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The Death Angel Speaks at Heaven's Gate.

(For Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, killed in action, July 30, 1918.)

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.,
Chaplain U. S. Infantry, Italy.

SAINT MICHAEL, Prince of Angels, and Captain
of the charge

That filled the void of Hell with broken wings,
A sergeant I bring you, a soldier of the line,
The battle line, the line of saints, the ancient line
that sings.

Lance-hurler of the heaven wars, Michael of the
Sword,

Admit him to your ranks and give command,
What bid you of valor, of virtue, of beauty,—
He has the level eyes that understand.

A sergeant I bring you, of Christ's wars a veteran,
A singer whom David may entrust with his song—
I saw him, I loved him, I took him: receive him,
Saint Michael, your sergeant of the clean heart
strong.

September 29, 1918,
Feast of the Dedication of Saint Michael, Archangel.

The Democracy of the Novel.

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

THAT literature is a rather accurate reflection of life is generally admitted. We depend on the literature of a country for our best idea of its sentiments. True, there are erratic authors in every age whose works reflect nothing but their authors' morbid imaginations, but the bulk of literature is really a translation into language of the current customs and ideals. This is to be expected. Man is dependent on his experience for his material in writing, and his experience of course is determined by existing conditions. Not only are his outward actions thus determined, but even the more intangible sentiments and ideals are unconsciously shaped and deter-

mined by his surroundings. More than this, social conditions seem to have a tendency to mold his writings into certain fixed forms, that apparently harmonize best with existing conditions. This is notably true of the drama and the novel.

The drama has always been an aristocratic species of literature, even from its earliest days. It was a rule among the ancient Greek classicists, that the chief characters of their dramas should be of high lineage. For example, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, of the seven speaking characters, six are of royal birth. The same proportion holds true in all of Sophocles' plays, and likewise in those of Aeschylus and Euripides. The Roman dramatists being servile imitators of the Greeks also made their characters kings and consuls. In Shakespeare the rule is adhered to almost as rigidly. *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*, all have kings for their heroes. The *Tempest*, *As You Like It*, and *Merchant of Venice*, the great comedies, have nobles and ladies for their leading characters. All of Shakespeare's contemporaries followed the same practice. Later playwrights, such as Goldsmith and Lytton, were not able to break away from it, and the German, French and Spanish dramatists were no better off. In fact so pronounced is this tendency to confine characters of the drama to the upper classes, that in all literature, one can not find a single great drama that has a hero taken from the common people. Of late years a number of plays have been written that really have plebeian heroes, but these have no pretensions to literary merit. We may state it then as a law, that the drama is distinctly aristocratic in its nature, that it does not believe in the common and humble, and that it considers only the royalty and nobility fit subjects for its characterization.

The novel, on the contrary is distinctly democratic, both in origin and tendency. It took its rise some centuries back, when the vast lethargic world of the common people was just

shaking off the ages-old fetters of tyranny and was beginning to assert itself. The century that saw America win her freedom and France throw off the yoke of the Bourbons, saw the first novels of Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding. The political revolution was accompanied by a literary one. And this new form of literature was enthusiastically loyal to democracy. It was an expression of democracy in a number of ways. (1.) It falsified the idea that things common are necessarily vulgar and stupid. It believed that "emotion can have a common setting and still be significant and profound." (2.) It discarded such fancies as princesses and kings, nightingales and roses, and replaced them by such elemental and vital subjects as nature and life, man and God. (3.) It probed beneath the surface of things, and found more to marvel at in the life of the humble than in that of the great. It found there struggles far more titantic, far more intense, than any nobility ever waged, for these were struggles not for fame or conquest but for breadth of life. It found in the squalid homes and wretched lives of the laborers, the lurid glare of the furnaces and never-ending throb of the factories a far more striking background than the crowded ball-room or gilded salon could furnish. It saw each man, no matter how humble, as a reflection of the Divinity, and therefore worthy of some respect.

Dickens showed the world just what might be done with the commonplace. He wrote with intense vividness of the humor, pathos and heroism of our every-day people, and taught better than a thousand homilies that the bravest hearts are sheltered as often by the woolen jacket as by the silken robe. His David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby are just as splendid in their way as William Tell or Guy de Mauprat. Maria Stuart or Portia are no more womanly or true than Agnes or little Nell. His humble characters shine out all the more brightly because of their lowly background.

Scott, his great rival, fell short of this idea, but he recognized the democratic novel as the greatest type. In his criticism of Jane Austin he says: "I can do the big bow-wow strain myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and sentiment is denied me." This admission shows that Scott did not depreciate the value of the commonplace, but was simply unable to do it justice. The other great

novelists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries fully understood its value. The best of Jane Austin's works are her novels of ordinary people living ordinary lives. George Eliot was at her best when she adhered to the simple and humble as in *Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss*. Stevenson's finest novel, *Treasure Island*, has a sailor lad for its hero and a horde of dirty, bloodthirsty pirates for the other characters. Looking over the whole field of novelists, we find that by far the greater number hew to the line of democracy, and though there are a few notable exceptions, such as Thackeray, Scott, and a few of the earlier novelists who had not broken away from the conventions of the drama, their number is too small to constitute a serious exception. Their influence, even with the two great masters siding with them, can not compare with the tremendous sway that the democratic school exercises over the reading world. Their exception may be said to prove a rule.

It is evident from this that there is an essential difference between the drama and the novel. Usually we realize this in a vague way, but close study will show that there is a very definite distinction. Goethe makes it in this way: "In the novel it is chiefly sentiments and events that are exhibited; in the drama it is character and deeds." Cross in his *Development of the English Novel* has this to say: "The hero of the drama is a person of tremendous energy of will. He has some purpose to accomplish. He would avenge the death of a kinsman or he would usurp a throne, and we watch him to see in what manner he will proceed. The time comes when he meets squarely events, placing the issue on the prowess of his arm. The drama is thus a duel between the individual and the opposing forces." We have here the very essence of autocracy. The autocrat is pre-eminently a person of tremendous will power, one that commands his destiny rather than obeys it. "But in the novel," Cross continues, "the hero is no longer master of his destiny; what he is and what he becomes, is not determined by himself. He is not the main force in his making or unmaking. There are events which lie beyond his arm." He is a victim of circumstances, and his own efforts are of little avail. This makes more for reality, more for the commonplace, more for the democratic. Evidently there is a difference between these species of literature that is deeper than mere form. It is not a

hair-splitting distinction, but an essential difference, that can not be ignored.

That democracy is favorable to the novel and monarchy to the drama may be shown by a glance at history. The drama has flourished best when men have felt themselves at liberty to carve out a career for themselves, when adventurers and knight-errants were common, when men like the heroes in the drama faced the world, and placed all on the strength of their arms. Sophocles wrote when the Greeks were at continual war, either with one another or with barbarians. The Roman drama flourished when Roman arms were conquering the entire known world. England saw her golden age under Elizabeth, when bold English pirates scoured the seas in search of Spanish booty. Corneille, Molière and Racine wrote under the Bourbons, when France was the ruler of Europe, and her soldiers the most daring and enterprising in the world. The German drama is still in ascendancy. Goethe, Schiller and Lessing are the only master minds in German prose, for Germany is still, what France and England were in the old days, a country trying to carve out its own destiny.

