

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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The Winter's Flight

SLOWLY the winter northward went,
With all its gloomy silence spent—
Except a littel part
That lingered in my heart.

This morning I heard a thrush's song,
And while entranced I listened long,
Into my fettered soul
A bit of sunshine stole.

There on the air that northward blew,
The last of lingering winter flew,
Leaving my soul to ring
With spring.

LEO L. WARD.

Kingsley.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

I.—INTRODUCING KINGSLEY.

PERHAPS you will not believe in Kingsley. You may be partly in the right about it, as it has been almost two years since I saw him last, and my powerful imagination, like good Kentucky whiskey, has a tendency to grow more potent with age. This much, however, is certain: Kingsley really was, and I shall try to make you see him as he was when I knew him.

He was just five years old when he first broke into my ken, but he bore himself as no other child of five that I have known. The little Indian spoke very plainly; stunningly plain he was at embarrassing moments. The first time I saw him, however, he said nothing. I was reading—something or other that somebody had written—out on the front porch, when this Kingsley suddenly protruded himself through the hedge, grinned, grunted cheerfully and fatly, and disappeared, but the gap that he had made in that fancy fence

bore for two long years mute testimony to Kingsley's powers of offense. There are still gaps in that hedge; Walter, who lives next door now, is almost as hard on hedges as was Kingsley in his day.

In the same act of breaking through the hedge so abruptly this little neighbor broke into my interest and affection. It may have been the ruthless, smiling way in which he thrust hedge to the right of him and hedge to the left of him that won me. There was something of the cavalier about him which showed that his dark-haired ancestors must have had some warmer nursery than bleak England. He had the fire of the South, with English piracy engrafted upon Spanish courtliness. In a way I admired this outlaw's rash defiance of the powers that were; in the days before I had grown too dignified to be spanked I myself had relished nothing quite so much as jumping that hedge.

I did not have much time for musing. Kingsley had made his first appearance before the critical eyes of one of his new neighbors, but it was by no means his last one. He was not long in staging a dramatic return. He came through the hedge at a gallop, making a new hole, of course, and looked triumphantly behind him. His sister Norma was quite the handsomest girl I had ever seen chasing a naked little boy through a hedge to administer to him retribution and a bath. She did not pursue her fugitive when he escaped into the foreign territory but stopped at the hedge and smiled.

"Could you hand him across to me?" she inquired in very unvexed tones. "He has such a dismaying habit of leaving the house when we least expect it."

I rose to the occasion. I have always been strangely curious to see how any one who takes that house next door to us could ever manage to get any of their furniture set. That house is a classic in utter lack of design. It has a marvellous number of corners into which it is

impossible to put anything but fish-bowls or music-cabinets. I killed, as it were, two birds with one stone. "May I carry him in for you?" I asked with the air of a courtier taking a basket of eggs from a country lass; "he's pretty heavy, and very slippery, besides."

I have since come to understand why Norma laughed, or rather, chuckled. At the time I only knew that it was a very pleasant chuckle which made me think of Kingsley's first arrival through the hedge and his grunting laugh. Norma offered me a towel, for the captive was very wet, and my first long trousers, which as a rule I wore only on Sunday, were just newly pressed.

Kingsley was born to be a tramp. No one could have his soulful eyes and dusky, curly hair without turning out to be either a tramp or a musician, and no musician ever possessed Kingsley's oily disposition towards water. Kingsley smiled at me with the cheerfully idiotic gaze of a lunatic who has just succeeded in scaring his keepers.

"That was a good one," said he; "Norma told me to do that. She wanted to get a chance to speak to you."

As Norma had already gone back into the house, she did not hear the accusation.

"Yeah?" I responded, provisionally.

The boy looked me squarely in the eye. "Yeah," he affirmed, and this was his first lie to me.

II.—CHARITY.

The next morning Kingsley appeared through one of the holes he had made the preceding afternoon. "H'lo," he greeted me, "what's your name?"

"Bob," I answered.

He smiled. "Mine's Ninny!" He saw the question in my eyes. "It's not really," he added; "it's Kingsley. But when I was a little tiny baby, I couldn't say it, only 'Ninny.' That's why I say it's my name. Don't you see?"

I saw quite clearly, in spite of the implication of profound stupidity which Kingsley's inflection of the last three words contained. Kingsley was oratorical about things. As I looked at him very earnestly for a few minutes, he grew a little restless. "I suppose," I said, thoughtfully, "that you have had your breakfast?"

My question was a complete relief for him. Indeed his guilty looks and shiftiness always disappeared as soon as he had found something

to lie about. He bent on me a look fraught with the tempting innocence of a mischievous boy.

"No," he answered, "papa said I couldn't have my breakfast this morning because I ran away from my bath yesterday."

"Did he?" I said in amazed admiration of a five-year-old who could prevaricate so plausibly.

"You'd better come into the kitchen and Charity will give you something to eat."

He was not slow in taking my advice. The old colored cook looked around as we came in.

"This is Charity, Kingsley," I said by way of introduction; "she's my mammy."

Kingsley shook hands with her without taking his wondering gaze off her shiny black face. "Is she your *mother*, Bob?"

"Lor's sake, no, chile! He's white folks. Cain't yo' all see Ah's culluhed?" Charity had in all circumstances absolute and profound respect for all the "white folks," a respect preserved from the days when she had been a slave in Georgia. Kingsley was puzzled.

"Didn't you call her your mamma?" he said in argumentative tone; "didn't you, Bob?"

"Yes, but that's only a pet name. It's mammy, not mamma," I explained to him. "And now don't waste your time arguing. Tell Charity that you want something to eat."

"Got'ny ginger-snaps?" asked Ninny.

"Lordy, chile, bless yo' haht, yes! Cain't yo' all eat some o' dis here breakfas' food? Mist'h Bob, cain't yo' all eat somethin' too?" She herself saw to it that I did not have to answer. As for Kingsley—well, even his five-year-old appetite was satiated.

Charity smiled broadly and benignly upon us. When we had finished, and she had begun to carry off the dishes, I reached for the morning paper. Charity looked at me apologetically.

"Mist' Bob, Ah done lef' mah readin' glasses to home this morning. I just cain't see de news 'tall. Couldn't yo' read it out loud t' me a little while?"

For about twenty minutes I read to her. Kingsley sat on the edge of a chair, chin in hand, his eyes still fixed on Charity's face. He knew a friend when he ran into one, and he decided there and then to cultivate her acquaintance. Finally the cook stood up.

"Yo' all better cleah out o' heah," she announced, in her usual tones of authority. Then she looked at Kingsley, and added—as if any reason were necessary to supplement an order from Charity in her own kitchen—"Ah's

gotta get dinnah ready, honey."

Kingsley smiled most agreeably. "Got'ny more of them ginger-snaps?" he inquired. His pockets were already bulging.

"Come over again, honey," said Charity.

"Uh-hum! You bet I will! And the lad rubbed his stomach gleefully as he backed out of the door.

As we reached the front porch Kingsley broke his thoughtful silence: "Papa said he'd spank me if I made another hole in your hedge." He was merely imparting a bit of information in a way that discouraged any discussion of the topic.

"Guess I'll go on home," he added, after another silence. In such silences men have planned revolutions, empires.

After dinner I had just taken up again my abandoned novel in the front porch, when I noticed a new hole in the hedge, and almost at the same moment, Kingsley, coming with laggard steps up the long walk from the street. He had the persecuted look of a five-year-old Christian serving as a bonfire for Nero and his friends.

