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MEMORIAL DAY—1918.

BY JAMES H. McDONALD, '19.

FLING wide the portals of sweet memory

Open the gate of dreams,
Studded with emerald and chrysolite
Barrier of the light of other days.
Unfasten and release the crimson sea,
The lucent streams,
The blue torrents of wild delight—
Unfold the floodgates of sweet memory.
With bolden heraldry
Through this May morn let ring
The jubilation of unending song.

This might be morning in cool Athenian groves
Or spring upon the hills of Arcady
Eager the thrushes calling for the dawn
What hymns of love have told the waking hours?
What snowy droves
Of running sheep the clouds have made;
Their backs bedewed with purple showers
That make the mantle of the rising sun.
Such be this day's besplendored sacredness—
Holy the dim woods, Attic the meadows shade,
The soft sun on the still Provençal lawn
Is light of innocence to bless
And guide our Nation's fadeless eyes anon.

When on that fateful morning long ago,
Out of the dawn thy chastened loveliness—
Thy long blue coastline fading the gold—
Fair bird, thy wings outstretched to greet the
brave
America, the freedom-loving one
Didst burst upon Columbus' galleon.
In that unfading hour
Did tyrant see the grave
And freedom hold thee for her deathless dower.

Lightning and cannon's peal announced thy birth
Where swift the rivers to the ocean run
Aflame to farthest rolling sea and earth

Went fair the honor of our Washington.

In vale and verdant hill the maddened tyrant
camped

Heart all-envenomed with defiling hate.
Till right rose high and furious legions tramped
The long night through thy soul to consecrate
Upon the altar of a thousand fields,
Whose crimson acreage deep glory yields.

Thy grace, America, has grown more strong,
Rich blood of heroes leaping in thy veins.
Martyrs of Antietam and the coast along
From far New England to deep western plains
Over the slopes of white Sierras come
Hands all enraged to sweep the battle on.
Nights all reverberate with tramp and drum
And full day's splendor into one soul gone,
Lincoln, the calm, the wise, the good,
To seal with bloody stamp thy nationhood.

Our heritage in plunging waterfalls
That leap the mountains to the wilding sea.
Is writ, and ever, ever calls,
In blazen thundering "Our Liberty."
Sweet name, that wandering night winds cry,
And larks, cloud riding, sing before the sun
Be with us yet who sternly snatch the gun.
Stay nigh when light is dimly in the land
And all God's wrath the nations understand.

From east to west grim camp-fires nighly burn
And crackle in the soft May evening air.
From shore to shore the broad Atlantic yearns
Tossing the tresses of her billowy hair,
For pure young love that nestles in the deep.
Ah, God, what dread defilement here!
What angels nightly now the watches keep,
Hand covering eyes that malice is so near,
To wake the martyrs on that dim far day
When spring shall blossom into endless May.

We shall go forth as glad some sons of light,
 Our youth, the vintage of our sacrifice
 Upon what Flemish fields God's deep delight
 Shall put the laughter in wan tired eyes?
 Or shall dark ocean billows tread us down
 Amid the plashing and the glimmer of the spray?
 What new "Tuscania," will fair renown
 A glorious tomb, in deep dark chasms lay.
 What dull regret for mothers, and for daughters
 When Christ shall come to meet us on the waters.

Ah, God put quenchless fire in the swords
 Crash down the fury of approaching horde
 The just, white stars look down on ye
 Ye sons, ye slaves of liberty.
 About the foe thy lusty valor hurl
 In flaming shot love's flaming eye behold.
 Rich be the prize more than the whitest pearl
 Than chastened lily or than nation's gold.

But now anon,
 Let anger and the wrath of blood be gone
 Let peace this day's soft hours hold
 Mid trumpetings and blazury of wars
 Lo, is the breath of morning in the land.
 The east enfolded is in stripes and stars.
 Thus shall be told upon some far glimmering strand
 Their deeds, whose feet tread endless paths of gold,
 In that lone City of the army blest,
 Within whose jewelled walls be termless rest.

The 1918 Baseball Season.

GEORGE E. HARBERT, '18.

Hardly had the curtain descended upon the abbreviated basketball season this year, when Coach Harper issued his call for the stars of the diamond. Taking advantage of a temporary warm spell in the middle of March, the squad moved outside and engaged in a double header on St. Patrick's day, a feat that is rare indeed in this climate, and the initial performance of its kind on a Notre Dame diamond.

It soon became apparent that Pat Murray, the brilliant youngster of the 1917 season, and the only veteran on the pitching staff, was to be the mainstay of the pitchers. Pat had improved considerably since the last season, and certainly looked capable of shouldering the heavy end of the mound duty. There was not much to choose between the other pitchers, Smith, Boland, Lavery, and Lally.

The infield presented indeed a problem. Louis Wolf, the captain elect, and short stop for the past two years, was the only veteran in sight. Then came a series of dazzling transformations. Philbin, a varsity catcher of the 1917 team, was switched to first base, and despite the pessimistic prophecies as to the wisdom of the move, began to demonstrate to the fans that he was a first baseman of superior calibre. Sjoberg, the versatile utility man of the preceding year, had no trouble in stepping into the keystone position and filled that place admirably; while Fitzgerald, of interhall fame, blossomed into a full-fledged third sacker.

The outfield looked even more hopeless than the infield. Not one of the trio of former years was there to answer the roll when the season opened. Ronchetti was the nearest approach to a veteran that Harper could muster, for he had played in several games in the preceding year. He became a fixture in center field, and his speed and accuracy in fielding the ball made him the mainstay of the outfield. Harper drafted two erstwhile quarter-milers from Coach Rockne's track team for the flank positions, no doubt thinking that at least they could make good time in chasing the ball. Bahan and Barry soon convinced the Coach that he had made no mistake in choosing them.

To these Harper added the catcher of the 1916 team, William Andres, and called it a day. Mangin, Morgan, Bader, and Halloran completed the roster of available material. So short was he of reliable second string men, that he was often forced to use his idle pitchers in the outfield in order to make two teams.

The first game of the season was against the All-Stars from South Bend, headed by "Goat" Anderson, and presenting an array of ex-leaguers. The day set for the tilt was the thirteenth of April, and, judging from the results, thirteen is our lucky number. After a game of eleven innings, Philbin broke up the game by knocking a three bagger, scoring Sjoberg, and scoring himself on Barry's timely hit. Murray opened the season and pitched consistent ball throughout the game.

Interference by the weather man, forced the team to abandon their delightful prospect of defeating Wabash, but on April 9th, the team journeyed to Rose Polly and took the Techs into camp, 3 to 2. Lavery made his debut as a Varsity pitcher in this game and pitched good ball throughout the entire nine

innings. Rain again prevented us crossing bats with the Indiana squad.

Wisconsin was enticed onto Cartier Field on the 22nd, and given a good walloping to the tune of 6 to 1. Murray did the slab honors, and the Badgers were only able to collect two lone hits throughout the entire game. To make sure that there was no mistake in the beating that was administered, the team proceeded to Madison, and downed the Wisconsin team again, 15 to 2, Big Pat once more officiating on the mound.

Michigan was prevented from staging a battle on the home grounds by inclement weather. On the afternoon that this game was to be played, Ronchetti left for the Engineers' Training Camp to take up his work in the service of the country.