And likewise we find the novel coming into its own when chivalry and romance are giving way to a vague determinism and democracy. When the hot blood of British youth was cooled, when the roistering days of the Tudors were succeeded by the calm reigns of the Georges, the English novel made its appearance. It was only in the days of the Republic, that Hugo and Dumas wrote their wonderful romances. Germany has still to see her first great novel, for she is still a believer in autocracy.

In Russia we have an apparently similar situation, politically, but in reality it is widely different. In Germany the people are fond of an autocratic government. They believe it to be the most practical and sane. In Russia on the contrary, owing to the great abuses, the people are antagonistic to autocracy. And true to the rule, this spirit is reflected in their literature. We find the great dramatists, Kukolink and Polevoi, writing of the glories of Russian history, but they have but few imitators. The novelists on the contrary are popular, and rank with the world's best. Tolstoi, Turgonev and Dostoievski were the leaders in Russian fiction. These although of high birth hated the tyranny and cruelty of the

government and used only peasants as their characters.

Plainly, the novel and the drama are opposite in spirit. That this difference is irreconcilable is shown by the fact that not one great novel has ever been successfully dramatized and vice-versa. Talented dramatists who have written really great plays have not been able to turn good novels into popular dramas. For instance, Dion Boussicault, a clever playwright, made a distinct success of his *London Assurance*, but failed conspicuously to dramatize *The Cricket on the Hearth* successfully. The many dramatizations of "best sellers" which attain a certain fleeting popularity do not stand for anything. Managers will put on a play of this sort because it happens to be in the public eye, but no one is under the impression that a drama is being staged.

It is evident from this that the novel and the drama are two distinct forms of literature, contrary in spirit and utterly irreconcilable; the one a reflection of the aristocratic and imperialistic ideal, the other a mirroring of the common and democratic.

Varsity Verse.

BILLETS DE FRANCE.*

Dedicated to the gallant peasants of Sunny France who own them, and to the Officers of the A. E. F. who made the selection for the proletariat.

I've slept with the horse and the sad-eyed cow,
I've dreamed in peace with the bearded goat,
I've laid my head on the rusty plow
And with the pig did table d'hôte.
I've chased the supple, leaping flea
As o'er my outstretched form he sped
And heard the sneering rooster's crow
When I chased rabbits from my bed.
I've marked the dog's contented growl,
His wagging tail, his playful bite,
With Guinea pig and wakeful owl
I've shared my resting-place each night.
And overhead where cobweb lace,
Like curtains, drapes the oaken beams
The spiders skipped from place to place
And sometimes dropped in on my dreams.
And when the morning damp and raw
Arrived at last as if by chance
I've crawled from out the rancid straw
And cussed the stable barns of France.

* Written by a member of Father O'Donnell's regiment, 117th Engineers. The lines are historical, not fanciful.

And sometimes when the day is done,
 And lengthened shadows pointed long,
 I dreamed of days when there was sun
 And street-cars in my daily song.
 But over here—Ah! . . . what a change!
 The clouds are German-silver lined;
 Who worries when we get the mange?
 What boots it if our shoes are shined?
 The day speeds by and night again
 Looms up a spectre grim and bare,
 We trek off to the hen-house then
 And climb the cross-barred ladder there.
 Another biologic night

Is on the slate sans peace, sans sleep;
 And as I soothe some stinging bite.
 I mark the gentle smell of sheep,
 The smell that wots of grassy dell
 Of hillsides green where fairies dance,
 The vision's past. . . . I'm back in hell:—
 An ancient stable barn of France.

We've slept with the rest of the gander's flock,
 By the waddling duck we've slumbered on,
 (In fact we've slept with all the stock,
 And they will miss us when we're gone);
 We've seen at night the nocturne eyes
 Of the mouse on evening spree
 And the coastwise trade at night he plies
 With the louse on a jambouree. . .
 We've scratched and fought with foe unseen
 And with the candle hunted wide
 For the bug that thrives on Paris Green
 But cashes in on Bichloride.

Perchance may come à night of stars,
 Perchance the snow drifts through the tile,
 Perchance the evil face of Mars,
 Peeks in and shows his wicked smile;
 'Tis then we dream of other days
 When we were free and in the dance
 And followed in the White Man's ways
 Far from the stable barns of France.
 Voila!

MARC PHILLIPS.

IS LOVE BLIND?

When love lends Her eyes to find
 Deceit in "friends" thought true,
 Then say not that love is blind,
 But piercing through and through.

When love lends Her eyes to find
 Deceit in him most true,
 We know then that love is blind
 During the interview.

P. SCOFIELD.

"MAC."

My friend has gone; he left me with a smile;
 "See you again," Mac said—we'd talked a little while,
 And then he left to fight somewhere in France.
 I'm coming, Mac; I'm going to do my part;
 "See you again," he said—I answered in my heart—
 "I'm going with you, Mac, to fight for France."

My friend has gone; I saw him once again—
 His medals on his breast—wounded beyond pain—
 Not dead, for they remember Mac in France.

ROBERT E. O'HARA.

MA OL' BANJO.

Days dat I reckoned would long be remembered,
 Friends dat I t'ought I would know,
 Dey all is forgotten, 'cept when I look
 At Ma ol' Banjo.

Aftah de wo'k of de day was all ovah,
 An' da'kies would come to ma do',
 I'd pick out a tune an' I'd make dem all dance
 To Ma ol' banjo.

Bury de soldier dat died in de battle!
 Bury de shovel-an' de hoe!
 But leave it alone—dat ol' time remembrance—
 Ma ol' banjo.

RAY M. MURCH.

TO AN OLD TREE.

The hundred desolate snōws
 Your memory knows,
 Are fled; your grey and leafless arms
 Have lost their lovely summer charms.

I see old men like you,
 Whose memory, too,
 Is fading to a final breath,
 While they go trudgingly to death.
 But old men's souls arise
 To deathless skies,
 And shine as stars the world upon
 When trees to dusty doom have gone.

LEO L. WARD.

LIMERICKS.

A red-headed freshman, McFadden,
 Who used to skive nightly from Badin,
 Was "canned" from the school
 For breaking the rule
 Now the army has taken the lad in. T. H.

A sad case is that of young Healy
 Who came home one night feeling "reely":
 A green dragon he spied,
 Thrust a spear in its side
 And now he is taking the "Keeley." R. M.

A Plea for the Familiar Essay in College English.*

BY SISTER M. MADELEVA, OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

(Continued from last issue.)

Stevenson has blazed one trail to a comparative Utopia in his essay "On the Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places." The guide post reads: "Things looked at patiently from one side after another generally end by showing a side that is beautiful," and the landscape opens onto a level, treeless plateau where one is lashed with a whip of sea wind along a stretch of naked, bleak monotony. But these bitter, hard, persistent winds have their merit, the writer says, and verifies it by this fine observation in English to match, "It is pleasant to see them brandish the shadows." The elevation of the plateau has also its panoramic merit, and not only landscape but life stretches away before it. And the reader joins the writer in his meditation when he says, "And on those days the thought of the wind and the thought of human life came very near together in my mind. Our noisy years did indeed seem moments in the being of eternal silence; and the wind, in the face of that great field of stationary blue, was as the wind of a butterfly's wing." The essay is seriously thoughtful, which recommends it the more in that the habit of thought does not ordinarily assume the proportions of a malady in young people, and such provocation to it may lead to their making the most of such pleasant places as school and home.

