

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 4, 1918.

No. 27.

Resurrection.

BY JAMES H. McDONALD.

THE winter of sin has found its spring.
Sadness,

Ah, sadness rides away upon the wind.

With gladness

The deep lone night was lately discontent.

Lonely the stars wept silver tears of penitence;

Bleak were the hills, once kin to radiance.

And all the winds forsook their mirthful lays

Whose voices came as echoes out of hell.

Silent the birds went

Out of the joyless days,

Out of my heart.

No song a singing throat could find,

Nor any smile

Upon the curling lip of any rose.

For fell

A darkness born of sin and not of night.

Nor would depart

The while

Nor day foreclose

The hours of the drear unholy light—

The ages of my deep compassioning.

As all the snows

That rim the mountain's lifted ledge

With endless thirst

Sip the ruddy dawn-sun in delight

And long, the winter through

The warm heart of the plain to know

And madly burst

O'er the cold peak's glassy edge

And find contentment in a flowing stream;

The spell of April is upon me now

And to my heart's desire am I true;

I shall wake me from my sleep of death

And I shall hearken to the first bird's call,

And in the violet's sweet enduring breath

My brow

Shall all enchanted be. And all

The pools that gleam—

The little earth-born patches of the sky—

Shall flash the laughter of the primrose' eye,

The bees and insects busy with their chants,

The tiny blue-bells tinkling to the ants

And every vesper oriole

Shall hymn the Easter of my risen soul.

Thus shall it be.

And who shall say how fair,

Or set a margin to this beauty newly-born?

After a night of pain and sore regret.

When yet

I shall resurgence find upon some April morn

In that new land where all the blessed see

And hear the splendors of the gardens there;

Where all the nights are days and all the days

Are melodies too sweet for human ear.

I shall not die; but live to tread those glorious ways

Where stand God's golden altars

There

Amid a million lilies bursting into stars.

A Mystic Man.

BY LEO L. WARD, '21.

IN all literature there is but one pen that has ever discussed with unreserved familiarity the thoughts of Adam while in Eden; and none but this one has ever pondered upon whether our first parent was interred carnally or burned and buried in an urn; and neither has any other attempted to tell what flowers Cyrus, the ancient Persian, grew in his beautiful gardens; and none but this pen has ever dipped into the "deep discovery of the subterranean world" and brought up the naked mystery that underlies a dream. He whose pen indulged in such eccentric literary pursuits, was Sir Thomas Browne, that singular personification of conjecture and mystery, whose life is found in the history of the changing seventeenth century.

He was a man who could hurl himself without effort into shadowy fields of delectable fancy,

and move as easily and familiarly as if he were strolling through his garden in the old city of Norwich. But here and there through all the work of Sir Thomas, tremendous truths jut through like great rocks wedged into their places. Even in the most imaginative parts there is to be found a flinty substance, yet clothed by the verbal artist so as to move, not on earth but in the far heavens, in magnificent glory.

Sir Thomas Browne was placed by Time, which he so loves to ponder upon, in the Puritan age of English politics and literature. The dazzling Elizabethan literary period had just passed, and had taken most of its romance along with it. The Puritan period, then, was one of unrest in the literary as well as the religious and political worlds, due to the breaking up of old ideals of romance and chivalry. Milton, like a mountain of light, towered above his age, and directed his fellow literators into the paths of nobleness. But there was something in the air of the time that fanned this noble spark in Milton into the flaming beauty of his great nature. It was a prevailing passion for honesty and liberty. And it was this passion of the Puritan age which gave its literature its noble cleanliness. The high moral note in Bunyan, the good delight in fantastic Donne, and the high ideal in Jeremy Taylor's "The Holy Living and Dying" are combined proof of this noble tendency. And in few places is it to be shown in finer fruit than in the mystic heights of Sir Thomas Browne in his frequent and familiar contemplations upon death.

Sir Thomas was a successful physician throughout most of his active life, having received degrees in medicine from the leading schools in Europe. While on his continental travels he reaped a rich harvest of knowledge, the most important parts of which were his intimacy with French and Italian. Upon his return to England he began using his leisure hours for writing "as a recreation," as he said. A strange thing about him was that he was able to combine the practical—his life-long interest and his successful practice of medicine—with his love for fathomless problems of fancy. The man himself is as much a mystery as are the fruits of his strange conjecturing.

But Browne did not take all his literary inspiration from within his own fertile imagination, and the principal influences can, in all probability, be found. In all his essays the personal note is almost entirely absent. "The

quick succession of images," as Johnson puts it, marks most of his writings as models of compactness, very similar in this respect to those of Francis Bacon. His knowledge of Greek and Latin and his tendency toward Latinism are clearly shown in the classical atmosphere and verbal pomp in which he loves to see his figures move. These facts, together with the abundance of Greek, Roman and mythological allusions, make it probable that both the thought and style of Sir Thomas were chiefly influenced externally by Bacon and the Greek and Roman classics. This classicism and verbal magnificence have won for him the titled mantle, "the mental aristocrat," and it falls over his shoulders with the most becoming grace.

"Composing apparently without a fixed idea of style," and "attaining his most sublime effects by felicities of verbal music rather than by conscious mastery of art" is the way John Addington Symonds describes the style of Sir Thomas Browne. This, of course, makes it impossible to bring any definite principles into an analysis of the fanciful works of this man of mysticism. We can only follow him into the fertile lands of his dreams and the luxuriant gardens of his imagination, and there let him lead us delightfully where he will.

Although "Religio Medici" contains things that are not to be endorsed at all, yet their author is not to be too severely criticised. This was his first work of importance, written before his full maturity. And in his later life and writings many acts and thoughts are to be found which seem to show a complete change of mind concerning these undesirable things. In the "Gardens of Cyrus" and "Christian Morals" are exhibited the fuller powers and nobler character of the older and truer gentleman of Norwich.

"Urn Burial" is the contemplations of Sir Thomas upon the ancient urns, ashes, and bones found by him at Great Walsingham. These old relics of sepulture start the fanciful knight upon long journeys of discovery into fantastic regions of the strange countries of the spirits. There, while sailing in shadowy ships on weird streams among the dead, he finds ancient spirits now wearing the crowns of ghostly emperors. He finds souls long flown from earth crouched among the dim and awful caverns of the lost. He moves among the holy mansions of wonderful countries, abodes of happy spirits, the bones of whose bodies he has seen crumbling to dust in sombre earthly tombs, and in some

star of heaven he meets a spirit that moved upon earth in some ancient and forgotten century. The deep reverence that fills these contemplations makes the old knight's flights with his "Elysian ferryman" a consolation as well as a delight. In none of his other works is his love for the ancient so vividly and profusely shown. He seems to measure the truth of facts in many cases by their antiquity. Ancient centuries and countries, ancient kings and queens, ancient religions, ancient everything, glowed with an absorbing interest for Sir Thomas. The word antiquity is his favorite, if we may judge from frequent usage. He seemed to delight in its inscrutable smile as it faced him from his manuscript or hovered among crumbling ruins of old Egyptian palaces. But he never lets himself go so far upon these strange journeys that he cannot come back again to their common beginnings. Like a star that falls in the night his mind returns from each of its whimsical excursions with a swift, graceful descent to wander again through ancient Walsingham.