On May third, the Indiana nine arrived on Cartier Field, full of confidence. But they were forced to depart with only 2 runs to their credit, Notre Dame meanwhile having piled up a total of 7. In this game Bader was placed in the center field garden, left vacant by the departure of Ronchetti, and has filled this position ably throughout the rest of the season. Misfortunes never come singly, for in this game, Bahan was forced out for the rest of the season with a sprained ankle.

The next day, the team journeyed to Lansing, and humbled the Michigan Aggies 11 to 8 in one of the weirdest of baseball contests. Lavery started for Notre Dame, but Murray soon replaced him. The Aggies on the other hand, alternated two pitchers between center field and the mound. Their tactics were apparently successful until the ninth inning, when the Gold and Blue warriors came from behind with a five run rally to win the game.

The next victory to be added to the list was taken from Purdue at Lafayette on May 8th. Again it was a ninth inning rally upset the hopes of the Boilermakers, and the final score was 7 to 5 in our favor.

The Michigan Aggies staged a grand comeback on the 11th of May, and succeeded in taking the Notre Dame team into camp 4 to 0. On this occasion Smith started for Notre Dame, but was forced out after the Aggies had pounded him for four runs. Though Murray pitched air-tight ball from his entrance, there was no chance to overcome the lead which the Aggies had piled up.

It being rumored that Valparaiso University

had aspirations towards the championship of Indiana, Coach Harper led his proteges to their den, and settled all existing doubts by defeating them 4 to 2.

May 17th marked the invasion of Notre Dame by the team from Iowa University. Aided by a pair of errors on our part, and excellent support on the part of his teammates, the Iowa pitcher was able to collect the only defeat that was marked against Murray this season. The game ended 2 to 1 in favor of Iowa.

On May 21st, the team met St. Ambrose, and though Lavery pitched good ball, he was unable to prevent the Iowans from obtaining a hard earned victory, 3 to 2.

The next day, Murray again faced the Iowa University team, and aided by his hard hitting teammates, defeated it 4 to 3.

Purdue attempted to retrieve its defeat, and on the 25th of May, came to Cartier Field for a return game. The score was 7 to 1 in favor of Notre Dame.

With but two games yet to be played with Michigan at Ann Arbor, there is no doubt but that the season has been a grand success. By moulding a team from a dearth of material, Coach Harper has again proved himself the master of athletics. Ten victories, and three defeats is an enviable record for the best of teams. During the season the Gold and Blue warriors have met and beaten many of the foremost teams in the West. The record that they have been able to compile places them well up among the contenders for the championship of the West. By beating Indiana, Purdue, Rose Poly, and Valparaiso, Harper's men have clinched their claim to the championship of Indiana.

Of the players who formed the personnel of the 1916 team, Captain Wolf leads the list both in batting and in fielding. This is his last year of playing. During his three years here, he has had an enviable record, and well earned the distinction of being captain to the winning team.

David Philbin, made his debut as a catcher on the 1917 team, but Harper decided that he was a first baseman, and so he has played that position this year. He was a sure fielder and a heavy hitter, and his departure to the Navy, after the Purdue game, left a gap in the infield that will be hard to fill.

William Andres, veteran catcher, is also a graduate this year. Bill is a hard working catcher, and has improved so in his hitting that

he will be one of the hardest men to replace in the construction of next year's team.

Pete Ronchetti, outfielder, now in the Engineering Corps, held the distinction of being the biggest and the fastest man on the team. He was lead-off man in the batting list, and he gave a good account of himself both at bat and in the field.

When Ralph Sjoberg announced that he had signed up with the Naval Reserve, another place was made vacant. He is a brilliant player, and so versatile that he has played in every position, except pitcher, during his two years of baseball at Notre Dame. He has another year of eligibility, and perhaps he may again grace the diamond, when the war is won.

Upon Pat Murray, falls the credit of pitching winning ball throughout the season. Nine victories and one defeat are the findings of the jury in the case of Murray *vs.* all opponents. Although the burden of pitching in nearly every game has been his, he never faltered but added victory upon victory to the Notre Dame record.

Fitzgerald, Bahan, Bader, Barry, Morgan, and Mangin were new-comers in the game. Each one of them has two more years in which to add lustre to a record brilliantly begun. Lavery, Smith and Boland were pitchers of promise, and it is expected that all of them except Boland will return next year. Halloran substituted ably for Andres, and aided by his year of experience he will be a valuable asset to the team next year.

The closing of the baseball season will mark the end of the career of Coach Jesse Harper, as the director of Athletics at the University of Notre Dame. No greater tribute could be paid to the departing coach than the record of the achievements of his war ridden teams this year. Deprived of anything like the normal amount of material by the war, he first developed a winning football team, and now a winning baseball team. For five years he has directed the destinies of the Notre Dame baseball teams, and each year has produced a winning aggregation, often, as this year, under the most adverse circumstances. Such a coach as Harper has proved himself to be, will be hard to find. Though wishing him the best of luck in his new enterprise, it is with a feeling of deep regret that the University sees him depart to take up farming in Kansas, for his vacancy will be the hardest of all the missing stars to fill in the future teams.

Kingsley.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.—KINGSLEY SCORES.

Kingsley had a parenthetical air of devilishness about him—something, you know, that was never entirely out of sight, and yet generally so dormant as to disarm anyone except Norma. He called himself "Ninny"—apparently with the most childish innocence, but really with an intention of dismaying suspicion, and leaving his victims entirely unprepared for his sagacity and preterhuman cleverness.

From my earliest acquaintance with him, the boy was a valuable source of thoroughly unreliable information regarding any matter about which he believed that he could successfully lie. He had an admirable stock of those terse and ultra-expressive bits of unauthorized language, known as slang. And, above all, Kingsley remembered other things that he had heard besides slang.

All these things I had realized, and I had taken some advantage of them; but I did not realize that this Indian was a two-edged sword until one evening soon after I had really blossomed into the full state of manhood. I had worn long trousers before, but only on occasions; but I now had a new suit, and I could wear the long trousers all of the time. I said trousers; well, they were, figuratively speaking, long trousers. Literally they were not much longer than my short ones had been—even shorter than the mode. To make use of this shortness, I wore purple socks, walked in lordly pride, scorning to conceal my slender pinions from the gaze of the passing multitudes. Ninny was not to be downtrodden by the newly noble; he argued at some length that my trousers were not any longer in proportion than the rompers which a provident mother had bought to provide growing room, and that I was, therefore, no more in long trousers than he was; and, to make his arguments still stronger, he began wearing overalls. Then I called him "baby" and Kingsley awaited his opportunity for a double-barrelled revenge.

He simply waited. He was always willing to abide his time. I admired that ability of his to wait for the inevitable. Some people call that

uncanny watchfulness persistence; but in his case it was always more like foreknowledge in the beautiful way that it worked out. And this time was no exception to the general success of my friend in obtaining satisfactory results. I called on Norma quite frequently in those times. She had been friendly enough in the departed days of long "pants" on Sunday only, but with the added glory to which I had so recently arrived, she was most gracious. Long "pants" do help—even with girls who, like Norma, wear their hair down their backs. One quiet evening in early June—I had known her almost two whole months then—Kingsley saw me coming over for my nightly call on his sister. He ran towards me with such an affectionate air that I should have suspected that trouble was brewing.