With the subject of argumentation, the familiar essay has little in common. The two are so directly opposed in matter and in manner that either could be used only in a negative way to show what the other is not. Subjects and moods of a personal or literary essay end where proper material for argumentation begins. The critical essay and many forms of the oration are either forms of argumentation or furnish more appropriate supplements to it.

If the familiar essay has little in common with argumentation, it has everything but rime and rhythm in common with poetry, or at least with its metrical counterpart, the lyric.

* Essay submitted to the Faculty of Letters in the University of Notre Dame, June, 1918, in part fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Letters.

The lyric is the unveiling of the poet's self, the passionate revelation of the lone and restive soul which is at once the white hot furnace and the molten song. The thought of thought or the feeling is the essence of the lyric, and since thought and feeling are the most immaterial of realities, the lyric approaches most nearly the creative act of making something out of nothing material. The thought, the feeling, the emotion, which are its life, are the poet's own; hence of the poet it must sing. It is of the writer and with like intimate egoism that the essay speaks. So alike are the two forms that the matter of saying or singing is frequently all that distinguishes them, and the emotional intensity which may condense itself into six lyric lines can be found distributed with economy and effect over three pages of personal prose. If you doubt the lyric possibilities of prose, read Lamb's "Dream Children," and if you question the "airy nothings" to which it can give a local habitation and a name in the essay, consider the conclusion of the reverie: "We are nothing; less than nothing and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of the millions of ages before we have existence and a name." And then if you wish to anticipate these waiting years, turn to "The Children's Hour" of Longfellow and let that trilogy of childhood burst in upon you with the golden hair and laughter of young life, tangible, demonstrative, and real. Ever the name of the living Alice runs through the dream of Lamb, though the Alice of dreams is older by some decades. But "The Children's Hour" does not touch the heart of "Dream Children." "The Poppy" by Francis Thompson, "this withering flower of dreams," finds its uttermost sweet pain of meaning. The spirit of the two settings is described by the same stanza:

A child and a man paced side by side,
Treading the skirts of eventide;
But between the clasp of his hand and hers
Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.

Lamb says of the fair-haired dream-child at his knee, "the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment that I became in doubt which of them stood before me, or whose that bright hair was," to which Thompson adds:

And suddenly 'twixt his hand and hers
He knew the twenty withered years.

Low to his heart he said, "The flower
Of sleep brings wakening to me,
And of oblivion memory."

The spirit, after all, is the thing in which the two are most alike; they are both so eloquent of things that might have been; they both reach so far beyond the heart of childhood to the heart of a larger and deeper life.

It is another self, very human and humorous, which Lamb shows one in "Valentine's Day," a self that finds companionship in the lovable spirit of Joyce Kilmer. In fact on reading "A Blue Valentine" one would almost think that Lamb had fallen into the fashion of free verse. Compare the introduction of the essay with the beginning of the poem: "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! Who and what manner of person art thou? Wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on and decent lawn sleeves?" What Lamb lacks of faith, Kilmer supplies, for which reason his poem is more sincere and beautiful. It begins:

Monsignore,
Right Reverend Bishop Valentine,
Sometime of Interamna, which is called Ferni,
Now of the delightful Court of heaven,
I respectfully salute you,
I genuflect
And kiss your episcopal ring.

The two read like question and answer and add a pretty dialogue to the literature of valentines.

"Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading" suggests two good lyrics included in the *Anthology of Magazine Poetry for 1916*, "Reading Horace" by Robert Underwood Johnson and "Grace before Reading" by Helen Coale Crew. Lamb's love was "of the book." As he says, "I can read anything which I can call a book." As he delights to lose himself "in other men's minds," so Robert Johnson delights to lose himself in Horace. The feeling of personal friendship and enthusiasm for book-folk is common to the two. "Grace before Reading" speaks almost with his own quaintness of "Lamb's dear whimsey," and asks a blessing before reading the very writers that he loved best:

Young Kit Marlowe, sped and spent;
Montaigne, royal gossipier,

Shakespeare, chiefest heart's delight.

Helen Crew also expresses Lamb's love of the book quite as he would have wished:

O God, all praise
For a book, its tears and wit,
Its faults and the perfect joy of it.

Anyone familiar with Lamb cannot read past the title of this happy little lyric without wondering if it is at all like "Grace before Meals." On turning to the essay one is confronted with the question, "Why have we none (no grace) for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare?" And the answer is at hand in the two poems just cited.

"Old China" suggests two comparisons in poetry which together measure the distance between the sublime and the ordinary. Take the descriptions of the figures on the tea set: "Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver. . . . And here the same lady . . . is stepping into a little fairy boat. Farther on . . . see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays. Here . . . a cow and a rabbit couchant, and co-extensive; . . . so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay." Where in literature does one find such a motionless enchanted Arcady as this? One thinks immediately of Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and finds there something of Lamb's thought, dignified by classic setting and glorified by tumultuous, poetic imagination. Keats sees and asks:

What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve;
She can not fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk this pious morn?

And so the story of the picture on the urn is sung into one of the finest odes in the language.

There is rather than a classical feeling, a dominant homeliness in Lamb's essay. The praise of poverty, as has already been said, is its real theme, expressed in this way: "I wish the good old times would come again, when we were not quite so rich. . . . Do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield . . . when we had a holiday—holidays and all other fun are gone, now we are

rich. There was a pleasure in eating strawberries before they became quite common, . . . in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear . . . to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now?" James Whitcomb Riley has sung of poverty in the same wholesome, honest way. In "Griggsby's Station" he says:

Pap's got his patent-right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had
before?

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink or hollyhawk a-bloomin' at the door?
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's station—

Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

The lyric quality of "Griggsby's Station" may be questioned; to the ordinary person it contains more depth of human feeling than Keats' ode, and emotion is emotion, whether it finds expression in splendid figures or plain vernacular. The fact that these two very different poems meet on common ground in "Old China" is itself a comment on the scope of Lamb's appeal.

"New Year's Eve" is one of the most autobiographical of all his essays and resembles Stevenson's "Aes Triplex" and "Ordered South" in the character of its admissions. In subject matter it has two parallels in lyric poetry, "Ring Out, Wild Bells," in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and "New Year's Chimes" by Francis Thompson. The three poems express characteristic states of mind: there is reluctance in Lamb, reform in Tennyson, and mysticism in Thompson. These three aspects of the new year are interesting, especially when one has the atmosphere of musical language through which to look at them. Of the effect of the New Year's bells on him, Lamb writes: "The sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy." There is even positive regret in the "awful leave-taking" of the old year, for he continues, "I begin to know its worth as when a person dies." Compared to this Tennyson's lines sound almost pitiless:

The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Taken in their context, however, they fall into the fine, patriotic sweep of the poem which

reaches a climax of faith in the concluding line,

Ring in the Christ that is to be,
that Lamb does not approach. But both essay and poem are outstripped in Thompson's "New Year's Chimes." The diverse spirits of the two are variously suggested in subtle, mystic ways repeatedly and are mutually reconciled in the stanza:

And the more ample years unfold

A little new of the ever old,
A little told of the never told,
Added act of the never done.

So essayist, laureate, and mystic meet on the common subject of "the nativity of our Adam."