"I couldn't sit down," was the forlorn information he offered as he slowly and tenderly deposited himself on the steps.

"You can now," I answered. My heart was hard as I viewed the result of only two-days of his depredation on our once beautiful hedge.

"To dinner, I mean. Papa said I was pouting, and I didn't get any." I looked at him and his eyes dropped; he was telling the truth again. I began to read my book; but I could feel those hurt brown eyes looking at me and through me, and that kind of plea was more than I could stand.

"Lan' sakes alive, chile! What yo' all want now?" were Charity's first words as we entered the kitchen door.

My Rosary.

I watched a cloistered monk in prayer
Who fingered his beads so old,
Caressing each one with loving care
And kissing the cross of gold.

My courtship is my cloistered way
And I alone walk there,
Caressing lips, on which I pray
As beads, so wondrous fair.

PAUL SCOFIELD.

Concerning Birds.

I.—THE BIRD LOVER.

The lover of birds is an enthusiast. If he were not, he would not be a lover of birds. Only those whose interest in any subject is intense and unabating can in truth be said to have enthusiasm in its pursuit. What, it may be asked, will lead a person to spend his precious time upon some matter apparently unworthy of such a sacrifice? There is in the thing something that awakens a responsive sentiment. An elevated feeling, as we know instinctively, is not the result of calculation or forethought, but comes upon us spontaneously—just how we do not understand. By cultivation, the awakened sentiment grows in intensity, and the emotional element contributes not a little to the persistent devotion that is characteristic of enthusiasm.

Now let us apply these ideas to the subject of bird life. There is in all living things much of paramount interest and worthy of man's serious study. Life, in all its grades, is a great mystery, and to investigate its myriad phases naturally challenges the astuteness of the human intellect. And when those beautiful creatures which we call birds are the particular form of life chosen for patient observation, we have an interest that quickly grows to be intensely satisfying. So much is manifest in the life of a bird that both our senses and our intellect find matter for almost indefinite investigation.

No doubt most persons at first do not acquire a scientific interest in birds, but are led gradually from the emotional to the philosophic aspect of the subject. I suppose also that individual temperament will decide what amount of attention each one will eventually give to the aesthetic and scientific phases of ornithology. In this matter, I think much will depend upon one's leisure for the pursuit. If one cannot observe regularly, there is less likelihood that anything more than an aesthetic interest in birds will be developed. But even this is well worth the time that is spent in studying the habits of the many species of birds which are found in our parks or in the country.

What pure pleasure is there in strolling leisurely into the country, with only nature for our companion. As soon as we reach the limit of the city, we are greeted by the clear notes of the Song Sparrow. And as we advance

a little farther, the Field and Vesper Sparrows will repeat for us their charming strains. Another songster that is sure to challenge our attention is the Warbling Vireo, almost as persistent a singer as the Song Sparrow. And if our walk is taken in the month of May then the bird chorus will bewilder us. Catbirds, Thrashers, Wrens, Warblers, Finches, Grosbeaks, Orioles, and many other species are then in full song.

As compared with those who have an aesthetic interest in birds, there are few with opportunity for a scientific study of ornithology. It has, however, been a matter of wonder to the writer that many who were brought up on farms, or who have lived in the country for much of their lives, have yet so little interest of any kind in bird life. Naturally we should expect our scientific ornithologists to come from this class. Why are so few of such persons interested in birds? I think there are various reasons for their apathy to so delightful a pursuit. Although they live in the country, their sympathy with nature remains undeveloped. They lead lives that are as artificial as those of the city. The newspaper, their own avocation or profession, consume all their time; or if they have any leisure, it may be spent in novel reading or frequenting the shows of the neighboring town. Thus most persons become slaves to the conventions of civilization.

Can anything be done to lessen this dullness and insensibility to the superior pleasures that nature affords her devotees? Yes, there seems now to be an excellent opportunity to well-nigh revolutionize the sad condition that has existed for generations. This is to get our young people interested in bird life, and happily to do so is a pleasant task for teacher or friend. The young are born naturalists, waiting only for the necessary encouragement in order to develop their endowments.

Beyond doubt the youthful student of ornithology is likely to become a true bird lover. Such habits of mind as attention, observation, judgment, appreciation of the beautiful being in the process of formation, the impulse to persevering efforts to gain all the facts of this branch of natural history is strong and stimulating. Probably no other pursuit is so fruitful in opportunities to cultivate these indispensable requisites of an educated man. At the same time, it is also probably true, that hardly any other study is less irksome than the observations of the ornithologist. So while

accumulating valuable scientific knowledge, the student of bird life is strengthening his mental power continually. How much better is it for the boy or youth who acquires a taste for ornithology to spend his free hours in such a way as to develop his body and mind than to fritter away the precious years of his early life in unfruitful diversions.

Incidentally many other advantages will be the result of the persistent labors of the bird lover. Fresh air, a good appetite, no loss of sleep, and above all an unfailing cheerfulness are but a few of these advantages. Nothing need be said to prove how great a gain it is to possess these benefits. I cannot refrain, however, from enlarging a little on the last and best of the blessings just enumerated. The excellent health that is always enjoyed by a naturalist gives him the fine virtue of cheerfulness. If you meet him on one of his rambles, you will be sure to receive a friendly greeting. And should you desire a little diversion yourself, take a walk with him, and you will soon forget all annoyances and become infected with his buoyancy of mind and heart. Fortunate is the community that has a number of naturalists to keep it fresh and sanguine.

But the bird lover confers yet more benefits upon his neighbors and friends. His knowledge of bird life will make him welcome to bird societies, either local or in places distant from home. So soon as any person is known to be interested in birds, his acquaintance will be eagerly sought by other bird lovers. And there is in all lovers of birds a sympathy for one another that is admirable. Although strangers in other respects, as soon as ornithologists meet they are at home in each other's company. They seem also to possess certain traits of temperament that make their society congenial to themselves. Next to religion, nothing can develop sympathy for all of God's creatures more readily than the love of nature.

Let me now, before ending this short paper, emphasize the educational value of the study of birds. It has been admitted by noted educators that the system of instruction in our schools, colleges, and universities does not give the fullest development possible to their students. Too much stress is laid upon class exercises and tests, and too little upon the close companionship with nature. The opportunities for the delightful study of the varied phenomena of nature are greatly undervalued.

All the requisites of an open and sympathetic mind are found in the study of the creatures that live in our midst. Briefly the bird lover is introduced into a world that is well-nigh limitless in the interest it can arouse in its devotees. Beauty, song, instinct, habits, migration, distribution are but a few of the aspects of ornithology. Every bird that flies within view at once enlists the attention of the observer, who knows that he may learn something new and noteworthy. Try to estimate, if you can, the total effect of a life devoted to the study of birds. If there is an earthly paradise, it will be found in the fresh fields and secluded woods where the birds raise their sweet voices in praise of their Maker.

B. ALPHONSUS.

II.—AN HOUR'S WALK IN MAY.

If, as the poet says, nature speaks a various language to her communing lovers, that which she speaks through the throats of her birds is indeed a beautiful one. It is a lamentable fact that more of us are not awake to the keen enjoyments of bird study. Few there are whose souls are unresponsive to the gay chirp of the robin as it sings its inspiring prelude to spring, but unfortunately it is here that we let our interest become torpid. If we would but learn the song and habits of a few of our common birds the interest and pleasure in our walks would be trebled. It is to be hoped that the account of an hour's walk contained in the following paragraphs will urge others to be more observant in their walks, and to become the friends and admirers of our birds.

