5.

Letters from Camp.

Los Angeles, California,
February 4th, 1918.

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

My dear Father Cavanaugh:—

It may make your genial heart chuckle, as it certainly amused me, to find when I struck Camp Kearny last Thursday, where there are 22,000 soldiers, that the lieutenant in command of the Military Police, which is charged with the discipline of the refractory and rowdy element of the camp, was one who had felt the discipline of Notre Dame, Lieutenant William M. Galvin, of Texas, as the enclosed pasteboard shows. I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him, and looking behind his spectacles into a pair of keen gray eyes which gave evidence of the reason why the commanding general had imposed this responsibility on one of your alumni. The discipline of the camp is excellent, and thanks to the kindly but firm grip of young Galvin the number of delinquents is very small.

I am still on the job of making soldiers, with the grim determination of a "top sergeant." Otherwise all well. With best wishes, I am,

Affectionately yours,
Joseph Scott.

HOTEL CHELSEA, NEW YORK,
February 12, 1918.

My dear Father Cavanaugh:

Just a word: I sail—[deleted by SCHOLASTIC censor] for Europe. I have laid down the pen for the sword and am now a lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve, appointed assistant Naval Attaché to the Hague. To become physically fit I had to have four operations: for hernia, varicose veins, etc.; was a month in the hospital—under ether three hours—am now well again and stronger than ever. I am ready to do and dare for Uncle Sam. My wife, thank God, is allowed to go with me.

I have sent some of my books to various members of your faculty—this to show my appreciation of your many kindnesses. I trust the books have been received. If we are torpedoed, we feel we are dying in a good cause. I am in the war to help end war. Notre Dame is still to me the best and dearest of all.

With love,
Leonard Von Noppen.

CAMP CODY, DEMING, N. M.
Headquarters 34th Division, U. S. A.
January 30, 1918.

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

Reverend and Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a small contribution to the Notre Dame Ambulance Fund as a mark of appreciation for the work our Alma Mater is doing in this time of stress.

From personal observation, I believe that no university in this country is giving a greater proportionate number of her sons than Notre Dame, and it must be indeed gratifying to yourself and faculty to know that the spirit of fidelity and loyalty which has

ever permeated the University is being so nobly demonstrated.

It was indeed satisfying to find another Notre Dame man serving on the same staff. He is First-Lieut. Ray B. McConologue, Assistant Division Intelligence Officer, who, I believe, attended Notre Dame from 1907 to 1911.

Sincerely yours,
Timothy C. Crimmins,
Major, Assistant Division Judge Advocate.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA,
February 8, 1918.

To the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC:

Having noticed in your issue of January 26th a request for names of Notre Dame men in the service that they may be included in the Washington Day number, I send the name of First-Lieutenant Charles J. Robinson (E. E., '12). He is a commissioned officer in the Signal Service Corps, 316th Field Battalion, now Stationed at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash.

Although married, with two children and with a good position as constructing engineer for the P. Telegraph & Telephone Company, when the break with Germany came, and he heard of the need of technical men, he did not hesitate, but with the full approval of his brave little wife he enlisted as a private in the Signal Corps. He was later advised to apply for a commission, which he did, and received the commission last June. He was then sent to the Officers' Training Camp at Monterey, Cal., and later to Camp Lewis.

Yours sincerely,
J. W. Montgomery.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.
France.

Editor of SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Editor:

Will you kindly change the address of my SCHOLASTIC from 453 Irving St., N. E., Washington, D. C., to Field Clerk, c-o Headquarters, G. D. T., A. E. F., France.

I'm sure the SCHOLASTIC will have even additional charms when received on this side.

Thanking you for the favor, I am yours among other U. N. D. boys "Over There."

W. W. Turner,
(B. S. in Arch., Class of 1916).

CAMP BOWIE, TEXAS,
February 7, 1918.

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

Dear Father:—

Looking over the SCHOLASTIC the other day, I noticed that a request is made for news of any of the old boys who are in the army or navy service. We are kept under a schedule that allows very little time for anything but work, but I have run into two of the old boys here. Sam Newning, who is in the Officers' Training School of this division, and Frank O'Reilly, in the Medical Corps. Both are enjoying army life.