"Enquiry into Vulgar Errors" is much inferior in thought and style to Browne's best works. The philosophical introduction, however, is not to be included in this criticism, but has been ranked by critics alongside Bacon's great "Analysis of Idols." In his short essay "On Dreams" the man of mystic is found, as one would suppose, delighting in a favorite field. "Half our days we pass in the shadow of the earth," he writes, "and the brother of death exacteth the third part of our lives." Only such thoughts as these are the golden fires used by Sir Thomas in weaving this rich tapestry on which our sleeping thoughts are found designed.

"Christian Morals" is the product of the wiser, more prudent old gentleman, coming as it did in the knight's later life. Although it does not show the quick, almost nervous vitality of earlier works, it is packed with the calm wisdom of old age, proved and gleaned from a life of broad experience. And because it has not that quicker virility it naturally has not that uniform richness of the earlier works of Sir Thomas. But few passages are without their interspersed gems. Inimitable sentences, both in thought and form, if not contiguous, are not widely separated. And the whole is like a great mountain country; the paragraphs, the mystic mountains rising in their stately fancy to glorious heights, and through all of which run stratas

of golden thought so pure that the miner has no need of smelting.

But of all the writings of this lover of the mystical probably in none is there such a complete and faithful portrait of his disposition and genius as hangs upon the pages of his "Gardens of Cyrus." His tendency toward the ancient; his love for the untouched and unexplored; his scientific knowledge, which was very great for his time; his delight in contemplations upon life and death, which gave his restless fancy broad, rich and mysterious lands over which to roam and search: all these bits of the man's nature are wonderfully mirrored upon the purest and clearest of glass in "Gardens of Cyrus." But the work's greatest claim to distinction lies here and there in the passages of purest fancy, all the delight of which is even heightened by the beauty of the faultless language. The title, itself clothed with antiquity, serves not as a limit, but as a suggestive stimulus to the fleet imagination of its author. He carries one into the gardens of not only the old Persian king, but walks with you through many other royal flower-beds and scented bowers of ancient centuries. And it seems, the old knight makes the ancient sun to actually rise before you in the ancient morning and turn the gardens into a mystic, living gold. He leads you into strange lands, whose very strangeness grows more vivid than reality. You follow him on mystic wings into the silent regions of the stars, and search with him for the quincunx of heavens, for in all these fanciful explorations in the "Gardens of Cyrus" he is ever searching for the quincunx. But the most beautiful and delightful bit of it all is at the very end. The last few lines were written very late one night in the old knight's study at Norwich, when the tired Sir Thomas was slowly crossing into the fantasies of sleep, "wherein the dullness of the senses shakes hands with delectable odors." But as his eyes were slowly closing his pen was already dreaming: "Though Somnus in Homer be sent to rouse up Agamemnon, I find no such effect in these drowsy approaches to sleep. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our Antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and, as some conjecture, all shall awake again."

Varsity Verse:

DAWN.

In robes of fluid gold arrayed
The rosy mother of the day,
As fresh and young as any maid,
Casts off her mantle grey.

With fairy feet she stalks abroad,
All radiant in her peerless power.
Then kneels upon the vernal sod
And kisses every flower.

She breathes the vital spark of life
Into the soul of sleeping earth,
And all creation 'midst the strife
Receives a second birth.

B. BRENDAN.

TWILIGHT.

Slowly as the twilight comes creeping,
And the dusk casts its shadows below;
The moon reappears from its slumb'ring,
And brightens the mantle of snow.

I see as I peer through the twilight,
Strange forms that pass to and fro;
But I know they are only mere objects,
Whose shadows are cast on the snow.

T. E. McMENAMIN.

LIFE.

Some days are light,
Others dark;
Some days are bright,
Others stark.

And so with life:
Sometimes tearful,
Sometimes of strife,
Sometimes cheerful.

A. J. McGRATH.

LOVE SONG.

Dawn in the flushing gardens—
Dawn in the murmuring glens—
Dawn, and the misty night-dews are rising from the
lawn—
Dawn, but my heart is dark and sad, my dearest love
is gone.

Night in the glooming gardens—
Night in the whisp'ring glens—
Night, and the frost of autumn is falling on the lawn.
Night, but my love has come again, and in my heart
is dawn.

ROBERT E. O'HARA.

MOTHER.

In girlhood, Mother, you were like
The spring, so charming, sweet, and fair;
But years have seared your blushing youth,
And time has blanched your silken hair.

But, Mother dear, though you are old,
And furrowed is your gladsome face,
Your soul more lovely daily grows
In God's own sanctifying grace.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN.

I THINK 'T WAS BEST.

I think 'twas best that you said: "No,"
To send me off to France,
I'm willing now and ready to go
To take my fighting chance.

For had I borne your heart with me,
Two hearts with single life,
A double death 'twould be to thee
Had I lost mine in strife.

I think 'twas best that you refused
To give your heart to me,
For now my own is sorely bruised
And eager to be free.

But had you changed and said the "Yes"
I would have left my heart
Where it could never see distress
Or feel the Hunnish smart.

PAUL SCOFIELD.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

It stands beside the dusty way,
Forgotten and forlorn,—
With battered doors, and drooping eaves,
The house where I was born.

Old home! you are deserted now,
Long since gone to decay,
For I was but a little lad
When father moved away.

But still, somehow, you hold a charm
And oft I wish 'twere true
That I might spend my passing years
In company with you.

It stands beside the dusty way,
Forgotten and forlorn,—
With battered doors and drooping eaves,
The house where I was born.

A. CALAY.

A Lesson in French.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

In a hospital behind the lines in France lay a young officer in the throes of a delirious fever. A doctor, passing through the ward, was naming its occupants to the little French girl who was the new night nurse. Just as he reached the cot of the delirious officer, an orderly called him out of the room. The nurse stood a minute and looked down at the fever-ridden form on the bed. His face was turned down against the pillow and towards the wall, against which his cot stood. As the doctor did not come back, she turned impatiently and went down the aisle, looking with practised eye at each patient.

Lieutenant Joe Merriweather had a dim knowledge that someone had been talking in that great room which was so deathlike in its whiteness and stillness. But his tired brain refused to work further, and he sank into a dreamy sleep that was half delirium. In his dreamy roamings he saw himself at the time that he was "tutoring up" French for his college examinations. In her hurry to find someone who could get Joe through them, his mother had forgotten her son's age and susceptibility and had hired a young French girl, a student nurse at the hospital, to prepare him.

Joe made little progress, but he had soon learned one French sentence by heart, "*Je vous aime.*" He could not have told why, but he was sure it was the prettiest sentence in the whole French language. He perseveringly failed to answer any questions that his tutor put to him, and repeated instead, "*Je vous aime, Gabby.*" Mlle. Gabrielle despaired. She stormed, and asked more fruitless questions, but all she could get from Joe was "*Je vous aime, Gabby.*"

He remembered now, as if he heard her voice in the room, the time when she told him that she had stopped her tutoring. He remembered, too, how when he had asked her to go with him to the theatre, she had smiled rather sadly in refusing him.

"I love you, Monsieur Joe," she said, "but I am going away. I am going back to my France to be a nurse. I may come back—some day—Monsieur Joe, but until I do, good-bye!" There were tears in her eyes as she smiled at him from the doorway. When he tried the next day to

see her at the hospital, she had already left.