On the morning of May 16th while we were out studying the birds, we saw the Baltimore Oriole, the Indigo, the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, the Wood Pewee, the Scarlet Tanager, the Brown Thrasher, the Blackburnian Warbler, the Yellow Warbler, the Downy Woodpecker, the Red-headed Woodpecker and several other species whose names I cannot recall. And seeing them was not all: we also heard their songs. I have observed that many in discussing the merits of this or that bird's song will lose sight of the actual beauty of the song of each one. To me this seems unappreciative toward our bird friends. I like to listen to their songs and to enjoy in each song its charming qualities. For instance, this morning the tender call of the Meadowlark seemed no less pleasing than the varying solo

rendered by the Brown Thrasher, our best singer; the broken trill of the Myrtle Warbler was as delighting as the whistling carol of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak. All of these birds may be seen and heard within a radius of several hundred yards of our main building. The birds seem to say in their song that they love Notre Dame: we should not allow their love to go unrequited.

JOHN E. KENNEY.

III.—THE STUDY OF BIRDS.

It is a tradition in the northern part of the United States that the first robin is a sign of spring. Everyone, from the farmer to the business man, deems it an honor to encounter his first robin before his neighbor and to boast about it. Most people, however, stop here. Unfortunately, very few go any further and become acquainted with the scores of birds which migrate from the South every season. Even the farmer, with his wide opportunities for observation, does not become proficient in the study of birds.

There are many birds to be distinguished and there are many interesting questions connected with them. Why is it that during one season a flock of Purple Finches will inhabit a section for several weeks and during the next season not a single finch will appear? How many different species of the warbler family will appear during one season?

Every year birds of the most brilliant plumage are flying about among our trees and near our lakes. They are arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow and their songs and plumage if absent, would leave an irreparable defect in nature. Few people know well the brilliant oriole, and even a lesser number are acquainted with the various members of the multicolored warbler family. The plumage of these birds is wonderful and never fails to excite the admiration of those who see them for the first time.

We have acrobats among our birds: the nut-hatch runs upside down along the trunk of a tree looking for insects. We have remarkable songsters. One of them is the brown thrasher, which scatters his song from the top of a high tree. We have hundreds of birds of which most people are largely ignorant, and a study of them and their habits is a fascinating employment for those who appreciate the worth of our feathered neighbors.

LOUIS VAN DYKE.

IV.—WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE PURPLE FINCH?

Last year we had in abundance at Notre Dame a bird known as the Purple finch. Its plumage is rose-red, with two white wing bars. The song is a loud, long-continued warble of very sweet quality.

The young bird enthusiast who started his observations last spring has been greatly disappointed in not hearing the Purple finch's note for which he has listened long and eagerly. As it was one of the earliest migrants it afforded much-interesting study.

There has not been one record of the Purple finch in our locality this spring, but other localities in the same latitude have reported numerous records. They report also that the bird has been found missing at times in their localities. Nor is this the first time that Notre Dame has missed this species—local ornithologists say that it is a characteristic of the Purple finch to be erratic in its migration.

JAMES W. CONNERTON.

* * *

V.—LEARNING TO LOVE THE BIRDS.

As long as I can remember, I have always had some interest in birds, but it was never developed until the past year when, under the patient supervision of Brother Alphonsus, I began to take an increased interest in birds and acquire a better knowledge of them.

During my one year at Notre Dame, I have observed a greater number of birds than in all my previous life. It may be that in former years I could have seen as large a number of birds, and that my failure to do so was to be attributed to my inability to observe. Certain it is that in other years I was attracted only by the brilliantly colored birds, and gave but little attention to those of less striking appearance. Now, however, I have found that it is not always the most beautiful birds that deserve the most notice, for there are many of less brilliant color that are endowed with other forms of attractiveness. Such a one is the Brown Thrasher, a bird of dull plumage, but by far the sweetest singer of all birds I have ever heard. If we but observe, we are sure to find something of interest about each one.

So I can truthfully say that I shall never regret my time spent with Brother Alphonsus searching around Notre Dame for some species of bird.

W. ALLEN PAGE.

VI.—THE BEAUTY OF BIRDS.

Forms of recreation are as numerous and as varied as are a man's interests. Interest can indeed turn any form of activity into recreation and the more varied one's interests the more joy we find in living. The study of nature in her varied and variant forms has for many minds a fascination that is scarcely understood by the uninitiated. This interest appears to be steadily growing in America.

Notre Dame and the surrounding country affords a rare opportunity for becoming acquainted with nature. On the campus there is a larger variety of trees than can be found on any other equal area in the country. Around the lakes, along the river banks, and in the nearby groves may be found, for example, within the course of a year more than one hundred and fifty species of birds, many of which gladden the seeing eye with their plumage and the listening ear with their song.

One of the most attractive of all is the Magnolia Warbler. The predominant color of this bird is yellow variegated with black and white. The throat is yellow, around the eye there is a splotch of black, above which is a white bar. The top of the head is grayish, the yellow breast is beautifully mottled with black, and the wings are black with white wing bars. The monotony of a sombre-colored back is relieved by a large spot of bright yellow above the tail feathers, which are themselves black with two large white spots separated by a strip of black. So bright is the yellow plumage, and so well-placed and varied are the black and white feathers that the Magnolia Warbler merits the distinction of being called one of the most beautiful of a large family of beauties. There are many other beauties of the same species but space does not permit a description.

This is the season of bird migration. From the sunny Southland they are winging their way to their breeding places in the more northern climes. A half-hour around the lake with Brother Alphonsus on one of these fine May days will surely teach you much that you would find interesting. It is an interest too that will grow and create new interests, an interest that will help to brighten your life and aid you to see and appreciate better the beauty with which the Creator has diversified and enchanted this one little kingdom in His vast creation.

B. J.

Varsity Verse

THE ANSWERED CALL.

In a pretty little southern town,
Where the sun with a golden smile looks down,
And the mocking-bird sings the whole day long
Entrancing the valley with its song,

Came like a meteor from the sky
The call that sends men off to die,—
The battle cry, the call to arms,
Awakening villages, cities and farms.

So, with a mother's fond embrace,
A young man left this peaceful place,
Leaving behind his home and all
That he might answer his country's call.

A year has passed since he left the town;
The mocking-bird sings, the sun smiles down,
But asleep in death midst the ruins of war
Is lying a boy who'll return no more.

W. ALLEN PAGE.

SPRING.

Buds are out and swelling fit
Any time to up and split,
So the leaves and blossoms may
Toss their heads about and play
With the breezes dancing so;
All the boughs swing to and fro
In happy frolic, till
Scarcely anything is still.
And the river sparkles blue
Where it shows in stretches, through
Pussy-willow hedges spread,
While straggling along its bed.

ARTHUR L. VAY.

A WAR SONG.

We're going out to fight a foe,
We're going strong and brave;
And we'll return victorious
And this great nation save.

America! America!
Our own great land and free,
America! America!
We're one and all for thee.

May freedom be our battle cry
As on and on we go;
May God in heaven be our guide
And peace on us bestow.

T. C. BRENNAN.

"HOUR LAWS."

Supper and evening pray'r
And then two hours of toil,
Or else a reckless skive by those who dare
To go and see a "goil."