The humorist and that "shy volcano," Thompson, have another almost uncanny meeting. Lamb writes "To the Shade of Elliston" and Thompson supplies an unconscious parallel in "Buona Notte." Both seek departed souls in the realms of Pluto, but for quite different reasons. Their attitudes of mind are in direct contrast. Lamb addresses the dead actor as "joyousest of once embodied spirits;" Thompson's message is from Ariel to Miranda; the sea winds bear it, taking "grief for their interpreter." To Lamb's almost entirely interrogative conversation as, "What new mysterious lodgings dost thou tenant now? or when may we expect thy aerial house-warming?" the poem supplies such answers as this:

Good-night; I have risen so high
Into slumber's rarity,
Not a dream can beat its feather
Through the unsustaining ether.

Tempests curtained me about:

And though I toss upon my bed
My dream is not disquieted.

Then comes the happy leave-taking of Elliston by Lamb: "Adieu, pleasant and thrice pleasant shade! Rhadamanthus . . . shall courteously dismiss thee at the right-hand gate. . . . that conducts to the masks and merrymakings in the Theater Royal of Proserpine." To which replies:

. . . . that voice desolate,
Mourning ruined joy's estate,—

"Go'st thou to Plato?" Ah, girl, no!
It is to Pluto that I go.

Further comparison of Lamb's essays with lyric poetry would lead to other happy places, but this much is sufficient to illustrate their common mood and interests.

(To be continued.)

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For several weeks we have read in the newspapers of Germany's frantic efforts to conclude a peace with the allied nations. Her own

The Time for Peace. allied forces have been fatally demoralized; her people, according to reports, are daily growing more and more discontented; her economic conditions are wretched, and, what is of most consequence, her arrogant armies have broken before the irresistible assault of the Allies' legions. We may well read these things with exultation, but we must not be deluded. We have no reason to be content with the present situation. The old fire of Prussian militarism is not dead. It is dying perhaps, but there is that lingering spark, which, given the chance, will flame again. We have not yet had our say; we are just now beginning to get a hearing. Our purpose is to crush the beast, not to argue with it. Were we in Germany's place, would we be argued with? The argument of the cannon is the only kind that our enemy will understand aright. It was Germany's unequivocal retort to defenseless Belgian non-combatants, her retort to the inviolable sacredness of the Rheims Cathedral; it was her brazen reply to the voice of humanity when every human dictate cried out against the crimes of sinkign hospital ships and passenger ships laden with women and children, and when she gave point and power to her argument by torpedoing the unoffending *Lusitania*. That was her stand; she believed in herself then and she still believes; she will be convinced on no other ground. It may be that Germany really

wants peace—it is certainly evident that her resources are all but spent, but when she professes to want peace and at the same time refuses to acknowledge herself beaten, denies her atrocities, appeals to the conscience of the world that she is right, and says to her people, "Thanks to the incomparable heroism of our army, which will live as an immortal, glorious page in the history of the German people of all times, the front is unbroken," and, "this proud consciousness permits us to look to the future with confidence," she gives the lie to her avowals, and, though we may have been blind to her ways in the beginning, we are not now the fools to believe her. Only her surrender, complete and unqualified, will enkindle faith.

—J. H. M.

Too much time is spent in dreams. A dreamer is one who mourns too much about the past, wonders too much about the future, and worries too much about the present.

Do It Now! Past failures should be a closed book, except in so far as they are aids to greater effort. Thinking about what the future will bring, will help to bring it only too soon with nothing more accomplished. And present worries will bring only future failures. So let us take the resolution now not to waste any more time in thinking about the mistakes and the lost opportunities that are past, for such idle thoughts are but additions to the lost minutes that are already receding. There is just one remedy for losing time, and that is to keep busy. Make the most of the present moment—do something right now and do it well. Forget the past—it is gone; and the future will in time be present. So attend diligently to what is before you now, and the future may take care of itself when it comes. Let your motto be, "Do it now!"—T. J. H.

We note with deep personal interest the golden jubilee of James Cardinal Gibbons, which occurred a few days ago. Because of quarantine rules the celebration of **A Notable Occasion.** the occasion was not nearly so elaborate as it deserved to be. For American Catholics, Cardinal Gibbons stands, and for many years has stood, as the ideal in priestliness and in Americanism. He is no more the priest than the American. He is the oldest member in the College of Cardinals and, along with that other

heroic prince of the Church and champion of his country's rights; Cardinal Mercier, he is the most eminent. He has helped to elect two popes and has stood before the nations of the world as the figure of American Catholicism. His influence, both religious and civil, his scholarly and forceful expression of Catholic thought, both in his books and in his very numerous addresses and sermons, and his princely personality have won for Catholicism and for himself an exalted place in the hearts of all true Americans. We recall his last visit to Notre Dame during the diamond jubilee commencement and remember what light of grace and dignity he shed about him, with what mental vigor and physical alacrity he moved among us, a man who in growing old has not lost his youth, a prelate and a prince in scarlet. Notre Dame congratulates His Eminence.

—J. H. M.

Soon after the first of our soldiers went into camp, an appeal was everywhere made for suitable and agreeable reading matter for them. The federal govern-

Soldiers' Reading. ment soon interested itself in the cause and arranged that all books, magazines, and newspapers should be delivered to the boys somewhere, provided only that they reach a post-office. Something of the same propaganda, though, of course, on a more limited scale, is part of the history of the Civil War. Recently the War Department has gone farther: it has indexed all immoral books, in addition to the unpatriotic ones. On the whole, much good has been effected; but the unsettled and perhaps unsystematic state of camp libraries makes them less useful. This difficulty, however, does not exist in colleges and universities. In this matter, student soldiers can consider themselves fortunate. Especially is this true at Notre Dame. The new, well-stocked library affords every form of literature; books are here in abundance,—books of travel, history, science, and fiction, as well as text-books,—and the magazine-room is always supplied with all that is most desirable for leisure moments. And, aside from the care of the University and of the Church, it is not too much to hope that our young men have sufficient discernment and self-respect to spend their time only on what is safe and educative as well as entertaining.—L. R. W.

Obituaries.

There was general sorrow and regret at Notre Dame on Sunday, Oct. 20, at the news of the death of Sister M. Claudine, the gentle and unselfish nurse who for several years past had ministered to the students in the college infirmary. Sister Claudine contracted pneumonia, which caused her death, in caring for the sick students. She will be prayerfully remembered by the faculty and students of the University.

* * *

We regret to announce the death of William Conway, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, who passed away in St. Joseph's Hospital, October 22nd, after a week's illness. This was his third year at Notre Dame, and he had earned the love and confidence of officials and teachers as well as the friendship of students. Every good quality of a good boy he had.—R. I. P.

* * *

George Guilfoyle, of Mendota, Illinois, died at St. Joseph's Hospital last week. He was a member of S. A. T. C. and had been at the University some three weeks. He was in a run-down condition when he came to Notre Dame and could not resist the onslaught of pneumonia. We offer sincere condolence to the family on the death of a kindly, inoffensive, and likable boy.—R. I. P.

* * *

Death has this year claimed another victim in Lester Burrill, also a member of S. A. T. C., who waged a losing battle with pneumonia on account of a weak heart. He is much regretted at the University.—R. I. P.

* * *

Among old students we hear of the death of Jasper French who fell from an aeroplane on October 15th. "Jap" is remembered as a charming youngster in the preparatory school. He was a lad of quite unusual promise. He is sincerely mourned by many friends here who were delighted, but not surprised, at the brilliant record he made as a flyer. We offer the family sincere condolence.—R. I. P.