"Take me to the corner, Bob," he greeted me; "I want to get a soda."

"Broke," I said.

"Aincha going to take Norma to the show?" he inquired, with all the tenacity of the very young. "Can't I go along?"

"Broke," I answered again. "Norma's going to pay my carfare."

"Is she? Are you, Norma?" he inquired for confirmation; "and are you going to pay his way to the show, too?"

In view of what happened, I have never quite forgiven Norma for the next speech:

"Yes, dear," she answered. "Maybe Papa'll take you if you ask him sometime."

We enjoyed the show. In truth, I should have enjoyed any show, from a circus to grand opera, with Norma to talk to, and wearing my first long trousers and one of the fanciest ties that my big brother Joe possessed.

We got up to leave. The Circle, you know, is the most beautiful moving picture theatre in the world. It seats three thousand people; and on this night, there were among the number, Kingsley and his father. What crazy fate had led Mr. Kentland to accede to his son's request on that particular day, I know not; but there they were, just where we should have to pass them on the way out. Kingsley caught my sleeve as I went past him. I bent over to hear what he had to say:

"Did she pay your carfare?" he asked, in tones somewhat above a whisper.

"No," I answered, truthfully enough. I knew that the lad would harbor no resentment against me for having told a lie of policy

which had not interfered with his pleasure.

"I don't believe you, Bob," he chuckled, a little louder.

"That's straight, King," I said, pulling away a little. I was rather afraid of unpleasant developments. Out of the mouths of babes like Ninny come some awfully embarrassing questions. He let me go. And, then, as I walked down the aisle in relief at having escaped, a devilish idea struck him.

"Hey, Bob!" he cried. Six thousand eyes looked up, down or back at me standing in the aisle. My face was almost the color of the gorgeous socks that were so conspicuous. "Bob," cried Kingsley, between chuckles—and then he took in breath, and fairly shouted at me, drowning the music of the orchestra:

"Pull up your shoes; your pants are short." And Kingsley had scored.

IV.—KINGSLEY TURNS THE HOSE.

Norma and I were now at outs. I was angry at Norma, and Norma was not feeling in a good humor towards me. Of course, we both had our reasons. Anyone who had a little brother who would shout, in a very public place, remarks derogatory to the trousers worn by a young man did not deserve that young man's unqualified devotion, especially since she had refused to spank the said little brother. Of course, it was embarrassing to her to have been with the person who wore trousers so open to criticism, and Norma had implied as much; but the real misunderstanding was over the matter of proper punishment for the offender.

Norma had said, as we lunched and watched the dancers from a booth in Geiger's after we had come from the show, that she would most certainly punish Kingsley. I remarked, with some enthusiasm, that he certainly deserved a spanking. The next day I asked her if she had laid the heavy hand of justice on "that brat of a kid brother." Norma protested that her brother was no brat, and that she had decided that he really meant no harm, and she would by no means chastise him because a silly boy's feelings were hurt. I passed over the "silly boy's feelings" and retorted that had I not been thrashed on many an occasion when I meant no harm, that I never would have grown to be the man I was. Norma gave vent to a little laugh, then, and said something about a horrible example, and that was why I was angry at Norma; and when because of my

anger, I missed an engagement with her, Norma became angry at me.

I was worrying over my troubles, and was just beginning to lose my hold on the hose with which I was sprinkling the lawn, as I rode a galloping horse, straight from the stables of one of my air-castles, in pursuit of the runaway in which Norma was entangled, when Kingsley turned into the walk that led from the street. His face was propitiatory.

He smiled. "Where'd you get the white pants, Bob?"

"Bought them," I lied; they were Joe's. Ninny's eyes widened.

"Oh!" he said. The silence was painful. "I heard that you said you thought I needed a spanking."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. And you got mad at Norma?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah, and then cut a date with her last night?"

"Yeah." I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Yeah, and that you're going to see Margaret this evening." Evidently my own family had been giving information. "Is that the truth, Bob?"

"Yeah," I answered.

"I suppose that you'll be going pretty soon?" he went on.

"Uh-huh," I replied. I had an inspiration. "Do you want to sprinkle the lawn, Kingsley?"

"Yeah. I was just going to ask if I could."

I went down the walk in silence. At the sidewalk I turned.

"So-long, Kingsley," I said.

"Bob," said Kingsley, "I'm going to sprinkle you."

"You are not, Kingsley," I answered, sternly holding my ground.

"I am," said he, quite firmly, and I was promptly drenched.

"I'm going to spank you, King," I said. I was very very angry in the minute that I was walking up to the house. Kingsley smiled at me in angelic defiance. "I'll bet you don't, Bob."

I came up and stood looking into those beautifully soft eyes, and then I turned abruptly and went into the house. I changed my clothes hurriedly, came downstairs again, and took the telephone. "Norma," I said when I had the connection, "will you go walking with me this

evening? I am awfully sorry I couldn't come last night, but I was very sick. Yes? All right; I'll be right over."

Kingsley was standing close to me as I hung up the receiver. There was admiration in his eyes and voice.

"Gee, Bob, you're an awfully good liar," he said.

"Yes, King. Good-night. And Kingsley—you don't want to go home now for a little while. Go out into the kitchen and talk to Charity. She made a batch of new cookies to-day."

"Has she got any ginger snaps?" he asked.

"Yes. Good-bye, King."

"Bob."

"Yes."

"Are you going to see Margaret?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to spank me?"

"Yes, just as soon as I get back."

Just then Kingsley, stepping backwards, fell under the light of the hall lamp. He winked at me, and turned and ran for the kitchen, his breath coming and going in little throaty chuckles.

"D'evening, Charity," said Kingsley, as I turned into the street.

V.—KINGSLEY EARNS A DOLLAR.

Joe should have let me wear that tie. It was one of his older ones—he had had it nearly a month—and I was going out on a really important call in my Sunday long trousers.

"Joe," I said, after every means of persuasion had failed, "if you don't let me wear that tie, I'll spill some of the dope on you and Anne at supper this evening."

"What do you mean?" he asked in the most brotherly of tones. "Do you think you can get away with any of that stuff on me? Where did you get this dope you're talking about, anyway?"

"Anne's little brother," I informed him; "I heard all about the baby talk and everything. Now, my little man, do I wear that tie or not?"

"You win to-day," Joe conceded. "But wait. You're a fine kind of a brother, always snooping around. But just wait."

I was willing to wait. The longer the wait the better it pleased me, because Joe had a tendency to forget his grievances. I had no fear of his revenge. So it was that I waited

quite happily, and enjoyed myself the next day, and even got a chance to read my novel again. In fact, I had just begun the last chapter when Joe came into the library, and threw his hat on the curio cabinet with his usual air of seniority.

"Got another date to-night, Bob?" he inquired politely enough and then added quickly, "the Indians lost to-day, Bob."

"Did they? Well, it's a rotten team anyhow. Mr. Kentland said they had an awfully weak pitching staff, said he was almost tempted to sign up and pitch for them himself. I wish he would. Norma and I could get a pass to the game. I'm going over there to-night." My preamble had been intended to disarm any suspicions as to the true purpose of my visit to the house next door. Mr. Kentland had once been a big league pitcher and had quit, not because his arm had failed, but because he had married, and his wife had asked him to stop playing. Joe was not misled, however. He beamed at me.