She had gone to France. France! As he tossed in his delirium, Joe wondered vaguely where that might be. Oh, yes! he had been sent to France! It was on the first orders he had received after being commissioned. And he remembered that after he had reached France, he had been always thinking of Gabby and endlessly on the watch for her. He had been proud, because he knew that it would have made her proud, could she have heard the men speak of him as "The Little Corporal," and the youngest American officer in France.

That field on which he had lain,—why, that was France!

He remembered every detail of that open plain. He could hear the steady roar of the artillery in front of him; he could feel the ground quivering constantly with the discharges of his own batteries. Yet he had fallen in "No Man's Land." It was the good, old-fashioned yelling charge that had done the work. He had fallen while leading his men; and when some of them had stopped as he fell, he had called them cowards for bothering about him instead of hurrying on in the charge. Oh! that was glorious.

And after that he had waited long hours in the hot, blistering blaze of the sun, until the darkness could enable stretcher-men to come out on the field to carry off the wounded. When the darkness fell there came a gentle rain, which slaked his burning tongue but brought an ague to his body. It was years that he lay there waiting. And it was worse for others than for himself. Someone was groaning near him. When the star-shells burst overhead he could see countless little splotches on the ground—the wounded and the dead.

There was something very peaceful in that night, despite the never-ending boom of the artillery—which continued almost till the very break of day. Then there was a sudden lull—the calm before the resumption of heavy firing. In the gray-pink of that rainy spring morning he had thought of the poems he had read about death—for death was surely near. Then, when he had given up hope, the stretcher-men had come on their last round before daylight. They stopped at the groaning man who lay near him. Joe knew that his life was dependent on that man's death. He hoped that the other might live, but he saw the one who

had stopped to examine the wounded man shake his head. "There is no use," said one of the company, "he'll be dead in five minutes."

Joe was sorry for the other man, and then he had lost consciousness. He awakened to find himself being shoved into an ambulance. "All that go direct to the base?" he heard the driver asking. "Yes," answered the doctor of the field hospital. They lighted a cigarette for Joe before the car left, and he felt somewhat better for the moment, but soon the jolting ride was bringing the chill on again. He felt himself growing very weak. The cigarette fell away from his mouth.

Joe awakened suddenly. He was no longer delirious. He could tell by his feeling of quiet and coolness that his fever was gone, and there was no chill to succeed it now. He pulled his face up from the pillow. He had not known that the room in which he had lain was so beautiful. He had thought that it looked like death; but now, with the last rays of the evening sun pouring in through the windows and over the rows of white cots, it looked like happy sleep.

The new night nurse was walking past the bed of the delirious officer when he stirred. As he raised himself a little to look about the crowded ward, she saw his face.

"M'sieur Joe!" she said in surprise but softly.

"I knew that I would find you, Gabby," he smiled at her; "*Je vous aime, encore, ma chérie.*"

She put her head down close to his. It was fifteen minutes later when the chaplain stopped at the door. Joe saw him, and he whispered in Gabrielle's ear. She flushed, but nodded so happily that the chaplain opened his prayer-book and hurried on.

The little French girl stopped at the door of the doctor's office. "That Lieut. Merriweather is much better now," she said.

"That so? Is he out of delirium yet? There was one thing he used to repeat continuously—*Je vous aime, Gabby.* Has he stopped that?"

"No, Doctor, not yet," she replied; and as Mme. Joe Merriweather turned back into the hall and looked out of the windows of the old chateau into the fresh May morning, she began to hum the little French love song, "*Ma Chérie.*"

The Obsolete "Yes."

PAUL SCOFIELD, '21.

Many years ago it was no uncommon thing to hear the word "yes" used in general conversation. In the present age, however, it has vanished before the onrush of civilization along with many other extinct practices, such as tipping one's hat to a lady or thanking some one for a favor. This delightfully brief vocable once occupied a very favorable position in our senescent language and was the primary stronghold from which issued those quaint antique phrases of "Yes Ma'am" and "Yes Sir," which are now entirely relegated to obscurity. It is said, too, that those among our ancestors who possessed flexible vocal cords attained untold heights of popularity through their ability to impart varied and numerous inflections to this affirmative adverbial particle.

The present generation is very chary about using this relic of an ancient language as it is known to have a duplexity of meaning that might involve the user in serious difficulties. It has been found through exhaustive research work that our progenitors once relied upon the idiotic and delightfully humorous practice of acquiring a wife by asking her consent. If she were willing her reply would be voiced by "Yes," with variations in the cadency of the syllable due to what was then known as love, a nonsensical feeling that expired with the previous generation. But if on the other hand the young maiden was not struck by the advisability of the conjugal union she uttered the contemporaneous: "No." This is the earliest example we have of the close relationship between these two peculiar syllables. It has recently been discovered in an ancient thesaurus, by a deserving scientist, that the word "Yes" was used almost as much as its contemporary "No," which we still retain some traces of today. But it, too, is rapidly declining and has not been in vogue since the end of the Great European War.

Although at present "Yes" is almost hopelessly obsolete it has not been allowed to fall into complete oblivion, for the characteristic American ingenuity has very carefully camouflaged that relic of antiquity in quite a variety of synonyms. We can pridefully point to the original "Un-huh," A concoction evolved from the continued abuse of "Yes" and from the

natural aversion of the public to use such an obvious reply to queries.

Second to the primary "Un-huh" and closely pushing it for first honors we have the almost unintelligible "Yeh." There was not very long ago quite a lengthy discussion over this latter synonym as some claimed it to be a corruption of "Yep." The matter soon dropped out of the public eye, however, on the arrival of the concomitant vocable "Yup," which has gained not a little popularity throughout the West, but does not seem to take so well in the erudite East. All these synonyms have been introduced during the last half century and have done considerable to enlighten our foreign element as well as to increase the natural ambiguity of our language.

The present generation, mainly through the efforts of the younger class, have succeeded in coining quite a few phrases that very aptly take the place of the antiquated "Yes." While they vary in structure and phrasing they all serve the same purpose and have an inherent natural cadency that far surpasses the monosyllable. For example, we now have the refined phrases "You said It," "Ain't It the Truth?" Or again the classic synonyms: "You Know It" and "You Spoke a Parable," and countless others that the inventive literary mind of the American is constantly developing in its aesthetic pursuits. While these phrases are practically an acknowledgment of "Yes" still they will not permit anyone to accuse the speaker of having uttered that short word, and so he escapes the lurking verbal dangers always attendant with the use of such primitive archaic language.

Confession of an Amateur Essayist.

BY WILLIAM H. ROBINSON, '20.

First of all let me submit that this is to be a familiar essay. It is necessary for me to begin in the "this-is-a-cat" fashion of the primary class, since some of my readers, lacking the proper perspicuity, or more probably the partiality that influences my judgment, may not recognize my venture as a familiar essay, unless it is so labelled.

As I sat down at my desk and irresolutely surveyed the pile of work that confronted me, my glance fell on a few loose sheets of scrap paper upon which there stood out from the ordinary scrawl many temper spots in the form of various splotches and blotches, and I recol-

lected readily that these were my several unsuccessful attempts to start a familiar essay. Each had been abandoned in a despair proportionate to the hope in which it had been commenced. One dealt with spring fever as experienced for the first time by a Norwegian lumberjack of short residence in this country. It was a woefully unsuccessful attempt at humor, and was fortunately killed off before it had fatally injured a budding ambition. Nothing daunted by this failure, I next besought the shades of Lamb and Stevenson to inspire me that I might fittingly discuss that misapplied zeal that makes certain very young men so careless as to let hair grow upon their upper lip. Before I had made much progress in this direction, however, I saw that I was getting away from the prescribed essay type and becoming more personal than even familiarity could well allow. Then, too, being small of stature and peaceable of necessity, I at once beat a retreat from so dangerous a ground. Next I strove to expatiate upon the human interest element in the domestic life of two early robins; but, as I was far from being a second Audubon and as I had not read the "Kentucky Cardinal" or any other of Mr. Allen's delightful books for a long time, I soon perceived that this effort also was ill advised.