But now alas! such times will be no more—
The nation's making rules,
And but an hour replaces two of yore
Even in schools.

Nine, and the bells will ring,
And then will come the gloom.
For now the daylight saving is the thing
That marks our doom.

Ye gods! to think that this is due to law—
This blighting of the skive!
It's bad! but yet I'm filled with "worsen awe"
To think—we rise at five!

THOMAS BEACOM.

DOROTHY.

Dorothy, with angry eyes,
Gray-blue like winter's skies,
I love you not.

Dorothy with laughing eyes,
Clear as spring's azure skies,
You think love rot.

Dorothy, with tender eyes,
Violet like the summer skies,
I love you, Dot.

ROBERT F. O'HARA.

"A CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."

Conceive, if you can,
Of a feast without fun,
Of a rose without scent,
Of a child always pent,
And a world and no sun.

Take the gladness away
And the joy out of life,
Snatch the song from the maid,
Let no grief be allayed,
Remove love from the wife;

Only then will you know
Of the gloom on this earth,
Were the Irish so gay
Gone forever away
With their generous mirth.

W. C. HAVEY.

Junior Thoughts.

Don't dream impossibilities.

An aphorism is a short sermon.

War is the melting pot of nations.

The paths of autocracy lead to Waterloo.

Think good thoughts and do good deeds.

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap," Sir Kaiser.

There are no "fightless" days at the front.

The toll of sacrifice is the sacrifice of self.

Opinionativeness is intellectual autocracy.

Why is remembered sunshine the brightest?

Remember that lost time is never recovered.

There are many debts that money cannot pay.

Nothing great was ever done half-heartedly.

Deep thoughts are not found in shallow minds.

The best batteries will win the peace pennant.

This life is but a dream, and death the awakening.

Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.

Many will take their next examinations in the army.

The new prohibition law does not apply to study.

A heated discussion often ends in cold contempt.

It's fun to be a soldier until the fighting begins.

You need not be in the front line to be a loyal citizen.

Even the pipe of peace sometimes burns the tongue.

Many a man marks his decline from his first success.

Don't give up the ship—sink the submarine instead.

Before judging others think somewhat of yourself.

Better "a bubble reputation" than a Benedict Arnold's.

Sympathy is the key that opens the treasures of hearts.

It is only the ignorant who think themselves infallible.

Too many of us are prone to make sacrifice imply self-aid.

Do not forget that your companion also has been endowed with the power of speech.

There are no spectators in the drama of life; all are actors.

It is a long way to Berlin, but we are beyond Paris already.

Unless you are a well-digger, you must begin at the bottom.

Stand by the colors, save your country, and serve the world.

Calvary's service flag with its lone star floats over every other.

You can lead a fool to college, but you can't make him study.

It is by quarrelling with our friends that we make our enemies.

A well-stacked library is no proof that the owner is educated.

"Pro-German American" is the flattest contradiction in terms.

It is much easier to criticise an achievement than to perform it.

One way to better your batting average is to forget the grandstand.

Some men are born blind; others are responsible for their blindness.

German *Kultur* is the result of much thinking in the wrong direction.

If you have not launched your "spring drive," be quick; it is high time.

The hope of the nation depends upon the character of its citizens.

Our Liberty Loans are not calculated to soothe the nerves of the Kaiser.

What's the use of "knocking," unless it is merely to make a noise?

A doctor may bury his mistakes, but some day he has to follow them.

Don't waste food; don't cast our chances of victory into the garbage can.

The selfish man regards the end he has in view as the end of everything.

Who knows his own as well as his adversary's weakness is the greater general.

Many seem to regard the use of their reason as an altogether arbitrary matter.

True literary criticism is an X-ray, discovering the good and exposing the evil.

This war means the vindication, not the dissolution, of international law.

A man is truly successful when he has conquered many and great difficulties.

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ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20

—A real gentleman is a gentleman all the time and everywhere, night and day, in private as well as in public. Manners have been rather aptly defined as minor

Private Manners. morals. The definition implies a somewhat subtle viewpoint. Morals are morals regardless of circumstances. If we appropriate unjustly what does not belong to us, it is of no consequence except for the bad example, whether the deed be done in public or occultly. But in the "minor morals" of manners we are prone to regard the matter differently. In the company of a lady or of any person whom we seek to impress, in the presence of superiors or others for whom we feel that we should have a special reverence, we are careful almost to fastidiousness in every word and movement. How delicately we manipulate each instrument at the dinner table; with what shyness we masticate our food; how carefully we enunciate our speech: then we are, as we phrase it, on our best behavior. But if we dine in private, would our manners identify us at all as the models of circumspection we have appeared in public? The true gentleman wears his best manners all the time. If we are as respectable within our familiar circle as in public, then may we lay claim to a certain gentility, for we have proved that our public manners are not a mere coat to be laid aside at will, but a real, habitual, essential part of our gentlemanly character.—G. D. H.

One of the chief charms of Notre Dame is her magnificent campus. The veriest Philistine could scarcely escape being struck by its beauty.

The quadrangle of lawn and shrubbery and flowers really rivals the scenes in our dreams of fairyland. Brother Philip has spent years of thought and labor and care in developing it, and it would seem that the least we might do would be to regard it with a degree of respect, if not with a very reverential pride. And yet this year, as in all former ones, not a few students persist in making the lawn a short-cut to class, to the gymnasium, or to wherever they may want to go. Do they think such indifference fair to themselves or to the other people at the University? We cannot say: the workings of some minds are so hopelessly unaccountable. If they be susceptible to any appeal, we plead with them to let the grass grow. We grant that it is pleasant to stroll across the lawn in spring, but if all were to indulge that luxury there would not be any lawn. The rational alternative is for all to keep scrupulously to the walks, which are certainly numerous and convenient enough for all needs. A new consideration this year, in addition to all the old ones, for keeping the campus at its best is the fact that a summer school is to be conducted at the University during the coming July and August, and it should be the practical ambition of the present students to leave the grounds as attractive as may be.—R. E. O'H.

Obituary.

Through Mr. Warren Cartier of Ludington, Mich., we have received news of the death of Patrick J. Goulding (B. S., '86; LL. B., '86). For over twenty years Mr. Goulding has been a resident of Enid, Oklahoma. He was prominent in state politics and was chairman of the State Capital Commission. Evidence of the high regard in which he was held by his fellow citizens was given by the impressiveness of the funeral services. A representative of the governor was present, the offices of the State Capitol were closed, and flags were at half-mast during the funeral hour. Mr. Goulding, in private known as "Honest Pat Goulding," was an earnest Catholic and a benefactor to his city. Notre Dame sends her sympathy to those of Mr. Goulding's family who survive him and prays for his eternal rest.

The Sacred Concert.

The concert of sacred church music given last Sunday by the choirs of Holy Cross Seminary for the benefit of the K. of C. War Fund was an encouraging success. For the past two years these choirs have been laboring patiently and diligently in perfecting themselves in the rendition of true Church music. It was their first program in concert and they deserve nothing but praise. The carefully arranged program was intended to point out the various styles of Church music, and to aid the audience in intelligently following, the printed program contained an introduction explaining the nature of approved Church music and giving a classification of the various styles of such music and the complete text of every selection, the Latin texts being translated. The excellent rendition of the Gregorian selections brought much favorable comment. Great credit is due to the unison choirs for the interest they have had in their work. Gregorian music requires a certain degree of intelligence and a large amount of proficient training if the intrinsic beauty and power of this kind of music is to be brought out.