I ran over to the school last July while at Fort Sheridan, but did not get to see you, but certainly enjoyed seeing the old place again. I imagine you know that Harry Newning was sent to France last summer after receiving his commission.

Inclosed you will find a small check for the Ambulance Fund, which I hope will be acceptable.

Trusting that you will remember me to my many friends among the faculty, and wishing the school every success I am,

Very sincerely,
M. E. Walter,
First. Lieut., Co. H, 143rd Infantry.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN,
Jan. 31, 1918.

Editor of the SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Sir:

It may be of interest to readers of the SCHOLASTIC to know that John V. Diener, of the law class of 1909, is now with our army in France.

He was commissioned a first-lieutenant in the infantry at the last training camp at Fort Sheridan, and a cablegram received Saturday announced his safe arrival.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. John V. Diener.

CANONSBURG, PA., 194 College St.,
Feb. 13, 1918.

Rev. W. Moloney,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Rev. and Dear Father:—

I noticed in the SCHOLASTIC you were asking for information concerning all the N. D. boys in the service.

My oldest son, James, enlisted with the 15th N. S. Engineers and left Pittsburg last July 7th for "Somewhere in France." His address is Pvt. James B. Jones, Co. C, 15th U. S. Engineers (Railway), A. E. F.

My other son, Francis D. of the class of 1917, enlisted in the Aviation Corps in Pittsburg, Pa., and is expecting to be called any day. I shall send you his address as soon as he knows where he will be sent.

I am respectfully,
Mrs. David G. Jones.

Office of A. D. Welker, M. D.,
Gambier, Ohio.
February 2, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has been coming to Vincent's address for some time, and as he is not at home, I am reading it in his place. In the number for Jan. 26 is a notice to all old graduates to report for the Washington Day number.

Vincent B. Welker enlisted at Briggsdale, near Columbus, Ohio, as second lieutenant; from there he was sent to Camp Willis, at Columbus, in June, 1915, then to Fort Bliss, on the Border, near El Paso, Texas. While there he was promoted to first-lieutenant. Then he came back to Camp Sheridan, Illinois. He was next placed on duty at Camp Perry, on Lake Erie, from there he was sent to Camp Benjamin Harrison, Ind., while there received his commission as Captain of Battery

E, 134 O. F. A. Since then he is stationed at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama. Seeing in the SCHOLASTIC that Rev. Father Walsh, of Notre Dame, is at Camp Sheridan, I trust they may be brought in touch with one another.

With best wishes for the continued prosperity of Notre Dame, I am your obedient servant,

A. D. Welker.

FORT SILL, OKLA.
Jan. 22, 1918.

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

Dear Father:

Lieut. Jack Bullene, of this regiment, was in the Minim Department from 1893 to 1896. He has a soft spot in his heart for Father Cavanaugh and for the Sisters.

Mr. Tyree Horn (care of Brigadier-General Horn, Macon, Georgia) is now taking a special course with a view to entering West Point. Of course he was at N. D. more recently.

Sergeant Hausburger, quartermaster Dept., Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, was attached to your excellent institution in some way. None of these need literature, but they will be glad to have the benefit of the prayers. Your college is known throughout the army both for intellectual and athletic prowess, and I am sorry I cannot claim it as my alma mater. I am a product of the Baltimore Seminary.

Please let me know if I can be of service to you at any future time.

Faithfully in Christ,
Ignatius Fealy.

Yonkers, N. Y.
January 30, 1918.

The Editor of the SCHOLASTIC,
Dear Sir.

Through the lines of your publication I have learned that you desire the names of all the Notre Dame men now in the service of their country, and I beg to submit the name of my brother, William M. Walsh, 51 Buena Vista Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., who was a student at the University during the year of 1916 and who is at present a machinist's mate 2nd Class, on the U. S. S. South Carolina, 326.

Trusting that you will place his name among the many other loyal sons of Notre Dame, I beg to remain,
Sincerely yours,

Thomas A. Walsh, Jr.

CAMP SHERMAN, CHILlicothe, OHIO,
6th Training Batt., 158 Brigade.