Such was the predicament in which I found myself, when I first reviewed the remains of those lost hopes. Other topics occurred to me, but as my ambition was now well nigh exhausted, I discarded them as further *culs de sac*. Then suddenly upon the barrenness of my mind flashed a happy thought; my problem had solved itself. Why, it was very easy to utilize those half-baked concoctions in the production of this "loose sally of the mind," which is what Sam Johnson says an essay is. And if there is more of looseness than of mind displayed in this particular sally I cannot help it, for, after all, style is the man.

Reflection.

I looked into the stilly lake

And saw the sun and cloud;

Again I gazed when darkness came

And saw a starry shroud.

And yet the depth that placid pond

Enfolds within its parts

Is not so calm nor half so deep

As are the poets' hearts.

B. SYLVESTER

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.

MAY 4, 1918.

NO. 27

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—May devotions have commenced with every indication of the fervor usual to these exercises at Notre Dame,—a fervor scarcely unexpected from the students

May Devotions. of a university dedicated to the honor of our Blessed

Lady. While this is true, it yet does not fully explain the popularity of these beautiful devotions. The secret lies in the unstinted admiration of American youth for the supremely lovely character of Mary Immaculate. In their happy-go-lucky way, they may pay scant honor to the other saints of the calendar, but with the Virgin Mother it is different. Her person touches their faith in its most chivalrous part. Is it merely a coincidence that poets of other creeds vie with Catholic youth in paying homage to Our Lady? Wordsworth, the Brownings, Rossetti, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, Milton, Southey, and Scott among the English, Poe, Bryant, Longfellow, John Hay, Bret Harte, and Oliver Wendell Holmes among Americans, have celebrated the Virgin Mother in most affectionate verse. The reason would seem to lie in the poet's faculty of retaining the quick, warm feeling towards the beautiful that characterizes youth. Perhaps the case has not been better put than by Mary, the sister of Charles Lamb:

Lady most perfect, when thy sinless face
Men look upon, they wish to be
Catholic, Madonna fair, to worship thee.

—L. G. H.

—Despite the fact that every campaign for funds necessitated by the national crisis has found its way to our campus, Notre Dame students, loyal to the last

We Have Just Begun. degree; have responded magnificently to every

call, and it has made everyone feel that Notre Dame is trying to do her bit financially to support the government. The Red Cross drive proved more than successful at the University; the prompt generosity of everyone in the Thrift Stamp sale conducted by the New England Club was a surprise even to ourselves; the encouraging reports from the Liberty Loan Campaign now being carried on in all the halls, indicate that in this we shall see our supreme effort. But we are not through. The Ambulance Fund, closed several weeks ago with a subscription of \$2000.00, must be re-opened. A change made in the type of ambulance in use by the government necessitates an addition of \$400.00 to the fund before Notre Dame can pay this most appropriate tribute to her sons in khaki by placing an ambulance in the field. With all the other campaigns gone before, it will mean that we must dig down into our pockets, and dig deep. But we will! After we have gone thus far unaided, it would detract from our enterprise if we should be forced to appeal to the Alumni. So let us concentrate our efforts toward making up this unforeseen deficiency as quickly as possible, in order that the ambulance may be of real value in the service. Let us complete the fund within the coming week, and present the ambulance as a token of the traditional Notre Dame patriotism, saying at the same time: "We are not through—we have just begun to give!"—J. L. R.

—The American people through their President have committed themselves to a bitter struggle. Our wealth, our lives, our all, are to be sacrificed if necessary to

A British Belgium? the cause we have espoused. We have assured the world that one of the things we are fighting for is the right of the small nation to self-determination. How then can we justify or ignore the action England is taking against Ireland? We shall not catalogue Ireland's wrongs, we shall not sum up the oppressions she has suffered for seven hundred years. Swords have traced the tale in blood. But the bitter facts of the present injustice would by

any telling cry as loud for vengeance. As true Americans, we can not sit idly by and watch England jeopardize the common cause. We are not arguing for Home Rule. The voices of inspired orators, the tears of women, the blood of heroes, have pleaded that cause far beyond any efforts of ours. But in union with millions of Irish descent under the Allied flags the world over and in the name of the right and justice for which we are fighting, we protest against the conscription of a nation against its will. The Catholic hierarchy of Ireland has pledged the resistance of a united Ireland to conscription. The hierarchy of Australia has added its protest. The Irish Trades Congress declared a holiday, with the concurrence of nine-tenths of the population, to enable the workmen, by hundreds of thousands, to take solemn pledges to resist the draft by all means in their power. Government papers have implored the government to drop the draft, declaring that this declaration of war upon Ireland will be a terrible blow to the Allied cause. Under the leadership of John Dillon fifty-five members of the Irish party resolved to leave the English parliament and return to their constituents to organize them in opposition to conscription. The same day fifteen hundred delegates of trades-unions, gathered from all Ireland, from Londonderry and Belfast, as well as from the South, pledged resistance to the draft. On the other hand the British army has seized all railway, telegraph and postoffice property, and all arms and ammunition that can be found. We can not possibly evade the question. Does the right of the small nation to self-determination exist in Ireland? Do we include Ireland among those small nations for whose rights we have pledged America "with force to the utmost, force without stint or limit"? Millions of Irish the world over are looking to us for the answer. Shall we let Ireland become a British Belgium?

—G. D. H.

Local News.

—The University band gave a concert Thursday morning at the Mishawaka High School Auditorium.

—The Students of Corby Hall are going to try to get 2000 communions for the soldiers during the month of May.

—May devotions began Wednesday evening. There are to be sermons every Wednesday

evening during May, and Rosary devotions on every Saturday.

—There will be a novena of communions for the soldiers from May 1st to May 9th. It is hoped that all who can possibly do so will turn out and make it a success.

—Students possessing letters from Notre Dame boys in the service are requested to turn them in for use in the SCHOLASTIC. All private matter will be respected and the letters will be returned to their owners.

—The following donations were not acknowledged in the final list of contributors to the Ambulance Fund published several weeks ago: T. Waters, \$5.00; W. Lawless, \$2.00; J. Buckley, \$5.00; J. McCarthy, \$2.50; A. G. Schenden, \$2.00; Frank Cullinan, \$25.00.

—Leo Ward, Sophomore in the department of journalism, left recently to assist his father on the Ward acres. The dearth of help throughout the country has made it imperative that he take an active part in the Working Reserve, hence his departure to the farm. Ward is esteemed by all his friends and will be missed. He, however, will return in the fall.

—On Sunday evening, April 21, the Holy Cross Literary Society assembled and the following program was presented: Some humorous verse by Thomas Brennan, a recitation by Anthony Jehl, a talk by William Robinson, and a dialogue by Leo Reider and Cyril Harbeke finished the program. The meeting was short, interesting, and well appreciated by the society members.