* * *

Mr. J. Washington Logue, of Philadelphia, requests prayers for his son, Lieutenant Francis C. Logue, U. S. Marine Corps, who died on September 19th. Lieutenant Logue was a student at Notre Dame a decade ago.

Mr. Percy H. Page, a graduate in pharmacy, died of pneumonia on Saturday evening at his home in Mishawaka.

We record with great regret the death of Professor Harry McCausland, Master Engineer in the American Expeditionary Forces, France. Many prayers will be offered for this popular, young instructor who has laid the supreme offering on the altar of liberty.—*R. I. P.*

Mr. J. Frank Hanan, graduate of the Law Department and junior member of the well-known law firm of Hanan, Watson & Hanan, at La Grange, Indiana, has the sympathy of his friends at Notre Dame in the sad death of his devoted mother. Mrs. Hanan was most highly esteemed for maternal graces and for admirable traits of mind and character.

Local News.

Insurance policies taken out by the Notre Dame men in the S. A. T. C. average up to \$10,000 a man, according to common report.

By order of Capt. Murray, visitors are forbidden admission to any barracks without permission of the Captain or officer in charge.

Private Edward Gottry of Company 1, was called to his home in Rochester, N. Y., to attend the funeral of his brother who died of pneumonia on Friday.

In order to save fuel, lights in barracks and residence halls must now go out at 9:30 p. m. instead of 10 p. m., as has been the custom at the University for many years.

Rivalry between the Navy and the Army in the local military organization took the form of a contest in indoor baseball on Saturday, October 26. The result of the game was a tie score, 10-10.

Brother Philip, the landscape gardener of the University, is running a walk from the post-office corner to the chemistry building. The new walk will be of special convenience to day students and visitors from town.

A Ford truck used for delivery purposes by the Muessel Grocery ran into a telephone post at the entrance to the campus of the University Tuesday afternoon and was badly damaged. The driver escaped unhurt.

The dwarf catalpas lining the approach to

the Library have been carefully aligned and fixed in their positions against the approaching winter winds. These catalpas, which were set out only last spring, and every one of which has lived and thrived, are the principal feature in the landscape about the Library.

Private Walsh of Co. 3, Brownson Barracks, was thrown from a wagon, in which he was moving some army cots, on October 23, when his horse took fright and ran away. A wheel passed over one foot, slightly injuring it but breaking no bones. This is the first 'casualty' since the installation of the local unit of the S. A. T. C.

The new two-story structure going up at the west end of "Rockefeller" Hall is intended to house the tailor shop and the candy store. The candy store was driven from its old quarters when the Carroll "gym" was converted into a mess hall, and the tailor shop was destroyed by fire about three weeks ago. The new building will, it is thought, be ready for occupancy in about two weeks.

Three former Notre Dame "journalists" are now on the staff of the *Stars and Stripes*, the official organ of the American Expeditionary Forces in France: Stuart Carroll, Edward Beckman, and Richard Daley. Beckman was a member of the first Notre Dame class in journalism, Daley of the second. "Stue" Carroll was not graduated in the course at all. He did not need to be.

"The ship on which I sailed arrived safely overseas," was the message that this week announced the arrival in Europe of Rev. John McGinn, chaplain in the A. E. F., and formerly professor of sociology in the University. The cablegram was addressed to Father Cavanaugh. With Father McGinn were Fathers Edward Finnegan and George Finnigan, of Notre Dame, now also chaplains in the American army.

Uniforming of the members of the S. A. T. C. was practically completed early this week. The long lines now have an appearance of trim order, which was impossible while the men were in their "civilians," and show the results of the officers' work. Quantities of U. S. army supplies have arrived and are stored in the mess hall. Beans, dried peas, flour, meal and prunes occupy a prominent place in the raw material of menus soon to come.

The demand for sweets on the part of the

S. A. T. C. men has become so heavy that the management of the cafeteria has seen fit to set up a candy stand in the dining-room of their establishment. In spite of this competition, Brother Maurelius is doing a larger business in sweets than ever before. In the first 24 days of October, Brother Maurelius sold ninety-six boxes of a single brand of candy, each containing 24 six-cent portions.

James O'Sullivan has been appointed by Father Joseph Burke to secure the names of all students who are of college standing and who wish the advantages of military drill, although prohibited by their age from becoming members of the S. A. T. C. Many of these students drilled voluntarily with the preparatory organization during the cessation of classes. If as many as fifty of them want a military organization of their own, Father Burke, it is understood, will secure an instructor for them.

Collegiate classes were resumed on Monday, Oct. 28, after a lapse of over a week, due to the epidemic of influenza, in face of which the State ordered all gatherings discontinued. A new schedule of classes was announced. The principal change from the old schedule was the opening of the morning periods before ten o'clock to class work. Under the old schedule these periods were devoted to military drill. The adjustment between the military and the scholastic schedules is now more satisfactory.

This week marks, apparently, the end of the influenza epidemic at Notre Dame. Distressing as this was for a time at the University, it was as nothing here in its ravages as at other institutions. No new cases have been reported now for more than a week, and the isolation hospital is practically cleared. The crest of the epidemic wave seems to have passed in the city also, although about one week behind the decline at Notre Dame. To the vigilance of Dr. Powers, and to the fine co-operation of the University and the military authorities, is due largely the comparatively fine health conditions at Notre Dame at the present time.

Rev. George Sauvage, C. S. C., a lieutenant in the French Army, who has been in the United States for several months on a special mission for the French Government, was at the University for a short visit this week on his way to Washington, where he will endeavor to secure permission to return to the front. Lieut. Sauvage, away for many months, had been an *officier*

de liaison between the British and French forces, owing to his command of the two languages and to his high intelligence and great energy. During the Notre Dame summer school he made one of the clearest and most interesting of addresses upon the first battle of the Marne, all parts of which battlefield he had occasion to visit during the fighting in the performance of his duties.

The University has received anonymously from some students of the summer school a most appropriate souvenir of the first summer school session. The gift is in the form of a delicate hand-painting of the Dome exquisitely framed, beneath which is the inscription: "To the University and to the Fathers and Brothers of Holy Cross." On one side of the inscription is a bit of dedicatory verse which might be titled "Notre Dame," and on the other a generous spiritual bouquet. About the whole there is a brightness of color which, combined with a seriousness of purpose, make an effect both pleasing and impressive.

The thoughtfulness in making this present and the care in arranging and executing the work go to show the spirit of the students of the first summer school. This appreciative gift is an expression at once of piety and of cultured taste. It will be kept in the art gallery of the university library, and will be treasured not merely as a work of art, but as well for the spirit which it so beautifully expresses. Following are the verses with which the souvenir is inscribed:

A gleam of gold by day,
A silver sheen by night,
Dear Notre, Dame du Lac,—
Thou radiant light!
Blest by Almighty God
With every lovely dower,
You rise above the trees
In shining power!
Reflecting in the lakes,
As in the hearts of men,
The brightness of God's truth
Held high for them.
Presiding over all
Who linger 'neath thy hand,—
Thou Almoner of grace—
Thou Mother grand,—
No soul e'er came to thee
And was not comforted,—
The needy thou received,
The hungry fed.
Thy children bless thy name,
And near, or far from thee,—
Dear Notre Dame du Lac;
Cry hail to thee.

Personals.

Lieut. Fred Gushurst is now located at Camp Grant.

Delmar Edmondson, '18, is doing newspaper work in New York. He is employed on the New York *Evening Post*.