"Yes? I think I'll go over and see Anne. I suppose that I'd better take her to a picture show, or some place, anyway, where little brothers do not go. I have an idea that the course of true love would run much more smoothly if there were no little brothers. Don't you think so, Bob?" Mother came in and both of us asked her if supper was ready. Something in the air must have warned her that the usual family love-fest was in progress, for she looked at us a minute, and said: "Can't you boys ever stop fighting? I don't see why you can't agree on something once in a while. Other boys do."

"They're not Irish," Joe declared, "and anyhow we weren't fighting this time. I just asked Bob if he had a date to-night."

"You're not thinking of going out again to-night, I hope," said mother, turning to me. "You were out last night."

"He's just going over next door this evening, mother; let him go. He has to get started some time, you know." Joe smiled persuasively at mother. Joe had always the knack of being able to get what he asked for. She looked at him and softened. I saw that it was the psychological moment for me to get in my say.

"Mother, promise me that you won't call me home at nine-thirty or ten and tell me I should be in bed. Promise!" I pleaded. Mother turned and nodded from the door as she went back to the kitchen.

"Thanks, Joe," I said when she had gone; "you saved my life that time. She had her mind all made up to have me tucked under the covers at eight to make up for last night."

"Oh, that's all right, Bob. I like to see a boy get along in the world." Joe was very amiable at times.

I was all dressed up that evening. I wore one of Joe's very best ties; he actually ordered me to wear it. Kingsley met me as I ascended the steps to the front porch of the Kentlands' house.

"H'lo, Bob," was his greeting.

"How are you, King," I responded, gravely. It did not pay to court contempt in Ninny when you were dressed up. He was not in a mood for familiarity; indeed at that moment he was fairly radiating seriousness and importance.

"Say, I'm a detective, Bob. Joe told me he'd pay me a quarter a day to do some work for him." The young sleuth smiled professionally. His lordliness was short-lived, however, as just then Norma came out on the front porch.

"Good-evening, Bob," she said, in her own inimitable way. "King, it's your bed-time."

"Oh, gosh," wailed the condemned; "can't I stay up a while longer?"

"No, Mamma's waiting to put you to bed."

I had a very delightful evening. I have every reason to believe that Norma enjoyed herself, too. I came home and went to bed, and almost immediately fell asleep. Joe came in at midnight and woke me.

"Have a nice time?"

"Yeah. D'you?" I was awfully sleepy.

"You bet your life," said Joe, fervently, as he pulled off a sock.

"Well, I'm goin' t'sleep. G'night."

Kingsley came over a time or two the next day, but, in as far as one could observe, merely for ginger-snaps. I actually succeeded in finishing my novel, and procured another from the public library near our home. Such peace was not to last; it was the lull before the cloud-burst. Supper time came around, and still nothing happened. We still ate "supper," although it was really dinner, and it seemed very likely that we would continue to eat supper in spite of daily protestations from Bess and me. With supper came Kingsley, according to his habit, looking for food. The Kentlands had their evening meal just before ours, but it merely served the purpose of whetting Ninny's appetite.

"H'lo, he said as he sidled through the door; "I'm a detective. Joe hired me."

"What did you get to-day?" inquired his employer; "something interesting, I hope."

"Yeah." King nodded. "Last night Bob said—"

"Kingsley!" Under my breath I cursed the whole genus of little brothers.

"Go on," Joe urged, as Kingsley looked over towards me.

"Bob said to Norma, 'Oo's jist the sweetes' little thing'—just like that, and then he kissed her."

As I was sitting upstairs on my bed somewhat later, there came floating up from the porch below the voice of the young Pinkerton:

"Say, Joe, ain't I a regular detective, though?"

"I'll say you are. And here's a dollar. You did a whole week's work this evening."

Kingsley gasped, "Oh!"

Senior and Junior Thoughts.

Vanity is the visualizing of conceit.

The road to success has many toll-gates.

Win or lose, America will never swallow *Kultur*.

There is no time in eternity, but our eternity depends on time.

America has drawn her battle-sword; let us all help to sharpen it.

A little learning may be dangerous, but sheer ignorance is much more so.

Catholicism is the most intensely loved and most intensely hated of religions.

Love's little ship must plow through many rough storms to its peaceful harbor.

A busy man is more likely to follow the steep and narrow path than the indolent one.

We wonder how many of the birth-controllers are sporting service flags in their homes.

Some people never hear the clock of time tick; they awake only when the alarm goes off.

If the Kaiser only knew how many potatoes are being planted in America this spring!

The Pessimist sees only the muddy street, while the optimist looks at the Milky Way.

An ounce of control over the imagination is often worth more than any amount of medicine.

Each man has his own personal thoughts, and we must not wonder that not all think as we do.

If we would attain the summit of success, we must first pass through the valley of adversity.

A little adversity is wholesome, but habitual failure proves that there is something lacking.

Poetry is the interpretation of the beauties of nature and of life for the appreciation of all.

There is a difference between determination and stubbornness: one makes a man, the other a fool.

On a Thanksgiving day about two years hence we may be thankful that we are not living in Germany.

Kings find a large place in history on account of their vices, but the virtues of the peasant go unrecorded.

Don't condescend to hate the enemy, but show only your just anger. He hated, and that is why he is our enemy.

In regarding their successes, as well as their failures, men are apt to make mountains out of mere mole-hills.

Some of the present applications of knowledge would almost tempt us to regret that we are intellectual beings.

If we cannot all take a place in the trenches, we can at least stand guard over the trenchers. (See Webster's Unabridged.)

When everyone knows that hurry, insane hurry, is the great modern failing, why all these censures of blissful spring fever?

That the pen is mightier than the sword has never been taught to the little Huns—*Kultur* being the burden even of their primers.

We are not all stars on the stage of life, and the curtain may be rung down on us at any moment with no demand for an encore.

The man who makes of his existence a mere endurance test is only a stoic; the one who makes it an imitation of Christ is a Christian.

To straighten a crooked staff, we bend it the other way; to remove a bad habit we cannot be neutral, but must get a good one in its place.

They who have failed to pass the physical examination for military service should not forget that practical patriotism is possible at home.

Where can success be found? I do not know. But I have heard of a hint hid in a baby's smile, and a whisper on the lips of love told me I was near, and a hand that rested down the slope of years made me feel it could not be far off.

Varsity Verse

THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

Sweeter than the scent of flowers
Are the songs of little birds,
Their notes endowed with mystic powers
And joy too sweet for words.
They draw our soul so sweet away,
And ease our heavy heart,
With many a sweet and soothing lay,—
The best of Nature's art.

B. EDWIN.

CUP SONG.

If you ever are in trouble
Pour the wine, then—let it bubble—
All else you'll soon see double:
But your griefs are cut in two.
You awake with head a-beating;
The alarm-clock repeating
Its jarring, jangling greeting!—
Till you hit it with your shoe.
If you ever are in trouble
Pour the wine, then—let it bubble—
Soon your troubles will be double—
And your joys be cut in two.

ROBERT E. O'HARA.

BESSIE THE BARE-BACK.