—Those selected for the fourth officers' training camp from the students at Notre Dame and the old students and alumni were made known in a list given out Tuesday. The men chosen to go are: John Lemmer, Joseph Smith, Albert Feeney, Everett Blackman, David Philbin, Richard Dunn, Fred Gushurst, Paul Ryan, Gerald Clements, George Harbert, George Shanahan, Walter Miller, Frank Hayes, and Raymond Murray. There were twenty alternates also named.

—Due to the avalanche of clerical work caused by America's gigantic war program the Government is in urgent need of thousands of stenographers and typists. Citizens with this special knowledge should consider it a patriotic duty to use it at this time where it will be of most value to the government. Entrance

salaries range from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per year and advancement of capable employees to higher salaries is reasonably rapid. Examinations for the Departmental Service are held every Tuesday in South Bend. Prospective candidates for positions may file applications with the Departmental Commission, Washington, D. C.

—"Wild and Woolly" was the movie shown last Wednesday evening. Douglas Fairbanks took the part of an Eastern son of wealth, who was a "nut" on the "Wild West" of by-gone days and impossibly ignorant of present conditions. As usual Douglas jumped over everything worth while, besides trying to break his neck in other ways. Apart from these antics the picture was wearisome and too "kiddish."

—Rev. Matthew Shumacher, C. S. C., gave the principal address of the evening at a dinner and program tendered last week to the two hundred conscripted men leaving in St. Joseph County recent quota. The event took place in Kable's Banquet Hall. Father Schumacher made an eloquent appeal speaking of the temptations and trials that would be encountered and urging them to keep morally and spiritually fit. The simplicity and beauty of Father Schumacher's address stirred the conscripted men who expressed a general appreciation of his message.

—A sacred concert of the Notre Dame choristers, under the direction of Prof. John Becker, dean of the music department, will be given Tuesday evening, May 7, in Washington Hall. This will mark the initial appearance of the boys' chorus organized and drilled by Prof. Becker. "Death and Life," a sacred cantata by Harry Rowe Shelly, an American composer of note, will be the feature theme of the program, which also includes vocal solos by J. McGinnis, G. Lawrence Ott, R. Devine, Master Frank Orf, Master Theodore Nelson and a violin solo by Prof. Ingersoll. The chorus will be assisted by the University Glee Club.

—Rev. Dr. Urban de Hasque, chancellor of the diocese of Oklahoma, has presented to the University a practically complete set of the Louvain dissertations submitted for doctorates in theology and canon law. The gift is made all the more notable by the tragic fate of the famous university and the destruction of its library. Father de Hasque, in a letter accompanying his gift, says: "In presenting

this collection to Notre Dame, I do not flinch in my loyalty and devotion to my Alma Mater, (Louvain University) but wish to emphasize it by placing these dissertations in a place where they will receive more notice than in my private library, and where, I know, they will receive a warm welcome." Besides the dissertations, Dr. de Hasque sent several rare volumes of South Americana, a copy of the Commentaries of Bishop Janserius of Ypres, and a curious 18th century bible, giving the Hebrew text with a Latin translation.

—Dr. Walsh agreeably surprised us by a quick return. This time he spoke on the social evils which have led to the present war, and showed how they will, unless remedied, bring other wars still more terrible, internecine strife between labor and capital endangering the very existence of civilization. The remedies needed are: a general increase of wage standards; a more careful regulation of prisons; and the improvement of conditions in public institutions of charity. By his delicate humor, Dr. Walsh rendered the stern facts less gruesome without minimizing the evils. The lecture was interesting, though in parts a repetition of a talk he gave some years ago.

—Letters from Ensign Charles W. Schick, who is in charge of the work at the United States Naval Auxiliary Training School at the Municipal Pier in Chicago, have been placed in the various halls for the benefit of the men interested in this work. During the past week eight Notre Dame men enlisted in the school, the latest recruits being Leo Dubois, David Philbin, William Kelly, Frank Andrews, Thomas Hoban, Walter Miller, Francis McGrain, and John Lemmer. A special class in navigation has also been formed here with about fifteen students in attendance. It is possible, because of the interest manifested by Notre Dame men, that Ensign Schick will visit the University this month.

—Last Saturday evening, Mrs. Isabel Beecher delighted a too small audience by her talk on "The Catholic Note in Modern Literature." Mrs. Beecher is accounted the leading woman reader of America and her delivery of the various poems she used to emphasize her points was so flawlessly charming that her hearers must have regretted that she undertook the critical part at all. Mrs. Beecher is by no means so good a lecturer as an elocutionist. She was not well

enough acquainted with her manuscript, and frequent pauses lessened the smoothness and connection of her comments. Special treatment was given to Alice Meynell, Catherine Tynan and Joyce Kilmer. During the last part of the lecture she went somewhat aside from her subject proper to dwell on certain aspects of the war,—the Cathedral of Reims, the stories of the "White Comrade." She ended with a stirring recital of these splendid lines written in commemoration of the German failure at Verdun, "You Shall Not Pass!"

—We quote the following from the South Bend *News-Times* relative to Father Cavanaugh's address to the students last Saturday:

Patriotism, spring fever, plans for the summer school sessions and religious devotions were among the wide variety of subjects treated by Rev. John Cavanaugh, president of Notre Dame University, in an address to the student body Saturday.

Father Cavanaugh was in his most earnest mood in denouncing the "concrete copperheads" who occasionally embarrass everybody at the university by indulging in utterances, if not frankly disloyal at least lacking in the spirit of genuine patriotism.

"The basis," he said, "of such criticism is nearly always stupid pride of opinion and a silly desire of a second or third or fourth rate mind to seem independent in judgment. Any American who is not heart and soul with his country in this war ought to be segregated and made to associate with his own kind of people. This would be cruel and unusual punishment, but the crime is a grave one. Those who are not American citizens in this country and who talk disparagingly of America—and it makes no difference whether they are of German or Irish blood—ought to be sent back to Europe in a cattle boat." The students cheered these patriotic utterances.

GIRLS ARE "SHAMED."

Silly girls who frequent the byways in the vicinity of the university in the hope of attracting students came in for their bit of attention, and according to the official statement given out at President Cavanaugh's office following the meeting, "it was evident from the attitude of the audience that these 'soiled doves' and other queer ornithological specimens who circulate along the railroad tracks and country roads in hope of flagging amorous youths, receive not the romantic interest, but only the contempt of the young men in whom they display such unmaidenly interest."

The president also indulged in some pungent and "peppery" criticism regarding unfair conduct of students in the college restaurant and the fact that the acts were committed in a spirit of "horse-play" did not save the perpetrators from a scathing denunciation.

ANNOUNCES RETREATS.

Father Cavanaugh made official announcement of the coming summer school, beginning July 1st and ending August 10, and urged the boys to spread intelligence regarding the school among their friends.

He also announced four retreats for laymen the last two weeks of July and the first two weeks of August. These retreats will begin Friday evening and close Monday morning so that, for example, the business and professional men from Chicago and other neighboring cities, may attend these retreats without the loss of more than half a day from their work. May devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin were announced as customary, and an earnest exhortation was made in favor of congregational singing. Father Leo Heiser is in charge of the singing.

Then followed a series of patriotic appeals. First, came Smileage tickets; then War Savings stamps; then the Notre Dame Ambulance; then a word in favor of the South Bend War chest, and finally a stalwart appeal in favor of Liberty bonds. Each item received detailed attention, and there is no doubt but that good results will follow to supplement the generous patriotic action already evidenced.