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

Dear Father:

I am advised that you want data on all men from N. D. in the service; so here is mine: Enlisted in R. O. T. C., May 8, 1917; Discharged, Aug. 5th, 1917; Re-enlisted, Sept. 1st, 1917; Appointed Sergt., Oct. 1st, 1917; appointed First-Sergt., Jan. 5, 1918; attended N. D. '15-'17; received a certificate in Short Commercial Course.

Best wishes for the success of Notre Dame and all her boys. Sincerely,
James G. Craine.

Safety Valve.

FAMOUS DOORS AT NOTRE DAME.

Amador—Badin Hall.
 Richard Dore—Brownson Hall.
 Cuspidor—Corby Rec. Room.
 Toreador—Music Hall.
 Corridor—Any Hall.

* * *

NE PLUS ULTRA.

I think that I could love a girl—
 A blonde or a brunette,
 I shouldn't care how large her ears,
 Or how her nose was set.
 She might be freckled as a toad,
 And course in every feature,
 Provided she were not a crab
 And not a music teacher.

A shop girl is a gentle lass,
 We'd get along together,
 And I could love a kitchen maid
 In any kind of weather.
 I've always thought an office girl
 A mighty stunning creature,
 I'd love most anyone on earth
 Except a music teacher.

A music teacher has a nose,
 And ears and eyes and forehead,
 I don't say that it's these small things
 That make her look so horrid.
 But something tells me that a ray
 Of love could never reach her—
 I love the tall, the small, the fat,
 But not a music teacher.

* * *

ST. MARY'S CLASS OF 1918.

They came into our lives all silently
 Like lightning pulsing in the veins of night,
 That leaves no trace upon the sky or sea
 And is remembered only by the light
 That lingers in our eyes.

* * *

(The following conversation took place in the street car the other day when a somewhat bashful student was taking a girl out for the first time.)

He—(looking out the car window)—That's a nice tree out there, isn't it?

She—Yes, that is a nice tree.

He—Are you very fond of trees?

She—Very fond, indeed, very fond.

He—Have you many trees around your home?

She—Oh, so many, many trees!

He (taking another breath)—The weather is certainly warm to-day.

She—Yes, the weather is warm. It's just like warm weather.

He—We've had very little rain in the last week.

She—Very little rain. Very, very little.

He—Perhaps the rain would cool it off.

She—Rain probably would make it cooler.

He—The humidity is worse than the heat.

She—Yes, the humidity is worse.

He—But it's getting better.

She—Yes, it will soon be well.

He (swallowing his Adam's apple.)—Do you like dressing on your salad?

She—Yes, I like salad dressing on my salad.

He—If you don't have salad dressing do you eat your salad?

She—No. If I don't have salad dressing, I leave my salad for the next day.

He—Suppose you don't have salad dressing the next day?

She—Why, I don't eat my salad again.

He—What do you do with it?

She—I leave it.

He—Where do you leave it?

She—Where it is.

He—How is it when you leave it for a long time?

She—It is alone.

He (taking a breath for the last drive)—I have a corn on the third toe of my right foot.

She—Counting from which side of your foot?

He—Counting from the big toe.

She—Do people usually count from the big toe?

He—Yes. I believe they do.

She—What do they count?

He—Toes usually.

She—Do toes count much?

He—Yes. I believe the big one counts five.

She—Then, it counts itself and the other four.

He—Yes, it counts itself and the other four count.

She—What do the other four count?

He—Toes also.

(At this juncture the car stopped at the switch and the youth delving into his vest pocket brought forth a tooth brush and gave his teeth several quick violent rubs.)

* * *

(Continued from Valve of Jan. 26 and Feb. 2.)

Oh, dearest, once upon a time,
 You said that you'd be true,
 And never cause me grief or pain
 I said the same to you.
 Since then I've paid for taxicabs,
 And spent my hard-earned tin,
 In hopes, my dear, that you would let
 Me kick you on the shin.

Oh, dearest, you've been good to me,
 And with such a tender grace
 Have let me kiss you where I pleased,
 All over your dear face.
 I've kissed your eyes, your ears, your nose,
 I've kissed your lips and chin,
 But dearest, I would like to know
 Why can't I kick your shin.

You've put your arms around my neck
 And sat upon my knee,
 The way you smoothed my pompadour
 Has meant the world to me.
 But listen, dear, don't tease me so,
 And why can't you begin
 To act the same as other girls,
 And let me kick your shin.