She glittered, she sparkled,
She was spangled in gold;
She was graceful, bewitching,
And pretty—darned old.

J. REUSS.

A ROBIN.

Alone, against the scarlet west,
A red-breast warbles sweet.
The dying sun inflames his chest;
His heart is filled with heat
Of love. He pours forth from his breast
His heavenly praises meet.

A. J. SCHENDEN.

SELFISHNESS.

Of all the selfish girls I know
Sweet Helen is the worst.
What! I correct this fault? Oh no!
I'll let her do it first.
For now she has the roguish knack,
This selfish little miss,
Of ord'ring that I give her back
The interest with each kiss.

PAUL SCOFIELD.

TO A BROOK IN SPRINGTIME.

Pure, crystal rivulet, art thou lost,
Gliding through the shining sands?
What climes begot thee? What wild winds tossed,
Lured thee from thy mother's hands?
And must thou hasten back, and leave us here
To mourn thy glance, thou, Springtime's laughing
tear?

LEO R. WARD.

TWO FACES.

How sweet is the face of a mother—
The dearest you ever saw;
But how we hate to look upon
The face of mother-in-law.

J. REUSS.

JUSTICE.

I saw, but through a mist of tears,
His final consummation.
I heard, but in the din of jeers,
His final salutation.
I saw him hung, a thief by law,
A felon's restitution,
I saw him die,—a loud guffaw
A final contribution.

DONALD GREY.

THE PRODIGAL.

My dearest One, why did I ever leave Thee,
And go away from Thy Sweet Self and all
I loved so well? It was the siren call
To worldly riches; I did not receive Thee
As God's own Son, nor did I then believe Thee
To be my source of love. Thus did I fall
Into my present state, and so enthrall
Myself to vain and worldly cares, and grieve Thee.
But now, when fortune with unkindly eye
Has looked on me, then, like the son of yore,
I humbly come to Thy forgiving breast,
Begging that Thou wilt hear my pleading cry:
Let me return where my Love lives as before—
In Thy dear Heart—that I may find my rest.

R. M. MURCH.

TRANQUILITY.

The wind keeps a tranquil mood
When her heart is glad,
But she vomits her ill-born brood
When her heart is sad.

The helm of a pure man's ship
In the sea of life
Is secure in his holy grip
In calm or strife.

B. BRENDAN.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITURUS

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—The man who condemns Ireland's stand is a fool or else a traitor to Democracy. In proportion to population, Ireland has suffered

Democracy more than Canada, and
On the Irish Front. when America has 5,600,000 dead, she will have equaled Ireland's sacrifice. Do not think that the Irish have chosen this time to strike for their rights; do not think that they are making political capital out of England's plight; do not think that this crisis is in any sense of their choosing. That man who accuses Ireland of shirking is either very dishonest or very ignorant. Here is why Ireland opposes conscription, and why conscription must fail: the Irish cannot be expected to fight for freedom for others when it is denied to themselves. They do not oppose conscription because they are against the war. Their response in the early days of the war, when Home Rule had been passed and they thought the fight for freedom in Ireland had been won, brought them the plaudits of the world. At that time Gilbert Chesterton declared that England was not worthy to kiss the hem of Ireland's garment. But Home Rule was withdrawn, freedom was denied them, and one more link was added to the endless chain of England's broken promises, and, hurt and sullen, the Irish refused to be the catspaws to grasp at a liberty for others in which they themselves could not share. They have united

in a frenzied opposition to conscription and they will suffer annihilation rather than submit to it. It will fail as a military measure, Sir Eric Geddes tells us, calling coercion "folly." This effort to force the Irish will hurt the cause of civilization, it will hurt our cause as Americans, has hurt it already, for it has forced Australia out of the conflict against Germany as a protest against conscription.—G. D. H.

—We have now been at war more than a year. Within that time a great change has come over our country. Time was when we desired

peace, when as a nation we
The Awakening. sincerely strove to establish peace, whether it involved

territorial changes, or restored affairs to a *status quo ante bellum*. But peace did not come and could not. A cessation of hostilities even now would be a fatal injustice to the sacred cause of humanity. All peace is premature until Germany is crushed, or at least reduced to such an extremity that she may never again try to pull down the structure of civilization. To-day the American nation is awake, as England and France were awake in 1914. Our mirage of a false peace has vanished, and in our hearts is the grim realization of what the blood-stained Hun and the unutterable Turk mean to human kind, with their creed of unholy terror and rampant lawlessness. We are grappling with a policy, which however harmless it may seem in theory, means in reality the butt-end of the musket for every man, woman and child. We are armed with a resolve, the true meaning of which cannot but thrill every soul. He who is indifferent, who refrains from helping with all his might in this great struggle is unworthy to be called an American. This is a time when no man may shrug a shoulder and look the other way. Every moment the supreme crisis draws nearer. Daily thousands of our defenders are dying for democracy, but millions stand ready to fill the gaps. We shall be true to those of our Allies who have so gloriously given up their lives for us; we shall be fully mindful that they have died for us with a song on their lips:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies blow
In Flanders' fields."

—T. F. H.

—"Half of the lies told about the army ain't true." In every mammoth undertaking some mistakes are sure to be made. In the present

instances the mistakes are being promptly recognized and corrected. The unscientific on-looker sees

Conservation in the Commissary. more mistakes than are actually made, and he persists in harping upon them. German propagandists and soap-box orators are still complaining about woeful waste of food in the army commissaries. Whenever you hear such a calumny, be from Missouri and require the proofs. The War Department is watching waste. The Federal Food administrator for Ohio recently inspected the 170 kitchens of Camp Sherman, and found not the slightest cause for complaint. Every day the contents of the garbage cans in each of these kitchens are examined before being relegated to the pig-pen. The mess-sergeant is held rigidly responsible for any waste. So far, the only complaint registered at this camp has come from the garbage-collector, who urges that the garbage does not contain enough food material to make it worth the hauling away. Camp Sherman is not an exception in this matter. All cantonments are following the same policy and getting the same results, which proves that there is a conservation in the commissaries.—T. J. H.

Washington Hall Events.

"CHALK TALK" BY SIDNEY SMITH.

The following telegram from J. P. McEvoy of the *Chicago Tribune* came on Tuesday last: "Remains of Sidney and myself arrive to-morrow (Wednesday) noon. Flowers." Accordingly, on Wednesday evening Sidney Smith—the author of "Doc Yak" and "The Gumps," the hero of a sensational one-block joy-ride in Aurora—demonstrated in a series of cartoons and caricatures how a few lines have in them possibilities of multitudinous expressions. His cartoons were all very amusing, especially the one disclosing the similarity of a certain Cohn's physiognomy with his written name, and that of the two pickaninnies and their wide "mammy." Of his caricatures the best, perhaps, was that of "the Colonel" rooting at a ninth-inning rally. He also pictured Father Tom Burke and Mr. McEvoy as they appear to the caricaturist. Although Mr. Smith did not speak loud enough for his audience to hear without straining, his

words were very interesting and of practical value. He concluded his talk with the observations that the development of any talent whatsoever requires work, and that perfection is attained only through zealous and continued effort.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES.