Obituary.

The sad news has reached the University of the death of one of the oldest Notre Dame students, Mr. Victor A. Moross, of Mt. Clemens, Michigan, who attended the University in the early Fifties. We remember that on the occasion of a visit here in October, 1911, he remarked, recalling his student days: "The only building I can remember or that looks familiar is the butcher shop, which during my time was used as a kitchen. There were about two miles of solid timber between the University and South Bend when I arrived. I remember very well that when I made the trip from my home in Detroit, I could come only as far as Niles on the train. Passengers were compelled to come the remaining distance on the old overland stage coach." Mr. Moross was eighty-five years old at the time of his death. He was a Knight of Columbus and a model Catholic gentleman. Six children remain to cherish his memory, and to them we offer our sincere sympathy and the promise of prayers. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Bailey Vinson of Walsh has added his name to the Navy roll at Municipal Pier.

—Among the arrivals in France is Edwin Kain, of last year's crowd in Walsh.

—A brother-in-law of Father Devers, Lieut. Dr. O'Toole, was wounded last week while in active service in France.

—Dr. Francis J. Quinlan (Laetare Medalist '06) writes from his home in New York: "Regards from all here to all there."

—Charles McCarthy of Walsh Hall has joined the medical corps and his brother, also of the same hall, has joined the Navy.

—A commission as second lieutenant has been given to Albert C. Schlipf (LL. B., '16). He is in the aviation section, signal corps.

—Three more of our monogram men, "Jake" Kline, Sullivan and Edgren, have recently become the guests of Gen. Pershing in France.

—Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas, is for the present the abode of Harry R. Burt, '15-'17. He will be remembered as the organizer of the inter-state banquet and a member of the Glee Club.

—A cheerful letter was received recently from Father Edward J. Finnegan stating that he is to be sent to a Chaplain's Training School for six weeks. His new post of duty is at Camp Taylor, Kentucky.

—Kenneth Krippene sends belated Easter greetings from France. Kenneth has had a succession of hair raising experiences since entering the service. Among them, we may mention his escape from the ill-fated Tuscania.

—Mr. Edward J. Moore, a former student, and Miss Maria Martina Sullivan were united in marriage recently at St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C. The SCHOLASTIC offers felicitations in the name of the many friends of Mr. Moore.

—Harry Kelly (LL. B., '17) has been seriously wounded in France according to returns from the front. The students of Sorin Hall offered up their communions, after receiving the news, that he may obtain the blessing of a complete and early recovery.

—We are glad to correct an error of a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC wherein we rated Twomey M. Clifford as a second lieutenant at Fort Harrison. He is now a first lieutenant at Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Twomey is doing work for the Government which he is not free to give out.

—Rev. Vincent J. O'Toole, an old student, writes to Father Cavanaugh saying that he is delivering Liberty Loan addresses in New York. Father O'Toole is very enthusiastic over the work of army chaplain. He had the pleasure of meeting Father O'Donnell in New York before the latter left for France.

—A card has been received recently from Rigney Sackley, saying that he has been

transferred from Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama, to the Ordnance Concentration Camp at Augusta, Georgia. He adds that he may be sent over any time now. Rigney frankly admits that camp life in the army is hard work compared to the labors of student life at Notre Dame.

—Howard Parker, graduate in journalism and editor-in-chief of the DOME of 1917, was the guest of honor at a special meeting of the Notre Dame Glee Club held last week. Mr. Parker was also the director of the successful 1917 Glee Club. He has completed three months of training at the Officers' training camp at Rockford, Ill., and has been recommended for a lieutenancy.

—A letter to Father Cavanaugh from Jennings Vurpillat rings with a note of disappointment. Owing to a good deal of sickness Jennings has not been able to carry out the burdens which his position demanded of him. His age, too, is against him, being still in his minority. However, he seems light-hearted and cheerful, and has by no means given up hope of finally getting into the service.

—Octaviana Ambrosia Larrazolo's father wrote an encouraging letter to Notre Dame lately. He tells us that Octaviana is in the army, Company B, 27th Engineers, Camp Meade, Md. Owing to the fact that he is expecting to go to France very soon he is anxious to get his University pin, which will, of course, be hurried to him. His father said that he will, if fortunate enough to return, continue his law course at Notre Dame.

—Through the columns of the Burlington *Free Press and Times*, comes the report of a splendid patriotic address delivered by Rev. Patrick A. Barry, '12, who is stationed at St. Mary's Cathedral, Burlington, Vermont. The occasion was the gathering of a group of citizens at the city hall for preparedness drill. We quote him briefly: "Happily we have passed that silly sentimentalism that would have us believe that we are too proud to fight. We have seen the sign of the times and have interpreted them correctly. We have beheld the dark monster of German autocracy striving to bestride the world like a Colossus, regardless of human life or international honor, and when it laid its foul hand on Americans, with every noble instinct that stirred our souls, we rebelled, but held our peace. War is a last resort and so we bided our time. But patience could not

endure the ruthless slaughter of innocent women and children: nor could national honor bear the reproach of the world, fast coming to us as a nation that loved peace more than justice, and bodily ease more than manly resistance. But the day came when we rose up in our youthful might and hurled back defiance in the teeth of this Teutonic Goliath, who dares the world to come and do battle."

—The following article, accompanied by a photo, was recently published in the Chicago Herald:

EX-NOTRE DAME ATHLETIC STAR SHOWS HIS METTLE
AT GREAT LAKES.

CHARLEY BACHMAN TAMES BALKY TEXAS GUARDS
WHEN OTHERS FLIVVER.

Charley Bachman, Chicago boy, especially shines at rising to an emergency. His latest "pinch-hitting" stunt was turned some weeks ago after he had donned the blue of the navy at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Ensign John Sharpe, U. S. N., who is the detention camp officer, was finding it a trifle difficult to get a man who could command a seaman guard company of woolly Texas lads. Several tried, but failed. Bachman, because of his hulk and bulk was given a chance, and in a few hours the guards were as peaceful as doves.

Because of this success Ensign Sharpe promoted Bachman to a company commander, and now he's one of the most respected jackies in the detention regiments. He is a perfect physical specimen for a sailor, in the opinion of Sharpe.

While at Notre Dame a few years ago, Football Coach Jesse Harper needed a man to fill the brogans of Eichenlaub, famous plunger. Bachman, a lineman, volunteered and made good. Thereafter he was known as "Ike" No. 2.

"Bach" was an all-around whale at the South Bend school, his track work being every bit as flashy as his grid accomplishments. In his best year at N. D., Walter Camp selected him as a lineman on his all-American eleven.

Charley got his training at Englewood High School here in 1909, 1910 and 1911. At that time he was rated as one of the best prep athletes in the middle West.

Athletic Notes.

Earl Gilfillan, winner of the all-around championship at the indoor Relay Carnival at the University of Illinois in March, wrenched his knee in the first trial of the broad jump at the Pennsylvania Relay Games last Friday. With that accident went the chance of a Notre Dame man winning the penthalon at the Eastern classic. The marks made in the succeeding events of the all-around championship were

far below the marks made daily by Gilfillan on Cartier Field, and had not the Joliet wonder injured his knee he might have startled the East with his prowess. Gilfillan was entered in several of the special events on Saturday, but his knee was so stiff he could scarcely walk, and as a result he was compelled to leave for his home without taking part in further competition. Track Coach Rockne has been giving the injured knee the best of care all this week in the hope that his star might be able to compete in the Illinois-Notre Dame dual meet at Urbana today. Rockne is particularly anxious to defeat the team that nosed Notre Dame out of a dual meet in the Notre Dame gymnasium last winter by only two-thirds of a point.