Lieutenant James H. McNulty has arrived safe in France. Jim has a brother in the S. A. T. C. at Notre Dame this year.

Claude A. Sorg, old student, was married on September eighteenth to Miss Esther May Billingslea, of Hamilton, Ohio. Hearty congratulations!

Tom Moore has got the habit of bringing down German planes. A telegram from Washington dated October 26th credits him with another—the fourth.

James E. Hogan, of Corby Hall, has enlisted in the navy as a wireless operator, and is stationed at the Naval Base Training Station, Hampton Roads, Va.

Mr. Alfred T. Regan, a member of the '95 football team visited the University recently with Mrs. Regan. Mr. Regan is in business in San Francisco, Cal.

Lieutenant L. D. Keeslar was married on September fourteenth at Louisville, Ky., to Miss Mary Louise Birdwell. Best wishes to Lieutenant and Mrs. Keeslar!

Charlie Call, Ph. B. in Journalism, '18, track star and versatile newspaper man, has just completed his third cruise on the Lakes after a preliminary course at the Municipal Pier.

Ted Sheahan, who joined the navy last spring, is now in training at the Electrical School, Mare Island, California. Ted sends greetings to all his friends and begs for N. D. news.

As a marked contrast to Daudet's story, "La Dernière Classe," which he used to read last year in the French class, Paul Barry, now in France, sent to Father Doremus a photograph of "La Première Classe" taught in the little village of Fraubach-le-Bas, Lorraine, June 18, 1915.

A card from James Dower, a sophomore in commerce last year, dated from Cuba, says: "Look where I landed." Jim entered the Ensign

school at the Municipal Pier last August after attending the Notre Dame summer school.

Mr. Zenor Dupaquier of the naval unit was called to his home in New Albany, Ind., last week by the sudden death of his father, Mr. Emil Dupaquier. By an unfortunate chance Mr. Dupaquier's brother sailed for France the day before the father's death.

Joe "Wrecker" Higgins is now employed in the office of the Federal Director of the Employment Bureau, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C. Joe finished a course in the Merchants and Bankers' Business School, Hartford Conn., before going to Washington.

John Lemmer, president of last year's senior class, has just finished with Frank McGrain, also a graduate last year, a five weeks' cruise on the Lakes. He writes that he likes the work greatly, for among other things his sailing brings him into the port of Escanaba, which he has made famous.

Father Cavanaugh received recently the following message from Father O'Donnell, C. S. C., Chaplain of the 332nd Infantry Regiment, U. S. A., stationed at Milan, Italy: "Dear Father,—We arrived here today after a wonderful trip through the French-Italian Alps. Greetings to all."

The following note from New Westminster, British Columbia, explains itself: "I am on my way to Siberia with the Canadian Siberian Expeditionary Force. Have served two years as officer in the C. F. A. Best regards to Fathers Farley and O'Malley.—Lieutenant Frank Shaughnessy (LL. B. '06), 85th Battery, C. S. E. F."

Mr. William C. Schmitt (old "Bill") may be addressed, Company 5, Engineer Officers' Training School, Camp Humphreys, Virginia. "Bill" is a civil engineer of the Class of 1910. He writes, "There are several other Notre Dame men in this camp, among others Bill Donovan ('07) and D. B. Shourds ('11). Donovan is a first lieutenant in one of the training regiments."

Colonel William C. Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, received recently a card from one of his old students "over there," Captain Albert C. Fortin, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., Company C, 22nd Engineers, American Expeditionary Force, France. Captain Fortin

writes that he is feeling fine and that he is glad to be across. He sends his best wishes to all of his friends at the University.

The *Elizabeth Daily Journal*, October 18th, contains a thrilling account of the adventures of Bernard F. McLain, former student, in the Argonne district of France. The paper has been put in the University archives. Lieutenant McLain is a nephew of the much-beloved Brother Leander, a veteran of the Civil War, who passed away a few years ago at Notre Dame much beloved by all who knew him.

A letter from Charles Dorais, the brilliant quarterback, who with Coach Rockne introduced the long pass successfully into football, in a famous game at West Point, refers to "the place I love,—Notre Dame." He wants to go across. "I have been transferred from Provost work back to the camp, and am at present in charge of football for Camp McArthur. After that I expect to go back to the line and then,—hopes! They think a great deal of our Notre Dame down this way."

Paul Dixon, writing from the U. S. S., New Jersey, says: "There is one other N. D. man on this ship—which makes it a bit like old times. He is Mathews from Gary, Indiana. He was in Brownson Hall, I believe, the year before last. And Leo Venet, from South Bend, who was in Carroll Hall a few years ago, was at the Naval Base at Hampton Roads, Virginia, when I left there. He is a fireman. Mathews is a seaman. William Barbour, who was in Carroll and in Brownson with me, is at the Gunners' Mates' School at Great Lakes. My cousin, Sherwood, is in Italy now with an army unit." Paul's address is U. S. S., New Jersey, Care of Postmaster, Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

Friends of D. C. Phillips, M. D., an old student of Notre Dame, send him congratulations through the SCHOLASTIC on his recent success in winning a captain's commission in the United States Army. Captain Phillips, writing from his home in Chicago to Professor Edward J. Maurus, says: "It is very pleasing to know of the splendid and mighty effort Notre Dame has made in the last year toward winning the war. But it is not surprising when one stops to consider the fires of patriotism, devotion, and love that she kindles in the hearts of us all who have had the advantage of her beneficence. I have not by any means forgotten

you, nor could I when I recall the dear old days that were such a little while back, and seemingly so very long ago. May we not hope to meet with the old Notre Dame boys around the festive board and lift the wassail cup in celebration of the victory that is surely coming and at no distant day? Greetings to Father Cavanaugh, to yourself, and to all of the other 'old-timers' of '89 to '92 my best wishes."

Athletic Notes.

Owing to the cancellation of the Camp Custer game, Coach Rockne on Saturday last sent his warriors through a stiff scrimmage against the Freshmen, who were strengthened by the addition of Gipp and Bahan, two Notre Dame stars, and also by Coach Rockne himself, who once more donned the foot-ball togs and showed the fans that he is still that good fighting end that long ago was the pride of the Notre Dame football fans. The varsity could not do anything against the Freshmen with these men in the freshman line-up, and the game resulted in a 7-7 tie.

The game started with the varsity kicking off to the Freshmen, who in less than three minutes had placed the ball on the varsity's fifteen-yard line by the aid of the great end-running of Bahan and Gipp, who tore the varsity's line into shreds. Gipp was then given the ball. He fumbled, and Shea, the Freshman guard, picked it up and raced thirty yards for a touchdown. Gipp kicked the goal.

The varsity's touchdown came in the third quarter when Lambardo got away on a thirty-yard run and crossed the goal line; Lambeau kicked the goal, and this ended the scoring. Both teams fought hard to win, but they were about evenly matched, and their fighting spirit was in evidence for the first time this season on Cartier field. Mohn, the peppery little quarterback of the varsity, ran his team well and played a brainy game at quarter. Lambeau was the varsity star, and his long end-runs and repeated line-bucks gave the Freshman line a deal of trouble.

Coach Rockne is gradually getting his men into shape for the Nebraska game, which is to be played at Lincoln on November 2nd, and the Notre Dame fans believe that Rockne's men will come out of this game with the long end of the score.

Letters from the Soldiers.