Under the auspices of the Notre Dame Post, No. 589, Grand Army of the Republic, the student-body assembled in Washington Hall to do honor to the valiants, who fought that these states might remain one in name and in spirit. The program this year lacked the more military atmosphere of the past, the uniformed battalions, and the awarding of medals, but the spirit was the same, and if anything more serious and sincere than usual. The University Orchestra rendered several selections and the audience participated in the program by singing patriotic songs. Mr. Thomas Kelly, as presiding officer, opened the speaking by dwelling briefly on the especial significance of this year's ceremony. Mr. George Harbert followed with an address on "The Duty of Americans" in these days when the whole world is agitated by war. Mr. James McDonald's ode with its beautiful sentiments and expressions was worthy of the occasion. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was given by Mr. Thomas Mott and an extract from President Wilson's Flag Day Speech by Mr. Vincent Giblin. The last speaker, Mr. Delmar Edmondson paid splendid tribute to the men of Notre Dame who have given themselves to their country's service in his oration, "The Spirit of Notre Dame."—W. H. R.

Obituary.

To Jack S. Young, graduate in Biology last year, and Thomas Young, for several years a student at the University, the SCHOLASTIC extends its sincerest sympathy in the loss of their father, Col. Milton Young, who, after a lingering illness, died at his home in Lexington, Kentucky, on the 5th of May. Mr. Young was one of the most prominent and respected citizens of his community as well as one of the most successful race horse men of the famous Blue Grass region. The Colonel is survived by Mrs. Young and seven children, three of whom are nuns, one of them now in Belgium. To the bereaved family we promise our most fervent prayers for the deceased. R. I. P.

Local News.

—THE SCHOLASTIC has received commendations from the Publicity Director of the Third Liberty Loan for support given in the recent drive.

—The Minims' athletic season was brought to a triumphant finish last Sunday, when the Lambs defeated the Whites in a hotly contested battle for second honors. Captain Thomas had little difficulty in carrying off first honors. Captains J. Reardon and T. Nelson won third and fourth honors respectively. W. Allen won the mile bicycle race with ease.

—Last Monday evening the Knights of Columbus met for the last time in what proved to be one of the most interesting social sessions of the year. Rev. Eugene Burke and Lawrence Ott sang several well received solos, their selections being interspersed by the strains of a local jazz band. Rev. William Lennartz introduced Lieut. George Sauvage, C. S. C., the speaker of the evening, who addressed the Knights upon the effectiveness of their work as a society in the War Zone. The meeting concluded with refreshments.

—On the last day of the month, Bishop Muldoon of Rockford diocese, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the students of the University. The following boys received the sacrament: Albert Fransen, Harry Corley, Herbert Jeffries, John Huebner, Frank Guertin, David Powers, Frank Orf, Joseph Orvies, John Lauth, Daniel Styhl, Charles Corley, Frank Graf, George Graf, Paul Leon, George Mangan, Gerard Lauth, Dafne Rolan, Earl Wilson, Blair Bolles, Richard Cartillon, John Flynn, F. Andrews, E. Lally, W. Barbour, R. Oehm, C. Daly, A. Madov and Wallace Rogerson. Twenty children of the parish were also confirmed. Leonard Bahan of Corby Hall acted as sponsor for the boys.

—Under the direction of Brother Raymond the boys of St. Edward Hall have set a new record in reading this year. Since September, George Becker has read twenty-six good Catholic books; William Allen, twenty-two; Harlan Hermann, twenty; Robert O'Laughlin, sixteen. Typical examples of the books read are: Wiseman's "Fabiola," Spearman's "The Nerve of Foley," Father Finn's "The Football Game" and "Tom Playfair"; "A Missionary's Note Book," and "Little Lives of Great Saints,"

"The Life of the Curé of Ars," and "Memoirs of Chaplain Life." It will be found that these boys are not mere book-worms; they are as prominent on the athletic field as in the library. Some of the older students of the University might with advantage imitate their example in some degree.

—The following letter from our good friend, Rev. C. A. Lippincott, has been received by Father Cavanaugh:

"Your letter with check received. I shall do my best to see that the instructions concerning this splendid gift are fully carried out. I expect to be in Indianapolis to-morrow, will visit headquarters and obtain all the information I can. Will furnish you with a complete report about the ambulance at the earliest possible date. The dedication to Cardinal Mercier is a happy thought. I trust that in some way the knowledge of it will be conveyed to him. I am sure that the knowledge of the high esteem in which he is held here in America will warm his heart. You and your boys have conferred a very great honor upon our local chapter in permitting this notable offering to be tendered to the army in your name through the chapter. A suitable memorial will be made of this fact in our chapter records. With kind regards and best wishes for you personally, for the faculty and the boys of Notre Dame, I am, your devoted friend."

—Another precious addition to the Department of Latin-American History has come from the Very Rev. Dr. Urban de Hasque, Chancellor of the diocese of Oklahoma. Dr. de Hasque is expecting to leave for France soon, as chaplain to troops under Gen. O'Neill (B. S., '83), and has donated to the University his extensive collection of prehistoric American art. The collection contains many interesting specimens: Peruvian funeral urns, water-bottles, Mexican gods of clay or lava, copper utensils, gold plates, clay flutes and other musical instruments, utensils and ornaments of flint and obsidian, and the like. There are about five hundred pieces in the collection, which will be placed on exhibit during commencement.

Besides the articles already received, the collection will contain several objects secured by Dr. de Hasque since the first shipment came on. Since the destruction of Louvain, his alma mater, Dr. de Hasque has chosen Notre Dame for his adopted university, and this new tribute

of esteem is in keeping with his generous spirit of patronage. He has been especially touched by Notre Dame's tribute to the rector of his old school, Cardinal Mercier, by dedicating to him the ambulance that will carry relief to our soldiers "over there."

—The following excellent program has been arranged for by the University as a fitting close to the 1917-18 school year:

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE EIGHT

EIGHT O'CLOCK

Address by Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly, Chairman of the "Monument to the Nuns of the Battlefield," late President, Ladies' Auxiliary, Ancient Order of Hibernians, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Address by the Honorable Charles C. Craig
Chief Justice of Illinois

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE NINE

EIGHT O'CLOCK

Solemn Pontifical Mass

By the Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D.
Celebrant

Baccalaureate Sermon

By the Very Reverend Peter E. Blessing, D. D.
Vicar-General of Providence, Rhode Island

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE NINE

Alumni Reunion

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE TEN

TEN O'CLOCK

Exercises by the Graduating Class

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE TEN

EIGHT O'CLOCK

Closing Exercises Class Poem Valedictory
Awarding of Medals Conferring of Degrees

Address by the Honorable Edward N. Hurley,
Chairman United States Shipping Board

—The first place in the preparatory oratorical contest last Saturday afternoon was unanimously awarded to William Fitzgerald of Holy Cross Seminary. The subject of his oration was "Lord Kitchener." Joseph Tierney of Brownson Hall, speaking on "Our South American Relations," was awarded the honors in the freshman oratorical contest Friday afternoon. This contest was the best held this year, there being twelve contestants, and the decision for first place being very close. In the sophomore contest in oratory Thursday afternoon Cornelius Palmer of Holy Cross Seminary was given first place over Thomas Beacom, J. S. Meyers, and Thomas Duffy, with an oration entitled, "Industrial Reform." Thomas Healy of Holy Cross Seminary was for the third year declared the orator of his class by the judges in the Junior contest last Wednesday. His subject, "Ire-

land's Conscription Law," was delicately but earnestly treated. The elocution contests were held Monday and Tuesday afternoons of last week. The Barry Elocution Medal for college students was won by Cornelius Palmer of Holy Cross Seminary and the Lyons Medal for preparatory students by Leo Ward, also of Holy Cross.