The larger part of the program was assigned to the four-part male choir. Many of the selections were of the most complicated contrapuntal structure, a style which demands long and serious training for execution with any degree of success. The selections from the modern style of Church music were rather austere examples of their type. This style, generally more pleasing to the uneducated than the polyphonic style, is more trying for a choir to master than the older and more involved styles; yet it was very successfully rendered. The fact that the attention of the entire audience was held from the beginning to the end of the program is ample proof not only that Church music, properly so-called, can be appreciated by those educated to its charms but also that the choir's work is of the highest order. Father Marshall, the director, whose long and intensive training under the best masters of Church music in Rome makes his work that of a specialist, is to be commended. If the choirs continue to perfect themselves in the future as they have in the past two years, we predict that Notre Dame will soon rank as high in the art of ecclesiastical and sacred song as she does in her other fields of activity.

Washington Hall Events.

LECTURE BY LIEUTENANT SAUVAGE, C. S. C.

Last Saturday evening after prolonged applause, Father Cavanaugh, introduced to a fortunate audience as a scholar, a soldier, a friend, and a brother in religion, Father George Sauvage, C. S. C., lieutenant-chaplain, recently returned to the land of his adoption from the scenes of war. Father Sauvage at the outbreak of the world war was a professor of theology in Holy Cross College at the Catholic University, where he had achieved for himself a name as theologian and psychologist. He was very prompt in heeding the call of the mother country and has been with her armies or those of her allies until a month ago, when he was sent by the French government with a message to the American people. This message he delivered to Notre Dame with deep earnestness and simple force. He spoke of the strong bond which existed between America and France in the winning of our independence and which is now renewed in this struggle against the menacing fanaticism that would make the world German. The sacrifices France has undergone are tremendous, he said, but she is still willing to bear on the cross, to offer her children as martyrs in the cause of Liberty until her offerings are accepted by the Lord of Peace and her head crowned with the laurel of victory. Giving full credit to the valor of all the British armies, he dwelt especially on the Irish among whom he has served as a chaplain. In conclusion he predicted the glory that America would attain and told how those at home should aid the boys in France by cheerfully bearing a part of the burden. His most encouraging statement was that France is by no means "bled white," but has at the present time over five million men in arms, three million of whom are in the war zone. Had Father Sauvage related more of his personal experiences, his lecture would have been even more interesting; but either his modesty forbade or he considered that the topics he chose were of greater importance.—W. H. R.

THE SENIOR PLAY.

Delmar Edmondsdon's unforeseen talent as a playwright and the catchy songs of Father Eugene Burke and Earl Clark combined to make the musical comedy, "Camouflaging Cupid," one of the greatest "hits" ever achieved on the Notre Dame stage. It was all the more delight-

ful in that it was entirely novel and deeply toned with local color. Not only were the songs good, but the play itself was full of sparkling dialogue, while the plot was as much worthy of the name as that of any musical comedy and abounded in amusing situations. With regard to the players, it is not too much to say that every man was excellent in his part; nor were their respective magnitudes so variant as to make it easy to name any one as the star. Mr. Charles McCauley, if anyone, is deserving of premier honors; the realness of his impersonation of the "Dream Girl" and the charm of his songs were worthy of a Julian Eltinge. Mr. Edmonson's portrayal of the clinging and athletic Brunnhilde Blatz was the life of the performance, and worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Thomas Hoban was very successful in his characterization of that ambitious mother, Mrs. Blatz, and it is to his credit that he looked younger than his daughter. Mr. Francis Mulligan did P. Green Plum in splendid manner, and would not have been recognizable but for the program. Mr. John Ambrose, as Lehigh, the valet, was ludicrously hen-like in his care for the spiritual and temporal welfare of P. Green, while Mr. John Reuss' representation of the lucre-loving Bill Maker was suspiciously realistic. Among others who were very good, were Mr. Joseph McGinnis as Harry Jennings, the hero, Mr. Thomas Kelly as Juniper the Janitor, and Mr. J. Callan as Foolzem Alle.

The songs were all pleasing, but special mention is due to "The Ten O'Clock Walk" by Mr. Callan and chorus, "My N. D. Soldier Boy" by Mr. McCauley, and "It Isn't Being Done This Year" by Mr. Ambrose and Mr. Hoban. The best of the musical numbers was the "Hash des Operas," a harmonious collection of nonsense, presented by Messrs. Hoban, Ambrose, Kelly, Callan, and Reuss.

The defects that appeared were very few considering the inexperience of the actors. There was a lack of ease when nothing was doing, as is generally the case with amateurs. The one grave defect was the part of E. Z. Drinker, which was simply a mistake from every point of view. Such shortcomings, however, were buried beneath the general excellence of the whole performance, which was not marred this year by an unduly prolonged intermission between acts. Great credit is due Father Ill for the splendid training which raised higher than ever the standard of Notre Dame dramatics.

Local News.

—Constant improvements make our local barber shop up-to-date for service. An electric hair cutter will be installed next Tuesday. This will be the second in use in St. Joseph County. A smooth even finish is guaranteed by the barbers, far better than a hair cut by hand only.

—Saturday, May 4, the preparatory students of the College of Music, gave an instrumental recital, the first given at the University in many years. Plenty of talent was displayed and prospects for future orchestras are bright. Professor Ingersol and Brother Basil, C. S. C., had charge of the affair and it was their careful training that made the concert a success.

—The Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., president of the University, has accepted an invitation to be the commencement orator at the graduating exercises of St. Xavier College, Louisville, Ky., on June 20. St. Xavier's is the premier boys' school of Louisville. On the same date Father Cavanaugh will speak at the famous old convent at Oldenburg, Ind.

—Cornelius Palmer of Holy Cross Seminary, prominent in debating and oratorical circles, won the Barry Medal in the annual elocution for the members of the college department held in Washington Hall Monday afternoon. Mr. Palmer chose for his selection Tennyson's "The Revenge." Rev. Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C., Prof. John M. Cooney and Prof. William Farrell acted as judges.

—Frank Mulligan has been named chairman of the executive committee which will arrange the Annual Junior Prom. The juniors' affair will take place in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel, May 29. Other members of the committee are: Thomas Quinlan, Maurice Keady, Martin Lammers, Bernard McGarry, and Arthur Weinrich. The University orchestra will play the program of dances.

—Ragged fielding and a consistent failure to support Kipp, forced Badin Hall to the cellar position when Brownson downed Father McGarry's men a week ago Thursday, 10 to 8. Badin began her erratic fray by giving Brownson four runs in the first inning, Van Ackerman taking the clouting honors. A double play, Egan to McGrath in the fifth, heading off two runs, was the feature of the game.

—Four students of the University took the naval, engineering examination at Indianapolis recently and entered the naval reserve steam engineering corps. The men will be allowed to complete their courses at the University and will be given practical steam engine experience on battle cruisers during the summer months. The engineers enlisting were: William J. Marshall, Louis P. Doyle, Robert Arends, and Edward J. O'Connor.

—Sorin stepped into second place in the interhall champion race by defeating Corby Hall, on Thursday of last week, in a fast game, 4 to 3. After Sorin had accumulated her four tallies early in the game, Lockard, the sensational midget hurler, held the Corbyites to four hits and fanned ten men. The championship issue now seems to rest among Walsh, Sorin and Corby, in the order named, although the coming games may upset present indications.