American E. F., France,
September 14, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

... Less than a week ago my regiment was again engaged in a most bitter and sanguine attack, and after seventy days under fire of the Boche guns this division is now relieved and is on its way to another sector, where it will be reorganized before going to the front again. We arrived here yesterday morning after an all-night ride in motor trucks, preceded by a dreadful march of two days in the heaviest and coldest rain I ever experienced. We poured water out of our shoes and were drenched through and through, then the all-night ride in our wet clothing and the cold wind. Last night I slept in a bed for the first time since July 10th. All this time we have slept on the ground and most of it in rain, yet I am very well and most happy to be away from the front for a time. No one can understand in the smallest degree what we have been up against the past seventy days in the way of weather, living conditions, and fighting.

Before we attacked a week ago, the staff, the doctors, and I lived in a wet cave for a whole week without any light except the little we got from a few candles. We got little to eat, because the Boche guns blew up most of the ration wagons that tried to reach us. The last fight was worse than any other I have been in. We were very successful, but lost heavily in men and officers. Even our colonel was shot through the stomach and will likely die. As the staff went to the front lines, under a box barrage of the wickedest kind and in the night. I was number three and the colonel number one.

The attack then began and for three days we stood and worked under the fiercest fire. High explosives, gas, and machine gun bullets knocked off men and officers to my right and left. It was impossible to get under cover as there was so much to do and only a three-foot bank for protection. I can not understand how I ever escaped death or injury. Thousands of shells fell to right and left, sometimes picking us up bodily and pitching us around and throwing deadly shell-fragments in every direction. One of these shells respects the human organism about as much as a falling flat-iron building. Then the noise of battle! The exploding Boche shells and the thunder of our thousand guns firing over us! Once I had to cross one hundred and fifty yards of open hill-side, and a German machine gunner (a sniper) laid his gun right on me and made me fall flat twenty times. His bullets went to my right and left and overhead and in front of me. Then a big shell would try to ride me. I know how to fall fast and flat now, and if there be a mud-puddle a fellow can get into, so much the more under cover! Much of the time, too, we had to work in our gas masks, and you can imagine how difficult that is,—a tube in the mouth, a clip on the nose, a rubber covering over the face, two little glass eyes, black night—hundreds of wounded and dying and many dead, all to be attended to, and thousands of shells of all calibres exploding on all sides. Paint the worst picture you can and you will not have covered the situation at all!

Several times I buried men under the most intense

fire of all kinds. The Germans fire directly on stretcher bearers, because they often convey their machine guns on stretchers borne by men wearing Red Cross brassards on their arms. They think we do the same, and so they fire on all stretcher parties. Of course, I gave general absolution, heard confessions and gave Holy Communion. I lost my raincoat with my holy oils before the attack. In fact, I have nothing of my own but my few toilet articles. Even my clothes I salvaged here and there. Carrying a pack on one's back for miles at a time is not associated with the humorous. But it's of no use to go on describing these experiences so inadequately. Father, I've been to the front, and that covers the subject—till I can tell you of it. To have gone over the top in a modern engagement and come out even uninjured is an experience that can, I think, be accounted for only by the fact that I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me. As it was, I was knocked about a great deal by flying clods and dirt and stones, but no shell-fragment had my name on it. Within the last two months I have picked up red-hot fragments that fell within inches of me. In fact, I carried about ten such wicked things with me until the load got too heavy, and I finally pitched them all away. I am sorry you could not have seen a few of them.

An incident after the last battle just comes to me. I noticed a large blot of blood on the back of one man's shirt, and on inquiry found that the fellow had a rather large flesh wound. I asked him why he hadn't had it dressed after the injury. "H—," he said, "I didn't have time!"

Well, Father, this is Saturday, and to-morrow I shall have Mass for the boys in the village church. It is the first time I have said Mass for them under cover and in a safe place. How long we shall be back of the lines we don't know. There is strong rumor that General Pershing will review what is left of us very soon.

I heard from Father Walsh two months ago, and, no doubt, he is having troubles of his own. I have not heard from Father O'Donnell since he went to visit Father Labbé. I am glad Holy Cross is sending more chaplains, for they are badly needed. I hope, however, they will never have to go to the front. When they come over, though, tell them to bring only necessary articles and a pick and shovel. The necessary articles they can leave behind them in Paris; the pick and shovel they must bring along and never lose. I have seen boys go over the top with only a pick or shovel. The reason is that the most important asset to the modern soldier is a hole in the ground as a covering from fire. They do not have to be told to "dig in." They just do it and do it fast. I have dug more big and little holes than all the gophers in Minnesota, and dug them deeper and faster, too. When I get back to Notre Dame I am sure I won't feel safe until I dig a hole every morning before breakfast and squeeze into it with my "tin hat" and gas mask. I may even have to break a bottle of mustard over me to feel at home. Really, Father, I have lost absolutely all appreciation of what peaceful civil life is. I can not imagine myself living in safety and comfort again. I seem to have been at this war business all my life and to have had a very long life at that. Anyway, I am thankful that I shall likely have another good night's sleep in a real bed.

over which Fritz won't hover with his terrorizing "buzz," looking for a good place to drop his "eggs."

We are all optimistic as to peace by Christmas, but perhaps that is only a hope. Our prisoners all tell us the war can't last through the winter. Most certainly the Yanks won't let it last much longer than that.

I am thankful for all the prayers of both Community and students. I know they have brought me out safely more than once. Remember me to Father Morrissey, who wrote me recently, and to all the others. I lost my Latin-English ritual some time ago. I need one badly, for the Latin alone does not make a very impressive burial ceremony. Can you send me one?

Obediently yours,

Ernest A Davis, C. S. C.,

Chaplain 109th Infantry.

Camp Shelby, Mississippi,

September 18, 1918.

My dear Father Cavanaugh:—

When this letter reaches you I shall be well on my way to another camp. I feel a tinge of sorrow in being ordered out of Camp Shelby. I have spent many an hour under the sweltering sun and have been forced to seek refuge under the shade of a huge water tank, and yet I can think now only of the wonderful evenings and the glorious early mornings of this country. They were worth all we suffered during the day, and I know I shall miss them.

It is only when one gets orders to move on that one realizes what it means to be in the army. It makes me think more seriously of the wonderful adventure into which we are moving. It is bound to be wonderful, whatever it may bring us. I think I should go very happy if I could just see the old place again and say "hello" to some of the good friends we have there. Perhaps it will not be our good fortune to see any of them; so I am taking this means of saying *au revoir* to my best of good friends there.

You are unable, no doubt, to imagine me with a heartache, and yet I am afraid that is what I have to-night, when I realize that we are going by the old place and the old friends without so much as a glance at either. *Au revoir*, Father, and God bless you for all the good things you have done for me, and ask Him sometimes to bless me and help me do all that you expect me to do in this big undertaking. Say good-bye to all the Fathers for me.

Devotedly yours,

John McGinn, C. S. C.

Camp Lee, Virginia.

October 18, 1918.

Dear Father Carrico:—

No doubt this letter is somewhat late but it is nevertheless in order. I was transferred a few days ago from Camp Perry, Ohio, to Camp Lee, Virginia. I hated to leave Perry, because there were so many Notre Dame men there and there are only two of us at Camp Lee. I was present at a little Notre Dame reunion at Camp Perry two weeks ago. We had with us Lieut. Jim Cook, Jim McMahon, Lieut. "Hoot" King, Lieut. Monning, Lieut. Blackman, Lieut. Kennedy, Lieut. Conaghan, Lieut. Monahan, and others from old Notre Dame.