Home runs by Philbin and Barry, and fifteen additional hits of various degrees of worth, coupled by some interscholastic-like fielding on the part of the Wisconsin team, allowed Notre Dame to win over the Badgers at Madison last Saturday, 15 to 2; for the second time in one week. Pat Murray was on the mound for the Gold and Blue and, as on the Monday before Wisconsin, was completely at his mercy. With the game won, and Notre Dame still hitting like madmen, Coach Harper sent Lavery in to pitch in the seventh, and he continued the good work of Murray in the forepart of the game.

Michigan was here for a game on Tuesday, but Cartier field, following the drenching of the previous days, was in no shape for baseball and the game had to be called off. Pat Murray was scheduled to humble the Wolverines, but rain spoiled Coach Harper's plans.

Pete Ronchetti was also booked to play his last game for Notre Dame. When the game was called off he immediately left for his home en route to Camp Lee, Virginia, where he is to enter an officers' training school for engineers. For three years Ronchetti has been a figure in athletics at Notre Dame. As a member of the football and baseball squads he has done exceptionally good work, but it was as a basketball star that he made his greatest mark. Three monograms are in his trunk for his playing in the indoor game, and one of his sweaters sports a white bar denoting his captaincy during the season past. Through all his athletic work he has maintained a high standard of scholarship, and he has the brains and the brawn to go a long way in the army.—c. w. c.

Letters from Camp.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE,
March 29, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

You will no doubt be very much surprised to hear from one of the many Notre Dame representatives in the American Expeditionary Forces. Our regiment sailed from New York July 23rd last, and was one of the regiments reviewed by King George on Aug. 14th in London. We were one of the first American regiments in active service and are now working for our second service stripe. There is one other Notre Dame student in the same regiment to which I belong, and who is, I am sure, well remembered in Notre Dame athletics—George Wittried.

But, Father, I am writing this letter to tell you, not of our regiment, but of having met in France, "somewhere" on the American Front, two of Notre Dame's popular athletes; they are "Big" McInerny and Fred Kelly. It was a great surprise to me, who had seen "Big Mac" towering above his teammates and opponents on the gridiron, to find him here towering over the boys he is to lead over the top; and I am sure he will make a hole in the Boche line, just as he used to tear up the lines of Dakota, the Army, Washington and Jefferson, and many others. "Mac" and Kelly requested Wittried to write, but as he left to-day for the Officers' Training Camp, the lot of writing has fallen to me. On his two years' credit at Notre Dame, George was picked to go into training for a commission and we are all positive that he will make good.

"Mac" and Kelly are stationed only a short distance from us, and they have already illustrated the old Notre Dame fighting spirit. I received two SCHOLASTICS the other day and it surely was a delight to be reading school news again. Today is Good Friday, and I have made the Stations of the Cross in a lonely little chapel at a French hospital. This reminds me of the Good Friday two years ago when you would not allow us to leave for home until we had made the Stations of the Cross. Well, here's hoping that the next Good Friday we may be back at good old U. N. D.

I should be very glad to hear from you, Father, when you have a bit of leisure. Give my best regards to Father Joseph Burke and Brother Alphonsus.

Your obedient soldier,

Paul J. La Valette,
Address: Company C, 13th Engineers (Ry.),
A. E. F., France.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE,
March 26, 1918.

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

Dear Father:

Within the last two days I have run across two little bits of Notre Dame news, which have served as the incentive I needed to resume the task of letter-writing.

I happened to pick up a copy of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune last Sunday and read under the heading "Sports" about Coach Harper's leaving

the University and Rockne's taking his place. It certainly is a joy to one over here to read something concerning the old school. Today I saw a *Columbian* that contained a little article about Father Maher's celebrating his eighty-sixth birthday. It is strange, how news gets around. The world doesn't seem nearly so large as it used to appear. Your New York speech of the 17th of March appeared in the "Stars and Stripes," but I have not been able to get a copy yet. As you perhaps know, the "Stars and Stripes" is a newspaper edited and published by the American Forces in France for the boys over here.

I hear from Roy Phillips occasionally. He seems to be getting along splendidly in the branch of the service in which he enlisted. I also hear from Pierre Miller, who was Roy's roommate last year. He is in a Southern camp. They are both very jealous that I got over here so much before them. I hope that the big trouble may be over before they have to come.

We are all well taken care of and I am in perfect health. I have not been out a day since we came here—out of line duty, I mean. Hoping you can boast the same good health, I am,

Your devoted nephew,

John Cavanaugh.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE, A. E. F., FRANCE.
Editor, Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Sir:

Would you kindly have my SCHOLASTIC addressed in the future to Private E. F. Barrett, Company B, Headquarters Battalion, G. H. Q., A. E. F., France. I have moved to the general headquarters in France and like it much better than in the States. I have not run across any Notre Dame men as yet, but that is because I have not yet been to the front-line trenches. Thanking you in advance for the favor of sending the SCHOLASTIC here, I am,

Very sincerely,

E. F. Barrett.

CAMP TAYLOR, KENTUCKY,
April 21, 1918.

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

Dear Father Moloney:

I applied recently for admission into the 309th Engineers and was admitted last week. I was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Engineers' Reserve Corps on June the 19th of last year and was ordered to active duty at Fort Leavenworth on July 10th. On the 15th of August the entire camp was given a leave of ten days, and my time was extended. Early in September I was ordered into inactive duty, pending assignment. They could not keep us on the payroll while we were doing nothing. I was going to resign my commission and enlist, but the commandant of the second training camp advised me not to do so. Of the twelve hundred engineers in the Central Department, about 700 finished the training period. When the second camp graduated on November the 14th, about 300 of the 700 were released, as the new addition

exceeded the quota and as the engineers' corps had not at that time been expanded as expected. As there was a very large number of experienced engineers in the first camp I was not among the 400 retained. My company averaged over thirty years. Thus I was left out in the cold. I should have followed the advice of the captain who took applications at Notre Dame. He assured us that it was "very hard to get into the Engineers' Corps and still harder to stay there." He scared the rest of the engineers at Notre Dame out of entering the engineers' corps; needless to say, I wish that he had scared me likewise.

I am a private here at present. I have put in an application for the fourth officers' training camp for engineers, and have been examined by the board, but have not yet been informed of the result. It is to be held at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia, and is to commence on the 5th of May.

I attended Mass at the K. of C. Building this morning. About half of those present received Holy Communion. After Mass breakfast was served by ladies from Louisville, at which I met several Notre Dame men: Lieuts. Graham, O'Hara, and Thompson, and Sergeants Conboy, Costello, and Harl. Costello and Conboy have made application for the training camp at Petersburg.

Will you kindly have the SCHOLASTIC sent to me here instead of at my home? I told each of the men I saw this morning to send their addresses to you for the SCHOLASTIC. They are longing to see one. We had a great reunion after Mass, and I felt very much like giving an old-time "U. N. D.! Rah! Rah!" Kindly give my regards to all of the Faculty, and I am,

Sincerely yours,

Lawrence J. Welch,

Co. D, 309th Engineers.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE,

April 2, 1918.