—A poetry contest was held at Notre Dame this year for the first time. Each member of the Poetry Society was asked to submit two poems, which were sent to Mr. Thomas A. Daly, the well-known Catholic poet of Philadelphia, for his judgment as to which were the three most meritorious. The poems selected were: 1. "Achill Shore," by Thomas F. Healy; 2. "A Lily Near the Tabernacle," by James H. McDonald; 3. "Ireland," by Thomas J. Hanifin. After giving his judgment, Mr. Daly added: "But let not the unsuccessful aspirants be unduly bowed down by my verdict. It's the judgment of one man, aided and abetted by an equally fallible woman, and it cannot, of course, be final, if the poet's ambition will spur on each possessor of the divine spark to better and higher song."

—Notre Dame pugilistic "fans" were entertained with eleven good exhibitions of the manly art in Coach Rockne's Boxing show staged in Washington Hall, Tuesday evening. "Judge" Riley, prominent in forensic circles, acted as announcer, introducing Coach Rockne as the referee and Earl Gilfillan as timer. "Bodie" Andrews and "Slip" Madigan sparred in a friendly manner. White pitted all of his ability against the subtle "Hick" Sweeney, the bout ending in a draw. "Dale" Vohs and Joe Whitehead showed considerable knowledge of the fistic pastime, Vohs having the better of the fray. The fifth bout between Joe McGinnis and Walt McConnell brought the spectators to their

feet in enthusiasm. "One-Round" Gallagher and "Johnny Powers" staged the most important bout of the evening. Gallagher, undoubtedly, had the edge on Powers, who is clever on his feet, a skillful blocker, and a hard hitter. Other white hopes who participated in the tournament were Lockard, Railton, McGrath, Hogan, McDonough, Smith, Szczepanik and Call.

Personals.

—Elmer C. Tobin (LL. B., '17), of Elgin, Illinois, was at the University recently. Elmer is now a member of the firm of Egan and Tobin in his home town.

—Leo J. Donahue, former student at the University, was ordained to the Holy Priesthood on May 18th and will say his first Mass to-morrow, the 26th inst. at his home in Honeoye Falls, New York. On behalf of old friends the SCHOLASTIC offers felicitations.

—In sending a picture of her son, Charles P. Moloney, for the DOME, Mrs. T. F. Moloney says that he is now a first lieutenant in the air service in France. Charlie is well remembered at Notre Dame, and all his friends wish him success and a speedy return from the battlefields of Europe.

—Whenever the Government wants a man to take charge of some drafted men, they can feel safe if they pick on a Notre Dame man. W. T. McEniry recently left his home town in Rock Island in charge of a group of drafted men en route to Camp Grant, Illinois. We are sure that "Mac" had enough experience in discipline in his three years here to enable him to work it off on somebody else.

—A delightful incident of last week was the visit of J. L. Heineman (LL. B., '88) of Connersville, Indiana. "Louie" was accompanied by Mrs. Heineman and their four children. There are not a great many men at Notre Dame who remember him as a student, but this visit has given him a fresh start with the younger generation, and it is hoped that he will visit Alma Mater frequently in the future. We note with interest that Mr. Heineman has contributed to the public records some valuable studies in local history. The work is so well done that we trust he may have the leisure to continue it in the future.

—Raymond J. Kelly writes from Camp

Sherman that he and Tom King were recommended for commissions at the end of the training camp. Eichenlaub, the famous fullback of the old days, is also to receive a commission. In regard to the others, Ray says: "DeGree is at headquarters Co. 322nd F. A., and McGovern, Dixon and McGlynn are in some infantry regiment, though I don't know which. I presume you know Tyner was appointed to a very good position in Washington in gas research, and Tom Raab is a sergeant here. I believe that covers the N. D. men I know here, although there are some others I cannot recall now. Well, Father, I'll ask you to remember me to Fathers Burke, Schumacher, Moloney, and all my other Notre Dame friends—not forgetting Brother Florian."

—In a recent letter, Father O'Donnell says: "Way up here within sounding of the German guns, the SCHOLASTIC of February 23rd came yesterday finding me in overseas dress—that is, in service uniform, wearing the steel helmet and with gas mask slung over the shoulder. You see, we are so near the shells—shrapnel and gas—that we have to go about always prepared, knowing not the day nor the hour."

"My morning altar is in a church where the spire has been struck, the only edifice left standing in that quarter of the town. I have not yet received any word which would let me know that any letter of mine has been received at Notre Dame. Possibly, as yet, there has not been time, but it seems to me that ages have gone. Don't abate the prayers. I shall only be beginning to need them from now on."

"Even the 'second generation' (and third) of Irish boys we have with us, are as Catholic as the first converts of St. Patrick. I'm not exaggerating a bit. Joyce Kilmer is with them and of the same stamp. I've seen him a few times, but not for long, as our duties do not bring us together. He is in excellent health and has a splendid record as a soldier."

Athletics.

MICHIGAN TRACK TEAM TRIUMPHS.

Up against a team possessing a man who could score the same number of points as Earl Gilfillan, Notre Dame's all-around man, the Gold and Blue were doomed to defeat in the annual outdoor dual meet with Michigan at Ann Arbor, last Saturday. The score was 86 1-2 to

48 1-2. A wind swept diagonally across Ferry Field all afternoon, helping the sprinters, and hindering the distance men.

Johnson, of Michigan, jumped into the lime-light at the very opening of the meet. In the 100-yard dash he came down his lane like a deer, breaking the tape in 9 4-5 seconds. Cook, his teammate, was second, with Captain Mulligan a close third. Johnson beat Gilfillan in both the 120-yard high and 220-yard low hurdles. Johnson also won the broad jump, though Gilfillan did not compete. The Notre Dame star brought his total up to that of Johnson by winning the shot put and discus throw, and by taking third in the high jump.

Rademacher and Powers could not get soaring in the pole vault and were obliged to see Cross, of Michigan, walk off with the event at 11 feet. McGrain took third in the javelin throw, and McGinnis and Holton did the same in the broad jump and hammer throw respectively.

Sweeney met a worthy foe in Sedgwick, of Michigan, over the two-mile route. Sweeney fought with all the determination in him, but the Michigan veteran uncorked a sprint on the final lap that brought him to the tape a winner. Harbert was third. Call beat Captain Donnelly, of Michigan, in the mile, by three yards, and just nosed out Buell, a Wolverine, by six inches in the half-mile. Van Wonterghen was a close third in each race. The summary:

100 yard dash—first, Johnson, Michigan; second, Cook, Michigan; third, Mulligan, Notre Dame. Time, 9:45.

One mile run—First, Call, Notre Dame; second, Donnelly, Michigan; third, Van Wonterghen, Notre Dame. Time—4:39.

120 yard high hurdles—First, Johnson, Michigan; second, Gilfillan, Notre Dame; third, Beardsley, Michigan. Time—15 2-5.

440 yard dash—First, Wessner, Michigan; second, Mulligan, Notre Dame; third, Langley, Michigan. Time—52 4-5.

220 yard dash—First, Cook, Michigan; second, Gilfillan, Notre Dame; third, Patterson, Notre Dame. Time, 22 2-5.

Two mile run—First, Sedgewick, Michigan; second, Sweeney, Notre Dame; third, Harbert, Notre Dame. Time—10:14.

220 yard low hurdles—First, Johnson, Michigan; second, Gilfillan, Notre Dame; third, Beardsley, Michigan. Time—25:15.