Lieut. Blackman was transferred to Camp Lee on the same order with me, and he is now stationed somewhere in the Replacement Camp. I have been able to find him but once. I have been fortunate since I have returned to Camp Lee and am now the personnel adjutant of the 17th Battalion. Most of my work is in the office, but I manage to go horseback riding every evening from four until six.

I hope that the Students Army Training Corps is as successful as was anticipated. I imagine many of the boys are having considerable trouble with I. D. R. and a few more of the Blackstones of the Army fiction library. It is a great game from whatever angle you view it. From present indications, it will not be long before many of the boys will be back at school and glad to get a few more of the old N. D. buns.

Give my regards to Father Joseph Burke. I expect to write to him as soon as I gather the necessary data to make an interesting letter. Trusting you are well and hoping to hear from you at your convenience, I remain,

Very respectfully,

Richard J. Dunn, Personnel Adjutant.

Headquarters,
17th Battalion, I. R. & T. C.

Mt. Clemens, Michigan,

September 29, 1918.

Dear Professor Cooney:—

I have been thinking that had not Wilhelm gotten over-ambitious in attempting to clean up the entire world, I should be on my last lap at Notre Dame now, instead of spending a quiet but by no means idle day in a Michigan camp. He did get "rambunctious" though, and here I am. The next best thing to being back at the University is to be thinking about it; so in moments this afternoon I am writing to say that I hope soon to get down to South Bend on a two days' pass.

You will note that since I saw you at Michigan City I have once again changed my address. This is a school of aerial gunnery, a sort of a post-graduate school for flyers. About three hundred expert pilots and observers leave this field every month for over-seas duty.

I have no immediate prospect of over-seas service. Indeed, I think that if we move again, we shall find ourselves in Florida or California. Personally I would much prefer to remain in Michigan to going to any other field in this country. I have been anxious to see foreign service for a year, but the chances of leaving this country grow slimmer each day.

You will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that I am emulating "Stue" Carroll by editing the newspaper of the local camp. It was established some three weeks ago, has the liberal support of Mt. Clemens and Detroit folks, and bids fair to become an important factor in life at Selfridge. With this duty added to my regular squadron work, I have little spare time. The practice on "Stoppages and Jams" is not so beneficial as other newspaper work might be, but it is newspaper work nevertheless, and I am making the best of it.

I am anxious to hear something of the doings at the University, now that it greatly resembles a military camp or cantonment. It must be strange for the boys

to realize that "skiving" is not tolerated, that absence from camp or campus without permission is plain and simple A. W. O. L. And do they have kitchen police and main guards there, as they do in our regular camps?

I suppose though that I shall learn all when I get down there on that proposed visit very soon. Let me know a good Saturday to run down. With kind wishes to the "old guard" at Notre Dame, I am,

Sincerely,

Charles A. Grimes.

Headquarters, Squadron D,
Selfridge Field.

American E. F., France,
August 29, 1918.

Dear Brother Alphonsus,

Well here I am in France, finally, trying to do my little share in this great struggle for human rights. Days and weeks have leaped by lately, and I have had little opportunity for writing letters. We are stationed in the south central part of France, and hence my contact with the war situation is not yet very intimate. When we think of the war, we think of the whole of France as being the center of a seething strife. Such is not the case, however, for the town I am in is as peaceful a place as one could wish for. It is, in fact, a hospital center, a base group as it is called, with Base Hospital 28, from Kansas City, playing the stellar part among the American hospitals here. Although the youngest in the field, we have already surpassed the rest in organization and in the number of patients cared for. We have been busy building our hospital here, and it is still far from completed. We have done the carpentry, electrical work, ditch-digging, road-building, in fact all the construction work, and when the structure was only half completed, we began taking patients. I have dug sewers all morning, unloaded box-cars of provisions and coal all afternoon, and carried stretchers all night. There has been and still is an inexhaustible amount of work in this war game. Only recently we have taken over one of the finest buildings in town, newly constructed and intended by the French for a girls' seminary or convent before the war changed its purpose. So we are really operating two hospitals. At present I am doing night duty at our new hospital which is called the "Belair."

The city here is a very pretty one and has some wonderful old churches. They have a very beautiful cathedral, where every Sunday at the 11 o'clock Mass a K. of C. chaplain gives the Americans a short sermon in English. The K. of C's, by the way, are doing some wonderful work over here among the boys, and they should be heartily supported in the States.

Our stay at Camp Merritt, N. J., was necessarily a short one. To say that our trip across was successful and uneventful, tells the whole story of our voyage. On board we had in the evening little entertainments to while away dull care—that is, before we reached the real danger zone. Mass was celebrated in the library of the ship for several mornings, and there was always a capacity attendance. The vicissitudes of travel incident to third-class railroad service in England and box-car accommodations in France made us more than glad to finally reach our destination. I have travelled

over 1000 miles in the short time I have been in the army, and am very willing to rest for awhile in this restful Limousine region. But before this is all over I expect to see more active service at a little closer range.

I appreciate, now more than ever, the letters my friends write to me: so please let me hear from you soon.

Sincerely your friend,

Private Paul V. Duffy,

Base Hospital 28,
A. P. O. 753, France.

American E. F., France,
August 26, 1918.

Dear Sister:—

I haven't had a letter from you in a long time and I am afraid that you have waited until you got my new address before sending me all the latest news from Notre Dame. I can't believe that there is anything else the matter unless the mails have broken down completely. Surely the old horse that drew the speedy Notre Dame mail-wagon is not dead. It was a part of the institution.

I suppose I may as well confess my sins in the first place. I'm smoking too many cigarettes. I did not quit as I said I would when we crossed the ocean, because I found that they were about as plentiful here as they are in the States. It is not possible to be so nice a connoisseur as one would like to be, but in an emergency "Piedmonts" and "Meccas" and "Straights" taste almost as good as "Camels" or "Lucky Strikes."

I don't believe that I have written you that I'm now a private and am assigned to the 112th Military Police Headquarters. There were too many hours to agree with me and so my old job and I fell out. I'm very well satisfied as I am now, and it is not necessary to be so good and so military as I had to be before.

Everything else is lovely too. Do not worry: I've enough to eat and there's more to drink here than I'll ever be able to take care of. I've a very soft bed to sleep in (soft for the army) and it is delightfully moderate here—neither too hot nor too cold. The mess is good enough, and taking everything into consideration the war is not bothering me very much.

I'm learning to talk French very well. I can't carry a conversation, but I find little difficulty in making myself understood in the more simple things, and I have hopes of learning much in the coming months.

Father Walsh, as you probably know, is no longer with us. I have no notion where he is. He did not know himself where he would go. He was bound then for Paris, but by this time I suppose he is up where they are doing things. Yesterday a new chaplain, a Father Baxter, was assigned here. I have not seen him and don't know anything else about him.

The other day I had a letter from Stewart Carroll (I'm afraid that you do not know him) and about a week ago I heard from Pat Harl. He is in a hospital in England. He's not wounded, of course; you knew that he enlisted in a Base Hospital Company (No. 40). He raves about the country and about the people he sees and the historic spots, but still he wants to come to France.

I dare not stay any longer. Let me hear from you.

Ever,

A. P. O. 763.

Pvt. E. J. Beckman.