Mr. Frank B. Marshall,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Brother Frank:

It was a pleasant surprise to receive your most welcome letter a few days ago. I was very glad to learn that you are enjoying the best of health and that you are so enthusiastic about your studies. I am much pleased also to learn that you were playing on the Walsh Hall football team last fall.

Does it sound strange when I say that I have been over here nearly eight months and have not yet been to the front—a soldier who has never seen a shell explode? No, I'm not sick and I am not locked up in the "brig." I am just one of the thousands who have come over here to carry the Stars and Stripes over the top and right on to Berlin, but who are "gaddy-dancing" on some railroad three hundred miles from the fireworks. There are about four fellows in the rear service for every man at the front. Docks have to be built, warehouses have to be erected, roads have to be made, camps have to be built, railroads have to be repaired and cars assembled, and a hundred and one other things, that none of us had ever thought of, have to be done. As a result there are

thousands of us fellows who are working like Hades without ever a chance to see the fireworks. We are like the "kids" who carried water for the elephants: the show was over long before the Jumbos' thirst was quenched. But this life is full of surprises.

On the way over we stayed up all day and half of the night to see the submarines, and all we saw were a few fishing smacks. On landing we expected to receive meagre meals, but we received more than we would have got at home. We expected to have pretty French mademoiselles teach us French, but we found that there were about fifty hat cords for every bonnet. We expected to work twelve or fourteen hours a day, but we work only eight. Some of us expected to get away from inside work, but we are all pushing a pen. Some of the boys who were more afraid of disease than bullets never felt better in their lives. Some came over to be "bucks," and now they are officers; and some who came over to be officers are merely "bucks." Some of the poor fellows who had roughed it all their lives expected to show us how to endure hardships, but they lasted only two or three weeks in the rain and mud.

To say just a word about the hardships—it was easy to learn to lay a shelter-half and a blanket down on the ground and then sleep all night without turning over, but it was hard to go day after day with only pictureless French newspapers to read; it was easy to learn to like bread without butter and coffee without sugar, but it was hard to learn how to wash your mess kits in a bucket of lukewarm water after some fifty or sixty kits had been ducked in that same bucket; it was easy to write letters, but hard to get them by the censor; it was easy to sneak out of camp, but hard to sneak back in again; it was easy to learn French, but very hard to find a Frenchman that could understand French.

When we landed, we were an engineering regiment without any tools. We drilled day in and day out without anybody's knowing for what. When we received the tools, we did not have the material; and when we received the material, we did not know what to do with it. We would dig a hole in the ground and then fill it up again. We would build a road and then find out that it was in the wrong place. We finally dug a hole, however, that didn't have to be filled up again, and we finally built a road in the right place. When this was accomplished, we started on a railroad track. It was "some" track at first, but it is a "peach" now. And in that same field we had within the next three months put in more tracks than we could count on our fingers and toes, and they are good ones too. Then, where there were only hundreds of us at first, learning and working, there are now thousands, and we are assembling cars faster than the railroads can take them away.

Kindly give my best regards to Father Cavanaugh and Brother Alphonsus, and tell them that George Hanlon, who used to be the chief vendor of peanuts and popcorn, is cooking in the shack where I eat, and that he is as good a cook as he was a vendor.

Your devoted brother,

Pvt. Guy F. Marshall,

Co. A, 17th Engineers (Ry.)

GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS,
April 27, 1918.

Mr. Mark McCaffery,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear "Mac."

Do not criticise the stationery, because your Uncle issued it to me, and he did not pass out with it the table and chair.

We were transferred this morning, and shall remain here six days to complete our required twenty-one days of detention. From this station each man is sent to his respective work. I am rated as a second-class hospital man, since the hospital service is the only branch open in my locality, but I do not expect to remain in the medical branch. I shall go to school for a short while, then learn the signals, and, if competent, will be made a company commander. Then my duty will be to teach the youngsters the many formations and drills, which should be very interesting work.

"Bach," whom I see frequently, was over the other night and we had a big chat. He is at present a company commander, but is in reality connected with the "Bird" Corps, and will probably be stationed here on account of his athletic ability. "Biff" Lee is also in camp somewhere in that branch of the service.

The fellows who intend to come here are not making any mistake. Kindly remember me to my friends at Notre Dame.

Your friend,

Jerry J. Jones.

Address: Company 69, 8th Regiment,
Camp Boone, Great Lakes, Illinois.

Safety Valve.

VEILED SENTIMENT.

And when you take the girlie home
And say good-nighty night,
And tell her she's a little elf
A fairy or a spirtie.
And then you bend your lips toward hers—
It's death if you should fail—
But how can it be done, I ask,
If dearie wears a veil?

I've often wondered why a lass
Should cover up her face,
It always seemed quite clear to me
That veils were out of place.
Boys think it frightful etiquette—
And rightly, I suppose—
That any girl should let a veil
Descend below her nose.

Yet in these sanitary times
When things are boiled and strained
Lest any germ should hide in them,
There may be something gained,
By filtering the night's caress,
So laddie don't grow pale
If at the parting you should find
That dearie wears a veil.

A SUGGESTION.

We never urged a man to wear
A corset or a muff;
Or high-heeled shoes or puffs and rats
And all that sort of stuff;
But we could point to two or three,
And really it's a fair bet
To wager they'd look much improved
If they should wear a hair net.

We know that hair cuts have gone up,
But even so, by heck!
A fellow shouldn't let his hair
Play tag around his neck.
And if he hasn't got the price
Why let him join the fair set
And powder up his nose and chin
And wear a silken hair net.

EFFERVESING.

She had a face that angels might have envied
Her voice was like a sweet-tuned violin,
I wondered if a poor unhallowed mortal
The heart of such a queen might hope to win.
I dropped upon my knees and said "I love you,"
But at her quick reply my poor heart balked
Because to my surprise and consternation
She stuttered like a buzz-saw when she talked.

I never knew this maiden talked in bunches,
She grew a ghastly pale then crimson red,
Then she began to effervesce and gurgle
She talked like five kids sleeping in a bed.
She sent out words that were both long and stately,
But oh! my friend, when they came into port
She cut them up and mangled them so fiercely,
That e'en the longest words were mighty short.

There are a number of kind-hearted Germans in this country who hearing of the distress caused by the lack of bedding in Germany are cultivating acres of unworked land in our large cities to grow sand burrs.

It was half-past six for the clock had just struck twelve and the hands pointed to three o'clock. With a shivering shudder, the soft, sloppy, slovenly Swede slowly swept southward singing a silly, scintillating song, such as sap-suckers and simpletons struggle to stutter as they strut stubbornly, stageward. Swift as a savage stealing stealthily and serenely cityward came Sadie Saphire showing signs of such singularly secret and systematic shrewdness that the Swede swooned, swallowing seven sarsaparilla or sassafras sedatives to satiate his seemingly sinking sensory center. "Send someone soon," shouted Sadie Saphire sighing. "The Swede has swooned and is swallowing sawdust like a soused salamander seeking to satisfy several senses. Slap something sloppy on the Swede or send a swig swiftly," said Sophie, the sister of Sadie, as she soaked a sheet in seven sinks of seething suds. Slowly the Swede swallowed a swig and was saved.