Half mile run—First, Call, Notre Dame; second, Buell, Michigan; third, Van Wonterghen, Notre Dame. Time—2:05.

Shot put—First, Gilfillan, Notre Dame; second, Baker, Michigan; third, Miller, Notre Dame, and Lindstrom, Michigan, tied. Distance—41 feet 2 inches.

Pole vault—First, Cress, Michigan; second and third tied, Rademacher and Powers, Notre Dame. Height 11 feet.

Discus throw—First, Gilfillan, Notre Dame; second, Baker, Michigan; third, Haigh, Michigan. Distance—128 feet.

Hammer throw—First, Later, Michigan; second, Haigh, Michigan; third, Holton, Notre Dame. Distance—115 feet.

High jump—First, Later, Michigan; second, Haigh, Michigan, third, Gilfillan, Notre Dame. Height—5 feet, 8 inches.

Broad jump—First, Johnson, Michigan; second, Knapp, Michigan; third, McGrain, Notre Dame.

Javelin hurling—First, Baker, Michigan; second, Haigh, Michigan; third, McGrain, Notre Dame.

Totals—Michigan 86 1-2; Notre Dame 48 1-2.

BROWNSON TRACK CHAMPION.

Brownson Hall won the interhall track championship last Thursday with a total of 58 1-2 points. Walsh was second with 55 1-2; Corby, third with 40; Badin fourth with 16; and Sorin fifth with 2.

George Meredith, of Corby, was easily the shining star of the meet. His great versatility was shown when he finished first in the 100 yard dash, the 440 yard dash, and the 880 yard run. Kennedy, of Badin, was another big point winner. Vohs, Hogan, Davis, and Hoar performed capably for the winners. McConnell, Kirk, Tiffany, and Bailey gathered many points for Walsh.

IOWA, 2—N. D., 1.

Iowa defeated Notre Dame on Cartier Field May 17th, 2 to 1. Three fast double plays retiring Notre Dame at times when runs seemed imminent turned the tide in favor of the Hawkeyes. Notre Dame had thirteen men left on bases, which tells the story of how effective pitcher Belding was in the pinches. Pitching honors were about even—each side securing eight hits. The box score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Bader, cf.....	3	0	0	3	0	0
Morgan, lf.....	4	0	2	3	0	0
Sjoberg, 2b.....	4	0	2	5	2	0
Wolf, ss.....	4	0	0	2	2	0
Philbin, 1b.....	3	0	0	7	1	0
Fitzgerald, 3b.....	3	0	1	0	1	0
Mangin, rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Halloran, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Andres, c.....	4	0	1	5	1	0
Murray, p.....	4	1	2	1	7	0
Totals.....	33	1	8	26	14	0

*Belding hit by batted ball.

IOWA	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Layton, 3b.....	3	1	1	1	1	1
Ehred, ss.....	4	0	2	3	1	1
Brown, lf.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Hamilton, cf.....	3	1	2	2	0	1
Olson, lb.....	4	0	1	11	0	1
Parrott, rf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Kremer, 2b.....	3	0	0	1	3	0
Frank, c.....	3	0	0	6	3	0
Belding, p.....	3	0	1	1	7	0
Totals.....	31	2	8	27	15	4

Summaries—Stolen bases, Sjoberg. Sacrifice hits, Morgan, Mangin, Olson. Two base hits, Ehred, Layton. Double plays, Belding to Frank to Olson, Kremer to Ehred to Olson, Layton to Olson. Base on balls, off Belding 4; off Murray 1. Struck out by Belding 6; by Murray 4. Hit by pitcher, Wolf. Left on bases, Notre Dame 13; Iowa 2. Umpire Schaefer. Time of game two hours. Scorer, Szczepanik.

N. D., 4—VALPARAISO, 2.

Notre Dame clinched the championship of the state by trouncing Valparaiso University May 14th. A garrison finish once more saved the day for Notre Dame. In the tenth inning Bader was safe at first on an error. Morgan sacrificed him, and after Sjoberg had flied out, Captain Wolf's double and Philbin's single scored two runs. These were two more than Valparaiso could score in her half of the tenth, and the game ended in favor of Notre Dame.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Bader, cf.....	4	1	1	3	0	0
Morgan, rf.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Sjoberg, 2b.....	5	0	0	3	3	2
Wolf, ss.....	5	1	1	2	5	0
Philbin, 1b.....	4	0	1	9	2	0
Barry, lf.....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Fitzgerald, 3b.....	2	1	1	0	0	0
Andres, c.....	4	0	0	10	1	2
Murray, p.....	4	0	0	2	3	0
Totals.....	34	4	5	30	14	5

VALPARAISO	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Lair, 2b.....	5	0	0	2	3	0
Kowalski, ss.....	4	1	2	3	1	1
Dryer, c.....	2	0	2	11	2	1
Edington, lf.....	5	0	1	1	0	0
Schwartz, 1b.....	5	1	2	12	0	0
Zieg, 3b.....	5	0	0	1	1	0
Washburn, rf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Schaefer, cf.....	5	0	1	0	0	0
Hanson, p.....	4	0	0	0	6	0
Totals.....	35	2	9	30	13	2

Stolen bases, Wolf, Bader, Barry, Schaefer. Sacrifice hits, Morgan, Fitzgerald. Sacrifice fly, Dryer. Two base hits, Wolf, Washburn. Double plays, Wolf to Sjoberg, Hanson to Zeig to Schwartz. Struck out by Murray 7, by Hanson 4. Hit by batsmen, Philbin, Barry. Umpire Fitzpatrick. Time of game, two hours and thirty minutes. Scorer, Szczepanik.

Letters from Camp.

May 15, 1918.

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

Dear Father:

War has cost Notre Dame another son. A week ago to-day Melville E. Sullivan, of Richmond, Va., who was a student in Walsh Hall five or six years ago fell in an airplane here and died a few minutes later.

Melville was one of the best officers and finest gentlemen we had in our outfit and all the boys were saddened by his loss. He was a great lover of Notre Dame and often spoke to me about the old school. A few days before he was killed I gave him a SCHOLASTIC. There was some reference to the number of N. D. men in the service. He said to me, "Pat, I wonder if they have a star in the service flag for us." Before the week was over his blue star had turned to gold. He spoke often of Father Walsh, who was his particular friend at Notre Dame.

I was sorry to hear of "Bish" Hayes' death. As one of the men remarked to-day, "It seems that all the good men get it first."

Kindly remember Lieutenant Sullivan in your prayers and also some of us still here who stand in need of some spiritual help.

With best wishes for all N. D. men, I am
As ever,

Frank Mulcahy,

First Aviation Force, U. S. Marines,
Box 1444, Miami, Florida.

FORT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

May 3, 1918.

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

Dear Father:

It was mighty good of you to write me so soon after receiving my letter. I picked up a SCHOLASTIC just the other day and was very much surprised to see that you had published my letter. I am now a first lieutenant, instead of a first sergeant, and am even lucky enough to be acting captain for the 18th Balloon Company.

The "Buck" O'Connor whom I mentioned is Arthur J. O'Connor. He left Notre Dame in 1911. I have in my company a C. J. Bohls, another Notre Dame man, who left there about 1907. I tell you, Father, you will find them everywhere, and they all brag about the old place.