Personals.

—Dan Cullinan, old student, is in the fourth officers' reserve training camp, at Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.

—Edward A. Roach, of Muscatine, Iowa (Litt. B., '13), is now a captain of artillery in Camp Cook, Deming, New Mexico.

—Frank L. Madden (old student) is now head of the English department at St. John's Military Academy at Delafield, Wis.

—Jerry Murphy has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant at Charlotte, N. C. With him at Charlotte are Earl O'Connor and Richard Daley, both of whom are in the supply department.

—Brad Segrist, old student, is now in France with the boys of Battery A of the First Field Artillery, of Indianapolis. Harry Metsger, also of Indianapolis, is in France with the Motorcycle Brigade.

—Bernardo Pasquini, formerly professor of Italian at Notre Dame, is now in Gibraltar and is intending to leave for Italy, according to a card recently received from him by Father Donahue, of the Mission Band.

—Sergt. Stuart H. Carroll (Journ. '17) is now conducting a column in *The Stars and Stripes*, the trench newspaper. "Stu" is exhibiting the same old pepper that made him so successful with the "Melting Pot" on the *News-Times* in South Bend.

—Stephen McGonigle (LL. B., '17) has found that Glasgow, Montana, where he is working, is not quite as God-forgotten as he thought. Fred Truscott ('13) is living there, and so he and Steve have organized a Notre Dame club of two members.

—James E. Roach is now in France. He was graduated from the second officers' reserve training camp, and made a provisional second lieutenant in the regular army. He is now at the artillery school of instruction where he is learning the art of scientific shooting.

—Arthur Hesch, a student of Brownson Hall last year, and at present a member of the American Embassy in Madrid, is now in France. Among the places of interest he has visited there are the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame and the Grotto at Lourdes.

—Edward A. Hake, old student, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, one of twelve living brothers and sisters, all of whom were educated at Notre Dame and at St. Mary's, has been appointed general sales agent for the Gunlocke Chair Co. in the Eastern part of Pennsylvania.

—Among the Notre Dame men recently arrived "over there" are Lieut. Royal H. Bosshard ('17) and Capt. H. C. McIntyre of the Ordnance Reserve Corps. We know that both of them will make good in the big game of war, and hope for their speedy and victorious return.

—In a recent letter to Father Bolger, A. J. Smith of Rochester speaks of his son, Clovis, a recent graduate: "Clovis is now a second lieutenant in the Machine Gun Company of the 86th regular Infantry, now in active service on the Somme. May I ask your prayers for him at this vital time?"

—Mr. J. L. Heineman (LL. B., '88), of Connersville, Indiana, who was recently a visitor at Notre Dame, and who is known as a historian of merit, has presented to the University Library an important historical document properly authenticated by the Department of the Interior. Mr. Heineman also sent to Brother Philip a large brochure from his own pen entitled, "Two Chapters from the History of Fayette County of 1917." It shows an untiring research and a historical perspective not often found in such local accounts.

Athletic Notes.

THE IOWA TRIP.

Last week Coach Harper's baseball crew travelled out to the state of Iowa. They were robbed of one game at St. Ambrose College, Davenport; they won the second from the University of Iowa, at Iowa City.

Coach Harper is not given to making complaints against umpires, and when he does so it may be taken for granted that said officials are about hopeless. Yet on his return to Notre Dame last week Coach Harper stated that never in all his days of coaching has he beheld such a

daylight robbery as his majesty the "umps" perpetrated on the Gold and Blue in the St. Ambrose game. The Davenport school seemingly was out to win, and were not particular about the means employed. As a consequence, Notre Dame lost, 3-to-2. Lavery, then Murray, pitched for the Gold and Blue, but Grover Cleveland Alexander would have had his troubles against such decisions as were rendered.

It was a different story at Iowa City the following day. There, under the fairest of treatment, Pat Murray had the pleasure of humbling the only team which has been able to defeat him this year. He secured sweet revenge for the 2-to-1 defeat heaped upon him on Cartier Field the week before. He had the Hawkeyes at his mercy throughout the game, and the Gold and Blue left the field a 4-to-3 winner.

N. D., 8—PURDUE, 1.

Notre Dame won the last game of her home baseball schedule with ease. Purdue never had a chance in a listless game that ended 8 to 1 in favor of the Gold and Blue. *Sans* her best pitcher, the Boilermakers presented a rather mediocre team. The Harper wrecking crew got to pitcher Oliver in the second inning, and before the "charge" was over five runs were across the plate. Again in each of the sixth, seventh, and eighth innings, the locals shoved across an additional run.

Pat Murray, long a hero in the hearts of Notre Dame fans, should have had a shut-out. A little bad baseball enabled the men from Lafayette to put over a single run in the second inning, but outside of that round they were helpless before him. Boland, who relieved the star southpaw in the ninth inning, retired the opposing side in order.

Heavy stick work by Andres, Morgan, and Sjoberg aided materially in the Notre Dame total. Once in the second inning Andres all but hit a safe one over the left field fence. It missed by inches and was good for two bases.

It was the last game for Philbin, hero of the gridiron and the diamond at Notre Dame during the last two years. He left for the Ensign School in Chicago a few hours after the game.

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Purdue.....	010	000	000	1	5	1
Notre Dame.....	050	001	11*	8	11	4
Batteries: Purdue—Oliver and Battine; Notre Dame—Murray, Boland, and Andres.						

Letters from Camp.

CAMP HANCOCK, GEORGIA,
May 12, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh,

As the company to which I belong begins to-morrow a six weeks' course of very strenuous training, I am seizing a few minutes of what will probably be my last day of ease for many weeks to perform what I am glad to call the duty of advising you regarding the Notre Dame men in service here.

You can imagine what a pleasure it is for me to have Richard Lightfoot and Sherman ("Skid") May in the same company with me. To have one Notre Dame man with me is almost all that I could ask, and to have two seems almost too good to be true. May has all the manner of a veteran soldier and is known as "Trooper" May. He is one of the most popular men in the company.

If we ever get out of quarantine, we expect to "burn up" the town, and then throw ourselves on the mercy of "Big Frank" Rydzewski, who is a member of the military police in Augusta. This morning I had the pleasure of a long visit from Jay Meara, one of my classmates of '16. He is attached to the Provisional Ordnance Depot No. 22, First Provisional Ordnance Regiment, in this camp. He has been in since January and makes a fine-looking soldier.

I was delighted to learn to-day that Rigney and Dyer Sackley are both in camp here. I have not seen them as yet, but rest assured we shall get together soon.

I have not located any other Notre Dame men here in camp, but was startled when I picked up the sporting page of an Atlanta paper last Sunday to find a huge likeness of Adrian ("Slim") Lynch staring me in the face. "Slim" did great work for Father Lavin's Sorin Hall team two years ago and he is pitching fine ball for Atlanta in the Southern League now. He pitched a shut-out yesterday.