We had a serious accident here last night. A balloon of one of the captains exploded, killing two and injuring about thirty-five. Our balloon had just ascended close by, but it was too high in the air to be in danger, thank God, or there would be a worse story to tell. Yesterday another balloon ripped its fins and turned a series of the most startling summersaults you could imagine. The pilot and the observer got tangled in the ropes and could not use their parachute. The balloon, however, after much clever handling, was landed safely. Good-bye, Father, and good luck.

Sincerely your friend,

Rowland J. Gaupel,

First Lieut. S. R. C., U. S.

April 18, 1918.

Dear Professor Maurus:

At last I am where I have for a long time wanted to be, and am well satisfied. We had a very fine trip across the water, with only two storms; and I was lucky enough not to get sick and feed the fishes.

This is surely a wonderful country; I find it far more beautiful than I could have imagined. Possibly some of its charm is due to the fact that it is new to me. We have just landed, and are expecting to get down to work at once, as there is abundance of work to be done, especially during this drive; and I for one am anxious to get at it. I have met several men from the —th Engineers, who are acquainted with Jim Devlin. He is stationed not far from here, and hence I may see him some day.

We are having very fine weather here just now, and I suppose we shall get a taste of "Sunny France" for some time. I intend to spend my spare moments trying to master the French language. If I had more French and less German I should be much better off just now. Kindly give my best regards to all my friends at Notre Dame, and I wish you all the success in the world.

Sincerely yours,

"Jake" Kline.

A. E. France.

April 4, 1918.

Mr. Edward J. Maurus,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Friend:

A few months ago I received your letter and the two copies of the SCHOLASTIC. I was delighted with all of them and passed them over to Leo McGahan. I have not seen him since then, as I was detailed to the Aviation School as an aerial observer. After spending a month there, I failed in the physical examination, on account of my eyes, and rejoined my regiment. I then found that Leo had left for the front, and I soon followed.

We are in a rather quiet sector, and yet it is not so quiet after all. We had served a month, and were on our way to the rest billets when the Germans started their big drive. We had to return at once, and I am at present, while the Germans are making their big attack, up on the front with an Indiana outfit.

I certainly hope that this failure of the Germans may open their eyes and lead to an early peace. I know that you abhor such a slaughter as is going on to-day, and I am sick of it myself—not that I have seen any of it, as I know only what is published in the Communiques issued by the French; but, they say that the losses of the Germans are enormous. They will be worn out pretty soon. So I think that peace is not far off, and I hope it will be a lasting one. We have suffered very slightly and everything is running smoothly. So at present we are considering ourselves rather lucky.

Kindly drop me a line now and then, and give me all the news at Notre Dame. Please pardon this poorly written letter, as I am "all in." I am writing this because I just thought of you and did not care to postpone writing, since a letter once put off may never be written. With very best wishes, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

Lieut. Joe Kane.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
May 7, 1918.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Gentlemen:—

Inasmuch as my son, Edward Peil, is in the Navy at the service of the Government since last July and your periodical has come to our office regularly, I would advise that for the present you discontinue sending it.

Immediately after the declaration of war my son felt it his duty to answer the call to the colors and enlisted. He took an examination and was appointed to a patrol boat last summer. In the fall, when the Lake boats were put up for the winter, he went to the Columbia University to further equip himself, and after a very creditable examination was appointed chief engineer of the U. S. S. C. 73, and is now somewhere on the briny deep looking for the Hun submarines, which have been such a menace to the shipping interests of the world.

I know that Ed will do honor to his Alma Mater, as he is a brave-boy and will acquit himself in a manner reflecting credit.

No doubt many of his colleagues and fellow classmen are in the service in some division or other, and when the war is over a round-up of the Notre Dame fighters will be a great source of pleasure to the school and its faculty.

Yours very sincerely,
Leo A. Peil.

AMERICAN E. F. FRANCE,
April 17, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:

Thanks to the kindness of Father Thomas Maguire, of Rockford, Illinois, I received several copies of the SCHOLASTIC over here some time ago, and among them was one containing the list of Notre Dame men in the service. It has been nearly fourteen years since I have seen Notre Dame, but the SCHOLASTIC brought back many pleasant memories. I was at Notre Dame during the last year of Rev. Father Morrissey's presidency, and the first year of Father Cavanaugh's.

I joined my regiment at Rockford, Illinois, last fall and by chance met Father Maguire and spent several evenings with him talking of the old days. While at Camp Grant I also met Vincent McCarthy, K. of C. secretary, Father Lonergan, who was camp chaplain, and Private Fitzgibbon, who was there with the 313th Ammunition Train.

We left for "over here" shortly after Christmas, and, after a month spent in organization, took up our position in the advanced sector. There are no other Notre Dame men in our regiment, but there are about four hundred Catholics in it. We have not a Catholic chaplain, but thus far we have been fortunate in being camped close to towns, and over here that means close to church.

In this sector all the churches have been struck by Boche shells, but all the hits have been in the rear, leaving the altars untouched. In some cases half the church has been shot away, but they have patched up the rest and are still holding services.

If by any chance I happen to run across any Notre Dame men, I shall have them notify you, in case

they are not on your list of men in the service. With best regards to all the faculty and best wishes to Notre Dame, my Alma Mater, I remain

Sincerely yours,
(Sergt.) E. Bayard King.

Co. A., 21st Engineers.

April 28, 1918.

Dear Brother Alphonsus:

There is nobody at Nore Dame I think of more often these days than I do of you, because even here it is spring, though cold and rainy in these mountains, and there are birds. I don't know what birds they are. I know what birds they are not: not robins, nor orioles, nor red-winged blackbirds, nor the purple finches, the song sparrows, nor the gold finches that take our spring woods with a flash of wings and a burst of song. But even these strange birds seem to recall the pleasant rambles we took, these recent springs, around the lakes and through the woods at Notre Dame. I was, I know, a very stupid observer, little caring about exact scientific tally of what I saw and heard, but appreciative none the less and grateful to be permitted to share in your lore. To see and hear one thrush was a satisfactory day for me. Leo Ward and Jimmie Connerton and the boy from Arkansas and Father Joe Burke "slew their tens of thousands," figuratively speaking, but I first heard and saw the first oriole last year. I hope that gave me a passing mark for the season.

Has the phoebe built down in the grotto this year and have the purple finches arrived yet? Last year we had no scarlet tanager, at least I saw none, but I discovered a whole flock of cedar wax-wings (was that the name?) on one of the islands over by Dujarié. You can't imagine how pleasant it is to recall these simple delights in this perspective of time and distance and altered destiny.

I heard merles for the first time down where we first stopped in France and a splendid songster which they call "chardonnerais" (and which may not be spelt anything like that). But there is nothing like the variety of birds here that there is at home. They sing, though, and I understand their French better than I do that of the human natives. This morning they almost made a high Mass out of my services in an old ruined church, such a choir they were.

I hope you are still writing verse and bird-verse; you were beginning to acquire a style, simple and distinctive. What has overtaken our Poetry Society?—suspended animation, not death, I hope. It will be pleasant to take that work up again when this is laid down, but it is not pleasant to reflect that few familiar faces will remain to our happy circle.

And so I beguile a long Sunday afternoon in France with treasured recollections. Please let me hear from you, dear Brother, and won't you remember me kindly to all my friends, especially those for whom, as for myself, you have made spring and the birds mean so much. And may God, in all seasons, bless you.

Sincerely yours in Holy Cross,

Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.

Address A. P. O., 715,
117th Engineers,

American E. F. France.