My new address is Company C, Ordnance Supply School, Ordnance Training Camp, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia. If any of my old friends have time to write the address and a letter at the same time, I shall be delighted to hear from them. When anything of interest to Notre Dame comes to my attention be assured you will hear from me.

Very respectfully and sincerely yours,
Tim Galvin.

CAMP HANCOCK, GEORGIA,
April 28, 1918.

Dear Father Schumacher:

... If I am not sent across before June, there is a possibility that I may get home, and if I do I shall surely visit Notre Dame. If things turn out otherwise, please send my diploma to my home address.

I am getting along very nicely, working hard, and have a good prospect. I should be greatly pleased to hear from you, Father, whenever you have the time to write. Please remember me to Father Cavanaugh and the others of the Faculty.

Wishing you the best of health and happiness, I am,
Most respectfully,

Frank Rydzewski.

Address: Co. C, 3rd Prov. Regiment.

AN EASTERN PORT,
April 27, 1918.

Brother Florian, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Brother Florian:

These few lines are to request you to remember me in your prayers and to have you ask Father Schumacher to remember me at the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. I have just arrived here from Camp Logan, Texas, and am to board ship for France within a week.

It is with no puerile enthusiasm that I am going, but nevertheless cheerfully, because I feel it is my duty to do the best I can for my country in this time of her need. With my best regards to you and all my Notre Dame friends, I am,

Most sincerely yours,
Peter Yerns.

CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA,
May 6, 1918.

Editor of the SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Sir,

Will you please change my address to which the SCHOLASTIC is now sent to the one given above. I enjoy the SCHOLASTIC very much and do not want to miss a single issue. I arrived here Friday evening from Camp Taylor. I have not as yet seen Ronchetti or Mayer, but intend to look them up. The training school opens to-morrow morning, and I must prepare for it.

Sincerely yours,

Lawrence J. Welch.

Address: Co. 6 B, E. R. O. T. C.

CAMP JACKSON, SOUTH CAROLINA,
May 14th, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh,

Once more I am reporting to you—this time from "Dixie"—and I have a bit of news for you. On April 27th, 1918, I was married to Miss Nora Evans, of 71 Harper Ave., Detroit, Michigan. The ceremony was performed by Father F. J. Van Antwerp, at Holy Rosary Church in Detroit.

On Sunday, April 5th, all the candidates for artillery officers from Camp Sherman boarded a train for their trip south, which ended here on Monday night. As we were lined up to register, an officer of the Military Police strode along the line picking men for his command. Eichenlaub, King, and I, the only N. D. men there, were chosen.

Two days later I was among forty selected from the three hundred men chosen for the Military Police to take an examination for overseas service. I was successful and am expecting to leave at any time in the near future.

Eichenlaub told me last night that he had met Sam Newning here. He too had just come from some other camp. "Eich" is acting as sergeant-major in the Military Police, and Tom King is helping to keep order here in Columbia. And so the quota from Notre Dame has dwindled till I am to sail for France alone, but I know that for months Notre Dame has been well represented "over there," and I expect to meet many gallant sons of the Gold and Blue when I reach the Land of the Lily.

... Father, please remember me in your prayers,
and give my best to the priests, brothers, and to all the
men of the old school. Until I return, I am yours
for Notre Dame,

Raymond J. Kelly.

May 1, 1918.

Mr. Thomas Hanifin,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear friend Tom:

... On a recent arrival from France I found
awaiting me a SCHOLASTIC. ... It was a pleasant
surprise to me and I thank you very much. ... What
little I have seen of France was surely a sad sight to
me. No young men out of uniform were to be seen;
only old men, and young children, and women; and
the women were all in mourning. Practically, every one
in France has lost a near relative or a close friend. It
was pitiful, and believe me that I thanked God the
war is not in our land. Until you have seen you never
will know how terrible war is. I cannot describe it.
I have read much concerning it, but never have I
read anything that approaches a true picture of the
awful reality. After all, human sorrow is not to be
read; it is to be seen. What it is to feel we do not know.

... We are very busy at present. This letter may
be held up by the censor till my arrival in France or
till I again return to the United States. By the time
I return you will perhaps have been graduated. I
surely congratulate you and wish you all the success
possible. We have no priest aboard this ship. I am
hoping that one will be assigned to us soon. On my
last trip to France we had a priest with us, but he is
attached to the army. However, he gave us as much
attention as he gave the soldiers. He was splendid.
I must avoid mention of names as far as possible. Nearly
half of this crew is Catholic. Remember me in your
prayers.

Your sincere friend,

Willard C. Burt.

Safety Valve.

DE FEET.

She was as pretty as a rose
With cheeks of paling pink,
Her eyes were wells from which the day
Its sunshine seemed to drink.
I think I never knew a maid
Whose laughter was so sweet
I would have been in love with her
Had I not seen her feet.

When she was young her feet, perhaps,
Were left out in the sun,
Like butter in the summer heat
I think they must have run.
She tried to stop them, but alas!
Right stern did they refuse
And now like convicts all her toes
Are breaking through her shoes.

I think the maiden's happiness
Will never be completed
Till she runs into some fast freight
And straightway is defeated.

Then all who gaze upon her face
Will say "how passing sweet."
And men may love her when they know
She hasn't any feet.

HEARD ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Ida—Did you enjoy the Senior play, Miriam?

Miriam—I thought it was just stunning, especially
the part where the actors forgot their lines, it was so
natural and real.

Ida—Now honest, Miriam, you don't mean to tell
me they had special lines memorized. I thought
they were just making it up as they went along.

Miriam—Why, dearie, it would be utterly impossible
to make up those clever things on the spur of the
moment. Take, for instance, that part where the girl
with the big feet who is going to marry the hero
comes in with two suit cases and talks like a teamster,
or the part where they rent a pew to the new student—
no one would ever think of things like those on the
instant unless he had been reading the 1886 volume of
the SCHOLASTIC.

Ida—And that part where they sell the Dome to
the freshman! They did that to my grandpa when he
went to Notre Dame, and he felt awfully sore about it.

Miriam—But wasn't that clever where they talked
about the one big family here at Notre Dame?

Ida—Yes, but I can't see why they need to be
knocking the Greeks all the time. That fellow can
get anything he wants for his meals in the cafeteria
if he pays for it.

Miriam—But it was a joke, Ida.

Ida—Yes, indeed, how thoughtless of me! It was a
joke. You know I nearly killed myself laughing.

Miriam—Every time I think of that play I start
to laugh all over again.

Ida—It sure was funny.

Miriam—Funny's no name for it.

Ida—Just plumb full of jokes and they acted so
natural.

(An N. D. student appeared and there was silence.)

You know me, Al, I'm the fellow who could have
graduated if my teachers hadn't been down on me and
given me a 42 per cent average.

And very often the student who can hardly wait for
vacation to come so he can get back to the Packard,
spends all vacation without any tobacco because he has
no one to borrow from.

Professor—"Your father is certainly being cheated
if he thinks his son is getting an education."

Student—"That's all right, Prof., he realizes that his
father was robbed first."

PAGE B. V. D.

And we grow sad and melancholy at the thought
that some people are wearing their "heavies" yet.

CALL BONESETTER REESE.

Four students have recently had their hair clipped
to the bone. They may recover.